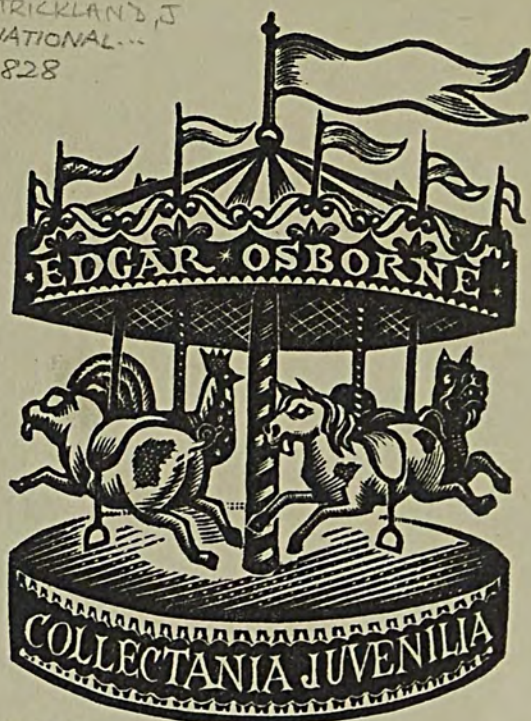


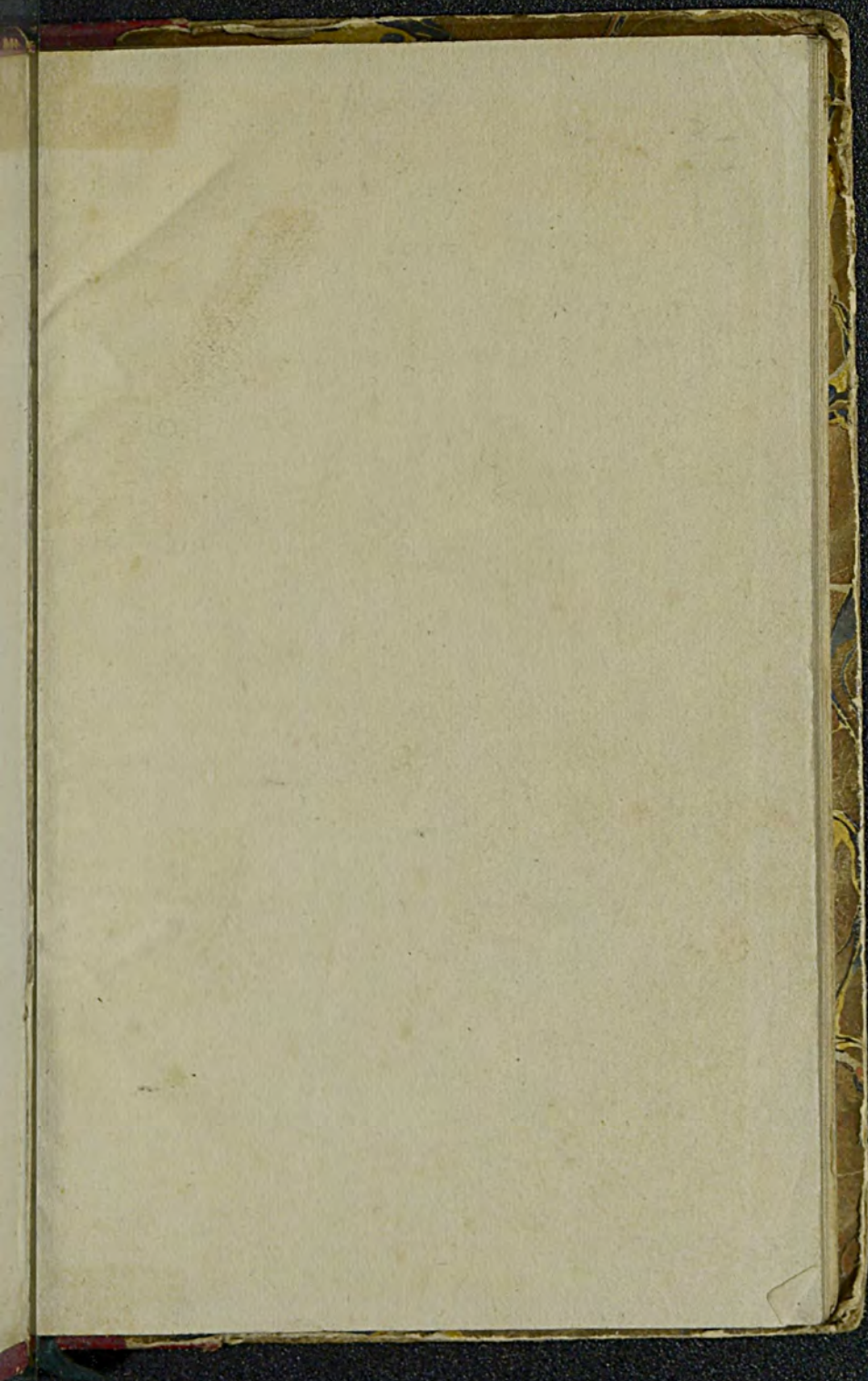


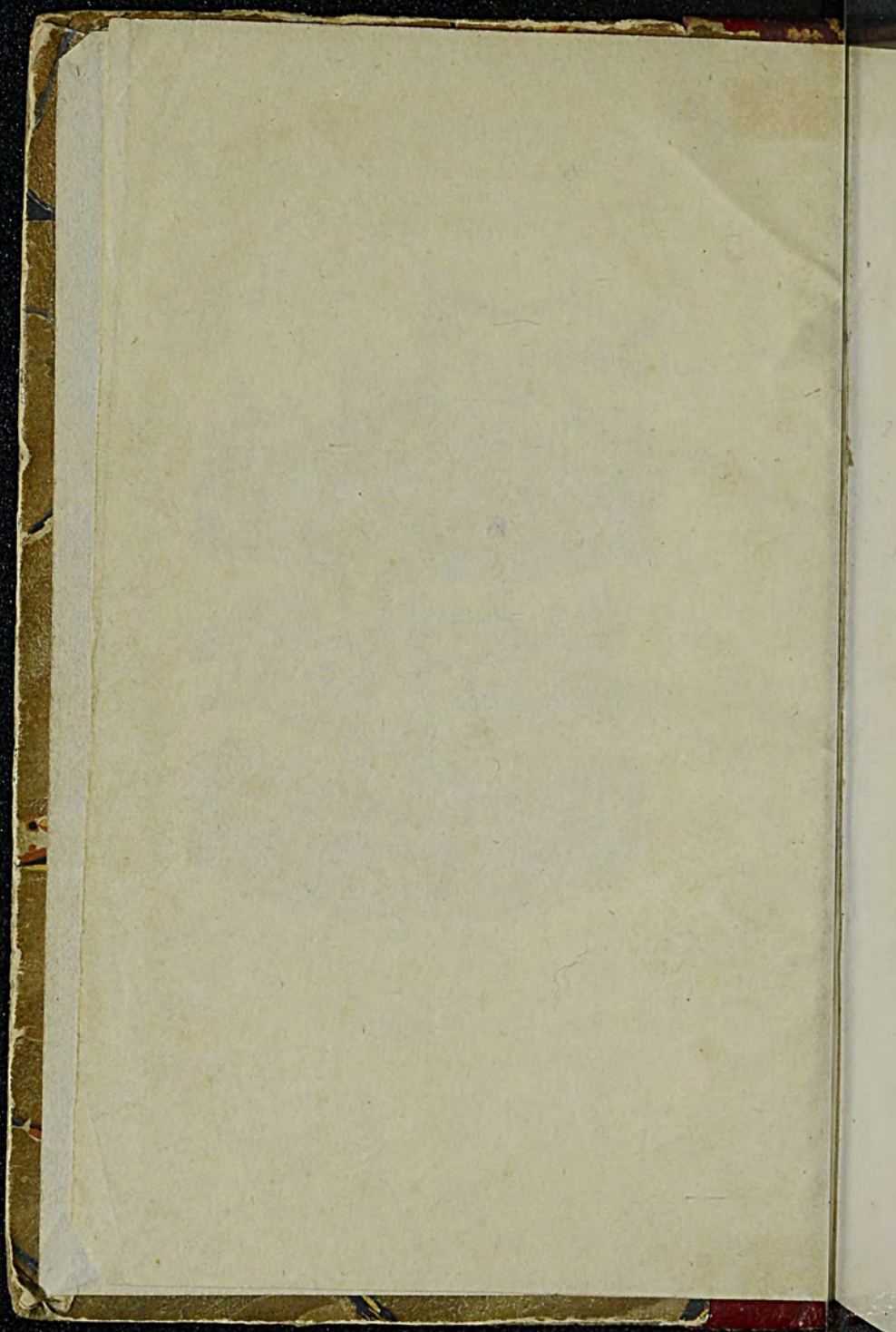
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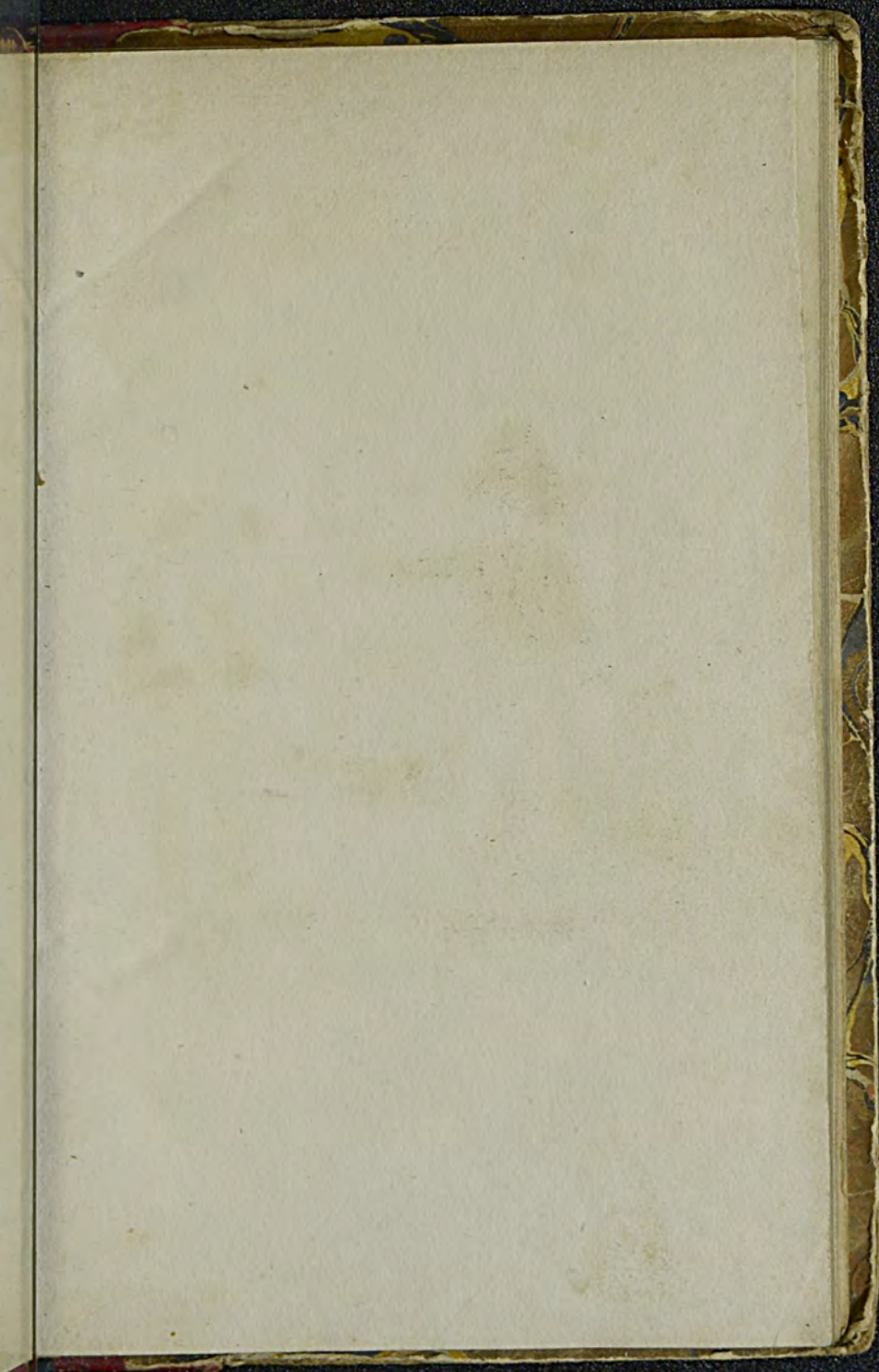


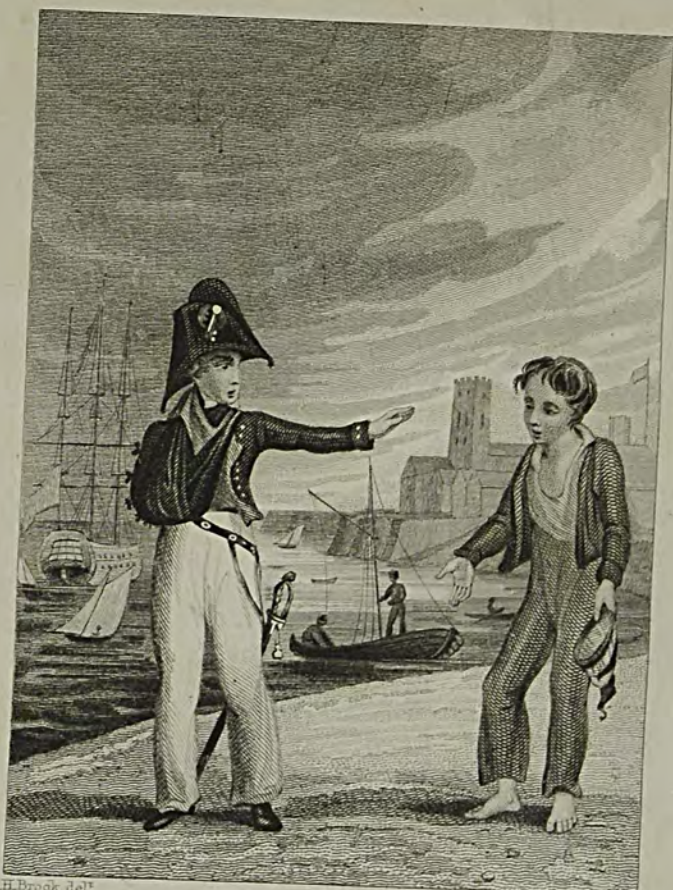
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BEGONE, YOU FRENCH DOG! I HATE YOUR
COUNTRY TOO MUCH TO AFFORD YOU ANY
RELIEF.

Page 21.

Published by Dean & Munday, Threadneedle Street, Oct^r 1828.

NATIONAL PREJUDICE;

OR, THE

**FRENCH PRISONER
OF WAR.**

BY JANE STRICKLAND,

AUTHOR OF THE MOOR AND PORTUGUESE, EARLY LESSONS,
&c. &c.



LONDON:

PUBLISHED BY

DEAN AND MUNDAY, THREADNEEDLE STREET,

1828.

NATIONAL PREJUDICE

OF THE

FRENCH PRISONERS

OF WAR

BY JAMES BRICKLAND,

AUTHOR OF THE HISTORY OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION, &c.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY

DEAN AND MUNDAY, THREE, Threadneedle-street.

1793.

INTRODUCTION.

THERE is no prejudice more unjust than that which often prevails in our own country against foreigners; and it is a matter of regret to the benevolent mind, that such an illiberal feeling should exist in an enlightened land like England.

During the late long war with France, foreigners of every descrip-

tion were disdainfully regarded, under the general name of Frenchmen. Even the flowing robe, and ample turban, of the Turkish spice-dealer, did not save him from this designation, nor protect him from the insults of a rude and ignorant populace.

