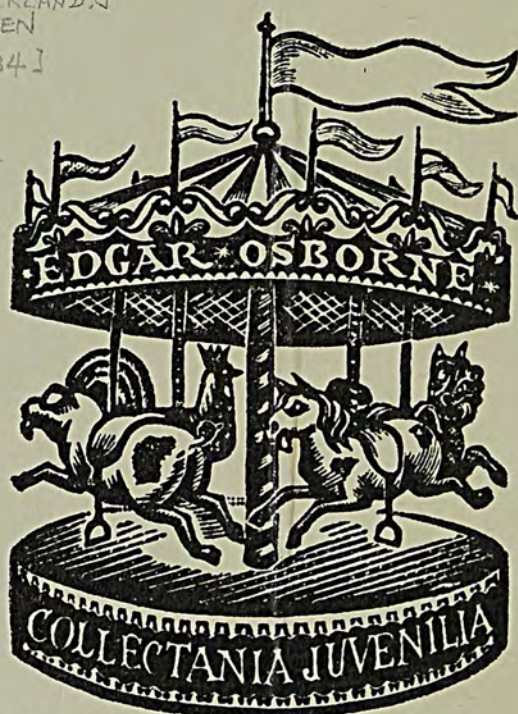
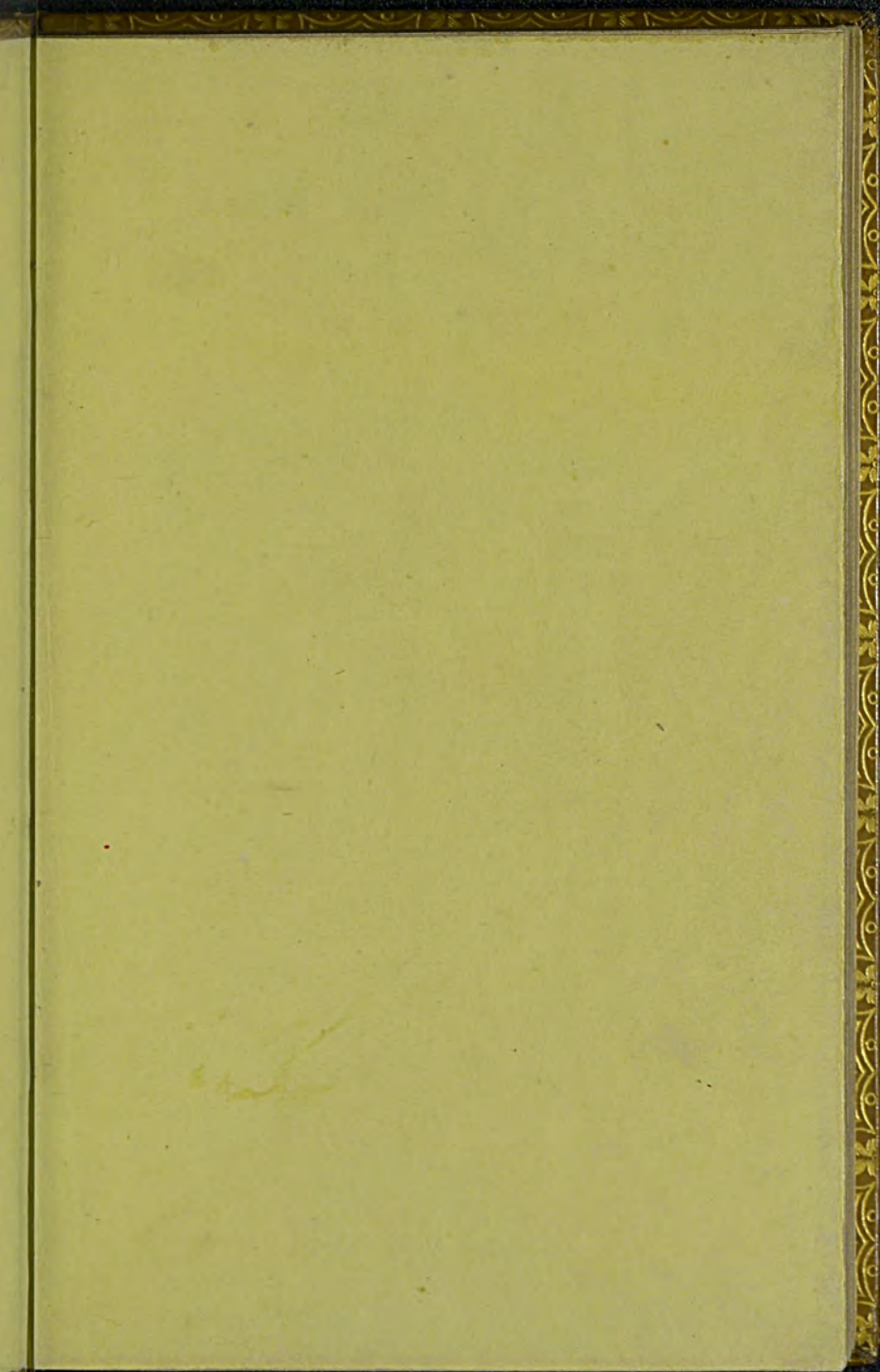


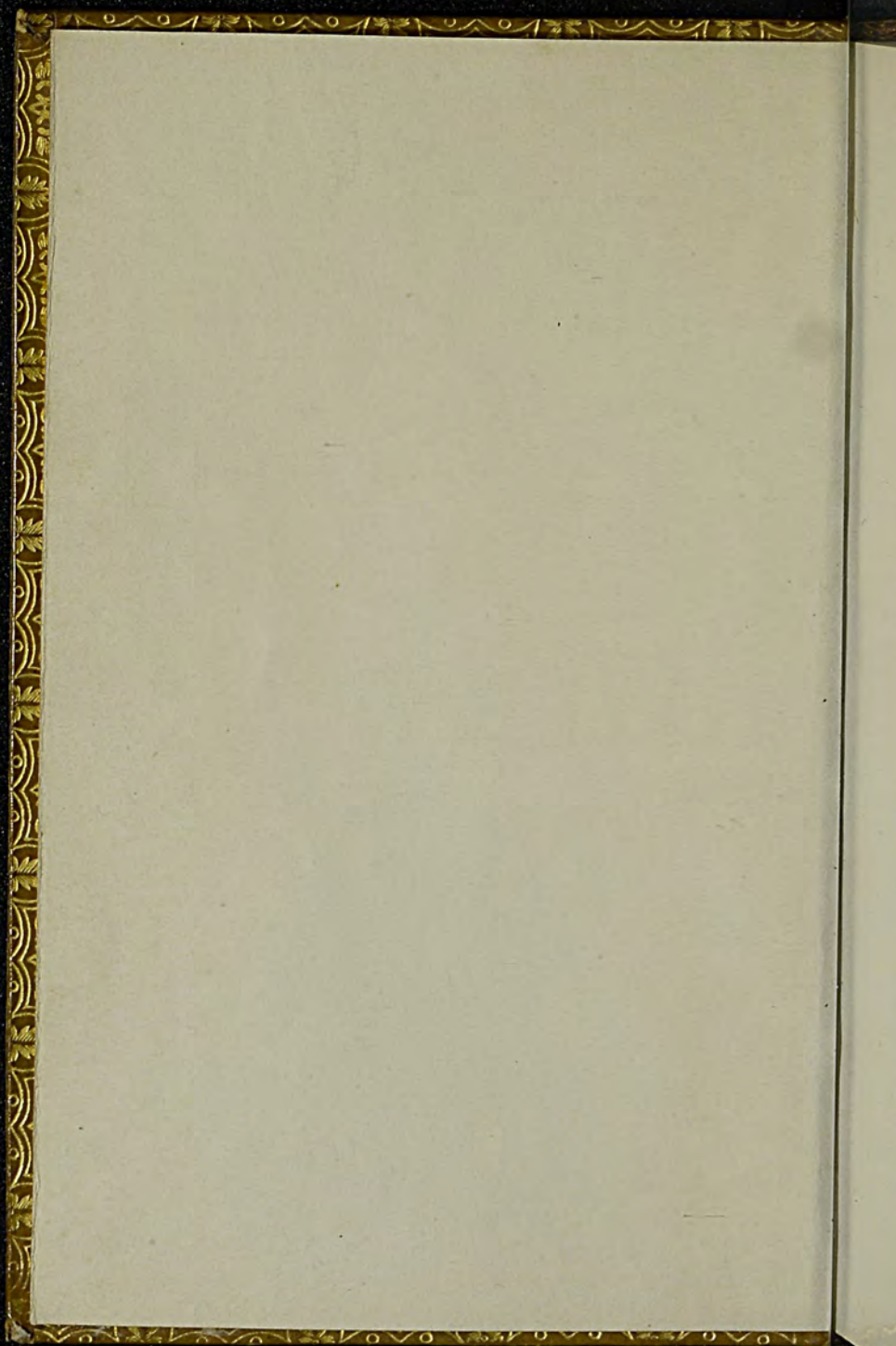


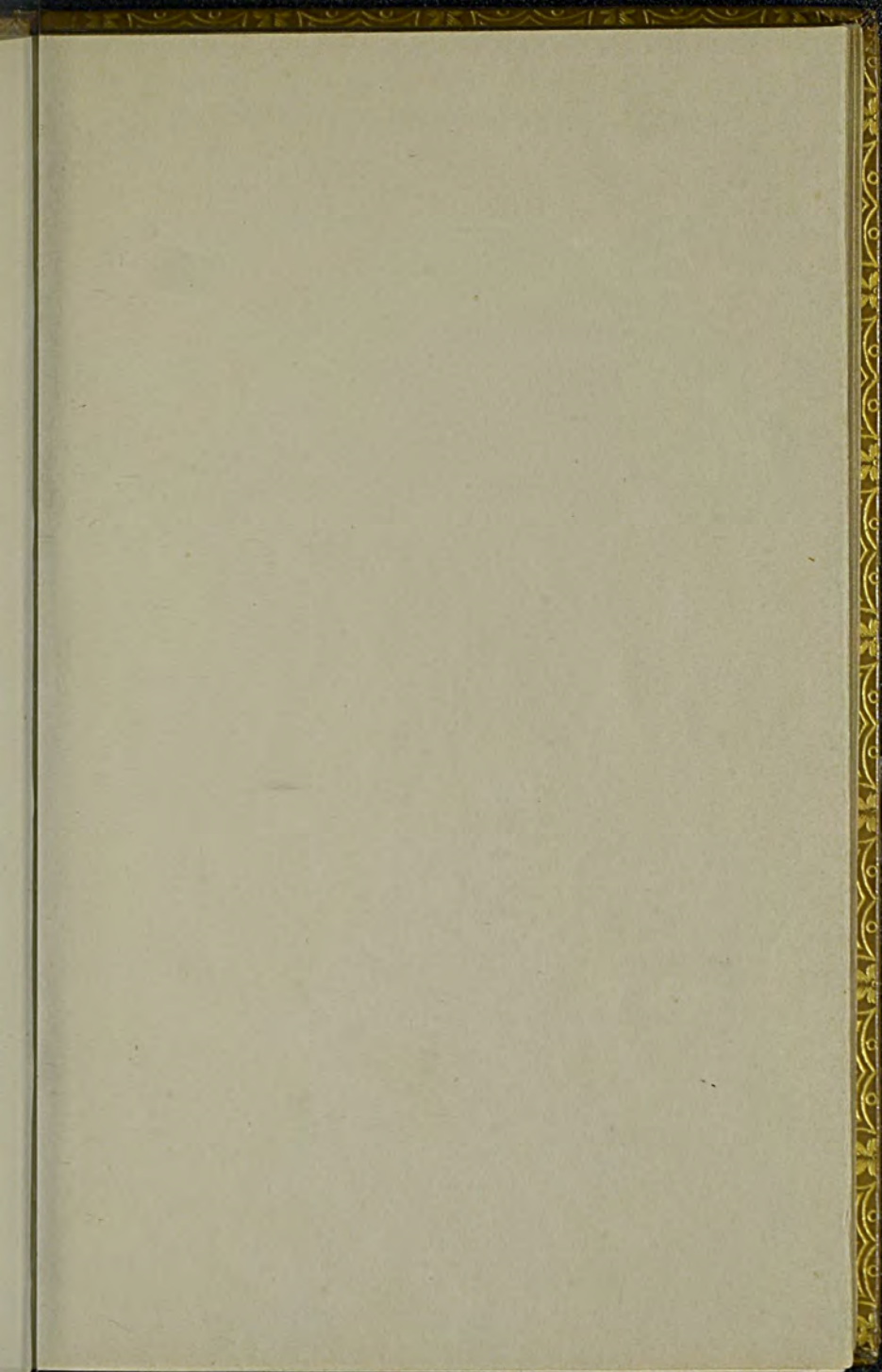
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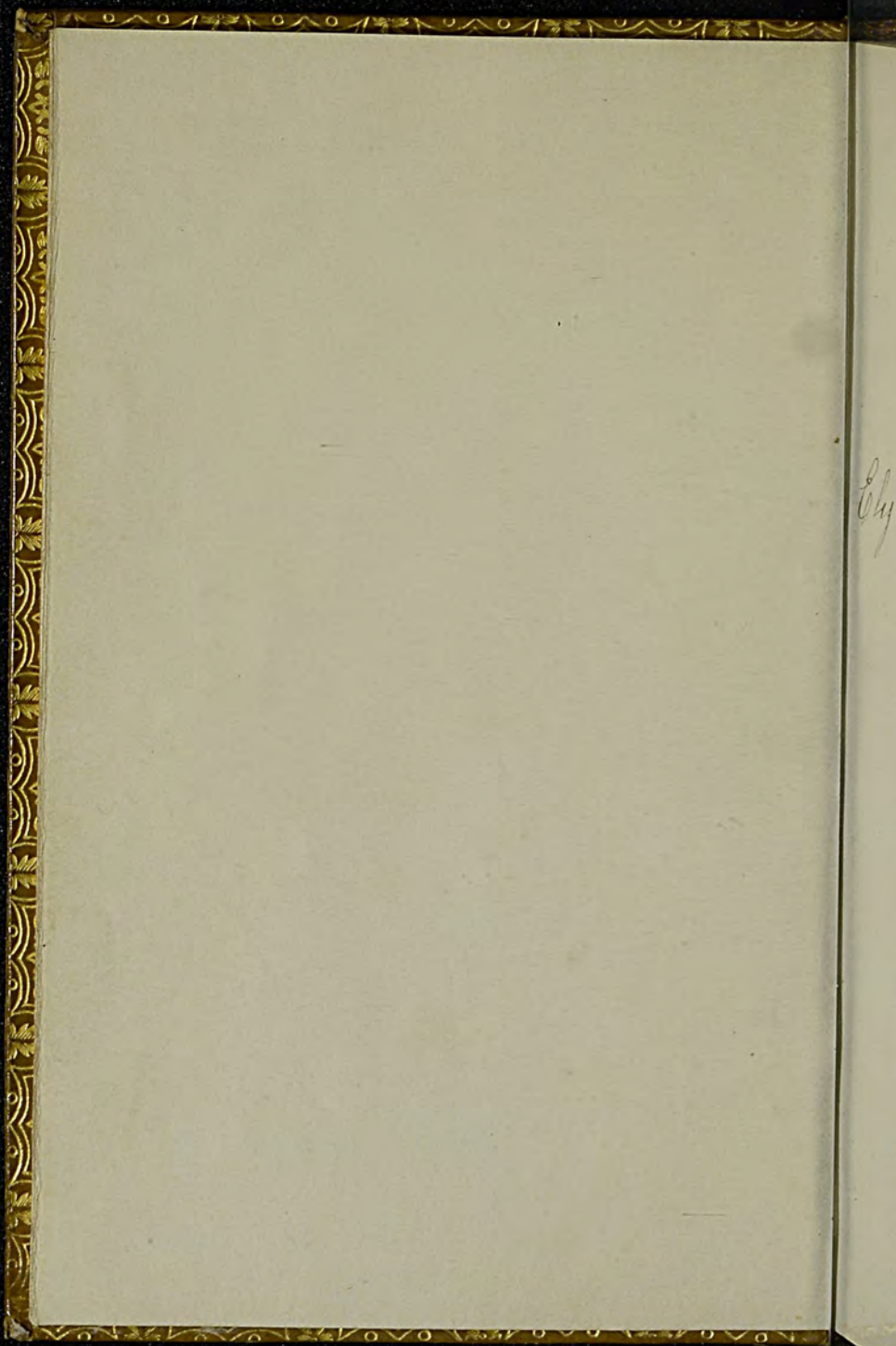


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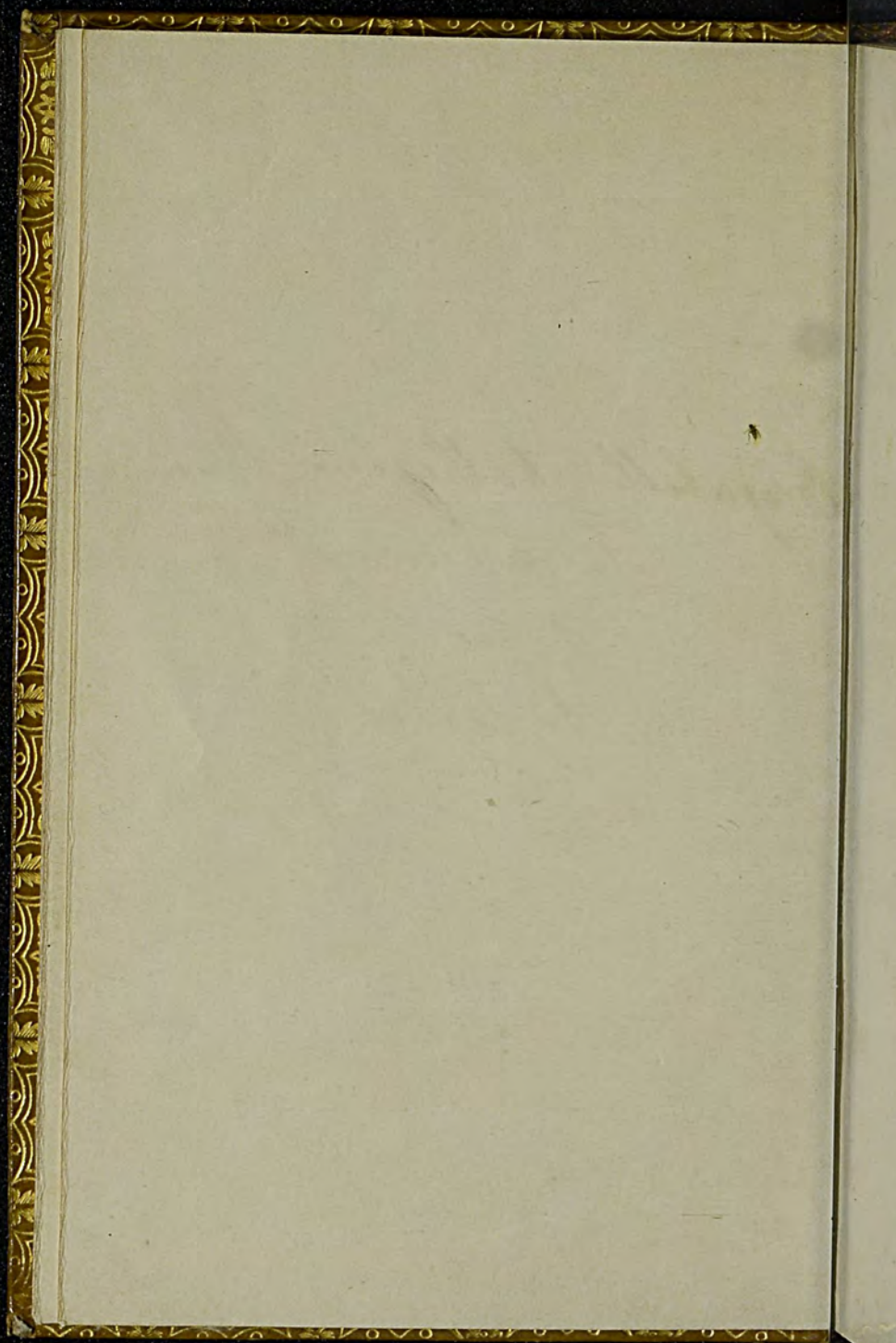


