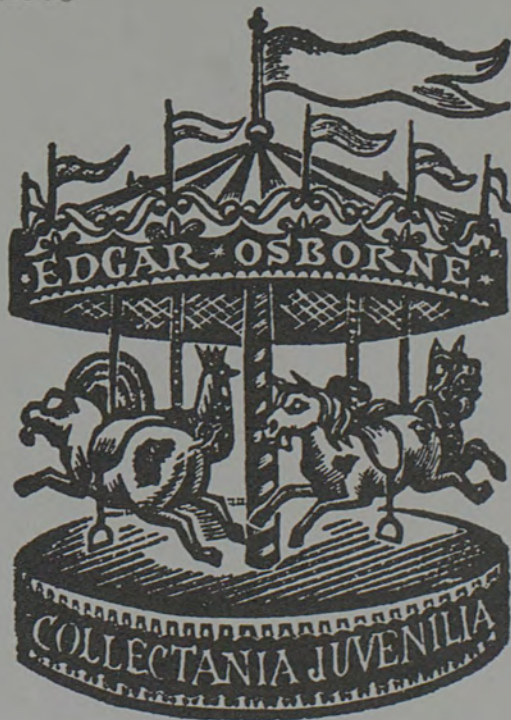
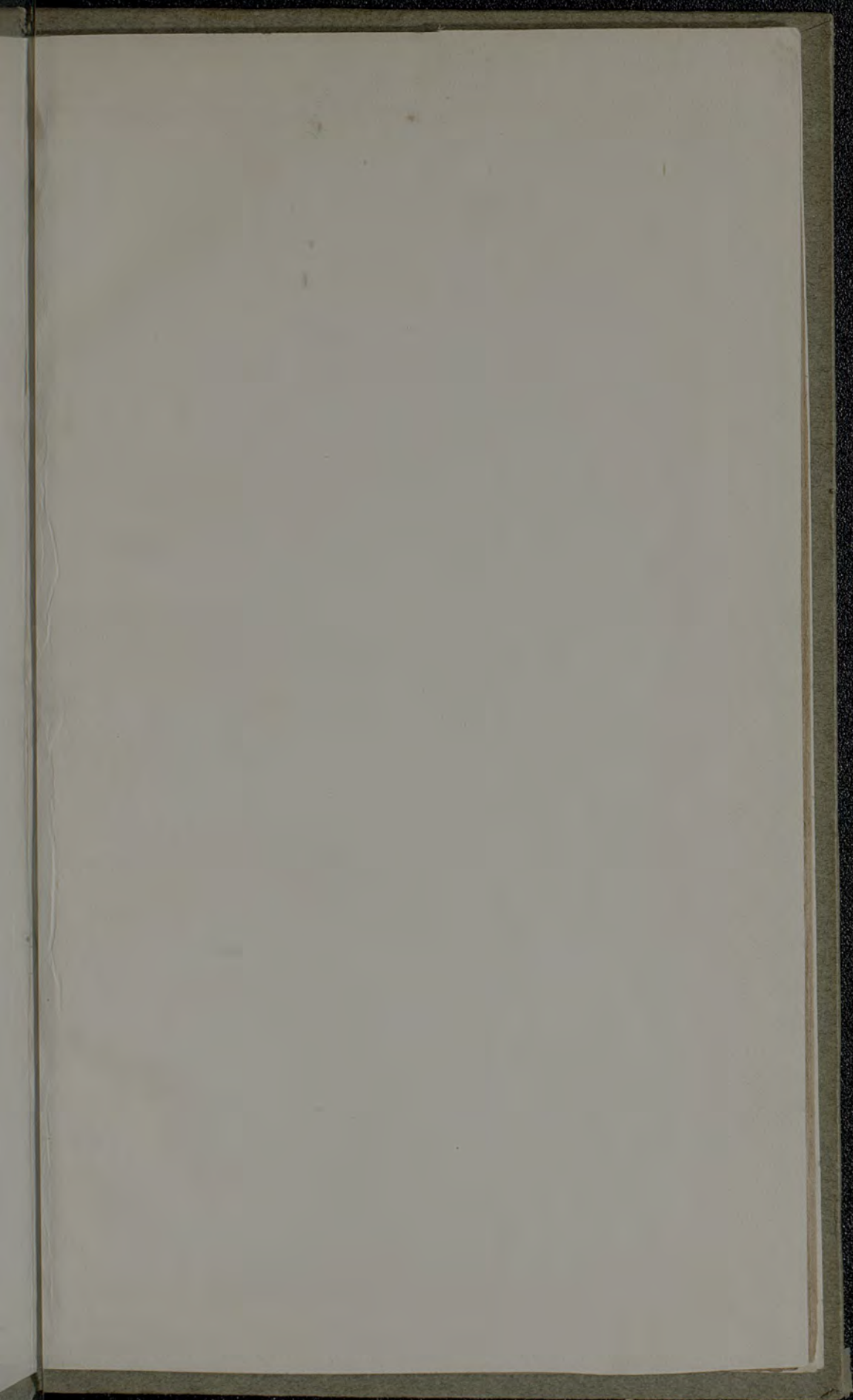
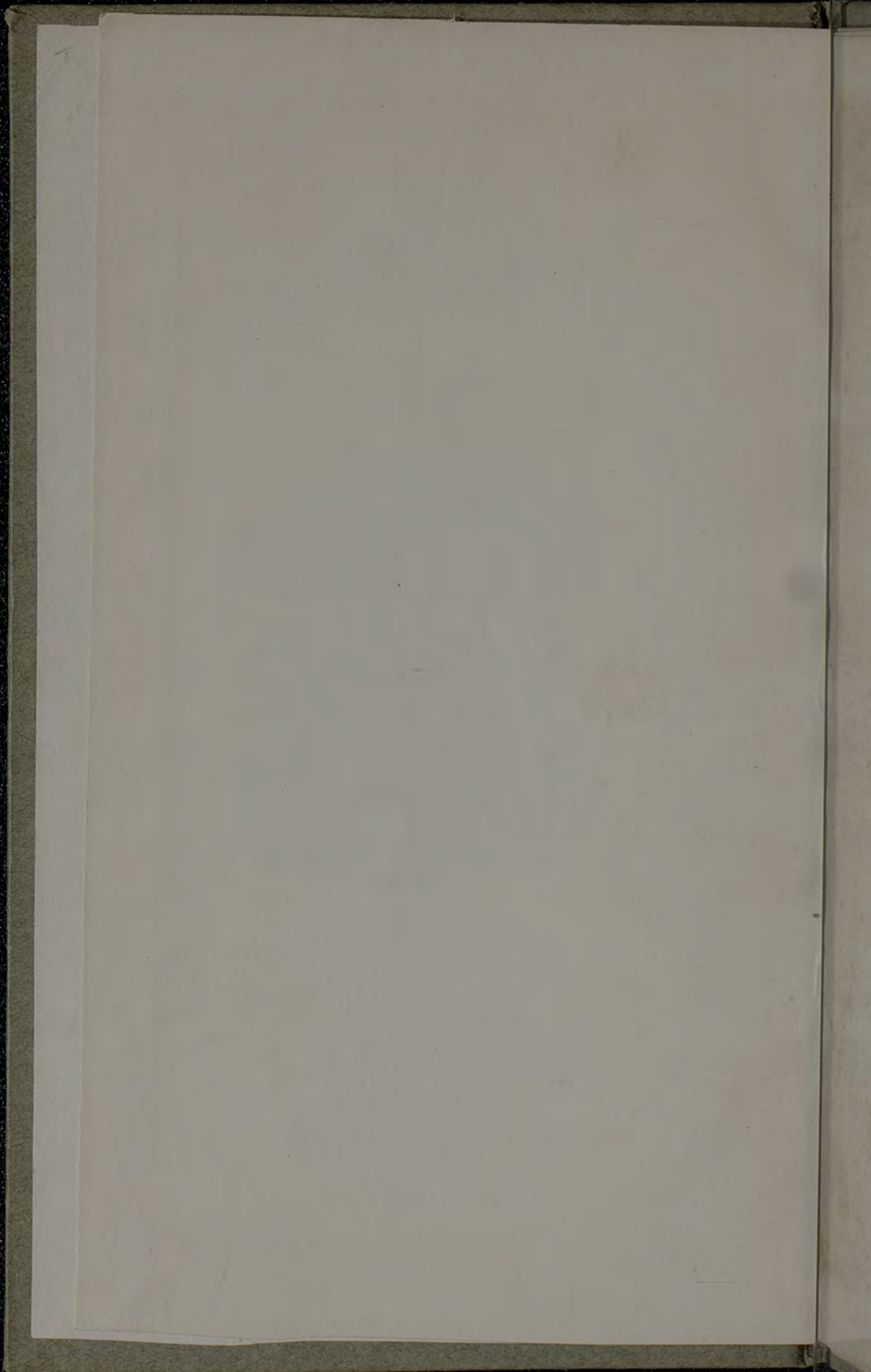