Some, perhaps, will say, that "it is impossible to control the prejudices of the lower classes." But is this feeling confined to the lower classes of society? Truth obliges us to declare that it is not; and, doubtless, many of my readers, as well

as myself, have heard the homeless Italian's pathetic solicitations for charity answered by the words, "*Non mi ricordo,*" (I do not remember); whilst the astonished applicant was ignorant of the reproach these words were meant to convey, or of the party spirit by which they were dictated, till their constant repetition, and his increasing knowledge of our language, unfolded the mystery, and necessarily imparted to him but a contemptible idea of British charity, and British manners.

However, some of the inhabitants themselves of the United Kingdom come in for their share of popular prejudice. We are, proverbially, warned “to put no trust in a North Briton, especially with regard to money matters;” and we are likewise told “to beware of the Irishman, because he will betray first, and triumph over us afterwards.”

What unjust and unfounded assertions are these!—what weak and wicked prejudices! Are crimes, like these, the growth of any peculiar climate? Is not man, universally,

prone to err, from his youth upwards? and has not God said, that “the thoughts of his heart are set on evil continually?”

As national prejudices are generally imbibed in early youth, before reason obtains its proper influence on the mind, (although they are frequently matured, rather than dispelled, by riper years,) the following tale is expressly intended to point out to young people, what mischievous effects sometimes spring from the indulgence of such improper feelings towards foreigners;

and what are the advantages of overcoming their prejudices, both for their own benefit, and that of their fellow-creatures.

NATIONAL PREJUDICE;

OR, THE

FRENCH PRISONER OF WAR.

CHAP. I.

“But there are breasts that bleed with thee
In woe, that glory cannot quell,
Who shuddering hear of victory,
Where one so dear, so dauntless, fell.”

PERHAPS nothing gratifies the honest pride of a Briton more than a naval victory; for it is to her encircling waves that Britain owes her extended commerce, her high rank

among the nations, and her security from foreign invasion: hence she justly considers her brave tars as the noblest bulwarks of her liberty.

The bells of Portsmouth rang merrily, the colours were flying in every direction, and the town had poured forth its thousands, to welcome home the Invincible, and her victorious crew; and to behold the fine French frigate she had lately captured.

Yet some individuals among these happy groups sighed, and thought that even victory had been bought too dearly; for the sad intelligence had just reached them, that Captain Percy, the gallant commander of the Invincible, had fallen in the moment of victory.

The sight of the new-made widow, who, unconscious of the loss she had sustained, now appeared on the beach, leaning on the arm of a veteran officer, seemed to damp the general exultation of the assembled multitude. They felt that their joy had been purchased by her tears; and their huzzas sunk into silence, and every head was uncovered, as, with feelings of deep respect and commiseration, they made way for her to pass.

Mrs. Percy was evidently gratified by the attention she received, and, with a smile on her lip, and tears in her eyes, she stood anxiously watching the progress of a boat which was rapidly approaching the shore. It neared, and the fond wife

and mother cast an agitated look among the crew, in search of her husband and son. With maternal joy she saw, and recognized her gallant boy, and waved her handkerchief, to greet his safe return; but young Harry Percy gave no answering signal.

A sudden chill crept through the veins of Mrs. Percy, from the apprehension that her noble husband was either dead, or dying; and she clung, in speechless agitation, to the arm of the veteran for support.

In another moment the stripling midshipman was at her side; but his countenance was pale and dejected, and bore the marks of recent tears. The fatal truth now flashed on the unhappy lady's mind; when

summoning all her fortitude to her aid, she exclaimed, "Harry, tell me all—I can bear the worst: but this suspense is torture!"

Harry turned away, and wept; and then sobbed out the heart-rending intelligence, that "his brave father had fallen in the very moment of victory."

Mrs. Percy tried to say, "O Lord, thy will be done!" and then sunk into her son's arms, in a state of insensibility.

When Mrs. Percy recovered her senses, she found herself in the privacy of her own apartment, while her dutiful son was watching by her side, with the fondest solicitude; then she perceived, for the first time, that his right arm hung powerless

by his side, and that his uniform was stained in many places with blood. Yet even in this bitter moment her grateful heart was lifted up, in pious thankfulness to heaven, that her son was still spared to her. She now wept upon his neck, and mingled her tears with those that flowed from his eyes.

At length the mother and son became more composed; and Mrs. Percy could ask, and Harry Percy could tell, the particulars of the fight, and the glorious fall of the hero they both so passionately lamented.

The widow listened to the sad recital with deep emotion; but her grief now assumed a milder character. She felt that her husband

had nobly perished in the performance of his duty ; she knew that he had lived like a Christian, and died like a hero ; and she confidently looked forward to a blessed re-union with him in a better world, where nothing could ever again divide them from each other.

Far different feelings agitated the heart of her son : he did not seek for consolation from above. While his mother's tearful eye was raised to heaven—while her fervent prayer was ascending to the throne of mercy, in pious resignation to the will of God—he stood looking down on his sword, secretly vowing eternal hatred to the French nation. In vain reason told him that it was the chance of war ; and that that victo-

rious day had made many a Frenchwoman a widowed mourner—many a child, fatherless. No: the deep-rooted prejudice he bore to the very name of Frenchman, stifled the voice of reason, and forbade its pleadings to be heard.

This absurd aversion originated in the better feelings of the heart, although turned aside by the headlong, rash spirit of early youth. Harry Percy had espoused the cause of the Royal Family of France, with all the enthusiasm of which his warm and ardent nature was capable; and from the moment they became the victims of popular fury, he detested the very name of a Republican, for such he erroneously considered every Frenchman to be.

These weak prejudices might, possibly, have yielded to time, and natural benevolence, if the untimely fate of a young and gallant relative, for whom he cherished more than a brother's love, and who died in consequence of the hardships he endured in a French prison, had not revived it in all its former force. Indeed, from the very moment he received the intelligence of his Edward's sufferings and death, he panted for an opportunity to revenge them.

Captain Percy, who was not only a brave and able commander, but possessed also a liberal and enlightened mind, saw with pain this unamiable feeling daily gaining strength in his son's mind, and

strove, though in vain, to eradicate this prejudice from the breast of his wayward boy; for young Percy thirsted to dip his yet maiden sword in Gallic blood, and wished the Invincible might come into action the first cruise she made after coming out of dock.

This wish was now amply granted; he witnessed all the terrors of a sea fight—felt all its dreadful excitement; he saw the decks strewn with the dead and dying, and beheld his father fall, as he was heading the boarding party, in the very moment of victory. Deeply did he now lament the fulfilment of his desires, since such had been their sad consummation.

The wounds young Percy had re-

ceived, during the late action, promised to detain him on shore during the greater part of the winter; and indeed it was some weeks before he could leave his apartment, the consequence of his own rashness, in quitting the *Invincible*, to carry the sad intelligence of his father's fall to his beloved mother, contrary to the advice and entreaties of the surgeon who attended him. This confinement was very irksome to the impatient Percy; and at length he extorted from his medical attendant a reluctant permission to take the air.

It was a fine, clear, frosty morning, in the beginning of December, when every object glittered in the bright and cheering rays of the sun,

as the invalid commenced his walk, with a step enfeebled by pain and long confinement to his chamber. The pure bracing sea-breeze, and the warm sunshine, seemed, however, to revive him, and he felt so much better, that he was half inclined to join his ship, which then lay at anchor off the town.

The sight of the Invincible insensibly recalled the memory of his gallant father; and, with the recollection of that sad event, all his bitter animosity against the French revived. "Oh! that I could revenge his fall, and that of my dear Edward," thought he, "on these odious Republicans!"

At this moment his reverie was interrupted by a youth, apparently

of his own age, who accosted him in very broken English, and implored him, "*Pour l'amour de Dieu*, (for the love of God,) to take pity on a poor prisoner of war, and to bestow a trifle on him for his sick brother."

It was an inauspicious moment; and Percy, in a rough voice, replied, "Begone, you French dog! I hate your country too much to afford you any relief." This he had the cruelty to say in the poor fellow's own language, which he spoke with fluency and ease.

The French prisoner raised his fine dark eyes to heaven, with a look of appeal that softened Percy's anger; who, checking his steps, and pulling out his purse, took out half-a-crown, and offering it to the

supplicant, said, in a milder tone, "Here is a trifle for you; for though I detest your country, and wish the very name of it forgotten, yet you appear to be in great distress."