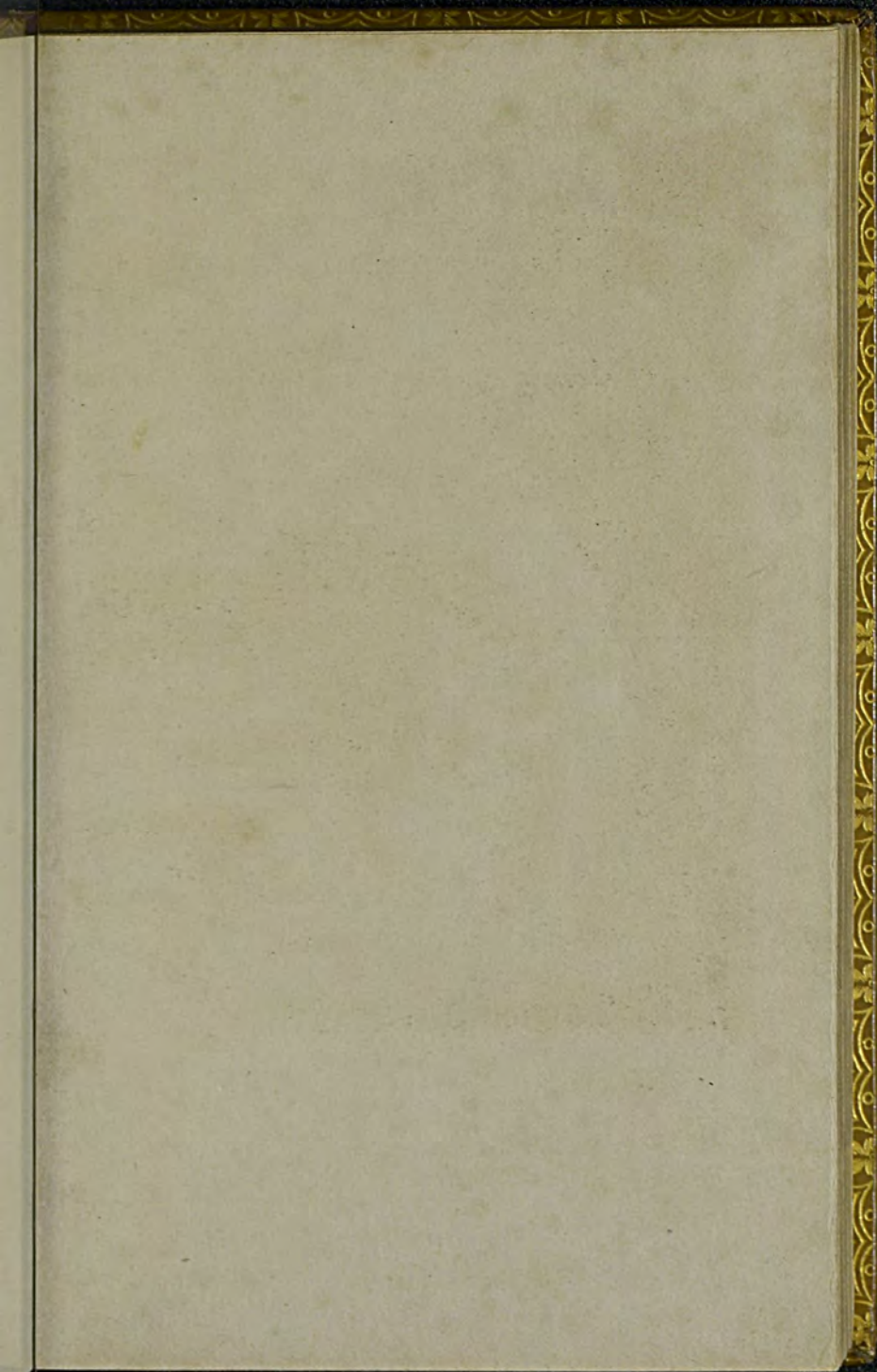
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Elizabeth Catherine Pinuiger

In memory
of her

Aunt Alice.







Drawn by H. Colburn.

Engraved by J. Phelps.

ELLEN CLEVELAND.

Page 158.

Published, July 1st 1834, by Dean & Munday, Threadneedle Street.

ELLEN CLEVELAND;

OR, THE

YOUNG SAMARITAN.

A TALE OF THE PESTILENCE.

Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.

St. Matt. v. 7.

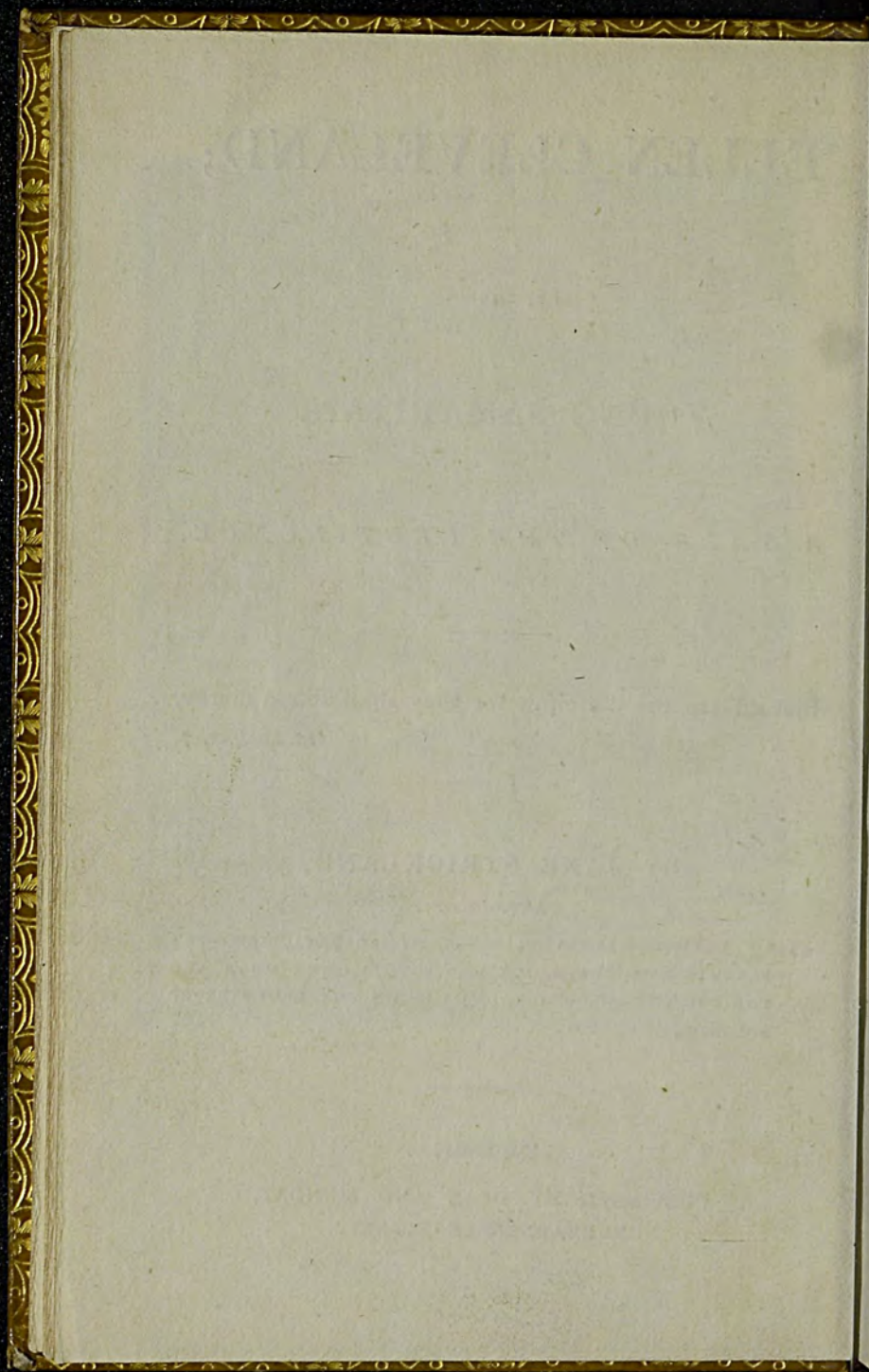
BY JANE STRICKLAND,

AUTHOR OF

EARLY LESSONS,—JAMES ELLIS,—NATIONAL PREJUDICE,—THE
PLANTER'S DAUGHTER,—ORPHAN RACHEL,—THE MOOR AND
THE PORTUGUESE,—MORAL TALES ON THE PROVERBS OF
SOLOMON,—ETC. ETC.

London:

PUBLISHED BY DEAN AND MUNDAY,
THREADNEEDLE-STREET.



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PREFACE.

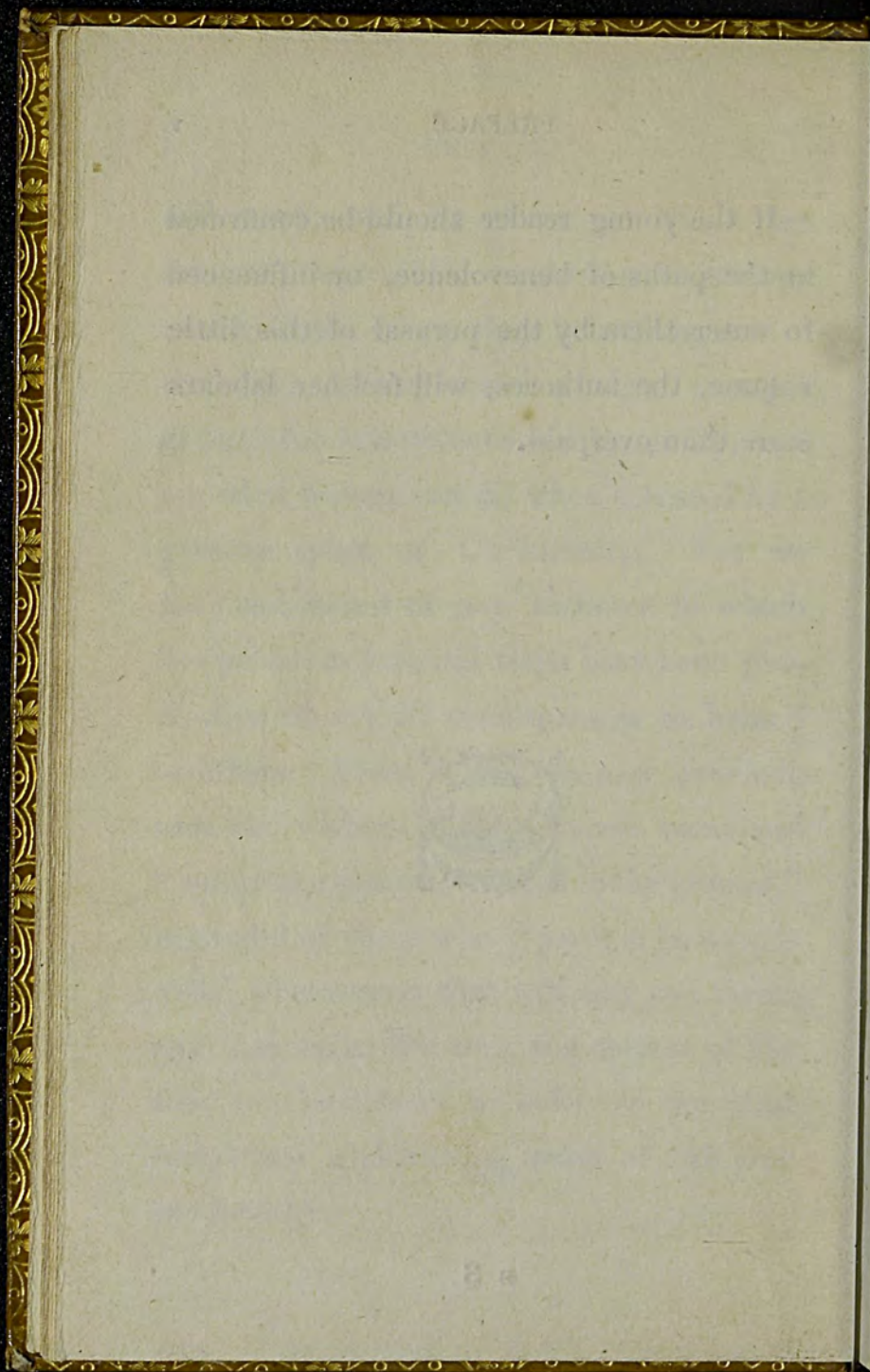
THE following tale is designed for the use of females, in the humble hope that it may influence them to bestow a portion of their time on the sick and needy, to whom advice, and more especially religious instruction, are often more valuable than silver or gold.

Many of my young friends are willing to contribute money towards the relief of the poor, while they are averse to enter the abodes of misery and disease, from a dislike of witnessing painful scenes, or a foolish dread of infection. It is to these the tale of Ellen Cleveland is more particularly

addressed; and let them not think her labours impossible, or her philanthropy overstrained, when they behold in one of their own countrywomen a bright example of feminine benevolence and humanity, and see what woman can do when actuated by a genuine spirit of Christianity. Yet we have not heard of any instance in which her prison or hospital visits have been productive of any ill consequences to herself or others. From which we may conclude that He, without whose express command “not even a sparrow can fall to the ground,” is careful of those who “prepare to do His will,” wheresoever that will may call them; and that under His care, the cottage of the sick may be entered as safely as the most sumptuous withdrawing room of the rich and healthy.

If the young reader should be confirmed in the paths of benevolence, or influenced to enter them by the perusal of this little volume, the authoress will feel her labours more than overpaid.





ELLEN CLEVELAND.

A TALE OF THE PESTILENCE.

CHAP. I.

The plague! the plague!—The withering language flew,
And faintness followed on its rapid breath;
And all hearts sunk as pierced with lightning through.

W. M. HOWITT.

THE capital of Pennsylvania was involved in darkness, and deep silence reigned throughout the deserted streets; and the echo of his own and his servant's footsteps were the only sounds that met the ear of Josiah Barclay, the Quaker physician, who was returning home, much fatigued by the labours of the past day.

Calamity had visited this worthy man in the morning of his life, although it had left no trace of its course on his placid face,

where even a lofty expression of intellect was softened by the yet more prevailing one of benevolence. He was known in Philadelphia by the name of "the good physician," who never took any money of the poor whom he attended; and whatever had been the sorrows that had shaded his early years, religion had subdued them, and the old age of Josiah Barclay resembled the calm sunset that sometimes follows a cloudy day.

The visits the benevolent physician had lately paid to those abodes of pain and disease whither the exercise of his useful profession had conducted him, led him to consider the instability of all earthly things; and he now mentally contrasted the present calamitous state of this great city with her late prosperous and flourishing condition. A few weeks before this period, she was full of health and merchandise; her streets were thronged with industrious citizens, and re-echoed with the song of the artizan and the hum of

the multitude. Now, these busy scenes were changed,—gladness and mirth had fled from the city, the stirring sounds of laborious industry had ceased, and the grass was springing in her most frequented places. The destroying angel had bent his bow against Philadelphia, and pestilence and death were sitting in the midst of her desolate streets.

Josiah Barclay sighed as he made these reflections, and mentally besought God to sanctify these afflictions to his people, and to teach them to glorify his name from the depths of calamity into which he had cast them. While he was thus meditating, he approached the burying-ground appropriated to the members of the Church of England, and then involuntarily checked his steps, for at this unusual hour lights were gleaming along the cemetery, and the stillness of the midnight air was broken by the voice of weeping.

The benevolent physician regarded the funeral with mingled feelings of interest

and curiosity. The glare of the torches fell full upon the pale fair face of the lovely young female who appeared to be the chief mourner, contrasting the perfect outline and death-like whiteness of her beautiful countenance with the grotesque features and sable skin of the negress, to whose arm she clung for support, whose loud sobs proved how deeply she sympathised in her companion's silent sorrow.

The mourner shed no tears—made no lamentation for the dead.—Was her grief too deep for words or sighs, or outward signs of woe? or did the faith of the Christian uphold her in this hour of trial? The compassionate observer thought that a firm belief in her Saviour's mercy; and a perfect reliance on his promises, checked the waters of affliction, and forbade them to flow. He saw her look down upon the three coffins as they were successively lowered into the ground, and wring her hands and press them against her heart, to still its painful throbbings; and then, as if holy hope, even

in that bitter moment, shed a ray of glorious consolation on her view, he beheld her raise her eyes to heaven with such an expression of sublime resignation in their tearless gaze, as changed his pity into sentiments of admiration and respect.

As no white-robed minister stood there to consecrate the rest of the departed, and to speak those solemn words that appeal so powerfully to the hearts of the living, the last sad duties were soon paid to the dead, and their remains were consigned to their native dust, there to sleep "till time should be no more."

The youthful mourner then cast a last lingering look upon the spot where all her earthly hopes and fond ties of affection lay buried. Again her lips moved, as if in prayer; and her eyes were raised to the skies, as if she sought anew for comfort there; and then slowly and sadly prepared to depart, but her feet refused to obey the impulse.—The conflict between the feelings and affections of frail mortality and reli-

gious firmness, though sustained by the spirit, was too great for the fragile frame to endure any longer, and the mourner sunk down on the grave that contained the remains of her family as motionless, and apparently as lifeless, as the inanimate forms of those who slept below.

The sexton and bearers did not attempt to raise the unfortunate young lady, and the physician thought by their gestures that they imagined the pestilential fever that had destroyed her relatives had dealt a quicker death-blow to her, for they fled from the burying-ground with great precipitation, as if they feared the infection would follow them from thence.

With prompt humanity, the physician snatched a torch from the hand of one of the bearers, and entering the burial-ground, assisted the terrified negress to raise the insensible form of the young lady from the earth. "What ails the maiden?" said he, in a kind voice, to the sobbing black.

"Oh! massa, de fever! de fever! Massa

Cleveland, Missey Cleveland, Missa Rhoda, all die of de fever, and now Missa Ellen die of grief!—Ebery body in family die but poor black Sarah,” replied the weeping black.

The physician took one of the unconscious Ellen’s cold hands in his, and turning a look of compassion on the affectionate negress, said, in a tone calculated to allay her fears for her young mistress’s safety, Be comforted, the maiden is not dead; she may yet do well. Tell me, friend, whither I can convey her; for this poor child requires immediate assistance, and my home is unfortunately situated in a distant part of the city.”

“Missa Ellen live on de banks of de Skuylkil river; me show de gentleman de way,” replied the negress, wiping the tears from her eyes.