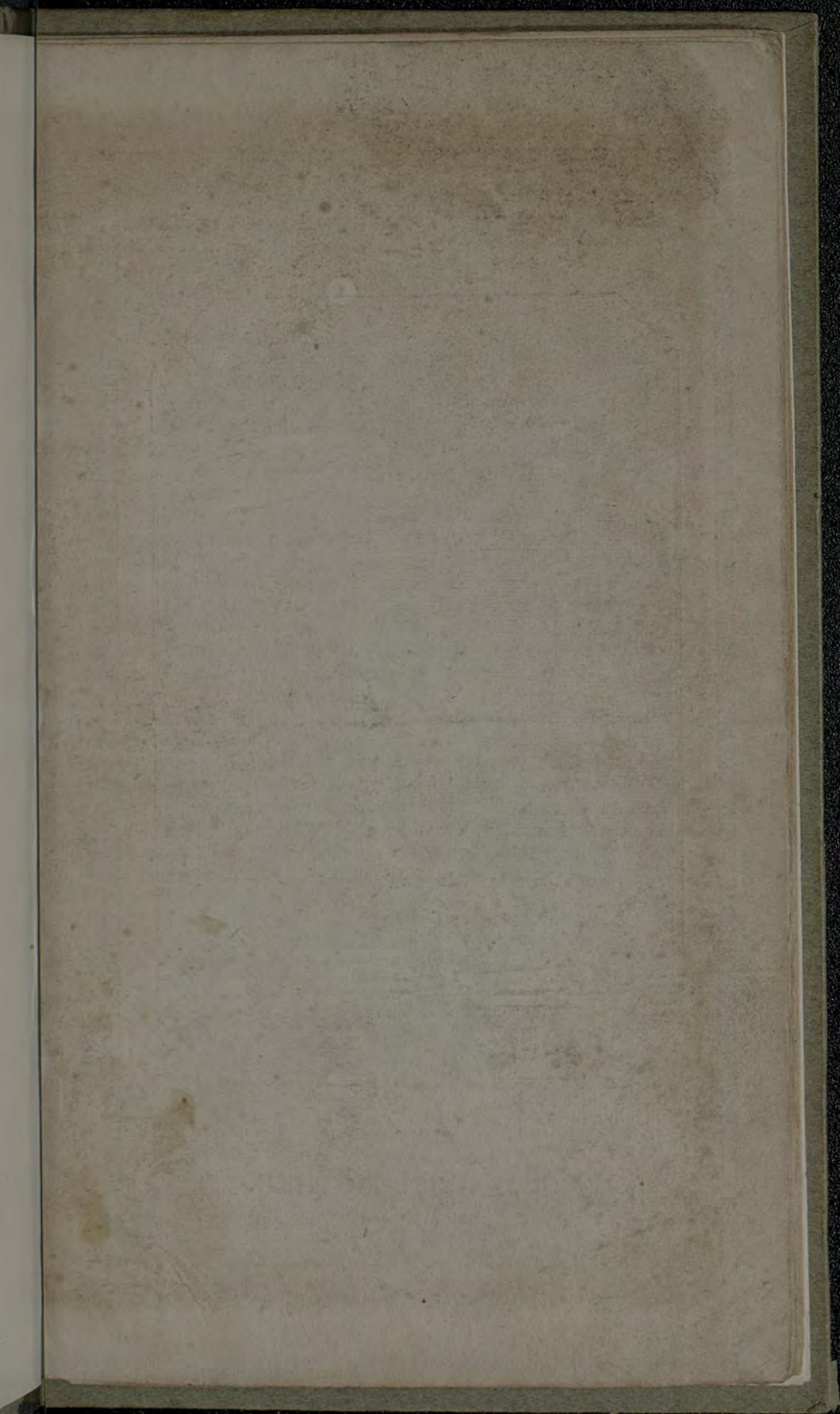
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FRONTISPIECE.



THE JEALOUS MOTHER.

THE
JEALOUS MOTHER;

OR, THE
SINGULAR ADVENTURES,

AND

Miraculous Escapes,

OF A

YOUNG LADY OF FORTUNE.

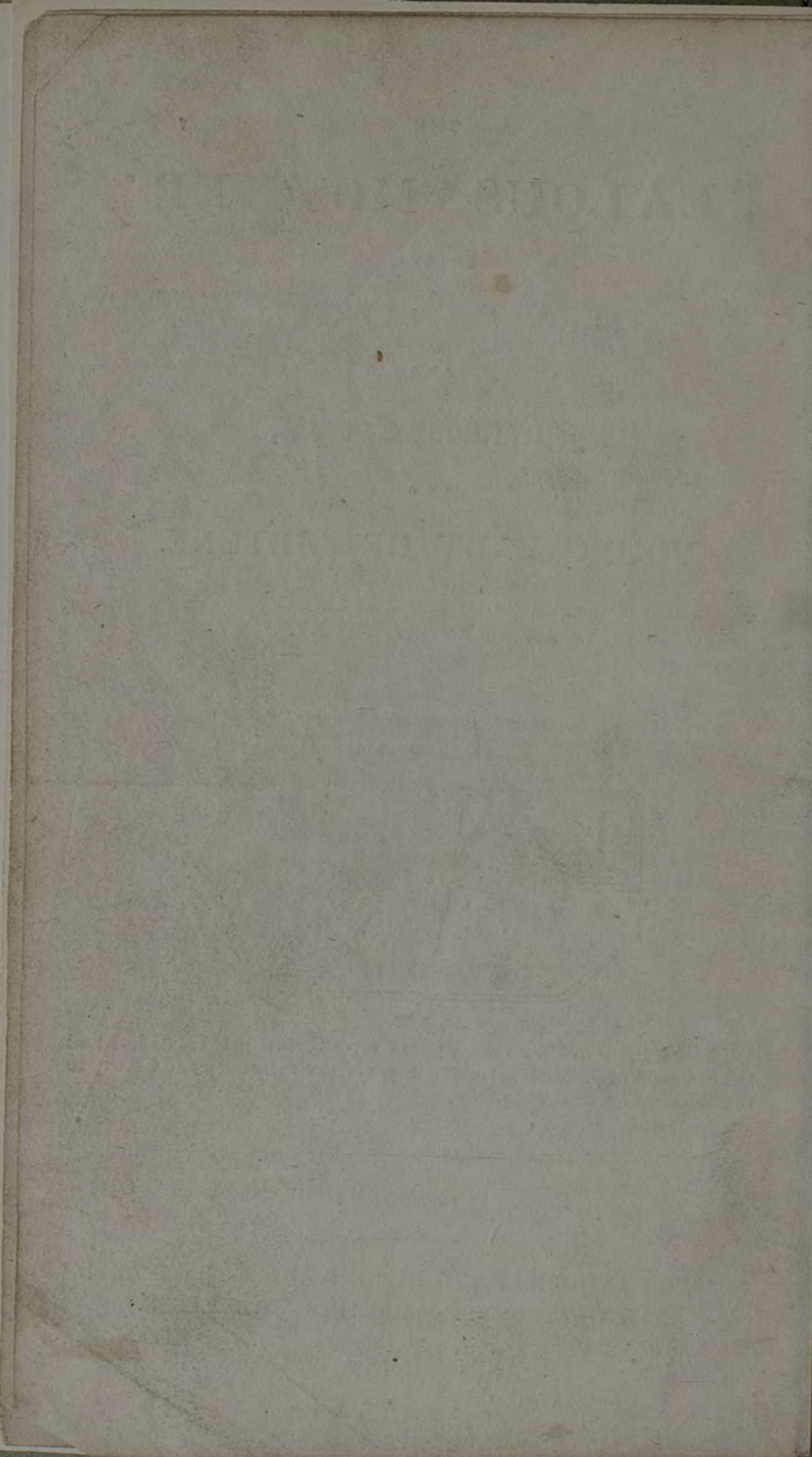
AN ORIGINAL STORY.



Though immured in a convent, and most barbarously treated, I had the fortitude to preserve inviolable my vows of constancy and fidelity to the object of my affections.

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THE JEALOUS MOTHER.

COLONEL CLELAND, after having served his king and country in many campaigns, retired to his estate in Yorkshire, to pass the remainder of his days. He had for some years paid the greatest attention to the education of his only daughter, Leonora. Mrs. Cleland was of a haughty, choleric disposition, and the greatest part of her time was engaged at the card-table.

“Madam,” said the colonel to his wife one day, “I know too well the value of youth, and to what advantage it should be turned, to rely upon you for paying proper attention to the instruction of my daughter. Entirely devoted to your pleasure, you neglect her, and I should see this young plant grow by chance, without your thinking even about her existence. Amuse yourself as you like, I shall give you no interruption, and let me enjoy my own pursuits.”

Mrs. Cleland knew her husband's temper, and made no reply; but from that moment she cherished an implacable hatred against Leonora, and this rancour being rekindled by jealousy, it became fury itself.

I never was able to conceive how Nature, that tender mother, who implants in us instinct to cherish the authors of our existence, should admit in the latter, sentiments so directly opposite. Many similar examples might be adduced, where unnatural parents, who idolize themselves and pursue their pleasures with incessant eagerness, inhumanly sacrifice the unhappy fruits of an hymeneal vow, contracted with the most auspicious views. But it has been justly remarked, that these monsters in human shape are more frequently met with amongst mothers than fathers. They are actuated by motives, if any can exist, that cannot influence the male part of the creation. For instance, a woman will never forgive her daughter for being more beautiful than herself, if she piques herself upon being a fine woman. To this cause may be traced the many examples that might be produced of mothers acting in so

reprehensible a manner, as Mrs. Cleland, towards their female children.

Leonora will presently afford us an instance of one of these unfortunate victims to female vanity and caprice. She had just entered into her sixteenth year, and was uncommonly beautiful; she possessed a most elegant shape, sense and understanding superior to her age; was most engaging in her manners, and affable to all around her. In a word, she might with propriety be pronounced Nature's master-piece.

The colonel adored Leonora. He saw those lessons he gave her produce effects beyond his most sanguine expectations; and he not only thought it his duty to continue them, but had an inexpressible pleasure in communicating them.

Geography, drawing, poetry, and music, were amongst the number of her studies, equally useful and engaging. Even philosophy was not omitted, and she had notions of it far beyond many men of much maturer age.

The colonel now reaped the delicious fruits of his labours, in the cultivation of his daughter's mind; when a sudden illness deprived the world of one of its greatest ornaments. Before he took a final leave of this mundane sphere, he sent for Leonora. "My daughter," said he, "I feel the mortal stroke is not far off, and I am upon the point of paying the great debt of nature. Were it not from being thus severed from you, it would give me no affliction; but thou art every thing that is dear to me—dearer far than life itself. I have but a few words more to add, for I find my powers of speech fail me. Let honour and virtue be your constant guides; consult the dictates of your heart, for I know its goodness; and you cannot err. But——"

Here his tongue faltered, and he could only communicate the rest of his sentiments in the most tender and most parental embrace—and expired in her arms.

What a shock to poor Leonora! fancy can better suggest, than words are capable of expressing. She remained petrified, even tears disdained their office, and her grief was so pungent, that when the servant came to her, she seemed as lifeless as her beloved father.

Leonora remained a considerable time inconsolable at so great a loss as she had sustained—a loss that seemed to prognosticate all the misfortunes that afterwards befel her.

Mrs. Cleland was, at this time, deeply enamoured with a young gentleman, who had lately come to reside in the neighbourhood, and who frequently visited at her house. Resolving to marry him, as soon as she should become a widow, she had administered poison to her husband, in order to place her in that state, and it had operated so powerfully as to have the desired effect.