The poor youth looked earnestly at the piece of silver, but the ungenerous words that accompanied the proffer crimsoned his pale cheek; and he replied, with some indignation, "Yes, I am distressed; but I cannot accept relief from one who reviles my country. No: I could perish first!" And, without speaking another word, left young Percy, who remained for some moments on the same spot, covered with shame and confusion. Indeed, he still seemed to behold that reproachful look, to hear that plaintive voice.

The pleasure of the walk was now gone; for, at sixteen, the heart is seldom hard, the conscience is rarely callous: and Percy returned home, discontented and out of humour with himself, angry with the French prisoner, and in a frame of mind ready to be displeased with every thing, and every body.

“You are ill, my Harry,” said his fond mother, anxiously regarding the invalid, as he threw himself into a chair, “the walk has been too much for you. I feared it would be so; but you were obstinately bent on having your own way.”

“No: I am well enough,” he replied, in a pettish tone; “but I wish I was on board ship again.”

“Do you wish then to leave me,

Harry?" asked his mother, regarding him with an anxious look.

Percy, repenting of his rude and ungracious answer, said, "No, my dear mother, I do not wish to leave you, but something has happened to vex me;" and then, with some little hesitation, he related his adventure with the French prisoner.

Mrs. Percy was very grieved, to find that prejudice should have induced her son to treat with unkindness a distressed fellow-creature.—
"Alas!" sighed she, "you may be taken prisoner yourself, my son, and be reduced to beg your bread in a foreign land."

"Never! while the Invincible has a mast standing, or a man left to work her guns," replied Percy,

eagerly interrupting her: "and I should think that you, dear mother, ought to enter into all my feelings;" and, as he spoke, he looked down on his wounded arm, and then glanced at the black crape he wore on the other, as mourning for his father.

Mrs. Percy understood his meaning perfectly well, and, as tears filled her eyes, said, "Your brave father died in the performance of his duty; and those who slew him, followed the dictates of theirs, likewise. I wish them no ill. Are we not, my son, commanded by God himself to love our enemies, and to return good for evil?"

Percy, knowing that this was unanswerable authority, made no

reply to his mother's meek rebuke ; but complaining that his arm pained him, he turned the conversation to another topic, when the entrance of his new commander entirely obliterated the incident of the morning walk from his mind.

CHAP. II.

—————“Being once chafed, he cannot
Be reined again to temperance; then he speaks
What’s in his heart.”

“My rage is gone, and I am struck with sorrow.”

—————

PERCY’S health now so far daily improved, that he was able to walk abroad without the least fear of a relapse; and, in the course of his morning promenades, he frequently encountered the French prisoner, who, he fancied, regarded him with an air of defiance.

Now it sometimes happens, that the offending party imagine that they are offended, when the fault is on their own side. Percy thought

that Philippe Armande looked at him in an offensive manner, while the unhappy youth would never have even noticed his presence, if the fierce glance of the young officer had not caught his attention in passing by.

The young midshipman was indeed misled by his own prejudices, and did not confine his dislike to looks alone; but frequently muttered some unkind reflection on the French nation, in the hearing of the high-spirited Philippe. Sometimes the natural generosity of Percy's heart reproached him, and he resolved to let the French prisoner pass without any further molestation. It is, however, very difficult to overcome a bad habit when once acquired; and

though he formed this resolution, we are sorry to say, he did not always adhere to it.

Philippe Armande was now frequently to be seen in the streets, with a basket of elegant toys on his arm; for he was an adept in manufacturing those delicate pieces of fancy work, in which his countrymen surpass the natives of all other nations; and for these he appeared to have a brisk sale, as he seldom returned to the prison with any part of his morning's freight. At this juncture, an unforeseen event had nearly ruined his little trade for ever.

One day, happening to be caught in a shower of rain, and being anxious to preserve his toys from the ill

effects of a wetting, he made the best of his way towards a pastry-cook's shop, when, in his haste, he ran against Harry Percy, and struck his wounded arm with the corner of his basket. Natural politeness and benevolence readily prompted him to make an ample apology for the accidental injury he had done the young officer; who, not waiting to listen to the extenuation and conciliation that Philippe was about to offer, darted forward, and struck him so violently with his left hand, that his basket and all its contents were rolled into the kennel.

The pale cheek of Philippe Armande grew crimson; his soft, dark eyes glittered with rage; his whole frame trembled with indig-

nation; and he was about to raise his arm in the act to strike Percy, when suddenly checking himself, he caught up his basket, and was instantly engaged in collecting its unlucky contents together.

“So you dare to threaten and insult me, you cowardly king-killing Republican,” exclaimed the young midshipman; “because you think that the wounds I have received in my country’s service, will prevent my punishing your insolence as it deserves.”

“Such base motives might influence my conduct, if I were ungenerous and unjust, like you,” replied Philippe Armande, in a tone of bitter reproach; “but I scorn to take advantage of your present

helpless and disabled state." He then crossed the street without casting another look at his adversary.

That adversary, whose angry passions had been suddenly too much excited by pain, to consider at the moment how unjustly and ungenerously he had acted, felt inexpressibly humbled and mortified by the forbearance Philippe Armande had manifested towards him; and which, instead of raising his admiration, only served to heighten his resentment. Yet, if the young officer could have followed Philippe Armande to his home, and that home a prison,—if he could have seen him weeping on his pale sick brother's neck, lamenting over the destruction of the toys whose

sale would have procured medicine and nourishing food for the suffering invalid,—his heart would have felt keen remorse for the pain he had occasioned to the ‘Poor French Prisoner of War.’

From that day, Percy rarely met Philippe Armande; but when he did, he was much struck by the paleness of his complexion, and the melancholy expression of his fine dark eyes. He was evidently ill and unhappy; and Percy felt a slight pang of remorse, when he made this observation. After a time he ceased to see him at all, and he began to wonder what had become of him; as did those also who had been accustomed to buy poor Philippe’s toys.

The month of February set in with unusually cold weather; when Harry Percy, who was still in delicate health, fell ill with a sore throat and fever, which confined him again to a sick room for some days. Being, however, possessed of a good constitution by nature, he was soon permitted to return to the parlour.

One afternoon, he had been enjoying a comfortable nap on the sofa, which was placed near the fire, when he was awakened by hearing some one conversing with his mother in French, and in a tone of voice he thought he knew; when half unclosing his eyes, he beheld, to his utter astonishment, the French prisoner, sitting directly opposite to him, and talking earnestly to his

mother, who appeared to listen to him with the greatest interest and attention. Unable to comprehend the meaning of this unexpected visit, on the part of Philippe Armande, he imagined it was one of complaint; and hastily closing his eyes, assumed again the appearance of sleep.

“Is your brother so very ill?” asked Mrs. Percy, in a compassionate tone of voice and manner.

Philippe Armande was evidently agitated by the question, for he replied in a hesitating and broken voice, “Alas! yes, madame; I fear, if his health does not improve very rapidly, he will never see another winter. Indeed, he requires both warm clothing and nourishing food;

for the prison allowance is unfit for an invalid, and for some time he has had nothing better. However," continued he, in a more cheerful tone, "I hope to earn a trifle now for that purpose."

"But you look ill, yourself," said Mrs. Percy, "and seem quite unequal to any kind of exertion."

"I am still weak from the effects of a bad fever I have had this winter; but, thank God, I am better than I could possibly have expected to be, considering what I have suffered. But my poor brother Louis has injured his health by nursing me, for he was gaining a little strength when I fell ill; and now he looks worse, and is so thin, so very thin. Oh! he will die, I am sure, he will die! and my poor mother

will break her heart when she learns his sad fate. But no—she will not know it, for we shall both perish in this strange land, and never see her, our sisters, or dear France again.” Poor Philippe now turned away, and wept audibly; and but for very shame, Percy would have shed tears also. With anxious interest, he now awaited his mother’s reply; which was, like her own character, mild and compassionate.

“Yours is a sad case, my young friend, but God is all merciful; put your trust in him, and he will comfort you; for when did he ever forsake those who place their confidence in him? Since you cannot dispose of your merchandise, I will buy the contents of your basket.”

“May God bless you, madam,” replied the grateful youth, “and repay you a thousand-fold; for, indeed, I have not been able to sell a single toy to-day.”