The physician, with the assistance of his servant, carried the fainting Ellen in his arms, and followed the negress to a small house in the suburbs, in which she said her

mistress resided. They entered the habitation, and the physician placed the fainting Ellen in a chair, who still gave no signs of life. Josiah Barclay again felt her pulse with an air of thought in his face, as if he really considered the re-animation of the patient as a very doubtful matter. He then ordered the negress to light up several candles, and taking a case of instruments from his pocket-book, proceeded to bleed the young lady.

The surprise and terror of the poor black on beholding this operation, was extreme; she wrung her hands, exclaiming violently, "No! no! Missa Ellen dead. Why cut Missa Ellen's arm? that no bring her back to life. Oh what will poor black Sarah do if kind Missa gone for ever?"

"Hush! hush! my good girl," replied the physician mildly, "she is not dead; the blood flows freely. She is coming to herself, and thy cries will disturb and terrify her. Go, find me a ribbon, and a strip of soft linen, that I may bind up her arm."

With as much haste as her fears would permit her to use, black Sarah found the articles the physician required, still, however, continuing her lamentations.

“Wilt thou be quiet?” said the physician in a time of reprehension. “See, her eyes are opening—thou need’st not fear for her life now.”

As he spoke, Ellen opened her dark blue eyes, and gazed vacantly round the apartment, as if in search of some dear objects whom she had been accustomed to see there: suddenly, the remembrance of her loss appeared to strike her mind, for she burst into tears, the first she had shed for many days.

The benevolent physician did not attempt to check this effusion of nature, though from time to time he wiped her eyes with a soothing kindness that was almost paternal. Ellen Cleveland gradually became more composed, and now directed a look of enquiry towards her black

maid, which that faithful creature perfectly comprehended.

“Yes, yes, Missa; Sarah know what you mean; she tell you all dat happen while you swoon. Missa Ellen, you die away on grave wid grief. Silly men tink you die of bad fever; dey run away, and leave poor Sarah all alone. Then kind Massa come, and Blackey come to help you, and bring you home. Then good gentleman cut your arm—arm bleed, and dear Missa Ellen open blue eye once more, and look at poor Sarah once more.”

The stranger smiled more than once while black Sarah was giving this singular explanation of the circumstances that had brought him to Miss Cleveland's assistance; yet as he dreaded lest her volubility should have an ill effect on the exhausted frame of his patient, he made signs to Sarah to be silent, slipping, at the same time, a dollar into her hand, to make some amends for his unwelcome prohibition.

Ellen now attempted to express her thanks to this good Samaritan, but he would not permit her to speak—"Thou must not talk in thy present weak state. Go now to bed; I will send thee a composing medicine as soon as I return home, and to-morrow I will see thee again, if nothing unforeseen prevent me from so doing.—Farewell." He then departed, leaving Ellen to the care of her maid.

In about an hour, the physician's servant returned with the medicine, which took an immediate effect on the exhausted and grief-worn frame of the young lady, who soon sunk into a deep and quiet sleep, from which she did not awake till late on the following morning.



CHAP. II.

So lived—so loved they.—Their life lay enshrined
 Within themselves and people. They recked not
 How the world sped around them, nor divined:
 Heaven, and their home endearments, filled their lot.

Still midnight falls,
 And why gleams thence that lamp's unwonted glare?—
 Ah! there is speechless woe within those walls,
 Death's stern farewell is given in thunders there!

W. M. HOWITT.

ELLEN Cleveland was the eldest daughter of a wealthy merchant in New-York, and for several years had been accustomed to every comfort and even luxury that riches could bestow. She had used these advantages, not abused them; and in those short-lived hours of prosperity, had been a liberal benefactress to the poor, and had sought to do the will of her Heavenly Father, and had never “put her trust in riches;” but had sedulously “applied her heart unto

wisdom," seeking for that "treasure in heaven, which rust doth not corrupt, neither do thieves break through nor steal." It was well that she did so; for her father was ruined by the failure of a great mercantile house in England; and, after thirty years absence from his native city, Philadelphia, returned to it with no possession besides unblemished integrity.

A good character is, however, a jewel of such price, that he who still possesses it, can scarcely be called a poor man.—Even Mr. Cleveland's creditors pitied and respected him; and the consciousness that his misfortunes arose from unforeseen and unavoidable circumstances, and were not the results of his own misconduct and extravagance, was a source of comfort to him in his reverses.

Mr. Cleveland then found the advantages of integrity, for he easily obtained a situation as a clerk in the counting-house of an eminent merchant in Philadelphia, and enjoyed the esteem and affection of his fellow

citizens, and was contented and happy, because he had centred his hopes in a better world. He retired, with his wife and two daughters, to a small cottage, pleasantly situated on the banks of the Skuylkil, which had been bequeathed to Ellen by her god-mother; and found, in the bosom of his amiable family, that peace which the world cannot take away from the Christian, and which it can never bestow.

The Miss Clevelands devoted their time and talents to the instruction of youth, and opened a day-school with every prospect of success; and these virtuous individuals, happy in each other's love, soon ceased to regret the wealth they had lost.

Nothing, however, is permanent in this vale of tears; nothing is sure in this transitory life; where clouds of sorrow rapidly overcast the short lived sunbeams of joy, and where "changes and chances" continually remind us "that here we have no abiding city." The yellow-fever broke out in August, 1793, and raged in Philadelphia

with the violence of a plague; and Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland, and their youngest daughter, were seized with this fatal malady. Poor Ellen nursed her sick parents with the utmost tenderness and skill; and when she had closed their eyes, with pious care, she returned to the couch of the suffering Rhoda, without permitting the sad truth to leave any traces of grief on her face.

With what anxious love did she watch every change in that dear sister's countenance, denying herself even a moment's rest, though every nerve was overstrained with excessive exertion of body and mind. Alas! all her cares were unavailing; she vainly strove to preserve the life of her last tie of affection, for Rhoda Cleveland breathed her last sigh on her sister's bosom, unconscious that her parents had gone before her to that blessed place "where those who die in the Lord rest from their labours."

Ellen shed no tears,—she had no power to weep: she threw herself on her knees

beside the bed of death, and prayed, devoutly and earnestly prayed, for strength to complete her mournful task.—She arose endued with the firmness for which she had made her petition, and the following night attended the remains of her beloved family to their last home, and would most probably have shared the fate of her relatives, if God had not sent the excellent Josiah Barclay to her timely aid.



CHAP. III.

“HE had tasted the felicity and the bitterness of this world; he had seen its sunshine swallowed up in the shadow of death; and earth had nothing to offer him like the blessedness of a retirement in which he might prepare himself for a more permanent state of existence.

WHEN the benevolent Quaker paid his promised visit to Ellen Cleveland, he found her in better health than he had expected, considering the alarming state in which he had discovered her on the preceding night.—“Friend, thou art certainly much improved in appearance since I saw thee last,” said he; “indeed I suffered some anxiety on thy account, my poor child.”

“Kind and benevolent gentleman,” replied Ellen, “I am much recovered, and can now express my thanks for the humane assistance you rendered me, last night; without which I should, most probably,

have perished; and I pray to God to bless and reward you for that act of Christian charity."

"Friend," rejoined the Quaker, "I merit no thanks: I merely performed my duty to my neighbour in assisting thee. Surely, the selfish being who could leave a brother or sister to perish in such a case, is unworthy to be called after the holy name of Him 'who bare our infirmities and sicknesses in His own body on the tree.'—Ellen, consider me as thy friend, and tell me what I can do to serve thee."

"I do consider you as a friend," replied the grateful Ellen, "as one indeed whom God has raised up for me in the time of my affliction."

"Then what can thy friend do for thee, Ellen?" said the Quaker; "thou hast lost thy parents; and, perhaps, thy whole support depended upon their exertions. If it be so, I will consider thee in future as my own child, and will be at all charges for thy future maintenance."

"Kind friend," replied Ellen, "I know not how to thank you as I ought; but reserve your bounty for those who need it more than I do.—I have been accustomed to gain my livelihood by tuition, and I hope I shall be enabled to resume my employment when these calamities shall have passed away, if God gives me health.—However," continued she, sighing, "I trust that He will shorten the term of my earthly pilgrimage, and release me from this life, which the loss of my kindred has rendered burdensome and painful to me."

"Friend Ellen," answered the physician, "call not that life a burden which thy good and great Creator has doubtless continued to thee for wise purposes, since He does nothing in vain. Perhaps He has divided thee from thy nearest and dearest relatives, that thy love may be shed abroad among his creatures, that thou mayest become the soother of their sorrows—their nurse in this time of sickness—their teacher in adversity."

“Alas! I stand alone,” said Ellen, “for ‘God has removed the desire of mine eyes with a stroke;’—I acknowledge his divine right—I submit to his chastisement,—but sometimes I feel that my human weakness overcomes my better thoughts.—Then I wish to die, because all that made life sweet is gone.—Their loss has left a dreary void in my heart,—I look around me, and they are gone down into the dust whom I seek to behold.”—She paused, and tears gathered in her eyes: she raised them to the stranger’s face, as if to ask his sympathy, and then meekly said, ‘Nevertheless, his will, not mine, be done.’ Teach me, O blessed Saviour! to bear thy Father’s decrees without a murmur: leave me not comfortless, but aid me with thy Holy Spirit.”

“He will—he will,” replied the Quaker, with an energy of voice and manner unusual to him. “I was young when he visited me: I found all in him; for his strength was ‘made perfect in my weakness.’”

“Then you have been afflicted, like me?”

asked Ellen, anxiously regarding the benevolent face of the Quaker physician: "You, too, have drunk of the bitter cup of sorrow at his hands?"

"I have drained it, even to the dregs; but I found 'the pearl without price' at the bottom of the chalice of affliction," replied the Quaker. "It is now nearly thirty-seven years since I was the husband of an amiable woman, the father of a promising offspring; dwelling at Boston in the bosom of my own family; blest with peace and love. Business of importance carried me to England; and during my absence, my house was consumed by the lightning from heaven; and my aged mother—my wife—my precious little ones—my servants—all perished in the flames!—all, all were buried under the burning ruins!"

The voice of the stranger faltered, and for a moment his face expressed intense agony, and he raised his eyes to heaven, as if in prayer.—Again his features resumed their accustomed placidity; he became

more composed, and continued in a firmer tone:—"The blow was heavy, and unexpected; but I acknowledged Him who gave it. I submitted to his chastising hand, and rebelled not against him. Since that time the poor and afflicted have been to me in the place of wife and children; and in healing their wounds, I have found a balm for my own."

There was a pathetic brevity in the benevolent Quaker's narrative that found its way to Ellen's heart: she knew that he had inflicted pain in himself, and had unlocked his own hidden grief, to lessen, by the comparison, the weight of her afflictions: for a knowledge of the sufferings of others, teaches us to bear our several burdens with greater patience.

"Your sorrows have indeed exceeded mine," answered Ellen. "I was permitted to close the eyes of my lost relatives—a sad consolation, which was denied to you. I will endeavour to imitate your patience, and will devote my life to the service of my

suffering fellow-creatures, and will become their nurse during this season of calamity."

"Thou wilt surely find peace in the performance of such works of charity and love," replied the Quaker. He then took her hand: "Friend Ellen, I am called Josiah Barclay, the physician; and my dwelling is in Broad-street; send to me whenever thou art in 'trouble, sickness, need, or any other adversity,' and I will not fail to help thee, if I be still a sojourner in this frail tabernacle. Fare-thee-well. Keep a contented and resigned mind, and cast all thy care upon thy Saviour, who careth for thee. 'Remember, that if thou faint in the day of adversity, thy strength is small.'" With these words, the Quaker physician took leave of Ellen, and returned to his own home; but the impression his pious conversation and advice had made on the mind of the afflicted orphan, still afforded her comfort and consolation, and remained, as it were, engraven in her heart.

CHAP. IV.

"SUBLIME in awful darkness, trod
The PEST,—and lamentations, as he slew,
Proclaimed his ravage in such sad abode,
That frenzied shrieks for aid——"

W. M. HOWITT.

THE fever continued to gain ground in Philadelphia, and now assumed the alarming character of a plague. In the course of the month of September, upwards of two thousand persons were swept off by its violence. The consternation at this time became general; and more than thirty thousand of the inhabitants of this afflicted city fled from their homes, through dread of the infection.

The sad remnant that remained behind endured the deepest misery that disease, poverty, grief, and neglect, can heap upon human nature: many of the wealthy wanted even a cup of cold water, and found no

kind hand to administer it to them in their need. Indeed this pestilential fever appeared to have rent asunder all those holy bands and charities that unite society together. Even the ties of blood and friendship were forgotten in the selfish fear of contagion; and many persons, who might have recovered from the disorder, fell victims to neglect and famine.

Some bright and shining exceptions, however, might still be found, whom humanity and Christian love led to these deserted sufferers,—who, with courage that dims the glory of the warrior, braved every danger to succour their distressed fellow-creatures. The memory of these shall live before God,—their record may be forgotten by men, but their names are undoubtedly written in the book of life, as those who have imitated the example of their Saviour, and have “visited the afflicted,” bound up the wounds of the broken-hearted, and kept themselves “unspotted from the world.”

Black Sarah, who loved her mistress very tenderly, now earnestly besought her to quit the city, which she considered devoted to destruction.

“Whither,” replied Ellen, “can I flee, where the hand of the Lord cannot find me? whither shall I escape from his presence? If I ascend into heaven, he is there:—if I make my bed in hell, he is there also.—If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall his hand lead me, and his right hand shall hold me.’—How then shall I strive to avoid the arrows of him, from whom the darkness cannot hide, and in whose sight ‘even a sparrow cannot fall unnoticed to the ground?’—Nay, my good Sarah, rather let us stay here to nurse the sick, and to comfort those who are in need and necessity, and pray with those ‘who are appointed to die.’ Our poor neighbours are sickening round us, let us go to their assistance; and who knows whether God may not bless our endeavours.”

"You go, Missa Ellen, where bad fever is?" exclaimed black Sarah, in a tone of alarm; "sweet, dear Missa, you will die." "And if I were to die, Sarah, could I die better than in the performance of my duty?" replied Ellen;—"I leave no friend or relative to mourn for me; I am the last of my race, and no tears will fall for me, for I have survived every earthly tie."—The sense of her loneliness now seemed to press on Ellen's mind, for she turned away, and wept bitterly.

"Dear missa," said black Sarah,—'poor Blackey would cry very much. Blackey go wid you to nurse sick neighbour—She die wid you.—Sarah never leave sweet missa, who taught her to know and love de good God, who made all de world and sent his dear Son to die for black man as well as white man."

"Then, Sarah, you will go with me to nurse the carpenter's family, who are all sickening with the fever close by our house.

Hitherto, my weakness has prevented my performing the vow I made when I first lost my parents; but God has now restored my health and strength, and to his service I will dedicate it. For you, my good Sarah, I have little fear, as none of your colour have yet taken the infection. God has been pleased to spare your people in this season of calamity."

"Yes, yes, missa, he make us with black skin, and we be servants to the whites; whites much rich, and fair skin, like milk; but den dey die wid fever. Blackey hab good health and lib long; he better off after all. Sarah no fear to catch fever; she go wid dear missa ebery where."

Here the conversation ended, and Ellen withdrew to her own apartment to arrange all her temporal affairs before she commenced her philanthropic labours; indeed, she knew that the path on which she was entering was one full of danger, and that it might lead to "the valley of the shadow

of death," and she "set her house in order," and wrote her will, in which she made a provision for the faithful Sarah, to whom she bequeathed the little property she possessed, as some reward for her fidelity.

Ellen possessed a true friend as well as an invaluable servant in this worthy creature—one who, like Ruth, would have said, "Entreat me not to leave thee; for whither thou goest, I will go: thy people shall be my people—thy God, my God.—Where thou diest, I will die; and there also will I be buried.—The Lord do so to me, and more also, if ought but death part thee and me!" Sincerely indeed did Ellen bless the hour in which her father placed black Sarah about her person.

In the course of his mercantile affairs, Mr. Cleveland had frequently visited the West-Indian islands, and during a short stay at Barbodoes, he had seen this negress treated with great cruelty on account of

her obstinate determination to destroy herself. He pitied this unfortunate creature, whom slavery had plunged into such a state of gloomy despair: he addressed some admonitions to her, and found that even the darkened mind of the young heathen slave was accessible to the voice of kindness.—He finally purchased her from her inhuman master, and then gave her the choice of returning to Africa, or becoming his hired servant

“Ah, good massa, me go wid you; me no go back to my own land,” was the answer of the grateful black; “me hab lost parent, and broder, and sisters, and him who was to be Sarah’s husband, dey all die in ship: den what for should Sarah go back, den dey be dead? No, no, Sarah live and die wid you,—she be your slave.”

Mr. Cleveland’s principles would not allow him to retain a fellow-creature even in willing slavery, much less to encourage

that infamous traffic which barter human beings for gold. Indeed, by what pretended right can one man enslave the person of a fellow-creature, and arrogantly claim him as his property? Can he thus appropriate the unpaid labours of the unhappy African to his own service, without violating the laws of God? Ought the complexion of the Negro (the result of his burning climate) to be considered as a crime in the eyes of the inhabitants of more temperate and more enlightened lands? Let us hope that a better spirit will at length animate the breasts of Europeans, that they will imitate the generous and splendid example of Great-Britain, and that this nefarious trade will be utterly abolished, and that men "who profess and call themselves Christians," will no longer hold their sable brethren in the bitter chains of bondage.

Mr. Cleveland hired the negress to attend upon his eldest daughter, who took a pleasure in teaching the Gospel to her sable friend, whose ductile mind readily received

the great truths of Christianity. The poor negress imbibed the knowledge of a Saviour with the meekness and docility of a child, and was baptized into the Church by the name of Sarah, and served the family of Mr. Cleveland with zeal and fidelity; and, after they fell into misfortunes, testified her gratitude by refusing to receive even the smallest remuneration for her useful services.



CHAP. V

“They went, these glorious ones, to their employ,—
To check the ominous speed of flying feet;
To quell despair; to soothe the fierce annoy,
Which, as a stormy ocean without buoy,
Tossing a ship, distress’d ’twixt reef and rock,
Hurried the crowd.”

W. M. HOWITT.

As soon as Ellen Cleveland had completed all her arrangements, she implored the blessing of the Almighty on her undertaking, and then summoned Sarah, and hastened to the infected house, and proffered their services to the sick-family, whom she found confined to their beds and overwhelmed with despair.

It would be difficult to express the surprise and joy of those unfortunate people when they beheld Ellen, and heard her benevolent proposal.

“See, wife,” said Robert Mason, “God

has not abandoned us, for he has sent Miss Cleveland to our assistance!—I told you not to despair, but to put your trust in him.”

“Robert, I was to blame,” replied the woman, “but your sufferings, and those of my poor children, made me forget that God has promised to help those who put their trust in him.”

Ellen found, by these words, that she was among pious people, and this knowledge seemed to give her courage: she commenced her charitable office by administering some light nourishment to her parents; she then opened all the doors and windows, and admitted a free current of air, and dispensed the medicines the apothecary who attended them had left for their use: and having thus provided for their bodily wants, she knelt down, and said a short but appropriate prayer, calculated to soothe and compose their minds, and then took her station by their sick beds, and watched them throughout the night with the tenderest care.

After many days of unremitting care, the young philanthropist beheld, with a pure and holy joy, health again gladdening this humble roof. She did not, however, arrogate any praise to herself, but directed the hearts of this grateful family towards him whose humble instrument alone she considered herself to be.