Mr. Williams, who was a young man of family, and had great expectations, had, from the first moment he beheld Leonora, entertained a passion for her; but he had hitherto not revealed it, though she had, from a variety of circumstances, judged she was not indifferent to him; and she found something flutter about her heart whenever she beheld him, that told her Mr. Williams possessed such bewitching eyes as she had never before beheld. Leonora secretly wished for the declaration of his passion, and yet she trembled at being alone with him, lest she should be surprised by her mother, who she judged would torment her upon that score.

Mr. Williams at length resolved to seize the first opportunity of revealing to his lovely mistress a passion he found he could no longer conceal. The most favourable opportunity occurred that very day; she walking in the garden, and reading aloud one of the most tender passages in *Romeo*. He was concealed behind a quick-set hedge, but could perceive the emotions of her mind at every ejaculation of *Juliet*. He was twenty times upon the point of quitting his retreat, and throwing himself at her feet, in the words of *Romeo*; but he was as often checked by his timidity, and that kind of fear which is the constant companion of a genuine and unfeigned affection: it strikes a kind of awe, lest we should offend the object of our admiration, by an unexpected declaration, which she was unprepared at that moment to receive.

Rakes and libertines will laugh at and ridicule this false delicacy, as they may call it; but were they ever animated with a virtuous and generous passion for an amiable woman? Such timidity, it must be acknowledged, would be ridiculous in addressing a courtesan, or the first-rate impure. *Perdita* herself would smile at it; but native simplicity, and real virtue, must admire it, as the sure index of a sincere passion.

“Alas!” said Leonora, “at length *Juliet* was happy, compared to me; she loved, and she knew she was beloved;

but I pine in solitude, in a state of uncertainty.—Oh! my dear Williams, if you knew the ardour of my flame, you would no longer conceal yours, for I will flatter myself it is mutual.”

No sooner did he hear these last expressions uttered, than he flew to his lovely mistress, threw himself at her feet, and almost devoured her hand with kisses; at the same time, with a flood of tears, he conjured her to forgive him the step he had taken. Her surprise was so great, that she swooned, and Mr. Williams was greatly terrified at her situation. By the application of some hartshorn drops, which he accidentally had in his pocket, she in a short time recovered.

An eclaircissement now ensued, and as Leonora had already revealed the secret of her bosom, it would have been in vain to recal her words. With regard to him, he poured forth the genuine effusion of his heart in such a manner as convinced Leonora of his sincerity.

This scene would have been completely happy, had it not immediately occurred to the lovely girl, that should her mother discover from the slightest gesture or expressive look, that any correspondence was carried on between them, as she watched all her daughter's motions with the most penetrating eye, her life would be rendered entirely wretched. She concluded, however, that let what would be her fate, she never could think of another man but Mr. Williams, who ratified the treaty with the most endearing embrace.

They now separated, and Leonora returned to the house, whilst his eyes eagerly pursued her, and a deep involuntary sigh proclaimed his feelings at her absence.

It may seem extraordinary that Leonora should make a declaration of her passion at the first interview with her lover, when he had scarcely made an overture of his; but her father, under whose tuition she had been bred, was a philosopher, and she had imbibed his notions: she was a stranger to duplicity and deceit.

The company was now met for cards, and Mr. Williams went to join them, but he was not a little disconcerted to find Leonora was not amongst them: she had repaired to her chamber, which rendered all the party insipid and irksome to him. He played without paying the least attention to what he was about; made several revokes, and often lost deal, which greatly irritated his partner, who,

being a choleric old gentleman, threw out some inuendoes, that Mr. Williams lost designedly. The latter was not in a humour to enter into an altercation, if his partner had been still more severe upon him; besides, his age protected him from any personal resentment.

At length the company retired, when Mrs. Cleland gave Mr. Williams a significant nod not to depart, which greatly embarrassed him, but politeness compelled him to obey the mandate.

They had not been long alone, before she addressed him to the following effect:—"Mr. Williams," said she, "I have something to acquaint you with, that I think will not be disagreeable; it is a match that has been proposed to me for you, which I think will perfectly suit you. The lady, it is true, is not in her teens, but she is still in her prime, perfectly engaging, and possesses no small share of beauty; besides, she has a thousand a-year, and no other incumbrance than one daughter, whom she proposes placing in a convent, as soon as her marriage is agreed upon."

Had Mr. Williams been in the most perilous storms at sea, thunder rolling over his head, and lightning incessantly flashing, the vessel sinking, and no land visible, he could not have been nearly so much shocked as he was in his present situation. The agitations of his mind were too visible not to be perceived by Mrs. Cleland. "Heavens," said she, "what is the matter with you? are you not well? or does the proposal I have made displease you?"

Mr. Williams had by this time somewhat recovered himself, and assuming an air of composure, said, "No, madam, very far from that; it is very agreeable to me, and I am extremely flattered with your having so much interested yourself in my favour; but, Madam, I am still young, and my dependence is upon a father, whom I must not displease."

"Prithee, Mr. Williams, do not mention your youth; many are married much younger, and I will engage to reconcile your father to the match; and what is more, to celebrate the nuptials within a week, if they are agreeable to you."

Mr. Williams, who, from the beginning of the conversation, was convinced that Mrs. Cleland was herself the party she so strenuously recommended, was on the point of replying, when the servants entered, and prevented him.

"I hope, Sir," she resumed, "you will favour me with

your company to supper." To which he readily consented, and they sat down to table.

No sooner were they again alone, than she resumed the conversation, by saying, "Mr. Williams, it is in vain to dissemble with you any longer. The lady I spoke of is no other than myself. I am teased to death by my daughter; her philosophy torments me, and I am resolved to get rid of her at any rate. In her father's life-time, she bid me defiance; but I shall now let her know my authority over her."

"Pray, madam," said he, "did the young lady ever question it? This would be incompatible with the sweetness of her disposition. You doubtless have the authority you mention, and it is founded upon the most sacred ties; but monarchs, and even the Omnipotent himself, confers this authority upon fathers and mothers, that they may exercise it for the happiness of their children. It would be barbarous and cruel to abuse one's power, to make others miserable. To shut your daughter up in a convent, might render her the most wretched of beings. What a horrid sacrifice it is to take vows against one's inclination—vows that entomb one for ever!" In fine, he described these terrestrial purgatories in the strongest colours.

Mrs. Cleland listened to him with the greatest impatience;—she bit her lips twenty times to prevent her tongue betraying her choler, which she for once got the better of, and had sufficient power over her natural impetuosity, as to give the conversation a different turn: soon after which, Mr. Williams took his leave for the evening.

No sooner was Mrs. Cleland alone, than she began to reflect upon what had passed betwixt her and Mr. Williams: she presently exclaimed, "I cannot doubt but that this ungrateful man is fond of my daughter: he feigned acquiescing with the proposal I made him of marriage, only to deceive. A man would not enter so deeply in the interest of a person merely through friendship. Friendship is cool and dispassionate; love burns with the most ardent flame. Dread my fury; tremble at the rage of a slighted female, who has vowed her passion; tremble at my revenge!" While she thus exclaimed, her attitude and contortions of features would have determined the belief of a stranger, that she was a mad woman. At length, being quite exhausted with rage and passion, she sunk to

rest. Early in the morning, Leonora waited upon her mother, as usual, to pay her respects. "You have risen very early," said Mrs. Cleland; "your illness of yesterday is soon got over." She then bid her daughter, with a haughty tone, quit her presence, and return in an hour.

This mandate greatly alarmed Leonora, as she never was admitted into her mother's presence but at meals; and even then seldom, when she had company. "What can she want with me?" said the daughter, in retiring; "Mr. Williams supped with her last night; surely he has not betrayed us; does she know what passed between us in the afternoon?" Leonora was in this state of perplexity and consternation, when Mrs. Cleland sent for her.

Her mother had, during their separation, ruminated upon the most political measure she could take, to worm the secret of Williams' passion out of her undissembling bosom. She accordingly resolved upon acting with the greatest temper and duplicity, in order to surprise the unsuspecting frankness of Leonora.

She hastened to obey her mother's mandate.—As soon as she appeared, Mrs. Cleland said, "Come near, Miss; I have something to communicate to you. You are now old enough to think upon what plan of life you purpose pursuing. Will marriage be agreeable to you? A match now offers itself that will be very suitable, and I am willing to give my consent to it." "Madam," said Leonora, "what you propose to me requires some deliberation; I beg of you to give me time to consider of it, and be acquainted with the person whom you design for me."

"No," resumed her mother, "you must determine immediately, or else you must depart within two days for a convent. The young gentleman I design for you, is very agreeable to me; and that is sufficient, I think, that he should not be objected to by you. Mr. Williams is by birth, at least, equal to yourself; and if he is not so rich as you, he has, at least, a decent competency, and good expectations upon the death of his father, as he is an only child."

At the mention of the name of Williams, Leonora changed colour, and had a violent palpitation of heart. The voluntary blush, though it soon subsided, did not escape the piercing eyes of Mrs. Cleland, which were fixed upon her daughter, whose confusion was too great to be concealed. She nevertheless seemed to take no notice of

Leonora's agitations, and continued the conversation in the same style as before.

"Well, Miss, what do you determine upon?" "Madam," replied the innocent victim, "I submit to whatever gives you pleasure: your will is law to me, which I shall always follow and respect." Leonora was going to throw herself at her mother's feet, when she perceived, from a menacing glance of her eye, that she had been deceived and betrayed by artifice; and that her emotion, at the name of Williams, had discovered the greater part of the secret that she wanted to conceal. Mrs. Cleland, who, with the greatest difficulty, contained herself, ordered her daughter to her chamber.

Williams had passed the night in torture;—the rack itself would almost have been a mercy conferred upon him. His charming mistress, torn from him, to be buried in a convent, there to terminate her unhappy days, incessantly occurred to his imagination. In this reverie, he fancied, that, sword in hand, he had twice rescued the beauteous sacrifice from the barbarous hands who were leading her to the altar; and he as often thought he was compelled to give up his conquest. In this tumultuous state of mind he remained till morning.