“Are you always so unfortunate?” asked Mrs. Percy; “or, have you only now commenced this trade?”

“No, madam, formerly I was very successful, and had a very brisk sale for my toys; but, one day, I had the misfortune to run against a young officer, who, without deigning to listen to my apology, struck me so violently, that I dropt my basket and all its contents into the mud.”

“Did he appear to be sorry for the mischief he had done?” asked Mrs. Percy, in a tone of anxious enquiry.

“ No, madam; for he called me a cowardly republican, and a king-killer; and I believe that I should have returned the blow he gave me, if I had not noticed that his right arm was in a sling, and that he was incapable of defending himself; else I should certainly have punished his insolence severely.”

Mrs. Percy sighed so deeply, so very deeply, that her sigh seemed to come from her very heart; and her son now felt that the knowledge of his fault gave the most acute pain to his sensible and amiable mother.

“ I returned home,” continued the French prisoner, “ in a miserable state of mind. I had been insulted, beaten, and, to complete my misfortunes, not only my own toys

were spoiled, but those I was employed to sell for my fellow-prisoners! and which I was obliged to make good. I had no money to purchase materials to replenish my basket again, and though I still earned a trifle, by selling on commission for my comrades, I could not gain enough to procure those comforts my poor brother needed. Soon afterwards, I fell ill, and my brother lost all his little remaining strength, working for me and nursing me during my indisposition. Three days ago, a benevolent stranger visited the prison, and was pleased to honour me with some notice, and, at parting, bestowed a trifle on me. I purchased some materials with this money, and,

aided by Louis, made some toys which, however, I was not so fortunate as to sell. You saw, and were touched with my sickly appearance and sad looks; and, unsolicited, relieved the necessities of the poor prisoner of war; for which goodness, I hope, God will one day reward you."

"I think," said Mrs. Percy in a thoughtful tone, "that if the youth who struck you were to know all the distress his ill conduct has occasioned, he would be very sorry."

"Alas! no, madam," replied Philippe Armande, utterly unconscious that his former enemy was present, "I fear the young officer is too cruel and insolent by nature, to feel for the sufferings of two un-

fortunate French prisoners. Nor was that the only time he insulted me. Once I solicited his charity, and he reviled my country. Think, Madam, how bitterly I felt those injurious epithets of republican and king-killer, when I knew that my father commanded one of those gallant Swiss regiments, which defended the Tuilleries on the memorable tenth of August, and that he perished on the staircase of that palace, in the service of his king; gallantly sealing his title to loyalty with his heart's best blood. And yet," continued Philippe with bitter emphasis, "his son has been reviled in England, as a republican and regicide."

Till that moment, the penitent

midshipman had never changed his position, but had counterfeited sleep in a successful manner; when, however, he found that the innocent object of his aversion was the unfortunate son of a brave officer, who had perished in the cause of suffering royalty, he could contain his remorseless feelings no longer, but springing from the sofa, earnestly besought Philippe Armande's forgiveness.

Surprised and delighted by this candid acknowledgement of error, the poor youth embraced his repentant enemy with the characteristic warmth of his country; exclaiming, as he did so, " I forgive you with all my heart; and I am truly sorry that I said so much: but, indeed, I

did not know that this lady was your mother."

"Indeed, if I had known that you were a royalist, I should not have called you such names," said Percy, willing to extenuate his conduct; "for I hated your countrymen only because they killed their king."

"All Frenchmen were not guilty of that crime," replied Philippe, with a melancholy smile; "many good men espoused the cause of the Republic from worthy, though mistaken motives: and the greater number had no idea to what lengths party fury would carry the people."

Percy was silent for a moment, and then said, "Tell me truly,

Armande, do you not hate the English as much as I do the French?"

"I hate no one," replied Philippe, "for my parents taught me to think with charity of all men, and never to despise any one, because he happened to be born in a foreign country."

"So did mine," replied Percy; "but I did not receive their counsels, because they militated against my own prejudices; but, indeed," continued he, with a sigh, "I think I shall never hate Frenchmen again."

Mrs. Percy pitied her son's confusion; and to relieve him from it, asked Philippe, how he became a prisoner.

"My story has little in it to in-

terest you, madam," replied Philippe, bowing to Mrs. Percy; "but I feel assured that you will not refuse your pity to my unfortunate family.

"The death of my father reduced us to the greatest poverty; but my mother's grief, for his dreadful loss, prevented her even from feeling her destitute circumstances. She did not weep, but her reason was partially affected. She would sit, for hours, gazing on her helpless orphans, without uttering a single word. I was a little child then, and well remember being terrified by her passionate caresses and wild looks.

"The return of my brother to Paris seemed to rouse her from this

state of gloomy depression ; he took her into Normandy, which was her native country ; and the sight of her birth-place, and her absence from the capital, where she had suffered so much, restored her to health and self-possession ; and she was thus enabled to make some exertions for the maintenance of her little family.

“ The Revolution had reduced all her relatives to poverty, with the exception of an opulent brother, whose republican principles prevented him from sympathising with the sorrows of his widowed sister, and her helpless orphans.

“ Louis, who had quitted the army, rather than serve against his king, obtained employment in a merchant's counting-house, and as-

sisted my mother greatly by his incessant labours.

“Nor did this good brother confine his exertions to the desk alone: he spent all his leisure time in educating and instructing us in our moral and religious duties; and, in spite of poverty, we were happy, because we were all the world to each other.

“Nothing, however, is certain in this world, and our comforts were destroyed in an unexpected manner.”

“How was that?” asked Mrs. Percy; “were you attacked with illness, or did the rage of party follow you to the humble asylum you had chosen?”

“No, madam,” replied Philippe,

“our comforts were destroyed by an unfortunate attachment between Louis and my cousin Adele, the only daughter of the opulent merchant whom I have mentioned as my maternal uncle.

“If Adele was charmed with my brother’s elegant manners, and admired his high principles and interesting character; he was no less taken with her beauty and sensibility, and returned her affection with the most ardent passion.

“But Monsieur Rosier had other views for his daughter, and the idea of bestowing her on a ruined royalist never once entered his mind, and the discovery of the unpleasant truth occasioned a breach between him

and his nephew. His influence was now employed to deprive Louis of his situation as clerk, and he effectually prevented him from obtaining employment in Rouen; by which we were all reduced to the greatest distress.

“ At that time, a merchant, who had formerly known Louis, offered him a birth in one of his ships, then bound for the Isle of France, which he willingly accepted; and, at his earnest request, room was made for me, who had early determined to become a sailor.

“ It cost us both many tears, before we could resolve to part with those we loved so dearly; but the hope of earning some money, and the desire of gaining a competence

for our mother and sisters, comforted us a little.

“ We had a successful voyage ; and, while at the Isle of France, Louis received a letter from Adele, informing him that her father was no more, that her affection was unchanged, and that she was eagerly expecting his return.

“ You may easily imagine how tedious, madam, the homeward passage appeared to us both ; but, alas ! when nearly in sight of Dieppe, we were chased and captured by an English frigate, and brought hither.

“ Since that unfortunate event, grief and disappointment have constantly preyed on my poor brother’s mind ; his health has completely fallen a sacrifice to his blighted

hopes; and, I fear, he will never see France nor Adele again."

Mrs. Percy and her son, thanking Philippe Armande for his little narrative, promised to see Louis as soon as the latter should be able to leave the house; and the French prisoner took his leave, with renewed hopes, and renovated spirits.

CHAP. III.

“He hears not their savage clamour,
His thoughts are far away, and from his lips
Flows a melodious, long-forgotten lay,
That breathes of love, and loyalty, and home.”

As soon as Percy's improved health permitted him to leave the house, he entreated his mother to accompany him to Porchester Castle, in which, at that time, the French prisoners of war were confined. That amiable and considerate lady did not refuse her son's request, because she thought her presence and advice might be useful to him, especially in a case where great delicacy was required.

As soon as Mrs. Percy signified their desire to visit the prisoners, to the officer on duty, he politely conducted them into a large room in the castle, in which many of them were assembled at work.