“Dear young lady,” said these grateful people, “next to God, we owe our preservation to you and your kind servant: Remember that you may command our services at all times and seasons, and that we shall be happy to prove our gratitude for the unmerited favours you have conferred upon us.”

Ellen assured them she should apply to them without any scruple, whenever she required their assistance; and bidding them farewell, turned her steps to other scenes of sorrow. Alas! how many did she now witness! for the work of death went on, and the fever continued to rage with unabated violence! still the young philan-

thropist did not shrink from the painful path she had chosen to follow.—Her fearless humanity led her into the very bosom of infection; she beheld disease in its direst forms, and still ventured into the haunts of poverty and misery, to nurse the sick, and bind up the wounds of the broken-hearted.

How many pictures of wretchedness did she behold! how many parents deserted by their children! how many children abandoned by their parents, and left to perish in the time of their utmost need! Notwithstanding all her firmness of character, the truly feminine heart of Ellen often endured a severe conflict, before she could overcome her feelings sufficiently to render comfort and assistance to the sufferers.—Her's was not, however, that morbid sentiment which flies from the couch of pain (and is miscalled, when it is termed, sensibility), but that genuine feeling that exerts all its power to soften and to heal the wounds of the human race, and which angels themselves are supposed to share.

God gave the young philanthropist that strength for which she unceasingly prayed, and she rose superior to every trial, for he supported her through them all. The pestilence appeared to have no power to hurt her; and though fatigue and nightly vigils had wasted her form to an almost unearthly fragility, and had banished the roses from her cheek, she was healthy, and looked lovely still, and the plagued inhabitants of Philadelphia beheld her enter their houses and administer to their wants with astonishment and veneration. The Bible was still her companion; nor while she attended to the wants of the infirm and perishing body, did she forget those of the immortal and undying soul, and from the sacred source of the Gospel, drew patience for the sick, and hope and comfort for the dying.

Was Ellen still disconsolate?—did she mourn continually for her deceased relatives, and, “like Rachel weeping for her children, refuse to be comforted?”—No, she found a balm for her own afflicted and

wounded spirit in performing these acts of kindness and Christian love. Indeed, she had no time to grieve; and if in the solitary hour of midnight a repining thought entered her mind, or a tear started to her eye, she repressed the one and wiped away the other, and remembered that her beloved parents and sister were now partakers of that heavenly rest "where sin and sorrow can find no place, and where all tears are wiped away." How could she be long unhappy, when deserted children hailed her as a saving mother,—when forsaken parents looked upon her as a dutiful and affectionate child, whose very presence seemed to inspire them with hope,—when she was so universally beloved and esteemed?—and more than this, when she felt the grace of God encreasing in her heart, and knew that his blessing was on all her labours, and that his merciful arm preserved her from "the pestilence that walketh in darkness and the destruction that walketh at noon-day?"

CHAP. VI.

"Of human ills an ample share
Ravage, and death, domestic care,
They have not 'scaped."

W. M. HOWITT.

It is not my intention to follow Ellen through all the scenes of misery she witnessed, but rather to confine myself to the relation of those which are most likely to please and instruct the reader. The Christian philanthropist and her sable attendant were contented to use the humblest fare themselves, that, through their rigid self-denial, they might be enabled to supply with food those wretched families whom they found suffering from the effects of famine as well as from disease. All their resources were now exhausted; Ellen had no money left, and, beside a sack of Indian flour, possessed nothing that could be serviceable to the poor.

Notwithstanding the low ebb of her finances, Ellen did not abandon the path of duty she had chosen. She knew that many hundreds of her fellow-creatures needed a kind hand to give them a cup of cold water, and as she was not "weary of well-doing," she resolved to persevere in her benevolent career.

About this time, the eldest son of a poor widow (a fine intelligent boy, of twelve years) sought her out, and implored her "to come to the assistance of his mother, who (he said) was lying dangerously ill in Market-street, not very far from her house."

Ellen was much moved with the account this artless child gave of the misfortunes of his family, and more especially when she learned that his father had died of this disease about a fortnight since. She immediately called Sarah, and followed her young guide to his humble home, where she found the sick-woman lying on

a miserable bed, surrounded by five weeping children. Poor Ellen tried to still their clamorous cries; but, alas! they proceeded from famine, and the little sufferers were not to be easily pacified. Their unhappy mother bore this accumulation of misery with a patient endurance that awakened all Ellen's sympathy, for she perceived that her maternal solicitude made her feel her children's sufferings more keenly than her own, although she appeared extremely exhausted.

This case of distress greatly perplexed our philanthropist; she had no money to procure comforts for the poor mother, but she remembered the sack of Indian flour, and now directed black Sarah to return home and prepare a kind of hasty-pudding (a dish much in use among the lower classes in America), to satisfy the cravings of the hungry children.—The promise of soon having something to eat, pacified the famished little ones. Ellen lulled the baby

to sleep on her bosom, and order was happily restored for a season.

Time, however, passed on, and black Sarah did not return: the infant train, tired of waiting for the expected food, now recommenced their cries with redoubled violence, and to add to Ellen's discomfiture the baby awoke, and joined its piercing screams to the noisy lamentations of its famishing brothers and sisters.

In vain Ellen alternately soothed and chid them; in vain she tried to lull the babe to sleep again: hunger rendered them completely unmanageable, till even her own sweet temper became impatient of her maid's protracted stay. To her great relief, Sarah at length appeared with a basket on her arm, and a large tureen containing the expected supply in her hand.

While Ellen was sharing out the hasty-pudding among the famishing infant train, and feeding the baby, she noticed that Sarah was administering some gruel to

their sick mother, and she mentally wondered by what means she had procured it, as she knew she had nothing of the kind at home.

As soon as she had satisfied the wants of the little family, Ellen took Sarah aside, and demanded an explanation of her long absence, and asked her by what means she had procured the gruel for the poor woman.

"Why, dear missa," replied Sarah, "me buy de oatmeal and some sugar, and tea, and white loaf, and some arrow-root, wid dollar good Quaker gentleman give Sarah: me mean him, Missa Ellen, who cut your arm and made it bleed."

Ellen was both pleased and affected with this little proof of goodness of heart, and she turned her tearful eyes on her sable maid with an approving look that amply repaid that affectionate servant for the sacrifice she had made, though, like the poor widow in the gospel parable, she had actu-

ally given away the last farthing she possessed for this good work.

The crisis of the fever turned very favourably, and the poor woman rapidly regained her strength, and none of the young family showed any symptoms of having received the least infection from their mother; and now health and joy animated the lately afflicted parent and her weeping children.

During the time Ellen had been nursing this widow, she had frequently seen a very lovely young female drawing water from the river, and had then remarked that this servile employment seemed unsuited to her delicate form and very genteel appearance. This person was, apparently, about nineteen; but young as she was, the traces of care were legibly written in her very lovely and interesting face.

Ellen had watched for her coming to the river, and had occasionally sent Sarah to fill and carry her pail for her; and that

worthy creature told her mistress, that the young lady had courteously inclined her head, and answered her in a strange language; and that she had observed, while she was speaking to her, that her hands were exceedingly white and delicate, and bore no marks of labour, though her dress was extremely coarse.

From the poor widow, Ellen learned that this young person was supposed to be the daughter of a French refugee lady, and that she had a sister, who greatly resembled her, and to whom she appeared to be much attached. They were supposed to be very poor, as they kept a servant, and lodged in a miserable hovel, and took in needle-work for their support.

Ellen supposed these unfortunate emigrants had fled from their own land, which was then divided by contending parties, a prey to anarchy and civil war, to seek an asylum in America; and their probable distress in this afflicted city excited all her

sympathy. She determined to make acquaintance with this young Frenchwoman, and to offer her all the advice and assistance that was still in her power to give.—Contrary to her expectation, the stranger did not appear any more, and as the poor woman no longer required her attendance, Ellen and black Sarah took leave of her, and left the cottage, followed by the prayers and blessings of her and her grateful family.



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CHAP. VII.

"Ah! piteous was it, then, that place to tread!
Where children played, and mothers had looked on,
They lay, like flowers plucked to adorn the dead:
The bright-eyed maid no admiration won,
Youth in its greenness, trembling age, was gone.
O'er each bright cottage-hearth death's darkness stole,
Tears fell, pangs racked, where happiness had shone."

W. M. HOWITT.

ELLEN's homeward path lay past the hovel in which the stranger dwelt, in whose appearance she had been so much interested. She looked in at the windows as she slowly walked by, in the hope of seeing the unknown, but no one seemed to be within.

She now recollected that she had never seen the other members of the family; and the idea suddenly entered her mind, that they were probably then lying sick with

the epidemic that had lately attacked their neighbours; and, perhaps, needed her assistance. She communicated her suspicions to black Sarah, and retracing her steps, knocked at the door, with the intention of satisfying her doubts by a personal enquiry. No one answered her signal. She repeated it again, and more loudly; but all within was still and silent as the grave.

"Perhaps, dear missa, dey be all gone out," remarked Sarah, looking earnestly at her young mistress.

"It may be so, Sarah; but I cannot bear this uncertainty any longer: I will convince myself that all is right." As Ellen spoke these words, she lifted the latch, and entering the cottage, hastily glanced her eyes round the deserted room; which, however, bore unquestionable signs of having been recently inhabited, for the embers on the hearth still faintly glowed, and emitted a little warmth, and the clock noted every passing moment, giving warning, by its monotonous sounds, to the observers,

that time was hastening every instant nearer towards eternity.

Ellen began to think her fears had carried her too far, as the family were probably only absent from home, and she now reflected that if they found strangers in their house on their return, they might be displeased with the intrusion, and was preparing to withdraw when she heard a deep groan, which appeared to issue from an inner apartment. She instinctively obeyed the impulse of humanity, and hastily opening a door on her right hand, from whence that dismal sound proceeded, she viewed a sad sight that rivetted her attention and fixed her for a moment to the spot where she stood. Stretched on a miserable bed, and evidently struggling with the agonies of expiring nature, lay a female, who had, apparently, arrived at the period of middle life. By her side, wrapt in the deep sleep of mortality, reposed a lovely girl, who seemed to have breathed her last sigh only a few moments before; and on the

bosom of the newly dead—but pale and motionless as her departed sister—reclined the young person in whose misfortunes Ellen had felt herself so much interested.

The dying mother raised her feeble hand, and directed Ellen's attention to her daughters, and said something to her in the French language; but her words were choked by strong convulsions, and she expired with that expression of maternal love and anxiety still written on her fine countenance.

As Ellen witnessed the departure of this unknown female from this world, and saw her glazing eyes still fixed on her children, she thought of her own parents, and sister; and that bitter scene rose freshly to her remembrance when the stern strife was over, and the forms she loved became as cold and motionless as marble.

She looked intently on the fair sisters, as they lay, lovely and lifeless, together, like two lilies crushed by a sudden storm.— They were the perfect counterparts of each

other—the same features, the same dark eye-lashes and hair,—even their forms were cast in the same exact proportions; their delicate hands were fashioned in the same perfect mould; even their very years appeared to be the same. Yet on the face of one there was a calm and holy expression, as if for her death had had no terrors, for a sweet smile hovered round her lips, and her hand still rested within the sacred pages of the Bible. The other maid, who appeared to have died in the very act of receiving her sister's last sighs, looked not thus, for her countenance was sorrowful, and her cheek was still moist with tears.

In raising her head from the bosom of her happier companion, Ellen thought she perceived a slight pulsation about the unfortunate young woman's heart, and on applying her hand again to the seat of life, she found it still beat, though very faintly. "She lives!" exclaimed Ellen; "animation is not wholly extinct, it is only suspended for a while. With care and attention, she

may yet recover.”—She paused for a moment, as if absorbed in thought, and then suddenly recollecting herself, she remembered the benevolent Quaker physician, and resolved to apply to him in this emergency. She first directed Sarah to take the blankets off the bed, with which she assisted her to form a sort of couch, on which they placed the insensible form of the surviving female; she then desired her to go to the house of Josiah Barclay, and to beseech him to hasten to the assistance of the unfortunate young lady.

Sarah hesitated, and then said, “Dear missa, me no like to leave you here wid the dead all alone.”

“These inanimate forms cannot harm me, my good Sarah,” replied the mistress; “banish such groundless fears from your mind, and leave me, without any further scruple.”

Black Sarah obeyed her young mistress, though with evident reluctance, and Ellen was left alone in the chamber of death.

The Christian philanthropist was too

sensible to feel any superstitious terror of the dead, although her eyes were involuntarily attracted, as it were, to the bed on which they lay: once, indeed, she thought she saw the sheet that covered the bodies move; nay, she even fancied that she heard a faint low breathing beneath its folds.—With feelings excited to the utmost intensity of expectation, she sprang from her seat, and removing the covering that concealed the faces of the departed, applied her hands alternately to the bosoms of the mother and daughter,—but all was cold and pulseless there.

The disappointed Ellen turned sorrowfully away from her unavailing scrutiny, and resuming her station by the side of the survivor of this unfortunate family, chafed her hands and temples with unremitting attention till the vital heat returned, and the young lady opened her eyes, and regarding her preserver with a vacant look for a moment, suddenly flung her arms

round her neck, and embraced her with passionate affection.

From the few broken sentences the poor invalid uttered in her native tongue, as well as from the tears with which she bedewed the face and bosom of Ellen, the young philanthropist perceived she mistook her for her deceased sister; and she dared not answer her, lest the sound of a strange voice should break the illusion.

The dim and uncertain twilight—the form and height of Ellen—and, more than all, the bewildered state of the young lady's mind,—had combined to deceive her, and she continued to express her joy by many little endearments, calling her by the tender appellations of “Dear Melame;” and, “beloved sister;” beseeching her to speak to her but one word, assuring her that the sound of her voice could alone banish the frightful visions that still haunted her imagination.

The weeping Ellen returned her caresses, and sighed deeply, “Alas! (though she),

poor friendless stranger, what a sad discovery awaits thee!—what bitter anguish must follow this short-lived joy!”

The return of black Sarah with a flambeau, put an end to the young lady's self-deception for ever.—She raised her eyes to Ellen's face, and then hastily averting them, gazed wildly round the apartment, and saw the bed of death.—The dread reality rushed on her recollection with the rapidity of lightning: she uttered a cry of agony, and instantly swooned away.

“Poor thing!” said Ellen, raising her drooping head and tenderly, yet mournfully regarding her, “she looks like Rhoda now: surely, Sarah, she greatly resembles my lost lamented sister.

“She much like sweet missa Rhoda dat's gone,” replied the black; “me fear she will die too.”

“I hope not,” said Ellen; “but tell me, Sarah, when will our kind friend come to visit this poor crushed flower?”

“Ah! missa, dear missa,” replied the

black, sobbing, "him neber come now—black John cry for him—ebery body cry for him."

"Alas!" sighed Ellen, "he has, then, fallen a victim to the infection! He has finished his benevolent course, and has, undoubtedly, received a reward from his just and merciful Judge. Surely his death is a public loss, and must greatly add to the general calamity!"

"Missa Ellen, him no dead—him only missing: nobody know where him gone dis tree days."

A ray of hope entered Ellen's heart at this explanation: "He will return, my good Sarah; God will restore him to his fellow-citizens again. However, we must now think of some plan for the benefit of our poor sufferer; this house of death is no proper abiding place for her. We must convey her home to our own house to-night."

"Shall Sarah take her on her back, and carry her dere?" replied the negress look-

ing down on the fainting stranger: me will try, if dear missa like."

"You are not half strong enough, my kind Sarah," said her mistress; "but I am thinking that you had better ask Robert Mason to bring his cart for her accommodation. His wife and daughter will perform the necessary offices for the dead, if we ask them: indeed, I am sure we may rely upon their assistance, for they are pious and grateful people."

"Ah! yes, missa, you mean de carpenter and his family.—Dey be de first sick people we nurse. Sarah remember dem well: she fetch dem presently; but she no leave missa in de dark, she look for candle."

The careful black discovered what she sought for, and immediately lighted it at the flambeau she still held in her hand; and then departed with all speed on her errand, leaving Ellen again with the dead.

The Christian philanthropist made no new attempt to restore the senses of the stranger, for she knew that with conscious-

ness her agony must return. Perhaps she might even insist on remaining where she was, and thus frustrate the benevolent plan she had devised for her comfort.—She now remembered that she had seen a Bible on the bed of the deceased foreigners, and resolved to compose her mind by reading a chapter.

As the icy hand of the dead Malame still rested on the sacred page, Ellen determined to see the holy words that had apparently employed her last earthly thoughts.—She experienced no little difficulty in withdrawing the Book of life from the cold unconscious grasp of the dead maiden, and some moments elapsed before she could loosen it from her tenacious hold.

It was a French protestant translation, and as Ellen was conversant with that language, she found that the deceased had been reading the fifteenth chapter of I. Corinthians—that beautiful chapter, so precious in its promises, so consolatory to the dying Christian.—The expression of trium-

phant hope those words had kindled in the mind of the maiden still lingered on her face—"Death had indeed here lost his sting—and the grave was swallowed up in victory."

"Surely," thought Ellen, as she bent over the dead, "these good and faithful servants will enter into the joy of their Lord! 'Blessed is the death of the righteous, and may my latter end be like theirs,' since faith and hope have been their companions in the last stern strife of expiring mortality."

She now examined the little page of the sacred volume, in the expectation of finding the name of the possessor. Nor was she disappointed, for on the blank leaf was written the following sentence:

"This blessed Book, which has ever been my guide in this life, and which contains those precious promises of the next, on which I rely with earnest faith and holy hope in this hour of death—to be sent to

my dear wife and children after my execution, as a last memorial of affection, from

“HENRI CONTE DE CLAIRVILLE.”

Ellen sighed as she read these lines, and reflected on the tears which had undoubtedly been shed over them.—This pledge of love had evidently been most dear to the hearts of the emigrants: it had been their companion in danger, tribulation, and exile; it had cheered them in sickness, and had softened the pangs of death. Their sorrows were now ended, and she trusted that they would “reap a reward that would infinitely outweigh their short afflictions in this world.”

The arrival of black Sarah and the grateful Masons interrupted this train of thought. Ellen, with their assistance, wrapt the young lady in a blanket, and having placed her in the humble conveyance, supported her in her arms with the tenderest care.—The fresh air and the motion of the cart restored the poor foreigner’s suspended ani-

mation, and she enquired in a tone of great alarm, who they were, and whither they were conveying her, beseeching them to return her to her own home.

Ellen answered her in a French language, "That she need not be apprehensive of any injury, as she was in good hands, who were only removing her to a place where she would be well taken care of, and would breathe a purer than the infected atmosphere she had recently quitted."

"I require no change," replied the stranger frantically: "for pity's sake, restore me to my home. Ah! dear mamma, what will be your anguish when you find your Eugenie gone, and your poor Melame dead by your side! Release me, mademoiselle," continued she endeavouring to escape from the firm hold of the compassionate Ellen; "release me instantly, and detain me no longer from my dying mother."

"I left her sleeping," said Ellen in a tone of deep solemnity.—But she spake of the sleep of death!

The poor foreigner understood her meaning too well.—She ceased to struggle, and leaning her head on the bosom of the humane Ellen wept with all the bitterness of a new-made orphan. Nor during the remainder of the journey did she utter another word.

In a few minutes, they reached Ellen's deserted home. The unfortunate young French-woman suffered herself to be undrest, and conveyed to bed, where in a deep and lethargic slumber she happily forgot the dismal events of the past day.