He suddenly rose, and ordered his trusty servant to take his gun; saying, he proposed shooting that morning; and at the same time took his fowling-piece. He, by a kind of instinct, approached Leonora's house, and saw her at the window, leaning her head upon her hand, in a very pensive posture. He no sooner observed her, than, by the assistance of his servant, he gained access to her chamber, and with much eagerness inquired, what had so greatly affected her. "But I need not ask," he continued; "I ruined you yesterday, by becoming your advocate, in opposition to your mother; I was too warm upon the occasion; my excess of love betrayed me into this warmth; Mrs. Cleland proposed sacrificing you to her marriage with me; I saw you upon the point of being for ever torn from me—a horrid prison was to conceal you incessantly from my sight. How could I be silent upon such an occasion? I promised her marriage, in order to conceal my passion for you;—the very idea I abhorred. The conversation then changed, and I retired, whilst great coolness prevailed. I doubt not but she has discovered our secret, and the situation I find you in too visibly confirms me in this opinion."

“ This is but a prelude to what I have to reveal,” rejoined Leonora; “ she took me by surprise this morning, and most artfully deceived me; she proposed marriage to me; and who do you think was the party?—Yourself. Judge of my astonishment. My embarrassment made me determine. I was going to embrace her, and reveal my soul to her; when a most significant look alarmed me; but, alas! too late, for the snare had been laid for me! She then ordered me from her presence, and convinced me by her countenance that she had discovered all she wanted.”

The situation in which Leonora and Williams found themselves had so surprised her, that she forgot to ask him by what strange accident he had got into her chamber, or to remind him of the danger to which he exposed himself in case of discovery. Leonora was just on the point of reproaching him for his temerity and imprudence, when Mrs. Cleland entered the room, and found Williams with her daughter, devouring one of Leonora’s hands with kisses. The astonishment and consternation of the lovers may better be imagined than described. Her mother’s rage was so violent, that it prevented her power of utterance for some time; her choler was so great, it almost stifled her. Williams and Leonora were petrified, and had not the power to raise their eyes towards the tyrannical intruder. They were conscious of no guilt; but innocence often trembles at the very shadow of criminality. Appearances were certainly strong against them, and this was sufficient to confound them.

At length the powers of vociferation returned to Mrs. Cleland—“ Shameless wretch! is this your boasted philosophy? your affected prudery is only a cloak for your intrigues, the shame and scandal with which I am at this instant overwhelmed. As to thee (addressing herself to Williams), infamous seducer, quit this place instantly; thou art indebted only to thy birth, of which thou art unworthy, for escaping that justice which thou dost merit, for the outrage thou hast offered me: but I have my revenge in my own hands.”

Williams, who was ere now seated by Leonora, who had swooned, was roused at these expressions. He forgot even the critical situation of his mistress, being entirely bent upon vindicating her, in taking all the blame upon himself. He began to speak, but he was not listened to. Mrs. Cleland called, in a terrible tone

of voice, her servants. "Seize that monster," said she, "and turn him out of doors."—They were ready to execute their mistress's orders.—"Stop," said Williams; "dread my resentment;" and he immediately drew his *couteau de chasse*: "this steel," said he, "shall revenge my cause, if any one dares approach me. Your mistress refuses to hear me; I only desire to say two words to her. Appearances have deceived her; and, from a mistake, she is going to ruin her daughter." The footmen, three in number, who waited the nod of Mrs. Cleland, fell upon Mr. Williams; he wounded one of them, but was obliged to submit to their savage treatment, and he was carried out of the house senseless.

Leonora was in a fit during the whole of this shocking scene, and was ignorant of what had passed. Her mother left her to her fate, without affording her the least aid, as soon as she saw Williams conducted out. When the unfortunate girl first opened her eyes, she found herself alone in her chamber. A *couteau de chasse* lay near her broke, and blood was discoverable on the floor. What was her consternation! what were her terrors! words lose the power of communicating.

"Where art thou, my beloved Williams? Surely that is not thy blood that I see here spilt. My mother! I will not call thee a barbarian, as I owe my existence to thee! but such thou must have been, if thou hast used violence towards Mr. Williams. The idea is insupportable—perhaps this very moment he is expiring from the ruffian treatment he has met with—my death will soon follow—it is impossible for me to survive him. Can I breathe a vital air that he no longer participates with me? Oh! cruel love, what a fatal destiny have you prepared for me!"

Mrs. Cleland did not leave Leonora long to make these reflections. She had availed herself of that interval to send for a post-chaise. "Come, Miss," said she, upon entering the chamber, with a look that bespoke her fury, "follow me, and expiate for ever your crimes and my shame!" Leonora followed, without making any reply; and they were presently seated in a post-chaise.

For upwards of three days they travelled in perfect silence, except the involuntary sighs that Leonora could not suppress, which were accompanied with floods of tears, that kept pace with her anguish. Mrs. Cleland seemed not in the least affected at the unhappy state of Leonora's

mind ; but, on the contrary, appeared to enjoy a secret pleasure in the mortification she caused her daughter.

At length they arrived at Dover, and embarked for Ostend. In a short time they reached Douay, and immediately repaired to the convent destined for Leonora's imprisonment. Mrs. Cleland had a long conference with the mother abbess ; after which the unhappy girl was conducted to the interior part of the house, where she was to be immured.

The bargain being settled between Mrs. Cleland and the superior, the former immediately set off on her way to England, in order to return home, without taking leave or saying a word to the wretched Leonora, who was abandoned to the most pungent grief, the most unparalleled despair.

Mr. Williams did not recover from the state of insensibility in which we left him, for more than an hour. The first object he perceived was his trusty servant by his side, to whom he said, "What is become of Leonora?" "You mean Miss Cleland, Sir?" "I do." "Alas! Sir, I saw a post-chaise set off, in which were the young lady and her mother."

This information drove Williams almost distracted; but recovering himself a little, he inquired what route they had taken; which having learnt, he was for instantly pursuing them, in order to rescue his beloved mistress from destruction; but the chaise had departed upwards of an hour, and no post-horses could be met with in the neighbourhood. These circumstances drove Williams almost into a state of despair. The violent agitations of his mind, succeeding the barbarous treatment he had just met with, threw him into a violent fever; and a physician being sent for, he was ordered to his bed: here he became light-headed, calling incessantly on the divine Leonora, and execrating the barbarous wretch her mother.

In this situation Mr. Williams remained for upwards of a week; at the expiration of this time, his youth, and the goodness of his constitution, added to the salutary advice of his physician, had, in a great degree, prevailed over his disorder. But his grief still remained for the loss of his enchanting Leonora, for whom he incessantly inquired. Robert, his servant, judged it expedient to divert his attention by framing a story, which he thought might afford him some consolation, and dissipate his melancholy.

Upon Williams's expressing his apprehensions that the lovely girl was now confined in a cloister, the trusty valet said, "Sir, lay aside your apprehensions on that score; passing yesterday by Mrs. Cleland's house, I perceived the young lady, her daughter, walking in the garden. I approached the pallsadoes, and having made myself known to her, she very particularly inquired concerning your welfare. I informed her of your illness. She changed colour, and seemed greatly agitated, putting fifty questions to me, which I answered to the best of my abilities. After which, she drew out her pocket-book, and wrote to you; then tearing out the leaf, she said, 'Give this to your master; but do not give it to him till such time as he is recovered. I will allow you to say you have got a billet for him from me; but I charge you not to deliver it till the time I mention.'"

However improbable this story might be, it had the desired effect. "Is it true," said Williams, "that you have a billet from Leonora—and she is at her mother's house? Do not deceive me." "Sir," resumed Robert, "you may confide in what I say. Repose yourself, be perfectly easy, and, as soon as you are recovered, you will find all your wishes accomplished."

The cause of Williams's disorder being removed, the effect naturally subsided. In three days his health was so far restored, that it was proposed he should quit his bed the next day; when he asked Robert for Leonora's billet; but he refused giving it, under pretence that he should break his promise, and incur the eternal displeasure of the young lady, if he should swerve from the strict injunctions she had laid upon him. Williams, out of delicacy and respect to Leonora, did not insist upon being in possession of the letter till he was perfectly recovered. It was not long before this event took place; for, in the course of a week, his physician pronounced his health restored. Williams now pressed Robert to surrender the billet, and insisted, in the most peremptory manner, upon having it. The valet had now no subterfuge left, and was compelled to acknowledge the falsehood; but, at the same time, apologized for it as well as he could; saying, he thought his master's life was in danger, and he could suggest no other expedient to rescue him from the most violent effects of despair. After Williams had recovered from the consternation this avowal had thrown him into, "Then you have not seen Leonora!

cruel monster, how have I deserved this cruel treatment at your hands? But think not that you have saved my life by this base imposition. I will know, let the consequence be what it may, the fate of my beloved mistress, or I will put an end to a life that is insupportable without her."

Mr. Williams's father, who no sooner heard of his son's illness, than he immediately set out from London to pay him a visit, was in an adjacent apartment at that time, and overheard what had passed. "Alas! my son, my dear son, what rash resolves you are making! What, shall the loss of a mistress induce you to attempt your own life? It was not given you to dispose of at your will; you owe it to your country. Every honest citizen is responsible for the blood that flows in his veins. If life is become insupportable to you, go and pay the great debt of nature in defence of your liberties. It bespeaks a noble zeal to sacrifice life in such a cause. I shall applaud, though with the most pungent grief, such a conduct: but pusilanimously to desert your post here for a woman, is beneath the dignity of a noble soul. Besides, consider there is an hereafter —." Young Williams was going to reply, but words refused their utterance.

"Oh, my worthy father," said Williams, having somewhat recovered himself; "if you knew how amiable the object of my passion is, you would pardon the violent effects of it." "The more worthy the lady, I am certain," said the father, "the more she would condemn your present rash resolves. If you think you have lost your mistress, endeavour to divert your thoughts from her; there is a noble field of glory now presents itself before you, for serving your king and defending your country."

Young Williams immediately caught the flame of ambition at these expressions of his father; "I will go," said he, "and prove myself worthy of your esteem, and of her I love, or I will perish in the attempt. Without renouncing the tender passion, I will henceforward abjure all its weakness. But I conjure you to serve me with respect to Mrs. Cleland, and to gain the secret of her daughter's present situation." They embraced with tears in their eyes, and the old gentleman promised to do all in his power to afford his son the satisfaction he sought for.

In the interim, Mrs. Cleland being returned home, and hearing no mention made of Williams, revolved in her thoughts for some days the means of accomplishing her

plan of vengeance. Leonora's being shut up in a convent only gratified her revenge in part, to complete it Williams was also to be her victim.