There was an air of cheerfulness and content in these industrious people that greatly surprised the visitors, who did not expect to hear the sounds of mirth and gaiety in a prison. Some were singing the Marsellois hymn, in concert, while they wove their elegant straw baskets, endeavouring to drown, with their rude melody, a lovely loyal song, which, perhaps, in other times, had been sweet to the ears of Frenchmen, but which now only excited angry feelings in their breasts.

Mrs. Percy was astonished that party feeling could lead any one to overpower such a voice, whose rich tones, and harmonious, and almost feminine clearness, formed a strong contrast to the rough notes of his comrades.

It was Philippe Armande, who was sitting in one of the deep embrasures of the gothic window, seemingly alike unconscious of the clamour his loyal effusion had raised, or the presence of Mrs. Percy and her son. His thoughts were, evidently, far away from the scene before him; perhaps they sought the land of his nativity, and the companions of his childhood, for he suddenly discontinued his song, and turned his tearful eyes on an elegant

and interesting young man, who sat near him, employed in carving an ivory fan; and whose consumptive appearance, and melancholy expression of countenance, convinced Mrs. Percy, that in him she beheld his brother Louis.

In another moment Philippe saw, and recognized his friends; and springing forward, with a smile of welcome on his pensive face, led them up to his brother, to whom he introduced them, as his kind and generous benefactors.

Louis showed a noble propriety, even in the manner in which he expressed his thanks; which proved, that though hardships and imprisonment had ruined his health, they could not degrade his mind. His

dress was that of poverty ; but then it was so neatly arranged, and his air was so military and genteel, that he still looked like a soldier and a gentleman.

Indeed, both the brothers seemed to stand alone, and to hold no feeling in common with the careless groups by whom they were surrounded, but to form each others little world of society and joy.

Mrs. Percy saw, that “the iron had entered into the soul” of the elder Armande ; while the unnatural brilliancy of his complexion and eyes told her, too plainly, that the death-shaft was rankling in his frame. She now enquired after his health, with much considerate kindness in her manner ; and informed

him, that she would, as soon as she returned home, desire her own medical attendant to see him; and that she would feel the greatest pleasure in supplying him with those necessaries his present weakly state required.

The invalid bowed gracefully, as he said, "Kind lady, how shall I find words to thank you for the generous interest you are pleased to take in the sufferings and sorrows of an unfortunate stranger? and though I rather wish, than hope to live, for those dear ties I have left in France, yet, if I should recover from the fatal disease, that threatens me with an early grave, I shall, probably, next to God, owe my restoration to your compassion."

“ I fear you have endured many hardships in this place,” remarked Mrs. Percy, glancing her eyes round the large apartment, with its huge grated windows.

“ I have, madam,” replied Louis; “ but I was formerly a soldier, and hardships are incidental to a military life; yet I confess it had many charms for me.”

“ How came you to quit the army then?” asked Mrs. Percy, “ since you approved of a military life.”

“ I had the misfortune, madam, to hold a command in one of those battalions, which forsook the sovereign they had sworn to defend, and I left my regiment, because I would not share in its treasons; whilst the sad condition of my widowed mother,

and her orphan family, obliged me to abandon my intention of serving as a volunteer, under the gallant and loyal Conde, in Germany, in order to provide for their support. Philippe has already acquainted you with the story of my misfortunes, and blighted hopes.

“No, madam: I should blush to feel for deprivations, that my king, and the virtuous daughter of the murdered Louis, and the exiled nobility of France, must all share; but my mother, my sisters, and my promised wife, are all sorrowing for me, and my poor Philippe; and are, like me, the prey of disappointment and despair. Peace is yet, perhaps, far distant, and we may both perish in an English prison.”

“ God is very merciful,” rejoined Mrs. Percy, “ and he may yet restore you to health and liberty, and give you back to your family and France. You have still a comfort in store that many of your fellow-prisoners do not possess, for you have, in Philippe, the fondest and most attached of friends and brothers.”

Louis, taking his brother's hand, pressed it between his own with ardent affection. “ He is, indeed, more than a brother ; he is, at once, my nurse, my comforter, and my example of patience and heavenly resignation. Grief for me has banished his sunny smile ; and his labours and deprivations for my sake

have thus emaciated him. How often has his sweet voice cheered my sad heart, and borne it back to absent France! I shall die in this prison; but my love and gratitude can never perish. No: I feel that they will endure for ever."

Mrs. Percy, much affected, turned away to hide her tears, nor was her son less touched; but neither wished that the other inhabitants of the chamber should witness their emotion. They both, therefore, asked Philippe to shew them all the little manufactures that were constructed for sale by himself and his fellow prisoners.

Philippe, wiping away his tears, conducted them through the apart-

ment, directing their attention to the ingenious works of his fellow-prisoners, saying something kind and complaisant to each individual; and, in spite of the manner in which they had received his song, Mrs. Percy saw that he was a favourite with them all.

Mrs. Percy, on retiring, made the prisoners a present of a handful of silver, which they received with a thousand bows and grimaces, forming a striking contrast to the graceful manner in which the Armandes expressed their heartfelt gratitude.

The kind and benevolent lady, and her son, then took leave of the brothers, promising that, ere long, Percy should visit them again.

They then left the prison, with that calm, holy peace of mind, which is the reward of the compassionate and charitable; and which, even in this world, gives them, as it were, a foretaste of heaven.

CHAP. IV.

————— “ But his flawed heart,
Alas! too weak the conflict to support,
"Twixt two extremes of passion, joy, and grief,
Burst smilingly ———.”

MRS. Percy was in affluent circumstances, and her wealth was a source of comfort to the sick and afflicted among her fellow creatures. Her talents and virtues had obtained for her that general respect and influence, which riches alone can never procure, even when associated with the highest rank.

She not only desired a medical

man, of great skill, to visit the Armandes, but she also purchased a stock of clothes, and linen, for their use ; and permitted her son to assist in this work of mercy, by devoting a portion of his own money to the purchase of nourishing food for these interesting brothers.

Nor did Mrs. Percy confine her kindness to these little gifts. She employed her influence for their benefit ; and, to her solicitations, the Armandes owed a greater degree of liberty than they had yet enjoyed ; for though Philippe, on account of his early youth, had been permitted to sell the little manufactures made in the castle, yet a late daring attempt of the prisoners to procure

their freedom, had caused them to be kept in much stricter confinement than formerly; so that this favour would not have been continued, if it had not been for the influence of this benevolent lady; who not only obtained this grace for Philippe, but even gained permission for Louis to take the air, whenever his health should permit him to leave the prison.

Percy now became a constant visitor at the Castle, and soon a very tender friendship subsisted between him and the younger Armande; he therefore employed his leisure hours in teaching his now dear Philippe English, and in perfecting him in navigation, and all those abstruse,

but interesting sciences which it embraces.

Soon, very soon, his new friend could express the warm feelings of his grateful heart in Percy's own language; while his whole appearance indicated the restoration of health.

Often did the once prejudiced midshipman listen, with delight, to the tales with which the revolutionary era abounded; whilst the sufferings, even of republicans, could melt his heart with compassion. Over the sad relation of the Vendeen struggle he wept, with feelings of mingled admiration and pity.

The adventures of the gallant and

unfortunate Lescure, and Henri La Rochejaquelein, claimed his enthusiastic interest; nor was the fair fugitive, who shared the perils of the royalists, and afterwards commemorated their sufferings and heroism, less admired by him*.

Time stole on, but brought with it no vigour to the exhausted frame of Louis Armande; whose breath became more oppressed, and whose cheek glowed with a deeper bloom,

* See the Memoirs of Madame La Rochejaquelein; in whose pathetic pages the reader will find a most interesting account of this disastrous war, written with the brevity and beauty of Tacitus. Perhaps this lady's description of the passage of the Loire is one of the finest compositions in the French language.

while his eyes sparkled with a light that was not of this world. He appeared to be fully aware of his danger, and spent his days in prayer, and devout meditation on the word of God, which Philippe constantly read to him.

Sometimes, he would listen to the sweet voice of his brother, while he sang hymns, or chaunted those beautiful passages of Scripture, which have been adapted to music. At other times, leaning on the arm of that brother, "who was gilding daily his passage to the grave with smiles," he would watch the waves, as they broke on the distant shore, while their incessant motion reminded him of the sea of time,

whose waters were now fast ebbing from him.