CHAP. VIII.

"Spring waked her tribes to bloom,
And on the green sward dance:
Thou hast smitten them to the tomb,
With thy consuming glance."

W. M. HOWITT.

ELLEN and her kind-hearted attendant arose early on the following morning, and having put every-thing in the nicest order, began to consider by what means they could procure proper nourishment for their unfortunate guest.

"For ourselves," said the disinterested Ellen, "we need not be under the least concern.—We have potatoes in the garden, and Indian flour in the meal-hutch; and, therefore, are in no actual want of food; but this poor sick foreigner requires something nice to tempt her to eat, and we have nothing to offer her for breakfast when she awakes.—Perhaps the good Masons can

lend us some tea and sugar and a white roll. Do step to their house, and ask them, my dear Sarah."

"Ah! missa Ellen,"—replied the affectionate black, "me never tink to see you so poor as to borrow of de poor—you, dat were once so rich, and gave so much away in charity."

"Never mind, my dear Sarah," said her young mistress in a cheerful tone, "we have never wanted food yet; and is it not written, 'Cast thy bread upon the waters, and after many days thou shalt find it again?' As for the riches thou speakest of, 'the Lord hath given, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord.' If I can say this with a true heart of my dear family, it is easy, very easy, to say so of the perishing wealth of this world."

"Me tink dat God will bless you, and make you much rich again, one day," replied the negress, wiping her eyes and hastening to obey Ellen's wishes.

She soon returned with the welcome

supply in her basket, and when the stranger awoke; she found a comfortable meal already prepared for her, and the compassionate Ellen at her side ready to entreat her to partake of it.—The invalid was too bewildered to ask any questions. She was certainly conscious that something strange had happened to her, and the place appeared new to her; but her head was painful and confused, and her memory entirely failed her. She passively complied with Ellen's wishes, without having the least power to answer the enquiries she made respecting her health.—Ellen saw by the deep bilious tinge that had stolen over the features of the young lady, that the formidable fever that had proved so fatal to her family was about to attack her. She took one of her hands in her's, and knew, from sad experience, that she was dangerously ill, and that no time must be lost in obtaining medical aid, although she was utterly at a loss how to procure it. Indeed, in this season of calamity, many wealthy people

had perished for want of medicine and attendance; and, therefore, poor Ellen seemed to have little chance of gaining either for the forlorn "stranger within her gates."

The active benevolence of the Christian philanthropist was of that kind which shrinks from no difficulties; and, like the mountain stream overleaping its barrier rock, overcomes all obstacles by "patient perseverance in well-doing." She now remembered that a temporary Infirmary had been opened for the infected, about a mile from the city, and that a medical Board sat there every day; and she resolved to apply to the gentlemen who composed the Committee for advice and assistance for her suffering guest.

Accordingly, she desired Sarah to be very careful of the young lady, and then, putting on her bonnet and shawl, she left the house, and took the road to the Fever Hospital. As Ellen followed the course of the magnificent river, and watched the falling leaves as they glided down the stream, she

thought of the many changes she had seen since they had first unfolded their lovely green.—Then, she had fond parents—then, a sister's arm was linked within her own—while the moonlight waters had often echoed to those gladsome notes that were now hushed in the silent dust.—No, never should she hail the returning step of Rhoda—never should she share her guileless confidence again,—never listen to that voice, which had always been music to her ears, till she should hear its rich tones mingling with the seraphic choir above.—The time would come (and humbly she prayed that it might find her prepared to meet her Heavenly King) when she should meet those beloved ones again, and rejoice with them in the presence of God.

She looked back at the city, which, from the spot she had gained, looked more like a beautiful and extensive grove of trees variegated with all the lovely tints of an American autumn, than what it really was,

the frightful abode of pestilence and human misery.

“How many blessings do we enjoy,” thought she, “without even recognising the Divine Giver!—health, strength, food, raiment, rest in sleep—are mercies we commonly receive without gratitude, because He so frequently bestows them upon us. Alas! it is in the very extent of His goodness that we forgot him! Ungrateful that we are, it is only when he withdraws his benefits from us, that we learn to value them.—It is only when he lays his chastising hand upon us, that we acknowledge him for our Father, and implore him to restore to us those unthanked-for mercies which when they were ours we did not prize as we ought to have done.”

Ellen was so absorbed in these reflections, that she almost reached the Hospital before she was aware that she was near the place of her destination.—With a timid air, she made her name and business known to the benevolent gentlemen who composed the

Committee, and was surprised to find them well acquainted with the services she had rendered to the public, and blushed deeply while they praised her self-devotion in the cause of humanity.

No false pride prevented Ellen from acknowledging her poverty: she avowed her own inability with a noble candour, and appealed to the feelings of her auditors on the behalf of the friendless foreigner with resistless eloquence.—Nor did she appeal in vain—the Committee were happy to aid her in this work of charity, and immediately subscribed thirty dollars for the use of the invalid.—They likewise ordered proper medicines to be made up for her, and regretted, at the same time, that the crowded state of Infirmary would not permit them to send a physician to visit the patient. They also promised to dispatch an order for the interment of Madame De Clairville and her daughter that very night.

Ellen gracefully and gratefully made her acknowledgements, and left the Hospital

much pleased with having succeeded so well in her application.

Sometimes the energies of the mind exhaust the feeble frame, and when the necessity to the exertion of the mental powers no longer exists, the party feels like Sampson when he was shorn of his strength.—Such a feeling was experienced by Ellen Cleveland after she left the Hospital, for though her spirit was willing, her flesh was weak.”—Indeed, she had latterly endured sorrow, fatigue, and abstinence: the occurrences of the preceding day had painfully excited her feelings, and she now suffered from the combined effects of all these causes.

Unable to proceed on her way, she seated herself at the foot of a tree that grew on the margin of the river, hoping that a few minutes' rest would restore her exhausted strength. In this expectation she was mistaken, for the deadly langour that oppressed her spirits rapidly encreased; her breath grew shorter every moment, and she

now feared that her last hour was come. She had often pondered on death before—it was the inevitable doom of man; and she had prepared her heart to meet it: but alone, unaided, without a friendly hand to sustain her drooping head, or close her eyes,—ah! no—such a dark picture her imagination had never framed.—She raised her thoughts, at this awful moment, to heaven—she remembered that she was not destitute of aid,—that her Saviour was near her, “great in salvation, mighty to redeem her,” ready to “guide her through the gloomy valley to the promised land,”—yet with all her faith, Ellen was a human being, and when she thought of the sick foreigner’s forlorn condition, and the grief of her poor servant, she prayed, that “the bitter cup might pass away;” but then remembering the example of her Lord, she meekly added, “nevertheless, Father, not my will, but Thine, be done.” Suddenly, the dread of the shadow of death passed

away from her spirit,—a glorious prospect opened upon her mind,—when a mist appeared to darken her eyes, and she sunk back on the grass in a state of complete insensibility.



CHAP. IX.

"TURN where thou mayest, go where thou wilt,
Thy foot is on a spot of guilt."

W. M. HOWITT.

THE dark thunder-clouds gathered over the woods that clothed the banks of the river, and the falling of the first shower that had refreshed the parched earth for many weeks restored the fainting Ellen to her senses, who revived in consequence of the rain trickling on her face.—She arose in some haste to pursue her walk; but great was her surprise and terror, when she discovered that her pockets had been rifled during her swoon, and that the charitable donation granted by the Committee for the relief of Mademoiselle De Clairville was gone.

Poor Ellen could not refrain from weeping when she made this discovery, "yet

more in sorrow than in anger," for she was grieved that such hardness of heart could exist in a Christian land.—To this feeling, a deep sentiment of gratitude succeeded.—She adored and recognised the hand of her Almighty Preserver, and sinking on her knees, humbly returned thanks to God, who had not permitted "the unrighteous and cruel man" to take away her life. "In the midst of my path, snares have been laid for me; but I have escaped as a bird from the net of the fowler," cried she; "and it is thy goodness, O Lord! alone, that hath saved me from death this day."

Having thus glorified His name, whose Almighty arm had shielded her from further harm, Ellen pursued her solitary way. The lightning continued to gleam with terrific brightness over the stream, and the thunder rolled awfully above the head of the weary traveller, who viewed this magnificent pomp of nature without fear, because she put her whole trust in the mercy of her God.—At length, she reached her

home in safety, though much indisposed, and dripping from the shower.

Black Sarah hastily divested her mistress of her wet garments, and in her broken language tried to express the anxiety she had suffered during her long absence; and she listened to her recital of the strange events of the morning with alternate feelings of grief, indignation, and ardent affection; for the attachment of this negress to Ellen in the time of her prosperity had always been of a strong character; but after she fell into adversity, it knew no bounds.

Ellen interrupted these effusions of love and anger, by giving her faithful attendant the medicines she had brought from the Infirmary to administer to the poor patient, who still remained in the same dangerous state in which she had left her in the morning.

A few hours' repose completely restored Ellen's health and spirits, and enabled her to take Sarah's place by the bed-side of the

invalid, while that worthy creature, according to her desire, saw the last remains of the unfortunate De Clairvilles deposited by those of her own family; for she thought, if the sufferer recovered, she would like to know the spot that contained the ashes of her lamented relatives.

Ellen did not know how to procure necessities for her poor patient.—A sense of delicacy and propriety forbade her to make a fresh application to those benevolent individuals who had so recently supplied her with the money which she had lost in so singular a manner. Black Sarah, who loved her young mistress with the devoted affection which her despised and much-injured race have always shown to those who treat them kindly, saw that she was uneasy, and resolved to adopt a singular expedient to relieve her mind.—She did not, however, think fit to acquaint Ellen with her intention, but stole out of the house the following morning, and taking her station in the market place, (the only part of this once

populous city that did not appear as solitary as a desert), earnestly solicited the charity of the passers-by.

Notwithstanding all her eloquence and pertinacity, and black Sarah possessed both, she gained so little by her new-trade, that she was about to give it up in despair, when the sight of a Quaker, who was approaching towards her, inspired her with fresh courage, as she hoped this member of a sect renowned for charity would not refuse his aid, but would certainly bestow a trifle upon her, and she immediately accosted him and besought his assistance in a very moving tone.

"Friend, hast thou lost thy young mistress, that thou art thus distressed? surely, if the maiden lives, thou canst not need my charity," replied the Quaker.

Sarah uttered a joyful cry, for she immediately recognised the voice of Josiah Barclay in that of the speaker.—It was indeed the benevolent physician himself.

"Me so glad, good massa no dead!"

exclaimed the delighted black: "missa. Ellen nurse de sick poor—give all her money to de poor—lib on potatoe and meal—French girl much ill wid fever at home, missa Ellen hab noting to gib her but potatoe, and dat no good for her. Sarah would work for her, but ebery body hab fever.—So Sarah beg for her dear young lady and sick stranger,—but good kind massa no tell missa Ellen what she do." Sarah now concluded her inexplicable harangue with holding up her finger, and then applying it to her lips in a half-coaxing, half admonitory manner.

"Why did not Ellen Cleveland send to me, as I desired her to do?" asked the physician.

"She send Sarah, but blackey tell her him gone—no one knew where him gone," replied the negress; "missa Ellen cry for him, and black Sarah cry very much, because she tink him dead."

"Friend, I will accompany thee to thy home immediately, and explain to Ellen

Cleveland the cause of my absence," rejoined the Quaker, "and will visit her patient.

Before Josiah Barclay arrived at Ellen Cleveland's dwelling, Sarah had informed him of every thing that had occurred to its mistress since he had last visited it.—His benevolent heart glowed at the recital, though related in the broken and imperfect language of the humble black.

Notwithstanding her habitual self-command, a cry of joyful surprise burst from the lips of Ellen when she beheld this venerable champion of humanity enter the apartment of her suffering charge, led by black Sarah.—"I have been in pain for you," said she, "and your presence is indeed most welcome here."

"My absence was occasioned by a circumstance which will give thee pain to learn," replied the physician; "some passengers in the stage travelling to New-York, were attacked with the epidemic on the road, and were cruelly expelled from

the vehicle, and left to perish by the way-side by their more fortunate companions.—As soon as I heard of this sad occurrence, I hastened to the relief of the sufferers, whom I found too ill to be brought back to the city; therefore, I was obliged to have a temporary hut raised on the spot for their accommodation, where I attended them during several days.—One only recovered; the others are since dead, in consequence of the cruel desertion of their fellow travellers.”

“Ah! why,” said Ellen, sorrowfully, “should selfish fear extinguish humanity in the breasts of men, and render them callous to the sufferings of their neighbours?”

“Thou art not one of these, Ellen Cleveland,” replied the benevolent Quaker, “for thou hast comforted and aided thy distressed fellow creatures, and hast imitated the holy example of thy Lord, who ‘went about doing good.’ Say, friend, hast thee not found a balm for thine own wounds, in binding up

those of thy neighbours? Hath not the Great Physician of souls given thee to drink of those waters of healing, which are bought without money, although they be above all price?"

"He has, he has," rejoined Ellen; I have found father, mother, sister, and friends, in Him—"his strength had indeed been made perfect in my weakness."—I can say, with the inspired Psalmist of Israel, 'Before I was afflicted, I went astray; but now thy word hath quickened me, O Lord.' "

"May his blessing, and the blessing of the poor and needy, come down upon thee," said the Quaker, looking on Ellen with an expression of warm approbation and regard. "But," continued he "I waste time in talking; I will now look to the state of this poor maiden, whom thou hast so kindly taken to thine own home."

He took her hand as she lay in a kind of stupor, which, in this fatal disorder, was generally the forerunner of death, and having felt her pulse, shook his head with a

melancholy air, and said, "I fear this poor sufferer will not outlive the night: yet while there is life, there surely is some room to hope. I will see thee to-morrow, friend Ellen.—But it is surely presumptuous to speak of a morrow in a season of pestilence like this," continued he, checking himself, and adding, in a tone of humility, "Yes, I will see thee, if it be permitted."—He then put a well-filled purse in Ellen's hand, saying as he did so, "Remember, I am thy cash-keeper; do not fail to apply to me as such. Poor child! thou hast suffered much, as thy pale cheek and wasted form declare. Take nourishing things, and a little wine, for thine own infirmities; and be careful of thyself, my adopted daughter. He then hastily quitted the apartment, before the grateful Ellen could express her thanks.

A feeling of awe came over the mind of the young Christian philanthropist as she reseated herself by the bed-side of the unconscious sufferer; whose doom, each suc-

ceeding moment, appeared more inevitable. "Would she thus depart, without leaving any clue to unravel her sad story? Had she come hither only to breathe her last sigh?" She who now watched over her lethargic slumbers with such interest, was too intimately acquainted with grief, not to feel for those the forlorn stranger had endured, but which she seemed unlikely ever to endure again.—There was something in the poor foreigner's face that reminded her of Rhoda Cleveland—that dear companion of her infancy—that sister of her heart. She remembered that sad night when she received that beloved one's last sigh, and wept while she thought, that in closing the eyes of her unhappy guest, she should again behold another Rhoda die.

The patient remained in this torpid state for several hours, till, towards midnight, she suddenly opened her eyes, and motioned for drink. Ellen gave her some lime-juice, which she eagerly received, and then sunk back on her pillow seemingly com-

pletely exhausted with the mere effort of quenching her thirst. A fit of profuse perspiration followed this languor, which revived Ellen's hopes. Soon after, the invalid became cooler, and at length sank into a deep refreshing sleep, from which she awoke in the morning quite free from fever, though reduced to a state of infantine weakness.

"This is the hand of God," said Josiah Barclay, when he beheld Mademoiselle De Clairville in the morning; "human skill was at a stand, and human help appeared unavailing: man can claim no glory here: to Him, then, be given the praise, for to 'Him belong the issues from life and death.'" He then declared the patient only required good nourishment and nursing, both of which were now happily at her command.

Mademoiselle De Clairville suffered, however, from another cause; need I say that cause was grief?—and Ellen was forced to exert all her soothing powers to calm

the wounded mind of her guest.—She made her acquainted with her own sorrows; she invited her to take the place of her departed sister in her heart; she directed her to the Bible—the only true source of consolation—and she succeeded in wiping away the tears from her new friend's eyes. Eugenie De Clairville, won by her example, acknowledged the Divine Father and corrector of men in his chastisements, and meekly submitted herself to his will.



CHAP. X.

"BUT from creation's earliest birth,
The curse of blood has raged on the earth;
The sword has travelled like a blight,
Since the first arm was raised to smite."

W. M. HOWITT.

THE family of Eugenie De Clairville had shared in the general calamities that befel the French nobility during the unhappy period of the Revolution.—The Conte De Clairville had perished on the scaffold, and his widow and children, deprived of their natural rights and just inheritance, were compelled to seek shelter in a foreign land.

The mother of Eugenie had been unfortunate in her first entrance into life. She had lost one parent shortly after her birth, and had been totally deserted by the other before she had learned even to lisp his name. Monsieur Lavalette (for that was

the name of this unnatural father) dissipated the greater part of his property at the gaming-table, and then fled to America to avoid the claims of his creditors, and, when there, engaged in commercial pursuits, in which he was extremely fortunate, and finally married the daughter of a wealthy merchant, by whom he had another little girl, whose infant smiles entirely obliterated the remembrance of his first-born child.

Adversity has many beneficial uses, and the deserted Malame "bore the rigid love of that stern nurse" with patience and humility. Brought up by a distant relation on her mother's side, who sorely begrudged the expence of her board and education, the poor child would have been very unhappy, if she had not possessed a true friend in the protestant minister of the Swiss village where she resided with her aged relative. This worthy man became became her preceptor; and from his pious lessons, she became pious, humble, and

resigned to the will of God, and bore the taunts of her protectress with the most patient sweetness. Accident brought the accomplished Conte De Clairville into Switzerland, who became acquainted with Malame Lavalette, and soon after made her his wife; and the noble pair, happy in each other's love, were bright examples of domestic fecility, training up their three children in the paths of peace, piety, and virtue, till the Revolution broke out, and suddenly destroyed all their earthly prosperity; and happy was it for this illustrious family that they had "laid up for themselves treasure in Heaven."

The murder of her husband and the confiscation of all his property were borne by Madame De Clairville with the fortitude of a Christian. She lingered in France for some months, in the vain hope that the sad dissensions that convulsed her native land would at length cease. The breaking out of the insurrection in La Vendee, and the departure of her son Henri to join the

Royal Standard, made a residence in France dangerous for unprotected and loyal females. Madame De Clairville looked at her twin daughters, and crushed the selfish wish that urged her to remain and share the fate of Henri. She remembered that she was entitled to the protection of a father, although he had abandoned her in her tender infancy. She wrote to him, and after giving him a pathetic account of her misfortunes, claimed his assistance and demanded an asylum in his house.

Monsieur Lavalette shed tears over this letter,—his long dormant affection revived. He bade her come to the arms and heart of an unworthy parent, and promised to divide his property between her and her sister, who, he informed her, was married, and, like her, was the mother of a charming family.

Malame De Clairville instantly obeyed the mandate, and embarked in an American ship then bound for Philadelphia, where she arrived safely after a very rough passage;

but great was her surprise and mortification when she found her father had died suddenly, a few days before she quitted France, and that his daughter had taken possession of all his property.