It happened that a young fellow in Mrs. Cleland's neighbourhood had found means to obtain the permission of visiting her. By some strange fatality he had become desperately in love with her, and was very desirous to inspire her with the same passion. He was of a good family in the North; but had lately lost at play all his patrimony, and was obliged to be indebted to the generosity of his friends for a subsistence. Mrs. Cleland thought him a proper object to accomplish the sequel of her abominable design. She listened to his suit, and, at length, resolved to marry him if he undertook the task she had to point out to him.

In their next interview she opened her mind to him nearly as follows: "Methinks, Sir," said she, "I perceive from your attentions and assiduities towards me, that you do not view me in a disagreeable light. If I guess at your wishes it depends upon yourself to accomplish them. My daughter has been dishonoured by a young fellow, and I am resolved to be revenged on him for the disgrace he has brought upon my family. The punishment I have in my power if you will but second me. Determine whether your passion for me has inspired you with fortitude sufficient to engage in this service."

Jack Wildfire was so enraptured at having it in his power to obtain Mrs. Cleland's hand, that he immediately accepted of the commission, and vowed her foe should either fall a sacrifice to her just resentment, or that he would not survive the conflict. "Tell me but his name," he added, "and I will go in pursuit of him this instant." "You will be surprised," resumed Mrs. Cleland, "when I tell you the name of this base seducer; he is no other than Williams." "Williams!" said he, with astonishment. "Even so," she replied. "After having carried off my daughter and placed her out of my power of reaching her, he has returned back to save appearances, and make the world believe he had no hand in her elopement."

Wildfire, who knew Williams, begun somewhat to relax from his first eagerness. "Madam," said he, "is not justice open to you?" "Certainly," she replied, "I should have taken that course had I been in possession

of evidences. In vain did I make the strictest enquiry if any one could give me the least insight into this treacherous affair—I could trace nothing that would be of service to me: therefore, I have no means left than to avenge the insult myself, or at least to guide the arm that will stand forth in my cause. You, Sir, I have fixed upon; and, I repeat it, upon that condition, my hand and my whole fortune shall be yours.”

These last words again roused Wildfire's ambition, and he promised that ere to-morrow's dawn he would go in search of their common enemy. After this promise he retired.

Mrs. Cleland passed a night of greater tranquillity than she had done for some time before. The hope of soon seeing her vengeance completed, calmed for some moments her impetuous and cruel soul.

The sun had scarce appeared above the horizon before Wildfire set forward in pursuit of Williams. He called in his way at Mrs. Cleland's, and she was already stirring, and no sooner saw him than she enquired what news. “I fly, madam, to obey your commands.” These words threw her into such exstasy, that she flung her arms round his neck and tenderly embraced him, seemingly anxious of inflaming him still more in her cause, and it had the desired effect. Such is the influence of dangerous women, that we become their slaves, sacrifice friendship and every social tie to their blind passions.—Wildfire rushing from her arms, seemed to fly upon the wings of love to certain victory.

Knowing Williams's great fondness of shooting, he thought as the weather was so favourable for this sport, he should certainly meet him in his usual track; but, by some accident, Williams did not go out that morning. Wildfire fruitlessly waited near his house for several hours successively. At length his patience being quite exhausted he went into an adjacent public-house, and wrote as follows:—

“You have overwhelmed with shame and disgrace a family for whom I have a great esteem. It is with your blood that I must wash away this dishonour, of which I participate. I expect to meet you by eight o'clock at the end of your garden wall. I shall be alone.”

When Williams received this billet, he was with his father, who opened it. “Heavens! what do I read?”

said the good old man, "every thing conspires to rend my heart in pieces. Read, my son, and see if you are capable of being guilty of what you are accused." "No, father," replied Williams, "I am calumniated; but my blood is required, and it must be spilt. A mother, unworthy of being such, has buried her daughter alive, but nothing less than my life can satisfy her, but this female monster's design is not yet accomplished. The wretch that is willing to lend his hand may first experience the effects of mine, being guided by love and honour." "What, do you talk of honour?" said his father; "in what does it consist? Did it ever require us to cut one another's throats? More cruel than the most ferocious animals, man makes true glory consist in shedding the blood of his fellow-creatures! Shocking and barbarous custom."

Young Williams, resolving to obey the mandate, made no reply, but seemed to acquiesce in his father's reasoning, in order to conceal his intention. "Your will, Sir, is my law; I feel that my soul, which was animated with false glory, yields implicitly to your reasoning. It does more, it despises the offence, and pities the offender."

The air of sincerity with which this was expressed, imposed upon the old man, who embraced his son with great tenderness for yielding to his remonstrances; and young Williams, to complete the imposition, tore the billet in pieces and threw it into the fire.

Williams retired to his chamber earlier than usual, lest by quitting the house whilst his father might see him, some suspicions might arise. The windows of his apartment were low, and he could easily let himself down, which he accordingly did.

It was scarce half past seven before he went to the spot of rendezvous, where he met Wildfire. "Come, Sir, let an explanation immediately take place, or some may come in search of me." Saying this he drew his sword, and his antagonist had only time to do the same, when they attacked each other with equal fury, and many lounges passed before either was wounded. Mr. Williams, who was not so athletic as his antagonist, began to faint with the fatigue; and he thought it necessary, in his present critical situation, to oppose artifice to strength.—Williams laid himself entirely open; Wildfire, deceived by this stratagem, flew violently at him, and exposed himself by his want of skill, which Williams profiting by, ran him

through the body. Williams had no sooner withdrawn his sword, that he made a precipitate retreat towards the garden wall; but before he reached the gate he was surrounded by four men in masks, who immediately seized and disarmed him, then blinded his eyes, and put him into a chaise that was waiting in an adjacent wood.

Those kidnappers, who were employed by Mrs. Cleland, and were promised a considerable sum for executing her project, were to seize Williams in the manner just mentioned, in case he should prove victorious. The chaise had driven some miles before it stopped. During the time Williams could obtain no answer from two of the ruffians, who were in the chaise with him. At length they alighted at a lonesome house at some distance from the road, the avenue of which was a narrow lane. Here he was conducted to a dark room, that resembled one of the cells in the Bastile, the apperture of a window only tended to make "darkness visible." The door was locked upon him, and he was left to meditate upon his impending fate.

A violent storm of hail, thunder, and lighting arose, which gratified his melancholy; for, as Zanga says,

"Horrors now were not displeasing to him;"

and he said with the Moor,

"I like this rocking of the battlement—
Rage on ye winds—burst clouds, and waters roar.
You bear a just resemblance of my fortune,
And suit the gloomy habit of my soul,"

Here we must leave the unfortunate, worthy young man for the present.

At length sleep overcame him, the influence of the drowsy god prevailed, and he sunk into his arms, where he forgot his sorrows, the world, and the cruel treatment he had just met with.

In the mean while Leonora remained immured in her convent, perpetually tormented by the lady abbess to take the veil, and recalling every moment to her mind the wishes of her mother. She seldom quitted her chamber, unless it was to go to the refectory, and to perform official duties. She there appeared melancholy and dejected, which, however, she endeavoured to surmount, and instantly

returned to her apartment as soon as possible. A young lady, who was a pensioner under the same roof, sometimes visited her. She was the daughter of a rich merchant at Bordeaux, and her name was Adelaide, and one of the best tempered girls in the world. Tender hearts have a sympathising pleasure in comparing misfortunes. Her soul partook of the melancholy state of her friend's mind, though she was utterly ignorant of the cause. Leonora was not of that class of females who think they solace their grief, by communicating it to all the world. Her chagrin was planted in her bosom; she even suffered to find that Adelaide discovered it.

Leonora and Adelaide were walking together one day, when the latter entreated Miss Cleland to inform her of the cause of those tears which she involuntarily shed. "Have you not confidence in me?" said that amiable girl. Leonora, vanquished by such repeated questions, and still more by the real affection she entertained for Adelaide, assented to her entreaties.

They seated themselves in a kind of alcove, and Leonora was on the point of entering upon her story, when sister Sophia, a young nun, who had already taken the vows, surprised them. She had for some time past endeavoured to enter into a friendly intercourse with Leonora, and length consented to give the following narrative:

"We resided at a castle which my father had at some distance from Grenoble. When I had attained my twelfth year, my father, who was a widower, instead of having me taught the proper instructions for a young female, made me put on a male habit, and accompany him to the chace, a sport he was uncommonly fond of. I began also to take a fancy to it, and I was soon engaged in no other pursuit. The marquis of Beauville often visited my father, and as frequently dined with him, and usually hunted with him. One day he brought his son with him: he was a youth uncommonly handsome, and I was instantly struck with his appearance. He was now in his fifteenth year, an age when the tumultuous passions begin to assail the heart, too weak to resist their impressions. At the sight of the young marquis, I felt such emotions as I had never before been sensible of. The young marquis observed my embarrassment. Being older than me, and having acquired more judgment, he suggested all that passed in my

bosom, and resolved to take advantage of my distress. We set out for the chace, and I fired several times without doing any execution. I was laughed at for want of dexterity. I replied in a faltering voice, that this was not my lucky day. We returned home in the evening, and young Beauville had not been more successful than myself, which afforded me some consolation. Our guests supped and slept at the castle. I never closed my eyes for several hours, nor could I dismiss the image of the marquis from my fancy. I had not slept two hours, when somebody rapt at my chamber-door, and I soon recollected the marquis's voice. 'Come, miss,' said he, 'it is time to rise; its broad day-light.' I replied, I was getting up, and put on my cloaths in a hurry. I found my father and our guests prepared to take the field. We took some small refreshment and mounted our horses. We had this day very good sport, though my father met with an accident by a fall from his horse.

"Our guest remained with us two days longer, in which time my lover found means to make a declaration of his passion, and he urged me to acknowledge I entertained a mutual passion for him. The manner in which I received his declaration too clearly proved that he was not indifferent to me. 'I am,' said he, with a deep sigh, 'with the greatest reluctance going to leave you, and I may not, perhaps, see you again for a considerable time.' I could not refrain saying, 'What will prevent you? Is it necessary that your father must always accompany you? My father loves and esteems you, and you will always confer a pleasure on him, by making your appearance here.' He seemed enraptured at the invitation I gave him, and we parted mutually satisfied.