The negociations for Peace between France and England, inspired the poor sufferer with the hope that he might, perhaps, die in the bosom of his own family, and that his ashes might be mingled with his parent soil; even Philippe and Percy began to think it possible, that he might yet live to return to France.

Mrs. Percy alone was not deceived; her experienced eye traced, in the countenance of the suffering Louis, that change which, in consumptive complaints, is generally the forerunner of death; and she thought it more than probable, that the news that would diffuse peace

and gladness throughout the rival kingdoms, would only bring death to him.

Philippe, the sanguine Philippe, continued to hope even against reason itself. "Who knows," he said, "what effects the sight of his home, and dear family circle, and the still dearer Adele, may produce. Perhaps, God may yet yield him to our mutual prayers, and restore him to health, and all those blessings, for which it would be so sweet to live."

One only wish swelled the heart of the young Frenchman, who knew, too well, that he was fast approaching that "bourne from whence no traveller returns;" and that was the dear and cherished hope, that he

might "die at home, at last." But, in expressing that desire to Mrs. Percy and her son, he piously remarked, "Yet not my will, but thine, O Lord! be done."

One morning, however, Louis's cough suddenly left him, his strength appeared to be renewed, and the pain in his left side, which had long tormented him, ceased, and he felt himself so much better, that he told Philippe he was "quite equal to the exertion of taking a walk."

The affectionate brother having placed him near the gothic window, that he might feel the warm sunshine, and was about to assist him in putting on his great coat, when Percy entered the room, with the

newspaper in his hand, and exclaimed, "Peace! peace has been signed at Amiens, and to-day it is to be proclaimed in London!"

Neither of the brothers spoke, but, silently, embraced each other, and raised their tearful eyes to heaven, in unutterable thankfulness. Louis stretched out his hands towards Harry Percy, while feelings of intense joy brightened his wasted cheek; his lips moved, as if in devout prayer; and then turning a look of fond affection on Philippe, laid his head on that faithful bosom, and expired without a sigh.

It would be difficult, perhaps impossible, to describe the feelings of disappointment and bitter grief

that agonized the fond breast of the sad survivor, as he alternately applied his hand to the heart and temples of his deceased Louis, and then turned away from his useless search, and wept, long and violently.

A kind and affectionate friend now wiped those tears away, and whispered peace to his wounded mind; so that the suffering Philippe felt, even in that painful moment, that in Percy he yet possessed another brother.

The remains of Louis Armande were followed to the grave by all his own countrymen, and by many of the respectable inhabitants of Portsmouth; to whom his touching

story had become well known through the medium of the benevolent Percy. This tribute of respect paid to the memory of his beloved brother, soothed the grief of the affectionate Philippe.

The order, at length, came down from government for the embarkation of the prisoners; when something like joy brightened on the cheeks of Philippe, and he began to sing the first verse of a celebrated Swiss song, adapted to the music of the *Ranz de vache*, which begins with these words,

“ Ah quand reverranje en un jour
Tous les objets de mon amour;”

but then suddenly checking himself, he exclaimed with a sigh, “ Alas! I

have little cause to rejoice, for I leave in England the ashes of the best and dearest of brothers. Oh! my mother, my poor mother! what will be your grief, when you learn the untimely fate of your first-born son! and you, lovely and unfortunate Adele! I cannot bear to think of your bitter disappointment and withered hopes."

"They will doubtless feel their loss severely; but God will wipe away their tears," said Mrs. Percy, "and point out those paths which lead to a better world, in which they will again behold, and recognize their lost, lamented relative."

Philippe was too much agitated to reply; but he took Mrs. Percy's

hand, and silently pressed it between his own, for he felt for this amiable lady the affection of a son.

Philippe now found a home in the house of his English friends; who studied to make his short stay with them as agreeable as possible; so that when the parting hour arrived, his affectionate heart was full of grief. “Adieu, my second mother!” said he, as he kissed Mrs. Percy’s hand; “I shall never, never forget your kindness, nor cease to pray for you. May God bless you and recompense you for all the goodness you have shown to a poor, desolate foreigner.

Mrs. Percy smiled through her tears, and wished him much future

happiness. Percy took his arm and led him to the beach, where his countrymen were already assembled, when Philippe threw himself into his friend's arms, and said, in an agitated voice, "Percy, dear Percy, from this time, I shall consider every Englishman as my brother; and if I should ever meet a native of this country in distress, I will repay to him a part of the debt of gratitude I owe to my generous benefactors. I feel, however, a conviction in my own mind, that we shall meet again, perhaps in my native land, and that one day you will prove that the heart of your Philippe was not ungrateful nor insensible to your goodness."

He then bade Percy a hasty but fond farewell, and leaped into the boat which was just putting off; and which was rowed swiftly towards the transport, waiting to convey the French prisoners to France.

Percy stood watching the progress of the bark till his friend was no longer discernible; and then slowly returned to his own home.

CHAP. V.

“ So near his home, so near his mother’s arms!

“ His heart is sick with hope.”

A few days after the embarkation of the French prisoners, Percy received the following letter from Philippe Armande.

“ My dear Percy,

“ The same fresh breezes that bore me so swiftly from my dear friends in England, wafted me in safety to the shores of France. Never shall I forget the feelings of mingled pain and pleasure that filled and agitated my heart, when

I beheld again my native land. For a moment, the latter was predominant in my breast. I thought of my dear country, and all she still contained for me; I thought of home and its fond familiar ties; but then the remembrance of Louis was inseparably blended with the recollections of that home and its dear inmates. Yes, dear brother! the remembrance of thy untimely fate came over my mind, and I recollected that thou wert sleeping in a foreign grave; far from those who were then so eagerly expecting thy return! My new-born joy quickly faded away from my sad breast. These reflections occupied me during the remainder of my melancholy journey; and when I reached Rouen

I scarcely dared to make enquiries at the auberge, where the diligence put up, respecting the welfare of my beloved family; fearing to learn, that death had rent away from me some other dear one, for whom my anxious eyes should look in vain. My mother and my sweet sisters were all alive, and in the enjoyment of health; but Adele, the young and lovely Adele, was no more! She had, already, been dead four months, and had bequeathed all her fortune to her absent lover. What a vain bequest! thought I, as I wept over her untimely fate. Ah! little did Louis think that Adele, for whose sake he so ardently wished to behold France before his mortal career was ended, was then quietly

sleeping in the church-yard, under the shade of those very yew-trees, where they had parted for ever in this world. I felt that he was, indeed, taken from the evil to come; for life, and liberty, and wealth, would have been valueless to him without his beloved Adele.

“I cannot describe my first interview with my dear relatives. I remember how each loved one hung round my neck, and wept; that I heard them ask for Louis—Alas! my tears and mourning-dress soon told the sad truth, and changed their joy to bitter sorrow. ‘My good, my dutiful Louis, my first-born son!’ cried my mother, in the anguish of her heart; ‘Oh! would to God I had died for thee,

my dear child! Thou wert the prop of my widowhood, and I had hoped that thy hands would have closed my eyes.' My sisters mingled their tears with mine, and even the presence of the living Philippe was forgotten, while they lamented the untimely death of Louis.

“As soon as the sad group became a little composed, I related to them all that had happened to Louis and myself, during our imprisonment in England; and how your friendship had shed a ray of gladness round the last hours of the dying prisoner. I wish you could have heard the blessings these sad ones pronounced on the name of Percy. Never will they forget to pray for you and your

noble-minded mother, whose benevolence softened even bondage itself, and lightened the chains of the poor prisoners of war.

“Farewell, dear Percy; assure my English mother, that I shall always feel for her the affection of a son, and believe me to be, ever,

“ Your affectionate

“ and grateful

“ PHILIPPE ARMANDE.”

This assurance of his friend's safety and continued regard, gave Percy much pleasure; and during the short peace, he kept up a constant correspondence with Philippe Armande, for whom he now felt the affection of a brother. The recommencement of the war, however,

put an end to this friendly intercourse; to the mutual sorrow of both parties, who could only now pray for the welfare of each other.

Percy did not forget the lesson he had learned from the French prisoner; and the fine qualities of his mind, no longer obscured by prejudice, promised to ripen into heroic virtues.