Madame De Clairville immediately sought her sister, who received her with some civility, and readily admitted "that by her father's will, Melame Contesse De Clairville was entitled to half his property."—She observed, "that, doubtless, her sister had brought proper vouchers of her identity with her," and added, "that if upon examination these appeared correct, she would cheerfully divide her paternal inheritance with a claimant so dear and respectable."

The beauty of Mrs. Wilton's person, the great suavity of her manners, and the candid air she gave to every-thing she said, deceived her single-hearted sister, who rashly trusted the proofs alluded to in her hands without the slightest hesitation. The artful and unjust woman then threw off the mask, and treated Madame De Clairville

and her children as impostors, and absolutely refused to share the property of their father with one whom she declared "was a bold adventuress;" and, with the greatest effrontery, denied any knowledge of the casket containing the proofs which her injured sister had so lately given into her keeping.

Madame De Clairville applied to the civil authority, but they thought her story improbable; and as she could bring no witnesses to prove the truth of what she asserted, besides the testimony of her daughters—and the disturbed state of her native land precluded the possibility of summoning any one from thence to prove her indenture—she was forced to bear these adverse circumstances with as much fortitude as a truly Christian spirit could give. Her thoughts reverted to France with eager hope, where the rapid successes of the Royalists promised the restitution of her own and her Sovereign's rights.—She was almost entirely without money, and was

compelled to hire a little hovel, and take in needle-work for her support, in which her daughters assisted her; and, in spite of their misfortunes, this noble family could not be said to be completely wretched, till the breaking out of the fatal epidemic deprived them even of the means of gaining a scanty provision; and they must have endured unparelled hardships, if death had not quickly changed the moral sufferings of Madame De Clairville and her elder daughter into immortal hopes. Nor was the younger left without a comforter, for in Ellen Cleveland she found at once the provident care of a mother with the enthusiastic love of a fond sister.

When the bitterness of Eugenie De Clairville's sorrow began to be assuaged, she related the foregoing particulars to Ellen, who warmly sympathised with her new friend in the misfortunes and trials she had undergone. As the spirits of Eugenie returned, she daily increased in strength, and Ellen watched with delight the blush of

health gradually stealing over the fair cheek of her adopted sister, for whom she felt her affection and esteem continually increase.

A favourable change now took place within the city, where the deaths became less frequent every day. The unnatural warmth of the weather was mitigated by soft showers and brisk winds. The hopes of the Philadelphians began to revive, and the weekly bills of mortality no longer noted down its many appalling hundreds. No application had been lately made to our philanthropist, who drew from that circumstance a happy presage of the return of health to this afflicted city. She was therefore, somewhat surprised when, one day in November, Sarah informed her, "that a poor woman below wished to speak to her about a person, who was then lying ill of the yellow fever."

Ellen, who was employed in giving an English lesson to her new friend, immediately laid down the book, and followed

Sarah into the kitchen, where she found an elderly woman, with a very pleasing countenance, awaiting her coming, who accosted her with great respect, and said, "that she should not have taken such a liberty, if she had not been assured that Miss Cleveland had attended, unasked, many of the sick poor."

"Is any of your family ill?" demanded Ellen.

"No, Miss Cleveland, I have no family; it is one of my lodgers who is ill,—dying, I fear, with this bad fever. I could nurse him myself; but he requires, what I cannot give him, religious teaching. He has been, I fear, a very bad man, and now his despair is frightful. I have so little learning, that I cannot do much for his soul. Ah! dear young lady, for the sake of Him who died to save sinners, come to see this wretched creature."

"I will accompany you immediately," replied Ellen. She then returned to Eugenie, and informed her of the reasons that obliged

her to leave home. While she was putting on her bonnet and shawl, black Sarah brought her the bag that contained her Bible and Prayer Book, and entreated her "to allow her to be of the party."

This Ellen declined, on account of Mademoiselle De Clairville's delicate state of health, alleging "that many things required attention that morning, which rendered it impossible for them both to leave home at once."

Some curiosity, however, joined to a fear lest her dear Miss Cleveland should be robbed, or frightened on her return, led Sarah to commit an act of disobedience — She stole out of the house, and followed her young mistress and the stranger at a distance, carefully keeping them in sight, till they reached the dwelling of the latter, unperceived and unnoticed by either of the party.

CHAP. XI.

“WHILE thou mayest,
Provide more firm support, or sink for ever.
Where? How? From whence? Vain hope! it is too late.
Where, where, for shelter, shall the guilty fly,
When consternation turns the good man pale?”

YOUNG.

BEFORE Ellen drew near the house, her ears were wounded with the cries and bitter lamentations of the sick man. With a blanched cheek and faltering voice, she entered the chamber, and drew near the bed of the miserable sufferer, whose bodily pains, severe as they were, seemed light in comparison to the stern strife of conscience, which overwhelmed him with despair. Yet he did not pray,—but unholy, impious words, issued from his lips,—words which inflicted sorrow on his Christian hearers,

and which added to his own full measure of guilt.

“Robert,” said the woman, “have pity on your own soul. Leave off swearing, and listen to this dear young lady, who is come pray with you, and to direct you in the way of everlasting life.”

“She, nor any one else, can ever do me the least good now.—I am a lost wretch, without hope, and without repentance,” suddenly replied the sinner, and then turned his head away, and continued his groans and execrations.

Ellen shuddered: she had witnessed many a death-bed—had smoothed many a restless pillow,—but she had never before heard such unrepentant words, or found such obstinate despair.—She had seen faith and hope brighten when the mortal eye was darkening and the spirit was about to depart; she had beheld the Christian die with praises on his lips; she had heard the expiring penitent bless the holy name of Him through whose atoning blood he had

found salvation, even in the eleventh hour; but she had never viewed such a scene as this.

“Robert, do not harden your heart,” said Ellen; “time is precious, and, in all human probability, your hours are already numbered. Repent, and you may yet be saved.” She spoke in a timid voice whose sweetness touched the hardened sinner’s heart, and almost won him to listen to the awful truths of which she spake.

He raised his head, and looked intently upon her, as she stood, pale and trembling, clinging to the bed-post for support, and then suddenly uttered a cry of amazement, and hastily concealed his face in the bed-clothes.

“Robert,” said his landlady, “what do you mean by this strange behaviour? why do you not attend to the words of the kind lady?”

“Peace, woman!” replied the sinner, “base as I am, I will not take advantage of her ignorance; no, I have injured her too

deeply; and if she knew all, she would turn away from me with horror and loathing."

"Surely, you mistake me for some other person," said Ellen; "I knew you not—your features are strange to me."

"He is wandering, Miss Cleveland," whispered the woman: "he is quite out of his senses."

In some fevers, the ear is painfully and singularly acute: and low as was the tone in which this communication was made, the sick man caught its meaning, for he instantly started up in the bed, and exclaimed with frightful vehemence—"Yes, woman, I am mad indeed; although I have not now lost my senses for the first time. No, it is the madness of impiety and sin, from whose effects I suffer a disease, a frenzy, with which I have been afflicted all my past life, and for which I shall be punished everlastingly in that which is to come: yea, even with that eternity of fire 'where the worm dieth not,' and where the flames of the ungodly 'shall never be quenched.'"

He clenched his hands together; his teeth chattered in his head, and he writhed to and fro in agony, unable to endure the tremendous picture of the future.

“Repent,” replied the weeping Ellen, “and you may yet escape that dreadful and eternal doom; lose not the present hour, waste not the fleeting time, which is ebbing fast from you; but turn to the Lord your God with all your heart and soul and strength, and beseech his pardon in Christ’s name, and he will yet have mercy upon you.”

The burning blush of shame tinged the brow and cheek of the sinner, and even prevailed over the sallow hue of the fever—he tried to speak, but the words seemed to linger on his lips: at length he feebly uttered—“Young lady, in me you see the wicked wretch, who robbed you by the river side. No longer endeavour to turn my heart to God. Go, leave me to die, as I have lived, a hardened and impenitent sinner.”

There was something in this strange avowal that both terrified and affected Ellen, who would have assured him of her forgiveness, but she could only weep. At this moment, some one seized her arm from behind, and endeavoured to draw her from the room, while a well-known voice exclaimed, "Come away from this place, dear missa Ellen; leave bad, wicked man to die. Bad, wicked man, to rob my dear good young lady.—Me hate you—me wish you dead!"

Here black Sarah shook her hand at the sick man in a menacing and threatening manner.

Ellen looked reproachfully at her mistaken maid. That affectionate, though misguided creature immediately loosened her hold, and shrank back in great confusion. "Sarah," said her mistress, "I thought you were a Christian—a follower of Him who commands us 'to love our enemies—to do good to those who hate us, and to pray for those who spitefully use us?'—Go

home, and learn what that means—‘I will have mercy, and not sacrifice.’”

Sarah, abashed and weeping, instantly left the room. Ellen then turned to the sinner, and said, “You have certainly done me an injury; but I should not deserve to be called a Christian, if I knew not how to forgive. I freely pardon you that offence, and I hope God will do the same. I conjure you, by Him who died for sinners, to take pity upon your own soul, and to turn from the error of your ways.”

The robber gazed on her long and earnestly, while his features expressed, by turns, amazement, remorse, sorrow, and shame. This gentle forbearance pierced his heart more than a two-edged sword. He was prepared to meet reproaches; he expected contempt, indignation, and anger; but such kind words, such unsought forgiveness, such entreaties, he had not looked for from her,—and he hid his face in the bed-clothes, and wept bitterly.

“Now is the accepted time—now is the

day of salvation!" exclaimed Ellen, sinking on her knees, and breathing out the devotion of her full heart in prayer, broken with sighs and tears. In a few moments she became more composed, and repeated the service for the sick from the Liturgy of the Church; that beautiful and affecting service, so awakening and consolatory to the penitent sinner, so precious to the dying Christian.

The guilty robber, humbled to the dust by the sense of his sins and the fear of death, prayed earnestly and entreatingly for pardon and true repentance. They were the first holy words his lips had uttered for many years: they were the breathings of a contrite heart—the lamentation of a wounded spirit—the wailing cry of a soul in fearful jeopardy; and "He who willeth not the death of a sinner, but would rather that he should turn from his wickedness, and live," drew him out of the horrible pit into which he had fallen, and led

him to the Rock of ages "and established his goings."

Ellen ceased praying, but she did not leave the robber till the terrors of the Lord had in some measure subsided.—She exhorted him to bear his sickness patiently, as coming immediately from the chastising hand of God, and bade him think of the atoning sacrifice made for his sins and for the sins of all mankind by a compassionate Saviour. She then quitted the room, leaving the conscience-stricken wretch in a better frame of mind than that dreadful one in which she found him.

To many, the line of conduct adopted by Ellen may seem improbable and almost impossible. To such, we can only say, that Ellen Cleveland was a Christian, not only in name, but in deed, as well as in word. She had been educated by pious parents; who had carefully impressed the great truths and pure doctrines of Christianity on her young and opening mind.—

They had added example to precept, "line upon line; here a little, and there a little," till to forgive, and to return good for evil, became a sacred and absolute duty in Ellen's eyes; a duty that, by constant habit, was now achieved with little effort on her part, while the fruits of a holy and religious life were manifested in her whole conversation and conduct.



CHAP. XII.

“SUPREME! for all I bless thee, most for the severe:
It thunders—but it thunders to preserve;
It strengthens what it strikes: its wholesome dread
Averts the dreadful pain.”

YOUNG.

WHEN Ellen returned home, she found Sarah sitting in a disconsolate manner in a corner, with her apron thrown over her head, under whose checkered shade she was weeping bitterly. As Ellen really loved this faithful creature exceedingly, she endeavoured to comfort her, and said many kind things seemingly to little purpose, for her sable attendant continued to weep, and made no attempt to speak.

Her young mistress, who mistook her silence for sullenness, was about to leave her to herself, when black Sarah caught hold

of her gown, and gently detaining her said, "Why go away, sweet missa? Why you so angry with Sarah?"

"I am not angry with you now, Sarah," replied Ellen; "though indeed I was grieved by your conduct to that wretched man, and I was certainly displeased with the disobedience and curiosity that led you to the commission of that fault, as well as with the fault itself. Thus, one sin is generally the parent of a greater. Why did you follow me, when I had forbidden you to leave the house?"

"Indeed, missa," sobbed the weeping black, "me followed you, because me loved you, and was afraid you meet bad people, and fall ill on the way home."

"Well, Sarah, I will say no more on that head, because I really believe your disobedience was occasioned by love to me.—Indeed, your behaviour to that poor sufferer was far more blameable.—You know our blessed Saviour commands us to 'love our enemies, and to do good to those who hate

us, and to pray for those that despitefully use us.'—Yet you reviled your suffering neighbour, and wished him dead."

"He such a very wicked man," replied Sarah, "me wish him dead still."

"Sarah," asked her mistress, "where do bad men go after death?"

"To that bad place," replied the negress, in an earnest tone, "where the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched."

"Can you really wish such an eternity of ill to an erring fellow-creature?" asked Ellen.

"Not to a good man, missa," replied black Sarah; "but him very wicked."

"Sarah," said Ellen, in a solemn voice, "where do you think you will go, when you die?"

"To heaven, missa: me hope, me tink me shall go, when Sarah put into the ground," replied the negress with great naivete.

"Are you sure of that, Sarah?" answered Ellen; "in that holy place, nothing

sinful or unclean can ever enter. Are you so well prepared to meet your God, that no bad thought, no wicked action, can shut its gates upon you?—Have you never committed any sins?"

This home question disconcerted Sarah; she looked down in some confusion, and then sorrowfully replied, "Sarah hab done great many bad tings, and wished a great many bad wishes. Sarah does not deserve to go to heaven, but den Sarah very sorry for all de bad tings she eber done."

"So is this poor man," said Ellen, "whom you have wished might die in his sins: yet the same God, who touched your hard heart, has likewise softened his: Your Heavenly Father enlightened you with his Holy Spirit, and made you feel sorry for your sins, and brought you out of darkness and idolatry, and taught you to know and fear Him. 'You had done nothing to deserve such goodness—you could do nothing to deserve it,'—yet he freely pardoned your manifold offences, for

the sake of His Holy Child Jesus. This sinner has likewise confessed his faults, and he sought forgiveness with prayers and tears, 'beseeching God to have mercy upon him;' the same Redeemer, who died for you, suffered also for him, and ever more maketh intercession for the iniquities of all mankind."

"Dear missa, Sarah has been very wicked, but indeed she sorry for de bad tings she hab done.—She pray God to forgive her, and to pardon bad man; she nurse him, she do any ting for him now."

"You are in the right, my good Sarah," said her mistress, "and henceforth remember, that we must not even hope for the remission of our sins, 'unless from our very hearts we forgive those who have injured us.'"

When Ellen returned to the sick chamber of the robber, she found him much worse, and immediately judged it fitting to send for Josiah Barclay. Sarah, whom she had permitted to accompany her, proffered her

services, and went in search of the benevolent physician. After the negress had departed on her errand, Ellen remembered that she had forgotten to guard her against revealing the singular discovery of the morning to the Quaker, who, she feared, might refuse to bestow his attendance upon a character like Robert.

In this supposition, however, she was mistaken; Josiah Barclay rejoiced over the conversion of this sinner, as the blessed spirits in heaven are said "to rejoice" at the return of erring man to the paths of peace and virtue. He was not only willing to exert his utmost skill to restore the sick robber's health, but was also anxious to teach him to make a right use of his recovery.

The mutual cares of Ellen and her venerable friend succeeded. God was pleased to bless their endeavours, and to prosper the good work they took in hand. Robert gradually recovered from the fever, and received the promises of the Gospel with the

deepest gratitude and humility. He was indeed "like a brand plucked from the burning," and now anxiously sought to know those things without which "whosoever lives is counted dead before God."

One thing, in him however, greatly surprised Ellen, and that was the wish he now constantly expressed for death. She also perceived that his spirits disimproved with improving health, and that this despondency daily increased. She took an opportunity to ask him the reason of the melancholy that obscured his mind.

"Miss Cleveland, you have never committed the sins I have committed," replied the patient, "or you would easily guess the cause that afflicts me thus. I fear to live, because I dread myself; I tremble lest I should fall again into temptation, and that my 'last state should be worse than my first.'"

"While you continue to pray to God, and to read His holy word, you surely need not fear a relapse," said Ellen, "and the

practise of some industrious calling will place you above want, and prevent you falling again into your former evil courses."

Robert groaned: "I am, indeed, Miss Cleveland, willing to follow the advice of the holy apostle St Paul, who in the chapter I have been just reading, says, 'Let him that stole, steal no more, working with his hands;' but who," continued he, wiping his eyes, "will employ a wretch like me, whose very name is a watchword of infamy?"

Ellen had never reflected on this difficulty, for it had not occurred to her mind; and she now silently assented to the truth of poor Robert's remark: "God is sufficient for us all, Robert, and the 'hearts of men are in his keeping, and he mouldeth them as he will:' he can make 'the rough places plain,' and can find out a way to help those who put their trust in Him. Were you brought up to any particular trade, or profession?"

"Miss Cleveland, I will tell you the his-

tory of my past life, when next we meet," answered Robert; "but I feel ill, and am too much agitated to recount it to-day.—If I live to see another, I will open the secrets of my guilty bosom to your view, and—Oh! you will wonder at the goodness and long suffering of God in sparing me for repentance."

Ellen was moved by his distress, and bidding him "not despond, but rather rejoice that he had been brought to a state of salvation"—took her leave, promising to be with him at an early hour the following morning.



CHAP. XIII.

"HOWLING Furies ring the doleful knell,
And Conscience, now so soft thou scarce canst hear
Her whisper, echoes her eternal peal."

YOUNG.

WHEN Ellen visited Robert the next morning, she found him in a more composed frame of mind, and after she had read and prayed with him, he offered to fulfil his promise by relating his history: "I know," said he, "that you will pity and pray for the sinner, while you detest his crimes.—Indeed, as you have suffered from my dishonesty, it is proper you should be informed from what cause it sprung.

"My name is Robert Derrick. I was the only child of a wealthy store keeper, at Boston, who had got forward in the world

through his own exertions; and as had no other son, he naturally expected to see me a rich and prosperous man. Both my parents treated me with great indulgence, and tried to make me honest and industrious; and though their stock of knowledge was limited to the day book and ledger, they were resolved to give me the advantage of a good education. One thing, however, was wanting, and that was a proper religious bias, and their ideas at that time went no farther than making me go to church and read the Bible every Sabbath.

“As I have before said, I was much indulged, and being of a violent and stubborn temper, my evil passions required restraint;—but, alas! they were seldom, if ever, curbed—so that even at that early period I gave evident promise of becoming, what I afterwards was in manhood, selfish, irreligious, and most abominably wicked.

“At fourteen, I was bound to my father’s business, and, soon after, had the misfor-

tune to lose him. By his will, my mother was to carry on the concern till I attained the age of twenty-one, when I was to take the store into mine own hands, allowing my mother a certain share out of the profits. While my father lived, he had obliged me to attend to business, and had punished me for the least neglect; but my only surviving parent had always deprecated his severity, and now I had my own way entirely, for her blind partiality could see no fault in me.

“As I drew near to manhood, I increased in evil: I became idle, dissolute, and worthless; a scoffer at religion; a companion of wicked men; and, in short, a compound of every bad and violent passion.—My mother remonstrated with me; but, alas! she remonstrated in vain; I set her authority at defiance, and would not listen to her reproofs.