"In fine he departed, and with him went my heart and tranquillity of mind. A week elapsed without seeing my lover; but not a moment passed without his image being present before me. My thoughts were incessantly engaged in contemplating his many beauties, and my nightly dreams called forth the marquis on my pillow.

"At length he came to see me, after a separation of eight days, which appeared as so many years, or rather centuries. He found me all alone, my father being abroad on a visit at some distance from home and was not expected to return till the next day. I could not conceal the pleasure I received in beholding the marquis; and he

ran to me with open arms, and embraced me. Could I think that such a beautiful monster came to dishonour me.

“Whilst we were at supper, he proposed going the next morning to kill a hare. ‘We will set out,’ said he, ‘at day break, and return to dinner.’ With pleasure I eagerly accepted the invitation. We retired early to rest, and I shut myself into my chamber.

“I have already said, I used to ride in men’s apparel: I remember on that day I put on a green coat, a circumstance that I shall ever recollect. It was about five in the morning when we set out, and continued hunting near six hours, when we pursued some game into a little wood. The shade, the silence which prevailed, the beautiful flowers that exhaled perfumes—all—all invited to repose. The marquis proposed it; I was extremely fatigued, and overcome with heat, yielded to the proposal; innocence is incapable of suspecting guilt. I was with a man of whom I entertained the highest opinion, and knew him to be a gentleman. Had I entertained a thought to his prejudice, I should have despised myself for it.” “This was really prejudice,” said Leonora, in return; “but I will not interrupt you,” and Sophia resumed her story.

“We sat down, when the marquis, pulling out a small flagon from his pocket he asked me if I would take a sup of liquor by way of refreshment. I consented—but had scarce swallowed the treacherous draught when I found a strange emotion throughout my whole frame. It appeared as if the voluptuous desires ran in my veins, and sleep soon succeeding, not before my eyes had, doubtless, betrayed my extraordinary sensations, the traitor, whom I so sincerely loved, availed himself of my situation, and I soon found myself, awaking from my lethargy, in a state I need not describe. All my efforts to disengage were in vain, I struggled till my powers were completely exhausted, and I swooned. He now triumphed, to the full extent of his brutality, over my credulity and my weakness, then left me whilst I was still insensible.

“When I recovered, finding in what an inhuman manner I had been treated, rage took place of love in my breast, and I resolved upon revenge for the injury I had received at the price of my ravisher’s life. Upon arriving at the castle, I found my father, who had returned from his visit sooner than he was expected. He asked me if I had

been hunting alone: to which I replied, 'the young marquis had been with me, and had returned home upon some particular business:' my father said no more upon the occasion.

"The marquis's place of abode was not above a league distant from ours, and almost daily some of his people passed our way. From one of these I learned, that the old marquis had purchased a regiment for his son, and that he was to set out in two days to join it.

"As I rode out almost every day, I could, without being suspected by my father, go in search of my betrayer. I took two pair of pistols and departed at day-break. I knew the road the marquis was to take, and I waited for him at some distance from his house, at the corner of a lane which he must necessarily pass.

"I was not posted here above a quarter of an hour before he made his appearance, followed by a servant. At his approach my fury raged with double force. I resolved to let the marquis pass and shoot the servant, that there might be only two opponents at once to combat. I fired upon and missed him; terrified he rode off full speed. His master, alarmed at the report, came up to me with a pistol in his hand. 'It was thee,' said I, 'that I wanted,' and, in uttering those words, rode up to him and jostled him. He fired, and the ball went close to my hand, but did not wound me; but more fortunately my ball took place and shot him through the head, and he fell, expiring under his horse. I now unmasked, and thus addressed him: 'Monster as thou art! thus art thou justly punished for thy perfidy.' He held out his trembling hand toward me, but expired without being able to utter a single syllable. As to me, I judged it prudent to quit the fatal spot with all speed.

"My father saw me return—death was depicted in my eyes. Astonished, he cried, 'What is the matter with thee? What has happened?' I was incapable of making any reply, but in a tremulous state, alighting from my horse, he assisted me to gain the hall. After I had somewhat recovered myself, I said in a faltering voice, 'Ah! my dear father, the deed is done—and I must tear myself from the only mortal I esteem on earth. Leave you I must, and that instantly. Order the horses to be put in the chaise, and in the mean while I will relate to you all that has happened.' He withdrew for a moment, and then returned.

I soon related to him all that had occurred between the marquis and myself. When I had finished my relation, he so highly approved of my conduct, that he folded me in his arms, and embraced me in the most tender manner, whilst his eyes streamed with an involuntary flood of tears. 'Go my daughter,' said he, 'fly from the severity of the laws—but, alas! what hast thou done?' 'My duty, Sir,' I replied. Here we were interrupted by a servant announcing the chaise being ready. I immediately set off, and travelling night and day, speedily arrived here.

"For several days my mind was totally engaged in recollecting what had passed; it appeared to me like a dream, and I still continued in a kind of reverie. But the delirium soon changed—my former flame, which I thought had been entirely extinguished, burst forth with more rage than ever. The bleeding image of the marquis incessantly pursued me, and I was miserable to the extreme.

"I said to my father one day, with a kind of enthusiasm, 'There he is—heaven justly punishes me! I am come to insult it even upon the very spot still smouldering with my guilt—I must expiate it, and by consecrating myself forever to God, only can I accomplish it.' My father consented with great reluctance, as I was his only child. By reiterated prayers, however I prevailed; and after a year had elapsed in great security, I took the vows. Since that time, all remorse of conscience has ceased—I pass my days in the utmost tranquillity, and, I may add, perfectly happy."

Here Sophia concluded her narrative. It was then late, and these amiable girls separated, after a promise of secrecy was given respecting all that had been related, and vows of the most perfect friendship were interchanged.

During this period, Mr. Williams's father being uneasy at not knowing whether his son had gone to rest, went up to his chamber, in order to satisfy himself. He had a *passe partout*, and, accordingly opened the door. "Heavens!" cried he, at finding him absent, "he is gone. Go," said he, to his son's trusty valet, "and save him from perdition." The latter accordingly set out to the fatal spot, with two companions and flambeaux. But Mr. Williams had been carried off before their arrival, and they only found Wildfire, who was still alive. At the glare of the flambeaux he raised his eye-lids, which had been closed by

the approach of death. He endeavoured to speak, but his tongue refused its office. He, however, made a strenuous effort to acknowledge that his temerity had been justly punished, and expired.

As this was all the intelligence these scouts could gain, they returned back and acquainted Mr. Williams with it. At first, finding they brought no tidings of his son, he concluded he was dead; but being informed that his antagonist was found expiring, it was concluded young Mr. Williams had taken flight to avoid the rigour of justice, and it was hoped some tidings would be gained of him in a short time.

Vain hope! he was devoted to the infernal fury of a jealous, disappointed female, who thought that the insult he had offered her, and the passion he entertained for her daughter, could be expiated only by the most cruel torments.

In fine, Mrs. Cleland had kept him closely confined for six months, in the dungeon we have already described. A man in disguise brought him daily sufficient nutriment to keep him alive. In doing this, the attendant preserved the strictest silence. Mr. Williams repeatedly asked him the situation of the place he was confined in, and by whose order he was there detained; but without effect. Prayers and promises were equally unavailing. His food, such as it was, he received through a wicket, and the porter instantly disappeared.

For several days after Mr. Williams's confinement, he refused taking any nourishment whatever, resolving to put a period to his wretched existence, by starving; but at length nature, and the remembrance of his lovely Leonora, prevailed over this resolution, and he yielded to the forcible solicitations of the keenest hunger.

Mrs. Cleland went frequently to see the victim of her vengeance. She attentively contemplated his person without being perceived by him. One day as she observed him seated on his bed-side in the greatest tranquillity, a composure that a great mind possesses, and that rises superior to misfortunes. "This is too much," said she to herself; "his life is in my hands; but will his destruction afford me complete revenge? No, it would rob me of more than half my intended vengeance. I will be revenged—but it shall be a sacrifice far more cruel than death itself—by an atonement proportioned to the injury I have received.

Of the four kidnappers she had employed to carry off

Mr. Williams, three had fallen victims to her fury: only one remained in her service. As an accomplice in all her crimes, she entertained no suspicion that he would betray her secret.

At day-break Mrs. Cleland sent for her official man, named Brown, the accomplice of her wicked machinations. "Brown," said she, "I have always found you strictly attached to my service, and devoted to my interest, get into the chaise, and I will explain the business I want to employ you in."

No sooner were they seated in the post-chaise, than she informed him, she was going to bring her daughter back from the convent, "and I will give her you in marriage; but we must compel her to give you her hand in the presence of her lover, that he may be a spectator of the ceremony. If she should refuse to yield to this mandate, the death of Williams, by driving her to despair, will gratify my revenge against them both. I will then replace Leonora in her convent, never to issue from it, and my hand, in lieu of her's, shall be your reward."

They embarked at Dover the next day, and reached the convent in a short time. As soon as she alighted she desired to see the lady abbess, and Mrs. Cleland being announced, the superior brought with her Leonora. She told the abbess she had come to take her daughter with her to see a relation in the army, who had lately arrived from abroad. At the same time directing Leonora to pack up some clothes she might want. Leonora soon returning, they took leave of the abbess, and, accompanied by Brown, set off the next morning for England, when she repaired to the prison where Mr. Williams was confined, who, at the sight of her, attempted to rush on her, but was seized and chained to a staple in the wall, and there left.

Mrs. Cleland soon returned, accompanied with Leonora, "There," said she, "contemplate the author of your misfortunes. Here I will keep him confined never to depart; and insist upon your giving your hand to Mr. Brown; he is the man I intend for your husband." "No, madam," said she, "I have pledged myself to Mr. Williams, and I will never break my vows. A perpetual imprisonment would be less shocking than the monstrous alliance you propose to me." "This would be too gentle a sentence, therefore his life shall be terminated in your presence." "What a monster!" cried Leonora, and immediately

swooned. Leonora having recovered, "No," said Brown, "such complicated villany never entered my heart. Mrs. Cleland's conduct would shock the greatest villain on earth. Fear nothing, Miss; and you, Sir, I hope, will think me worthy of your pity and your friendship, when you find in what manner I am going to act towards you. Having been instrumental in your captivity, it behoves me to break your chains. Those who were my accomplices in kidnapping you, have been rewarded with death for their services." Saying this, he set Williams free, who immediately flew to Leonora, and embraced her most tenderly.

"You have not a moment now to lose," exclaimed Brown; "fly while the path is clear." Williams, accompanied by Leonora, readily followed his advice, and in a few hours after they were united in marriage. It is impossible to describe the rage and disappointment of Mrs. Cleland, at her return to the dungeon, to find only Brown there. In the first violence of her passion, she accused Brown of treachery and cowardice, but as her passion subsided, the recollection how much she was in the power of Williams, induced her to seek a compromise, and Brown, having voluntarily undertook to be the bearer of her message to the new married couple, in a few days she was visited by her daughter and son-in-law, and consented to approve of their union.



LIEUTENANT SPEARING.

ON Wednesday, September 13th, 1769, between three and four o'clock in the afternoon, I went into a little wood, called Northwoodside (situate between two or three miles to the N. W. of Glasgow), with a design to gather a few hazel-nuts. I think that I could not have been in the wood more than a quarter of an hour, nor have gathered more than ten nuts, before I unfortunately fell into an old coal-pit, exactly seventeen yards deep, which had been made through a solid rock. I was some little time insensible. Upon recovering my recollection, I found myself sitting (nearly as a tailor does at his work), the blood flowing pretty fast from my mouth; and I thought that I had broken a blood vessel and consequently had not long to live; but, to my great comfort, I soon discovered that the blood proceeded from a wound in my tongue, which I suppose I had bitten in my fall. Looking at my watch, it was ten minutes past four, and getting up, I surveyed my limbs, and to my inexpressible joy, found that not one was broken. I was soon reconciled to my situation, having thought from my childhood that something very extraordinary was to happen to me in my life; and I had not the least doubt of being relieved in the morning; for the wood being but small and situated near a populous city, it is much frequented, especially in the nutting season, and there are several foot-paths leading through it.

Night now approached, when it began to rain, not in gentle showers, but in torrents of water, such as is generally experienced at the autumnal equinox. The pit I had fallen into was about five feet in diameter; but, not having been worked for several years, the subterranean passages were choaked up, so that I was exposed to the rain, which continued, with very small intermission, till the day of my release; and, indeed, in a very short time, I was completely wet through. In this comfortless condition I endeavoured to take some repose. A forked stick that I had found in the pit, and which I placed diagonally to the side of it,

served alternately to support my head as a pillow, or my body occasionally, which was much bruised; but in the whole time I remained here, I do not think that I ever slept one hour together. Having passed a very disagreeable and tedious night, I was somewhat cheered with the appearance of day-light, and the melody of a robin red-breast that had perched directly over the mouth of the pit; and this pretty little warbler continued to visit my quarters every morning during my confinement; which I construed into a happy omen of my future deliverance; and I sincerely believe the trust I had in Providence, and the company of this little bird, contributed much to that serenity of mind I constantly enjoyed to the last. At the distance of about a hundred yards in a direct line from the pit, there was a water-mill. The miller's house was nearer to me, and the road to the mill was still nearer. I could frequently hear the horses going this road to and from the mill; frequently I heard human voices; and I could distinctly hear the ducks and hens about the mill. I made the best use of my voice on every occasion; but to no purpose; for the wind, which was constantly high, blew in a direct line from the mill to the pit, which easily accounted for what I heard; and, at the same time, my voice was carried the contrary way. I cannot say I suffered much from hunger. After two or three days that appetite ceased; but my thirst was intolerable; and, though it almost constantly rained, yet I could not till the third or fourth day preserve a drop of it, as the earth at the bottom of the pit sucked it up as fast as it ran down. In this distress I sucked my clothes; but from them I could extract but little moisture.

The shock I received in the fall, together with the dislocation of one of my ribs, kept me, I imagine, in a continual fever; I cannot otherwise account for my suffering so much more from thirst than I did from hunger. At last I discovered the thigh-bone of a bull (which I afterwards heard had fallen into the pit about eighteen years before me) almost covered with the earth. I dug it up, and the large end of it left a cavity that, I suppose, might contain a quart. This the water gradually drained into, but so very slowly that it was a considerable time before I could get a nut-shell full at a time; which I emptied into the palm of my hand, and so drank it. The water now began to increase pretty fast, so that I was glad to enlarge my reservoir, insomuch that on the

fourth or fifth day I had a sufficient supply; and this water was certainly the preservation of my life.

At the bottom of the pit there were great quantities of reptiles, such as frogs, toads, large black snails, or slugs, &c. These noxious creatures would frequently crawl about me, and often got into my reservoir: nevertheless I thought it the sweetest water I had ever tasted; and at this distance of time the remembrance of it is so sweet, that, were it now possible to obtain any of it, I am sure I could swallow it with avidity. I have frequently taken both frogs and toads out of my neck, where I suppose they took shelter while I slept. The toads I always destroyed, but the frogs I carefully preserved, as I did not know but I might be under the necessity of eating them, which I should not have scrupled to have done had I been very hungry.

Saturday, the 16th, there fell but little rain, and I had the satisfaction to hear the voices of some boys in the wood. Immediately I called out with all my might, but it was all in vain, though I afterwards learned that they actually heard me; but, being prepossessed with an idle story of a wild man being in the wood, they ran away affrighted.

Sunday, the 17th, was my birth-day, when I completed my forty-first year; and I think it was the next day some of my acquaintance, having accidentally heard I had gone the way I did, sent two or three porters out purposely to search the pits for me. These men went to the miller's house, and made enquiry for me; but, on account of the very great rain at the time, they never entered the wood, but cruelly returned to their employers, telling them they had searched the pit, and that I was not to be found. Many people in my dismal situation would, no doubt, have died with despair; but, I thank God, I enjoyed a perfect serenity of mind; so much so, that on the Tuesday afternoon, and when I had been six nights in the pit, I very composedly (by way of amusement) combed my wig on my knee, and hummed a tune.

At length the morning, September 20, the happy morning for my deliverance came; a day that, while my memory lasts, I will always celebrate with gratitude to Heaven! Through the brambles and bushes that covered the mouth of the pit, I could discover the sun shining bright, and my pretty warbler was chaunting his melodious strains, when

my attention was roused by a confused noise of human voices, which seemed to be approaching fast towards the pit; I immediately called out, and most agreeably surprised several of my acquaintance, who were in search of me. Many of them are still living in Glassgow; and it is not long since I had the very great satisfaction of entertaining one of them at my apartments. They told me that they had not the most distant hope of finding me alive; but wished to give my body a decent burial, should they be so fortunate as to find it. As soon as they heard my voice, they all ran towards the pit, and I could distinguish a well-known voice exclaim, "Good God! he is still living!" Another of them, though a very honest North Briton, betwixt his surprise and joy, could not help asking me, in the Hibernian style, if I were still alive? I told him I was, and hearty too; and then gave them particular directions how to proceed in getting me out. Fortunately, at that juncture a collier, from a working pit in the neighbourhood, was passing along the road, and from hearing an unusual noise in the wood, his curiosity prompted him to learn the occasion. By his assistance, and a rope from the mill, I was soon safely landed on *terra firma*. The miller's wife had very kindly brought some milk warm from the cow; but, on my coming into the fresh air, I grew rather faint, and could not taste it. Need I be ashamed to acknowledge, that the first dictates of my heart prompted me to fall on my knees, and ejaculate a silent thanksgiving to the God of my deliverance; since, at this distant time, I never think of it but the tear of gratitude starts from my eye.

Every morning while I was in the pit, I tied a knot in the corner of my handkerchief, supposing that, if I died there, and my body should be afterwards found, the number of knots would certify how many days I had lived. Almost the first question my friends asked me was, how long I had been in the pit? I immediately drew my handkerchief from my pocket, and bade them count the knots. They found seven, the exact number of nights I had been there. We now hastened out of the wood, I could walk without support; but that was not allowed, each person present striving to show me how much they were rejoiced that they had found me alive and so well. They led me to the miller's house, where a great number of people were collected to see me. A gentleman, who had a country-

house just by, very kindly, at my request, sent for a glass of white wine. I ordered a piece of bread to be toasted, which I soaked in the wine and eat. I now desired the miller's wife to make me up a bed, fondly thinking that nothing more was wanting than a little refreshing sleep to terminate my misfortune. But, alas! I was still to undergo greater sufferings than I had yet endured. By the almost continual rains, together with the cold damp arising from the ground on which I lay, and not being able to take the least exercise to keep up a proper circulation of the blood, my legs were much swelled and benumbed. Some of my friends observing this, proposed to send to Glasgow for medical advice. I at first declined it, and happy had it been for me had I pursued my own inclinations; but unfortunately for me a physician and surgeon were employed, both of them ignorant of what ought to have been done. Instead of ordering my legs into cold water, or rubbing them with a coarse towel, to bring on a gradual circulation they applied hot bricks and large poultices to my feet. This, by expanding the blood-vessels too suddenly, put me to much greater torture than I ever endured in my life, and not only prevented me from enjoying that refreshing sleep I so much wanted, but actually produced a mortification in both my feet. I do not mean, by relating this circumstance, to reflect on the faculty in general at Glasgow; for I was afterwards attended by gentlemen who are an honour to the profession. The same method was pursued for several days, without even giving me bark, till I mentioned it myself. This happily stopped the progress of the mortification, which the doctors did not know had taken place, till the miller's wife shewed them a black spot, about as broad as a shilling, at the bottom of my left heel. In a day or two more the whole skin, together with all the nails of my left foot, and three from my right, came off like the fingers of a glove.

Opposite the river on which the mill stood, there was a bleach-field. It is customary for the watchman in the night to blow a horn to frighten the thieves. This I frequently heard when I was in the pit; and very often when I was in a sound sleep at the miller's, I have been awakened by it in the greatest horrors, still thinking myself in the pit; so that, in fact, I suffered as much by imagination as from reality.