“My unhappy parent now saw the error she and her misjudging partner had com-

mitted in my bringing up. She was convinced that human nature was too weak of itself to stand upright, and that to live well required the assistance of a Saviour. She became religious, and spent the greater part of her time in studying the scriptures and in prayer for me. She now trembled for my salvation, and implored me to have pity upon my own soul, and to repent of my sins. Alas! I must say, with the reprobate in Proverbs, 'How have I hated instruction, and despised reproofs; and have not obeyed the voice of my teachers, nor inclined mine ear to them that instructed me!' and I was almost in all evil in the midst of the congregation and assembly; I was deaf to the commands and entreaties of my poor mother, and resolutely continued in the sinful path I had chosen. Then my afflicted parent refused to pay my debts, or to furnish me with money to squander at cards with my wicked associates.

"I found means to supply my extrava-

gance by selling the goods out of the store to ready-money customers considerably under prime cost, and pocketing the proceeds to my own use; and thus became the base plunderer of my poor mother. Why should I pain you by a minute account of my wicked conduct, when it will be sufficient to say, that before I was quite two and twenty, I was a ruined man and a paracide? for my money was all spent, and my mother's heart was broken."

Here Robert was overpowered by his feelings, and for some minutes could not proceed with his narrative, and shed many tears. His emotion, however, gradually subsided, and he was enabled to continue his story.

"I was then something in the case of the unjust steward in the Gospel: 'I could not dig; to beg, I was ashamed:' I tried to get a situation as clerk in a counting-house; but no one was willing to employ a young man of bad character and dissolute habits,

and I only found the value of integrity when I had entirely lost it.

“I had my painful thoughts, but I drowned them in liquor; and leaguinig myself with a band of plunderers, became a depredator, an alien, an outcast from society—a vagabond, driven from city to city,—and finding no settled abiding place any where, I came to Philadelphia a few months before the plague broke out; but even that calamity made little impression on my mind. The miseries of so many thousands could not touch a hardened heart like mine; on the contrary, I took advantage of their helpless condition, and joining myself with a band of infamous wretches, broke into the infected houses, and plundered the sick and dying without remorse. As the plague increased, this guilty practise became extremely dangerous; my wicked associates gradually perished, and even I began to be alarmed for my own safety. I was without money; and as I was afraid of the fever,

I dared not renew my old trade to procure more.

“I determined to quit Philadelphia, and had already commenced my journey on foot when I found you lying in a swoon near the river-side, and was induced to search your pockets, by which means I obtained a fresh supply of cash. My natural indolence made me resolve to retrace my steps, and seeing a placard in this window importing that the proprietor took in lodgers, and as the retired situation suited me, I engaged a room, and resolved to remain there till my money was expended.

“As I did not fail to frequent my old haunts, and pursue my profligate amusements, my funds were soon reduced to a single dollar. About this time, I accidentally opened a book belonging to one of my fellow-lodgers, and finding it contained a history of the plague at Florence, I was tempted to read it through. The contrivance of four thieves, who avoided the in-

fection by holding handkerchiefs dipped in aromatic vinegar to their nostrils, and robbed the sick and dying without receiving any injury in their health, caught my attention, and made me resolve to try the efficacy of this nostrum.

“Accordingly, I purchased this preventative, and thus armed (as I thought) against the epidemic, I broke into a large house in one of the principal streets in this city, and commenced my search for plunder. I had just broken open a cabinet, and had taken out of it a small enamelled casket, when the sound of approaching feet alarmed me. I fled, taking, however, the little box with me, which I did not doubt contained articles of value. As soon as I arrived at my lodgings, I retired to my own room, and having locked the door, proceeded to examine my prize. My expectations, however, were not answered, as the casket only contained several miniature pictures, (which, though richly set, were of a little

value, in comparison to the hopes I had formed), and some papers in a foreign language.

“I resolved to try my luck again, notwithstanding my recent disappointment, and retired to bed in a very ill humour with my late attempt. God did not permit me to execute my evil designs: that very night he laid his hand upon me, and I awoke in agonies of mind and body. Death stared me in the face, and the iniquities of my past life rose up in judgment against me: hell appeared to open her mouth upon me, and ‘I roared in the very disquietude of my heart.’—You came, you beheld my terrors, you witnessed my shame and my remorse: you humanely succoured the wretch who had robbed you; you taught him to seek the way, the truth, and the life—even the compassion of a crucified Saviour.—May God add many years to your existence, but oh! may he shorten mine, lest I fall again into sinful courses, and my latter state be worse than my first.”

“Pray not for death, Robert, but rather pray to God, to give you ‘His grace,’ that you may henceforward resist the snares of Satan. ‘With the temptation there is a way for the tempted to escape,’ even by Christ, the Rock of their strength. Flee, then, to the shadow of that Rock, and thou shalt be sheltered by it from the storm.”

Robert was comforted by these pious words, and the Christian philanthropist left him in a composed and tranquil state of mind.



CHAP. XIV.

"AND now hope gleamed abroad: the Plague seemed stayed;

And the loud winds of Autumn, glad uproar
Made in the welkin. Health their call obeyed,
And Confidence her throne resumed once more."

W. M. HOWITT.

TOWARDS the latter end of November, the pestilence entirely vanished from Philadelphia. The Lord of Hosts, "to whom belong the issues from life and death, comforted His afflicted people, and bade the destroying Angel stay his hand."

On the first day of December, the white flag of health was hoisted on Bush-Hill, and was seen waving its snowy folds thence like an emblem of peace and deliverance. Never did the proudest trophies of victory inspire such feelings of joy as were created by the sight of this pure and bloodless sym-

bol. Gratitude filled the hearts of all who looked upon it, while holy emotion suffused their eyes as their lips murmured a prayer of thanksgiving to Him, who had permitted them to enjoy health and gladness again in the city.

It was indeed a day of general rejoicing to the inhabitants of Philadelphia, and it was dedicated to the Almighty Preserver of men. A solemn thanksgiving was offered up in every Church and Chapel throughout the city, to the Lord who had delivered it from the plague with which it had been so terribly visited.

It was a touching sight to behold all the inhabitants of this great city, clothed in deep mourning, (save those whose customs forbid such unavailing honours to the dead,) going to return thanks to God for the return of health, with tears of mingled joy and sorrow in their eyes. Few could be found among all these assembled thousands, who had not lost some beloved relative or dear

friend, whose familiar face in these temples of the Lord they should behold no more.— This day, the remembrance of the dead was insensibly blended with the devotional feelings of the living.

Ellen Cleveland wept as she entered the Church where she had been accustomed to offer up her prayers in sweet unison with her lamented parents and sister.—The books they had used the last time they worshipped there still lay upon the bench. The rosebud Rhoda had worn that day in her bosom, (then an emblem of her youth and freshness, but now, ah now a still more striking emblem of her decay!) was lying, withered and faded, on the ground, near the place where she had sat. Ellen sighed as she took up the frail memorial, and bedewed it with her tears, for surely the beauty of her sister was now like that perished flower! Never more would she hear the voice of Rhoda in that sacred dome, mingling in those hymns of praise His creatures offered to the Most

High!—Never again would those lost dear ones of her heart enter with her that house of prayer!—but she trusted that their names were written in the Book of Life, and she knelt down and meekly thanked her Heavenly Father for having thus taken them home.

Human affections, human infirmities still assailed the soul of the Christian philanthropist: the images of the past floated before her mental vision. Now, frail nature prevailed; now, faith: at length, the warfare ceased, and she devoutly humbled her spirit again before God.

When the service of thanksgiving commenced, Ellen recalled to mind the many proofs she had received of God's mercy. She felt that His Almighty arm alone had shielded her from contagion and death. Thousands had fallen at her side; tens of thousands had sickened around her; yet she had been singularly exempted from the pestilence.—She had breathed the tainted

air of the infected houses, she had administered to the wants of the diseased, had closed the eyes of the dying, had performed the last offices for the dead, and was still alive and unsmitten, for the plague "had had no power to hurt her." She had fully proved the truth of the inspired saying, "In the way of righteousness is life, and in the pathway thereof there is no death."

She stood in the presence of the Lord, "even in the Courts of His House," repeating after the Minister the words of Hezekiah, "The dead praise not the Lord, neither those who go down into silence; but the living, the living shall praise thee, as I do this day: One generation to another shall declare thy truth." Nor for life alone did Ellen Cleveland now praise the Lord: She blessed Him because He had enabled her to perform the vows she had made in the time of trouble, and had prospered all her work and crowned her exertions with success, and to Him she now offered up her

fervent thanks in the midst of the congregation."

Thus ended the plague at Philadelphia; thus passed away this great national calamity, which will be remembered in the annals of this magnificent city, as the time when her inhabitants drank of the bitter cup of chastisement from the hand of the Lord.



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CHAP. XV.

"Death took swift vengeance."

YOUNG.

THE scattered thousands of Philadelphia now began to return; and the busy hum of a multitude, the stirring sounds of industry, and the voice of joy and gladness, were again heard in the lately deserted streets of the plagued city.

Before Ellen resolved on any plan for her future maintenance, she determined to think of one for Robert. Her own resources, she knew, would easily obtain for her a genteel livelihood, but she was anxious and uneasy on the reformed profligate's account, lest distress and want of employment should conduct him again into the "broad way that leadeth unto destruction." In this difficul-

ty, she applied to the benevolent Quaker for advice and assistance, who surprised and pleased her greatly by declaring he would take her protege into his own house, and employ him to transcribe a medical work he shortly intended to publish, until he could procure him a more eligible situation.

He then proposed accompanying Ellen and her friend Eugenie to Robert's lodgings, to open the matter to him and fix his salary.

Robert was both astonished and affected at this unexpected proof of confidence—"I have been a great sinner," said he, "and I do not deserve the trust you are about to repose in me; but I feel assured that I shall not betray it, for God will enable me to serve you faithfully. Indeed, I hope you will never have cause to repent having given employment and house-room to a penitent prodigal, to a contrite criminal!"

"I think thou art a reformed man," replied the Quaker with a benevolent smile, "and I am certain I shall never regret put-

ting thee in a way to get an honest livelihood."

"God bless you, sir, and reward you, and this sweet lady, for your goodness to a wretched creature, who would have been lost for ever, unless you had brought him to the knowledge of a Saviour: and O! may that Saviour reward you both at the last day for that work of love and charity!"—Robert's eyes filled with tears, and his heart was too full to express all his grateful feelings.

After a pause of a few minutes, he again addressed Josiah Barclay and Ellen in these words: "My good Christian friends, St. Paul admonishes the thief to restore what he has taken, and charges him that stole to steal no more; but to labour with his own hands; and though I have since squandered my unlawful gains, yet one thing is still in my possession, and I verily believe that in obtaining it I received the infection of the fever. It is, Miss Cleveland, the little enamelled casket I formerly mentioned to you;

and its contents, though useless to me, are, doubtlessly valuable to those from whom I plundered them." He then unlocked a drawer, from which he took the casket. "I stole it from the house of a rich lady of the name of Wilton, whose family was said to be dying, in Market street.

Though Eugenie De Clairville's imperfect knowledge of the English language did not enable her to comprehend all Roberts' words, yet she immediately recognised and claimed the casket, which she affirmed to be the same that her aunt had so unjustly and dishonestly detained from her mother. She then examined its contents, and found therein enclosed the certificates of the birth and marriage of her mother, and the baptismal registers of all her family, as well as the minatures of both her lamented parents, and those of her maternal grandfather and grandmother, and, to crown all, the last letter of Monsieur La Valette—that fatal epistle which had induced her beloved mother to take refuge in America. Poor Eugenie

sobbed as she inspected these evidences of her lamented parents' identity so strangely recovered—so vainly found.

Josiah Barclay, at her desire, inspected the proofs, and expressed himself perfectly satisfied with the justness of Eugenie's claims on a part of her late grandfather's property. "Thy aunt, I feel assured, will no longer withhold thy rights from thee, for the hand of Divine Justice hath smitten her, and she is now a childless widow; for the fever hath cut off both husband and children; yea, it hath passed through her house, and left it desolate." Josiah Barclay spake in the French language, and Eugenie De Clairville could not mistake his meaning, but no exultation entered her pure bosom. She knew that her aunt's maternal affections were strong, and she dropped a generous tear of pity over her woes.

Josiah Barclay offered to inform this unfortunate and guilty woman of Eugenie's present situation, and the important fact that she had regained possession of the cas-

ket containing the papers necessary to establish her mother's claim to an equal share of the deceased Monsieur La Valette's large property. Eugenie gratefully accepted his kind proposal, and bade him assure her aunt that she cherished no resentment against her, but on the contrary, pitied and forgave her with all her heart.

The peace-maker soon returned with that sunshine of the brow and eye which tells so plainly of the success of a benevolent endeavour, even before the lips can tell it out. "Thy aunt will do thee justice, but she cannot see thee at present," said he. Poor woman! she heard of the decease of her sister and neice with the deepest remorse and anguish; would that I could say that she experiences that "godly sorrow that leadeth to repentance;" but Helen Wilton despairs—she does not repent! She does not flee unto her Saviour for help,—she does not seek the Lamb who taketh away the sins of the world.' "

“Unhappy woman!” cried Ellen, “can nothing be done for her, then? Oh! that God would change her heart, and show her ‘the things which belong to her peace, though now they be hidden from her eyes!’”

Eugenie fully entered into this pious wish, and returned thanks to her venerable champion with tears, and again renewed her request to see her aunt.

“Thou shalt see her, but not now,” replied Josiah Barclay; “in a few days, she may be more composed. At present, she is in a state of mind bordering upon insanity.” He then took leave of Ellen and her friend, who had not yet recovered from the effects of their surprise, and who still continued to speak of the strange discovery of the morning.

CHAP. XVI.

“Oh, the dark days of Vanity! while here
 How tasteless! and how terrible when gone!
 Gone—they ne’er go;—when past, they haunt us still;
 The Spirit walks of every day deceased,
 And smiles an Angel, or a Fury frowns:
 Nor death, nor life delight us.”

YOUNG.

SEVERAL days had elapsed since Ellen and her friend Eugenie had last seen Josiah Barclay, and they began to be alarmed at his unusual absence, when the door opened suddenly, and the benevolent Quaker entered the room, and presented two parchments to Mademoiselle De Clairville; and then rightly judging that the law terms in which they were couched might not be easily understood by one whose knowledge of English was by no means extensive, he kindly explained to her that one document

contained a formal acknowledgement of the legality of her mother's claim to an equal proportion of Monsieur Lavalette's property, and that the other was a deed of gift by which Helen Wilton made over her own share to the children of her late sister Melame De Clairville, for their whole and sole use, without any reservation or charge whatever.

"Art thou satisfied, friend, with this arrangement?" asked the Quaker, with a benevolent smile, when he had finished his explanation.

"Kind and excellent friend," replied the young lady, in her own language, "I want English to express my sense of your kindness; but indeed I am satisfied with regaining the rights of my family. I cannot, I ought not, to accept my aunt's large bequest, and I think I may safely answer for my absent Henri's opinion coinciding with my own on this head."

"I fear, pride and resentment dictated that reply, friend Eugenie," remarked the

Quaker. "Thy aunt is sorry for her fault; she is willing to repair it as far as lies in her power; she does not want it, for her days are apparently numbered; she is pinning herself to death fast; she desires to see thee and thy preserver Ellen Cleveland; nay, she is anxious to talk with ye both; and yet her mind is in such a wandering state, that, peradventure, she has by this time forgotten that ever she expressed such a wish."

"Let us go, dear Ellen," cried Eugenie, "I feel my heart warm towards her, for if she has done wrong, she has been bitterly punished, and she has done all she could to efface it. My poor mother would not have cherished resentment against one so unhappily visited by heaven."

Ellen immediately consented, and Josiah Barclay conducted them to the house of Mrs. Wilton, and ushered them into a spacious apartment hung with black, from which the light of day was carefully excluded. The physician left the door ajar, through which the wandering sun-beams found entrance

from an opposite window, and discovered a lady in a deep mourning dress, sitting in a disconsolate posture. She appeared little more than five-and-thirty, and her features, though overspread with the paleness of death, and expressive of hopeless anguish, were still eminently beautiful. Eugenie could scarcely believe that this melancholy figure, whom she beheld encompassed with marks of grief environed round (if we may be permitted to use the expression) with silence, darkness, and solitude, could be her once brilliant and fascinating aunt.

“Helen Wilton,” said the Quaker, “at thy request I bring thee thy niece, who is anxious to pay thee the duty of a child.”

Apparently the unfortunate lady did not notice that Eugenie and her friend were present. She did not appear to have paid any attention to what the venerable Josiah Barclay had said to her, but the word ‘child’ caught her ear, and she uttered a heart-trembling scream, and exclaimed—“Child, did you say?—I have no children. I am a

widow and a childless mother!—The tree, while it was yet green, was cut down, root and branch! my tender blossoms were all withered in the bud! my poor innocent children, ye were smitten for my transgressions.”

“Friend, I entreat thee to be composed, and to submit thyself to the chastisements of the Lord, who is able to build thee up again, although He hath cast thee down,” said the Quaker in a solemn tone.

Mrs. Wilton seemed now to recollect herself: she pressed her hand against her burning brow, and replied—“Yes, you are right; I must be more calm: but I am not myself—my senses are disordered.—You promised that I should see my injured niece and her friend.”

“I am here, my dear aunt,” answered Eugenie.

Mrs. Wilton extended her hand to her niece, and said, “I have been the death of your mother and sister, Eugenie: Can you forgive me? Oh! do not reproach me, for

the Lord has requited me. My innocent children have been taken from me. My husband, too, has paid the forfeit of his crimes.—Accursed avarice! I did it for the sake of my children, and they are taken from me. The destroying angel hath swept my house with the besom of destruction. Eugenie, have pity on me, for the hand of God has touched me.”

“I do both pity and forgive you, dear aunt,” replied Eugenie, “I will pay you the duty of a child. Indeed, from my very heart, I sympathise with your heavy sorrows.”

Mrs Wilton sighed very deeply: “I have not deserved this goodness, for I left my sister and her children to perish. But where is your preserver, Eugenie? I would see and thank her, for she has saved me from another pang of conscience.”

Eugenie led Ellen forward, and presented her to her aunt, who took her hand, and said, in a voice broken with emotion:

"You have spent your time in acts of charity; you have forgotten your own calamities in soothing the miseries of your fellow-creatures. Oh! that I had thought of these things! Oh that I had 'applied my heart unto wisdom!' but it is too late, now! I set my heart upon riches, upon the perishing pleasures and possessions of this world, and what can they do for me now? Take this," continued she, putting a packet into Ellen's hand. "It is gold: in thy hand it will be a blessing to many. Accept it without scruple, for to me it has been like the accursed thing of Achan—only an occasion of falling. Oh, what a prospect the grave, whither I am fast hastening, shows me—'I am wounded and sore broken,' and there is no help for me."

"There is, there is," replied Ellen with energy: "turn to Jesus, the great Physician of souls, and He will give you that precious balm of Gilead, even faith in His blood, wherewith to heal your wounds. Oh seek Him while He may yet be found!"

"You bid me pray," exclaimed the unhappy woman, "but I cannot, for when I try to ask for mercy, my sister and her child rise up and plead against me. My brain turns, and strange doleful cries ring in my ears. Hark! do you not hear them? They call me by name. They tell me that hell is preparing for me." She uttered a dreadful cry, and continued to murmur indistinct words for some moments: at length she became silent, resumed her former melancholy attitude, and seemed no longer conscious of her visitors' presence.