I continued six weeks at the miller's, when the roads

became too bad for the doctors to visit me, so that I was under the necessity of being carried in a sedan chair to my lodgings in Glasgow. By this time my right foot was quite well; but in my left, where the above-mentioned black spot appeared, there was a large wound, and it too plainly proved that the *os calcis* was nearly all decayed; for the surgeon put his probe through the centre of it. The flesh too at the bottom of my foot was quite separated from the bones and tendons, so that I was forced to submit to have it cut off. In this painful state I lay several months, reduced to a mere skeleton, taking thirty drops of laudanum every night; and though it somewhat eased the pain in my foot, it was generally three or four in the morning before I got any rest. My situation now became truly alarming: I had a consultation of surgeons, who advised me to wait with patience for an exfoliation, when they had not the least doubt but they should soon cure my foot. At the same time they frankly acknowledged that it was impossible to ascertain the precise time when that would happen, as it might be six or even twelve months before it came to pass. In my emaciated condition I was certain that it was not possible for me to hold out half that time; and knowing that I must be a very great cripple with the loss of my heel-bone, I came to a determined resolution to have my leg taken off, and appointed the very next day for the operation; but no surgeon came near me. I sincerely believe they wished to perform a cure; but being, as I thought, the best judge of my own feelings, I was resolved this time to be guided by my own opinion; accordingly, on the 2d of May, 1770, my leg was taken off a little below the knee. Yet, notwithstanding I had so long endured the rod of affliction, misfortunes still followed me. About three hours after the amputation had been performed, and when I was quiet in bed, I found myself nearly fainting with the loss of blood; the ligatures had all given way, and the arteries had bled a considerable time before it was discovered. By this time the wound was inflamed; nevertheless I was under the necessity of once more submitting to the operation of the needle, and the principal artery was sewed up four different times before the blood was stopped. I suffered much for two or three days, not daring to take a wink of sleep; for, the moment I shut my eyes, my stump (though constantly held by the nerve) would take such convulsive motions, that I really think a stab to the heart

could not be attended with greater pain. My blood too was become so poor and thin, that it absolutely drained through the wound near a fortnight after my leg was cut off. I lay for eighteen days and nights in one position, not daring to move, lest the ligature should again give way; but I could endure it no longer, and ventured to turn myself in bed, contrary to the advice of my surgeon, which I happily effected, and never felt greater pleasure in my life. Six weeks after the amputation, I went out in a sedan chair for the benefit of the air, being exactly nine months from the day I fell into the pit. Soon after I took lodgings in the country, where getting plenty of warm new milk, my appetite and strength increased daily; and to this day, I bless God, I do enjoy perfect health; and I have since been the happy father of nine children.

DAMON AND PYTHIAS.

WHEN Damon was sentenced, by Dionysius of Syracuse, to die on a certain day, he prayed permission, in the interim, to retire to his own country, to set the affairs of his disconsolate family in order. This the tyrant intended most peremptorily to refuse, by granting it, as he conceived, on the impossible condition of his procuring some one to remain as hostage for his return, under equal forfeiture of life. Pythias heard the condition, and did not wait for an application on the part of Damon; he instantly offered himself to durance in the place of his friend, and Damon was accordingly set at liberty.

The king and all his courtiers were astonished at this action, as they could not account for it on any allowed principles. Self-interest, in their judgment, was the sole mover of human affairs; and they looked on virtue, friendship, benevolence, love of country, and the like, as terms invented by the wise to impose upon the weak. They therefore imputed this act of Pythias to the extravagance of his folly, to the defect of head merely, and no way to any virtue or good quality of heart.

When the day of the destined execution drew near, the tyrant had the curiosity to visit Pythias in his dungeon.

Having reproached him for the romantic stupidity of his conduct, and rallied him some time on his madness in presuming that Damon, by his return, would prove as great a fool as himself. "My Lord," said Pythias, with a firm voice and noble aspect, "I would it were possible that I might suffer a thousand deaths, rather than my friend should fail in any article of his honour. He cannot fail therein, my Lord. I am as confident of his virtue, as I am of my own existence. But, I pray, I beseech the gods, to preserve the life and integrity of my Damon together.— Oppose him, ye winds! prevent the eagerness and impatience of his honourable endeavours! and suffer him not to arrive, till, by my death, I have redeemed a life a thousand times of more consequence, more estimation, than my own; more estimable to his lovely wife, to his precious little innocents, to his friends, to his country! O leave me not to die the worst of deaths in my Damon!"

Dionysius was confounded and awed by the dignity of these sentiments, and by the manner (still more affecting) in which they were uttered; he felt his heart struck by a slight sense of invading truth, but it served rather to perplex than to undeceive him. He hesitated; he would have spoken, but he looked down and retired in silence.

The fatal day arrived. Pythias was brought forth, and walked, amidst the guard, with a serious but satisfied air, to the place of execution.

Dionysius was already there. He was exalted on a moving throne that was drawn by six white horses, and sat pensive and attentive to the demeanor of the prisoner.

Pythias came. He vaulted lightly on the scaffold; and beholding for some time the apparatus of his death, he turned, with a pleased countenance, and addressed the assembly:—

"My prayers are heard," he cried, "the gods are propitious! You know, my friends, that the winds have been contrary till yesterday: Damon could not come, could not conquer impossibilities: he will be here to-morrow, and the blood which is shed to-day shall have ransomed the life of my friend. O could I erase from your bosoms every doubt, every mean suspicion of the honour of the man for whom I am about to suffer, I should go to my death even as I would to my bridal! Be it sufficient, in the meantime, that my friend will be found noble, that his truth is unimpeachable, that he will speedily approve it, that he

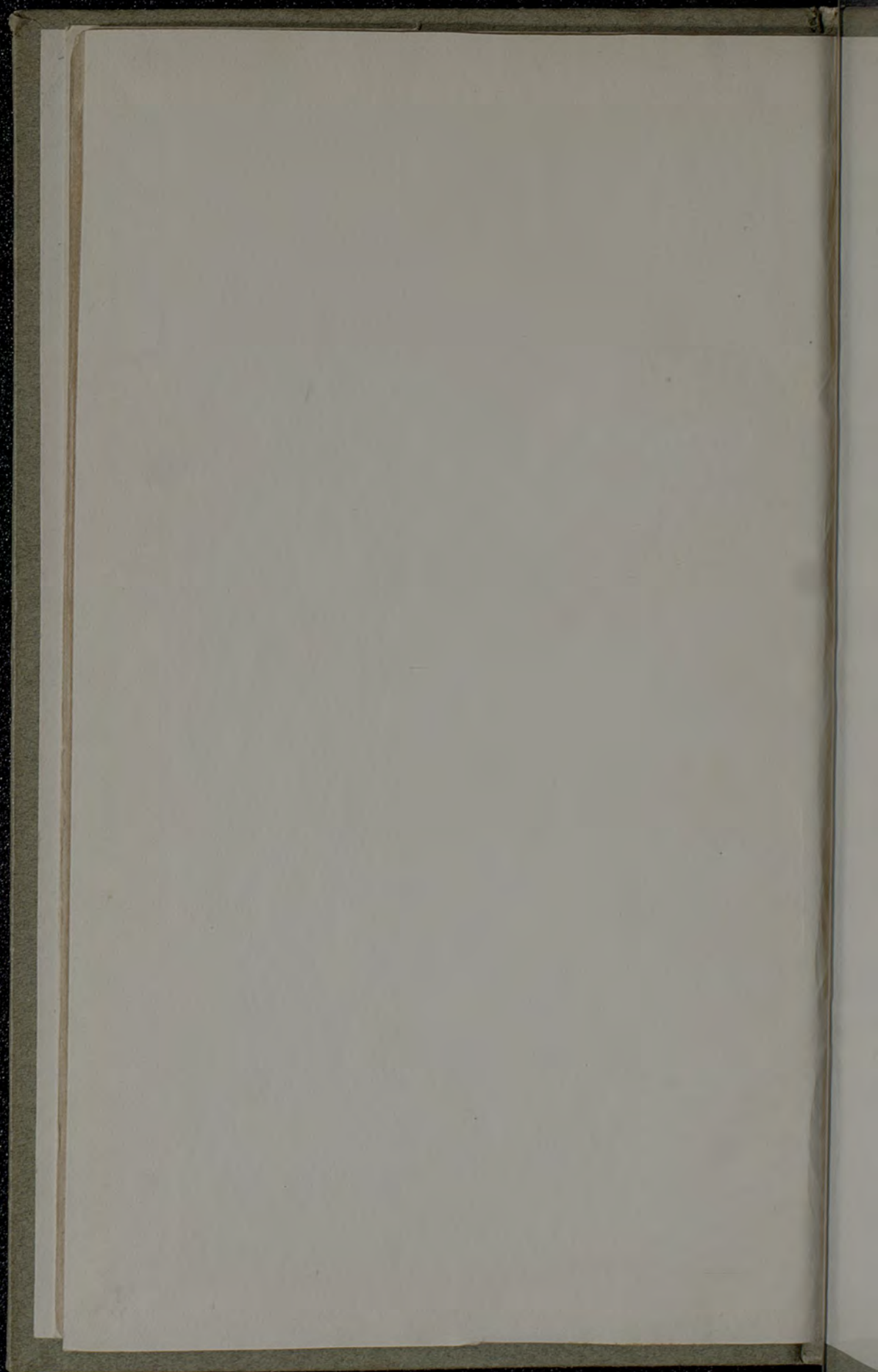
place, if, at the expiration of the time limited, he should succeed in his undertaking.

Animated by the tenderest regard, and by a high sense of the happiness he hoped to enjoy, he went immediately into Flanders, engaged himself to a white twig basket-maker, and applied every power of ingenuity and industry to become skilled in the business. He soon obtained a complete knowledge of the art; and before the expiration of the time proposed, returned, and brought with him, as specimens of his skill, several baskets adapted to fruit, flowers, and needle-work. These were presented to the young lady, and universally admired for the delicacy and perfection of the workmanship. Nothing now remained to prevent the accomplishment of the noble youth's wishes; and the marriage was solemnized to the satisfaction of all parties.

The young couple lived several years in affluence; and seemed, by their virtues and moderation, to have secured the favours of Fortune. But the ravages of war at length extended themselves to the Palatinate. Both the families were driven from the country, and their estates forfeited. And now opens a most interesting scene. The young nobleman commenced his trade of basket-making; and, by his superior skill in the art, soon commanded extensive business. For many years, he liberally supported, not only his own family, but also that of the good old nobleman, his father-in-law; and enjoyed the high satisfaction of contributing, by his own industry, to the happiness of connexions doubly endeared to him by their misfortunes, and who otherwise would have sunk into the miseries of neglect and indigence, sharpened by the remembrance of better days.

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