The physician rang the bell for her attendants, and directed them to be careful of their unfortunate mistress, and by no means to leave her to herself in her present state of mind. He then conducted his trembling companions from the apartment, who returned, awe-struck and sorrowful, to their own home.

Mrs. Wilton only survived her interview with her niece a few days, and never from that time regained her reason. She died in

an agony of mind that baffles description, sometimes calling on her deceased sister for pardon, and then passionately bewailing her lost children. And those who witnessed her awful exit could not help exclaiming with the Prophet: "Truly there is a God, who punisheth iniquity. Verily there is a God, that judgeth the earth."



CHAP. XVII.

"THEY seemed lost in the heart's last conflict which
controls
All outward life."

W. M. HOWITT.

IN a few days, Engenie was quietly settled in the house of her late grand-father, and as Mrs. Wilton's gift to Ellen had made her plan of tuition no longer necessary, she easily prevailed upon her to reside with her. The Christian philanthropist really loved this interesting foreigner too well to pain her by refusing to share her new home.—Black Sarah was delighted to see her young mistress once more in the possession of competence; and peace again resumed her sway in the bosoms of these children of adversity. Ellen preserved a holy remem-

brance of the dead, unmixed with any stain of sorrow; Eugenie was comforted for her heavy loss, and now indulged herself with the hope of again seeing France, and her beloved brother Henri De Clairville.— When the fair Refugee had last heard from that dear relative, he had written in full confidence of success, for at that time the Royal party were completely victorious, and the heroic De Clairville, with all the sanguine spirit of youth, spoke of the speedy restoration of the exiled family, as a certain and by no means a distant event. During the time of the plague, all communication between Philadelphia and the old Continent had entirely ceased, and the renewal of the intercourse between this city and France, so eagerly anticipated by Eugenie, was destined to crush all her hopes and to destroy her peace of mind.

The fatal intelligence of the disastrous termination of the contest in La Vendee, and the utter ruin of the Royal cause, was received by Eugenie De Clairville with the

bitterest anguish. She was stunned with the blow, because her anticipations had been so different; and she refused all consolation, and spent her days in solitude and tears; even the soothing voice of Ellen failed for a time to assuage her sorrow.— Henri, that fond and affectionate brother, had either fallen in battle, or was among the number of those unfortunate victims who were so inhumanly drowned in the Loire by the victorious republicans; or he was now a wanderer and outlaw in his native land, exposed to a thousand dangers, uncheered by a sister's love, unassisted by her wealth. Eugenie felt that she could bear any certainty with more fortitude than those tormenting doubts.

Ellen was formed by nature for a comforter. She was so pious, so patient and sweet tempered; and her friendship was so sincere and her benevolence so active, that if she could not charm away Eugenie's mental anguish, she at length succeeded in teaching her friend to bear it patiently.—

The Refugee humbled herself, and submitted to the will of God. She remembered all His mercies, and her heart reproached her with ingratitude and disobedience, and she now meekly endeavoured to follow the example of her crucified Redeemer and to imitate his patience, and, like him, to forgive her enemies.

With the termination of the memorable year that had so fatally marked the domestic history of the city of Philadelphia, all traces of the devastating pestilence ceased; while the intense cold with which the new year set in, assisted still further to exterminate the germ of disease.—Business once more flourished, confidence was restored, health again smiled, and social intercourse was renewed: Ellen Cleveland, in particular, felt grateful at the change; for she saw in all the hand of the Lord, who “directeth the whirlwind, and rideth on the wings of the wind.”

As the spring advanced, Ellen and her young friend, whose health was now fully

re-established, would of an evening wander along the banks of the noble Delaware, and as they proceeded, call to mind the events of the days that had gone by, and the loved friends that had preceded them to that blessed place where sorrow never comes.— On one of these occasions, when the fineness of the evening, succeeding to a very cloudy and stormy day, had induced them to stray far beyond their customary limit, they were suddenly surprised and shocked at beholding, on a retired part of the beach, the corpse of a man, that had apparently been washed on shore,—probably from some of the vessels which had been stranded in the severe gales of the previous day, which had been unusually tempestuous.

The corpse of the unfortunate was lacerated by the stones of the beach, and the slight clothing in which it was still clad, was much torn;—probably, in the anxiety of the deceased to escape a watery death, he had divested himself of the upper parts

of his dress, to assist him in his endeavours to swim ashore.

Ellen and Eugenie gazed, with feelings of the deepest commiseration, on the inanimate form before them, and then mentally prayed, that the omniscient Being, in whose hands are the "issues of life and death," had mercifully permitted the soul of the unfortunate to enter into that blessed haven, where the "weary finds an eternal home, and where the traveller is at rest."

As soon as they had somewhat recovered from the shock which this unforeseen occurrence had given to their feelings, the two friends prepared to return, when the eye of Eugenie glanced on a packet of papers, nearly out of one of the pockets of the deceased. Supposing they might possibly afford some clue of who he was, and whence he came, Eugenie ventured, with a palpitating heart and tearful eye, to take possession of the packet.—The papers were mutilated and torn, and could but with diffi-

culty be unfolded: little of the writing was legible; but enough could be traced to show that the unfortunate was a Frenchman;—and, from the few sentences which she could decipher, Eugenie had reason to hope that her beloved brother Henri still lived, and by possibility was then in the same country with herself; for the writing spoke of the wars of the La Vendéans, and of the escape, and embarkation for America, of a part of the officers of the regiment in which her brother served in those very wars.

Eugenie dropped on her knees, and lifting up her eyes to heaven, while her countenance was animated by a deep feeling of piety and hope, exclaimed, “Oh, my heavenly Father, if my beloved brother is still an inhabitant of this terrestrial globe, hear my humble and earnest prayer, that we may again meet—may once more see each other before we die!” Ellen was much affected at this circumstance, and sympa-

thised warmly in the feelings of Eugenie.— She led her from the spot, and while she acknowledged the great probability of the hopes to which this event had given existence, she endeavoured to show the greater chance that they might never behold each other again: she however, bade her trust to that Rock for support in this trial, whose assistance is ever given when asked in earnestness and in faith, and she might rest assured that He “who orders all things aright,” would do that which was best “according to the decrees of his unerring wisdom.”

From this period the two friends often walked along the banks of the river; but never more heard of the unfortunate being, whose untimely fate had created such a sensation, and revived such hopes in their breast: But those hopes were not doomed to perish—they were now much nearer realization than either Ellen or Eugenie had had the slightest expectation of.

One fine summer morning, Ellen and her companion were induced by the beauty of the weather to take their usual walk along the banks of the Delaware into the country, till fatigue obliged them to seat themselves under a venerable oak that grew near the margin of the stream, and both became silent and abstracted, though not through the same cause. Ellen as she watched the swift motion of the water, unconsciously compared its course to time, since it was flowing to the sea in a perpetual current; while the other was hastening to eternity: both were fulfilling the commands of their Creator. The stream would at length cease to flow, and time itself should confess the power and obey the mighty voice of him, who would one day stand upon the earth, and swear that it should be no longer.—Eugenie's thoughts were not occupied with such sublime meditations; they were on her native land, on the vanished years of her childhood, and wandered from this lovely

American landscape to the banks of the beautiful and unforgotten Loire. The friends were each too much absorbed in their own reflections to heed what was passing round them, when their reveries were suddenly interrupted by the appearance of a large Newfoundland dog, who sprang upon Eugenie, and almost smothered her with his boisterous caresses.

Ellen was surprised to see her grow pale, and tremble, and yet pat the intruder and return his caresses; and she naturally imputed both her agitation and the notice she took of him to fear: "You need not be afraid of him, Eugenie," said she; "for though he is an enormous and formidable-looking animal, he seems very good-natured, and has certainly taken a great liking to you; so do not look so fearfully at him."

"It is Gros-Blanc! it is my brother's dog!" replied Eugenie, in a tone of great agitation; "but how he came here, is a mystery to me; unless, indeed, my beloved

Henri still lives, and has himself brought him to America."

"And why not?" said Ellen, turning her eyes on the water, and pointing to a boat, which she had not before perceived, and which was now rapidly approaching the spot where they sat.

"That would be too good, almost too good to happen," rejoined Eugenie, following the direction of her friend's eyes, and then extending her arms towards the little bark with a joyful cry, she exclaimed—"It is indeed himself! It is my dear Henri!"

The young officer recognized his sister, and immediately sprang on shore, and enfolded her to his bosom, saying, while he embraced her—"How fortunate it is for us both, dearest Eugenie, that Gros-Blanc should have discovered you. He has saved me at least an hour's tormenting anxiety and suspense. Tell me, my sister, how it is with my mother and dear Malame; for

the knowledge that you have been exposed to the furious ravages of the pestilence has continually haunted my mind. You do not answer—are they living?”

“In heaven,” replied Eugenie, sobbing, and looking down on her mourning dress.

Henri groaned, and turning his head away, wept bitterly.

Ellen had too much delicacy to intrude upon the sorrows of the brother and sister, and she now left them to the free indulgence of their tears, and returned home to prepare for the reception of the young Conte De Clairville.



CHAP. XVIII.

"Theirs was that triumph which distress endears;
And gladness, which breaks forth in mingling smiles
and tears."

W. M. HOWITT.

HENRI De Clairville met his sister's preserver with the warm regard of a friend, rather than with the formality of a new acquaintance; for Eugenie, in relating her sad story, had done ample justice to the character of her noble-minded friend; and Henri's voice trembled, and his eyes filled with tears, as he thanked Ellen for her kindness to his beloved sister.

Eugenie, who noticed her brother's extreme agitation, drew his attention from the remembrance of his unfortunate family to herself, by demanding some account of the war, and the particulars of his escape.

Henri shuddered as he replied, "Eugenie, ask me not to relate the particulars of the campaign; for my false notions of fame have vanished before dread reality. Why should I speak of war, and civil war too, which though occasioned by stern necessity, and cruel provocation, is yet the direst of all human calamities? Why indeed should I wound the gentle bosoms of females by such a recital? Of my wonderful preservation, I will speak with gratitude and thanksgiving, for it was the work of an all-merciful and good God.—You have doubtless heard, my sister, of the republican victories, and the use the victors made of them; you have heard of their drowning many hundreds of their unhappy countrymen in the Loire; but you did not know that your wounded and defenceless brother was among the number of those unhappy victims, and that he was bound hand and foot and cast into that stream on whose flowery banks he had so often played when a child—unconscious, then, that such a doom awaited him."

"Did no one plead for you?" asked Eugenie in a tone of almost agonized enquiry.

"Yes, my sister," replied the young Conte, "the generous son of a general officer pleaded warmly in the behalf of us, but all his entreaties were totally disregarded. I was their last victim, and I prayed that God would forgive my barbarous enemies, and that He would not lay this thing to their charge; for inhuman as they were, I remembered that they still were my own misguided countrymen. I thought, in that bitter moment, of my poor mother and my orphan sisters; but the strangling waters stifled that agony by depriving me of sensation."

"How did you escape that fearful doom?" interrupted Eugenie in a breathless voice, and a cheek as pale as marble.

"Gros Blanc sprang into the river the very instant he saw me sink; and whether his natural sagacity aided his instinct, or whether (as I love to think) God directed him to preserve my life, I cannot say; but

the noble animal no sooner saw my danger than he dived and brought me safely to land, before the vital spark was quite extinguished; and when I recovered my senses, I found my head rested on the bosom of the young officer who had so humanely pleaded for me and my unfortunate comrades."

"Camille Valmont now assailed his compatriots with a storm of eloquence; he bade them learn humanity of the noble animal, 'who had,' he said, 'just given them such an affecting and humbling lesson.' They were touched and surprised by the incident, and the glowing language and cutting reproaches of the young officer overcame their enmity, and they pronounced my pardon on the spot, and Camille embracing me, declared 'that from henceforth he should consider me rather as a brother than a foe.'

"The pain of my wounds and my immersion in the Loire brought on a violent fever, but Camille nursed me with a care and skill that almost rivalled the attentions of my

favorite sister," continued the young Conte, taking Eugenie's hand, and tenderly pressing it between his. "As soon as I was sufficiently recovered to endure the fatigue of a sea-voyage, I embarked for America, agitated by a thousand tears, that, alas! have been but too unhappily verified. However, my dear sister, I will not be so ungrateful as to murmur against God, who has permitted me to behold you again; and His will, not mine, be done. I trust our mother and beloved Melame have entered into His rest."

"He has chastened us, Henri," replied his sister, "but still He hath been most gracious to us, for He has protected and preserved us by His most especial providence.—We have each found a kind and compassionate hand to befriend us in our time of utmost need. You see my amiable, my excellent preserver, and oh! that I could give a sister's welcome, a grateful sister's thanks to Camille Valmont!"

"That you shall soon do, my Eugenie, for he was the companion of my voyage, and is now in this very city. For on the death of his father, (which event happened soon after his preservation of me) he accompanied me to America with the resolution of never returning to France. Indeed he now awaits me at Kensington, and I have forgotten to send for him."

"What occasioned your friend to take such a sudden determination?" asked Ellen.

"Two very conclusive reasons," replied Henri, "an abhorrence of cruelty, and a great disgust to the men in power from whom both he and his father had received much ill-treatment—I will now go to him and bring him hither, for I am anxious to introduce the friend of my bosom to my sister and her amiable companion."

Henri then departed, and in about an hour returned with Camille Valmont. Ellen and Eugenie were much pleased with the frankness of his first address, and the latter gave him the sisterly welcome she had

promised, and the young Conte would have been most happy in the centre of this little circle, if the remembrance of his lamented mother and sister had not damped his joy.

The society of his sister and Ellen was inexpressibly delightful to him, and for the latter he imbibed a deep and ardent affection. Her virtue, her piety, her philanthropy, her comprehensive mind, charmed him, and won his esteem, admiration, and regard. Her beauty he considered as her least attraction; for he thought that if that fair face had been covered with the hue of her sable attendant, he should have loved her as devotedly as he did now.

Ellen did not refuse to become the wife of a man who seemed formed to make her happy. Henri De Clairville had the pleasure of seeing Camille Valmont the husband of his darling sister, who gave her hand to that generous friend on the same day that united him to his beloved Ellen.

Josiah Barclay lived to a great age, esteemed and respected by all his fellow-

citizens. Robert Derrick continued to hold the same situation in his household, and pleased his master so well that on his decease he left him a handsome legacy as a reward for his faithful services. Indeed, this true penitent became as exemplary in character and conduct as he had formerly been profane and wicked.

Black Sarah remained with her beloved mistress, to whose young family she proved a most tender and affectionate nurse, and to whom she is justly endeared by a thousand affecting remembrances.

Thus did the Lord recompense and bless the labours of the Christian philanthropist; thus did He bind up her wounds and wipe away her tears, and reward her for all she had suffered and endured for His sake.

She lives respected and beloved by all her fellow citizens, and is still cited by them as a shining example of female worth. Nor is she less admirable in her conduct as a wife and mother, than she had been as a daughter, sister, and friend. "Her children rise

up, and call her blessed; her husband, and he praiseth her, for she is to him the virtuous woman whose price is above rubies. Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all. Favour is deceitful, and beauty is vain; but a woman who feareth the Lord, she shall be praised."



Notes.

SOME PARTICULARS OF THE PLAGUE IN PHILADELPHIA.

*The following is extracted from a letter to a respectable
House in Liverpool, and its authenticity may be de-
pended upon:*

*Philadelphia, 11 Month,
1793.*

“ Respected friends,

“ As our correspondence with most of our friends both at home and abroad has been interrupted on our part for three months past, it is proper to account to them for so extraordinary a suspension, by giving some account of our past and present situation.

“ In the early part of August, it was discovered that an infectious fever was raging in the north-east parts of the city. The College of Physicians met to deliberate upon it, and published their

opinion and advice on the subject, part of which was that every house in which a sick person resided should be marked, to prevent others from entering. Notwithstanding this precaution, the fever quickly spread to other parts of the city, and became general. It was so mortal in the beginning, that few survived the third and fifth day, and it could not be ascertained for some time whether any person had outlived the eighth. To be taken was considered the same as to be dead! and there was a general abandonment of the sick to the care of the blacks, who were not supposed liable to the infection. The nearest connections, with some few exceptions, would not visit the chambers of their sick friends, and many perished without any aid at all. In this situation a great part of the inhabitants fled to the country in every direction: of these, some were taken with the disorder and died; but we have heard no instance of any person who had previously resided in the country taking the infection from them. It is computed that more than a third part of the population of Philadelphia went away. Those who remained were cautious how they went about the streets, so that the city appeared completely deserted.

Business of almost every kind was suspended, and for nearly three months, nothing was to be seen abroad, but a few sorrowful persons, walking with their hands upon their loins about the necessary concerns of the sick; and hearses, conducted by negroes, mostly without followers, to and fro the different grave-yards.

“A number of citizens, however, with a courage that does them honour, formed themselves into a Committee headed by the Mayor, borrowed money upon the credit of future subscriptions, established an hospital about a mile from the town for the poor, and procured carriages to convey the sick to it. Two of the members of the committee, Stephen Girard, a French merchant, long resident here; and Peter Helm, born here of German parents, had the humanity and courage, constantly to attend the hospital; and not only saw that the nurses did their duty, but actually performed many of the most dangerous and humiliating services for the sick, with their own hands. These gentlemen are mercifully preserved alive; and are in the enjoyment of good health, though some of the Committee took the disorder and died.

“The mortality was great in proportion to the number of the sick, and actually exceeded one hundred persons per day; yet after a little cool weather in the ninth month, the disorder took another type, and was not so fatal; which gave us hopes that the change usually expected in the temperature of our air, with heavy rains before or after the equinox, would bring us relief; but these rains and this change were vainly looked for six weeks after their usual time of coming, and we were left under the affliction till about the 24th of last month; when it pleased Divine Providence, who permitted the affliction, to give it a check without any apparent change in the atmosphere, and some rains and cool weather afterwards succeeding, entirely eradicated it, as no new cases have occurred for many days past, and the sick are fast recovering from the fever.

“This calamity has been as fatal in proportion to the number of its inhabitants, as the Great Plague in London, in 1665; for if we compute that thirty thousand persons remained in town, and that of these four thousand died, it will approach to one seventh of the whole in three months, which is equal in proportion to those who died in London in a whole year.

"The Physicians are all agreed that the fever is no more in the city, and the citizens are rapidly returning.

We are, your respectful friends,"

FARTHER PARTICULARS OF THE FEVER.

Carefully selected from the Papers of the day.

"Among the most revolting circumstances attending this scourge, is the cruelty exercised against some who were infected, Two or three persons, travelling in the stages to New York, being taken ill on the road, were compelled by their fellow-passengers to leave the vehicles. Weary and distressed, they could neither obtain relief or shelter; and some of them died by the way-side in consequence of this barbarous treatment. On the Lancaster-road, a similar instance of inhumanity occurred:

"There have been many cases in which as soon as a person was seized with the yellow fever he was immediately abandoned by friends and rela-

tives, and left to the care of a single negro. This has happened even to persons of great affluence, and there are not wanting instances of persons being so totally deserted, as to be without a human being to hand them a drink of cold water. Parents have abandoned their children—children their parents.—Husbands their wives—and wives their husbands. It is, probably, not exaggeration to suppose, that a fourth part of the persons who perished, have been sacrificed to the fear of contagion entertained by those who ought to have taken care of shem.

“The disorder which has proved so fatal in Philadelphia is supposed to be the same as that called the Yellow Fever in the West Indies.”

New York, Nov. 7, 1793.—

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