I will not stop to trace the steps of this young officer through the different gradations of his arduous profession; it is sufficient to say, that he rose rapidly in the service; and that his promotion was sanctioned by the approval of a grateful country; so that at an extraordinary early age he was raised to the rank of post-captain, and appointed to

the command of the *Invincible*, on whose quarter-deck he had formerly served as a midshipman, under his own gallant father.

Captain Percy's career was so brilliant as a commander, that his bravery became the theme of general conversation among the towns-people; and Mrs. Percy was constantly congratulated on the fame of her only son. But the glory of this beloved son, however bright, gave not such true delight to the maternal feelings of that excellent lady, as the high character he bore for humanity and stainless honour. She knew that when the fight was over, the vanquished foe was sure to find a friend in the victorious captain, whose pride and

boast it now was, to prove himself
a brother to a conquered French-
man; for he was wont to say,

“To snatch a brave fellow from a watery grave,
Is worthy a Briton, who conquers to save.

CHAP. VI.

“How gallant Albert, and his weary crew,
Heaved all their guns, their foundering bark to
save,
And toiled, and shrieked, and perished on the
wave.”

HITHERTO Captain Percy had only sailed on a calm sea of prosperity, and had known no reverse of fortune; for, as yet, the Invincible had never lowered her flag in battle, nor encountered shipwreck. But seas are not always calm, neither is prosperity a permanent good; and the winds and waves, whose rough music had often lulled the intrepid commander of the Invincible to sleep, from his very boyhood, were

now about to exert their might, to the endangerment of his life, or liberty.

The Invincible was entering the British Channel, on her return from a successful cruise, when she encountered a most furious gale; and was driven out of her course, and stranded on a reef of sunken rocks, opposite the coast of Normandy.

Captain Percy and his gallant crew, exerted their utmost skill to extricate the ship from her perilous situation; but all their efforts were unavailing. The waves continually beat with incredible fury against her broadside, and it was evident to every soul on board, that, in the course of a few minutes, the fine frigate, that had weathered so many

gales, would be scattered, in broken pieces, on the surface of the angry deep.

Captain Percy ordered signals of distress to be fired, and lights to be hung out, since even the horrors of a French prison were preferable to a watery grave.

No assistance, however, appeared likely to be given them from the shore, and the situation of the ship, and her company, seemed desperate, when the Captain ordered the boats to be lowered, although he saw little chance of their living in such a sea. Then many a brave tar, who had often faced death in battle, without fear or trembling, shook with apprehension, and gave way to tears and lamentations.

One feeling only was shown by the ill-fated crew of the *Invincible*, in which all degrees of subordination were forgotten, and that feeling was self-preservation. Even the gallant bosom of the Commander was not insensible to its dictates. He thought of his mother, and was about yielding to the entreaties of some who loved him, to enter the heavily laden long-boat, when he reflected that many must inevitably perish; and among these some who were husbands and fathers, whose families were dependant on them for support.

Percy drew back, resisting the wishes of his friends, and crushing every selfish inclination, resigned himself to the will of God, whatever

that will might be. Then undressing himself, and putting his trust in Him, who, with a word, had once calmed the tempestuous waves of the sea, he cast himself into the raging deep, in the hope that he might yet reach the shore in safety.

Captain Percy was a very expert swimmer, possessed of great muscular strength, and presence of mind; yet it appeared almost an impossibility that he could long sustain such a war of elements as now raged, in the air and waters, around his devoted head. At times, the darkness was dispelled by vivid flashes of lightning, succeeded by thunder, whose deep roar was heard amid the loudest gusts of wind, rendering the fury of the gale yet more awful.

A wild cry, a drowning shriek, now mingled its shrill and heart-rending voice with these fearful sounds. Instantly the swimmer beheld the boats upset, and their unhappy crews struggling on the stormy water. For a moment the bold tar was unnerved, for a moment he echoed that dismal cry, and felt inclined to yield the contest and his life together. Then the thoughts of home, and his widowed mother, came over his mind, and he redoubled his efforts, although he felt his strength rapidly giving way.

The bitterness of death had, in some measure, passed away with the mental struggle he had endured, when pressed by his officers to leave the ship; and it was strange that,

that very disregard of his own life had, at least, prolonged it some minutes beyond the span allotted to those who had taken to the boats.

A deadly faintness now stole over the swimmer's senses, and he was on the point of sinking, when he, instinctively, caught hold of a plank that floated near him, with the strong grasp of a drowning person. Then sight and sense forsook him, and he was carried, at the mercy of the waves, by the tide, which was then setting in towards the shore.

A merciful and mighty hand was, at this moment, extended towards the unconscious, shipwrecked sailor, whose power the rude billows acknowledging, were stilled.

The gale now subsided, the thun-

der ceased to mutter, and the day rose without a cloud ; and the first beams of the autumnal sun glittered among the wet ringlets of Captain Percy, and shone on the head of many a drowned and dying seaman.

Humanity brought to the beach a group of French peasants, who speedily rendered assistance to those who had survived the storm.

Captain Percy, who still remained in a state of insensibility, lay under a lofty range of rocks, at a distance from the rest of his crew.

Chance directed the steps of a French gentleman and his servant, towards the spot where he was lying, and they immediately rendered him the help his desolate situation required. The gentleman gazed for

a moment on his face with a bewildered look, then turned very pale, and uttered a cry of astonishment.

That cry restored the senses of the tempest-beaten mariner; who, opening his eyes, recognized the features of Philippe Armande, and again relapsed into a state of insensibility.

CHAP. VII.

“ See, see, he clasps that wave-worn man
To his delighted breast, and weeps with mingled
Joy and grief; and, at the sound of that loved
voice,
The shipwrecked mariner awakens from
His long, his death-like trance.”

WHEN Percy again recovered his senses, he found himself lying in a neat bed, whose delicate white hangings gave him an idea of comfort and home. A confused remembrance of the events of the preceding night crowded on his mind. He looked round the chamber, and was satisfied that he was not in his own cabin; still he was unwilling to believe that the timbers of the

Invincible were scattered before the winds and waves, and that her gallant crew had perished, amidst the rude war of elements. He felt like a man awakened from a dream, who is conscious that the images he beheld were the creation of his own fancy, and entirely unreal, although they yet terrify and perplex him.

A sweet, well-known voice, soon dispelled his doubts, and convinced him that he was labouring under no delusion of the senses; for Philippe Armande, who had been watching, unseen, by his bed-side, put back the curtain, and tenderly enquired after his health.

Captain Percy answered, by embracing this early and beloved friend, and, for a moment, forgot the dis-

astrous circumstances under which they met, alive only to joy.

The truly brave are never selfish, and Harry Percy now thought of his officers and crew, and lamented their untimely loss with tears.—“Have none of my brave fellows survived this dismal storm?” enquired he, with an anxious look at Philippe.

“Two officers, the boatswain, and ten seamen, are all the survivors,” replied Philippe, with a deep sigh. “Three officers, and several mariners, died with exhaustion and fatigue, after they came to shore.”

Captain Percy hid his face in the pillow, and was silent. He felt that he had been especially protected by Providence; and, in secret, he now

lifted up his heart in pious thankfulness to the Almighty hand, which had preserved him from the great peril of the storm. He could not hear of the sad fate of his unfortunate ship's company without severe pain; but it was the will of God that they should thus perish, and he acknowledged and submitted meekly to that will.

The friends had much to learn from each other: fortune appeared to have smiled on each, for Philippe Armande's family were now in possession of wealth and happiness.—“Yes, my friend,” said the young Frenchman, “we are all happy and contented; our grief for our dear Louis, softened by time, is now a tender remembrance, rather than

sorrow ; the hope of meeting him again is an incitement to religion and virtue, and makes us feel that this world is only a brief sojourn, not a final home.

“ My mother is resigned, my sisters are happily married, and I am about to form an union with an amiable and intelligent female, with whom I hope to spend the remainder of my days in peace. God has, indeed, ‘ recompensed me for the years in which I suffered adversity.’ ”

“ I am truly delighted to hear this from your own lips,” replied Captain Percy, “ and this meeting with you consoles me, in some measure, for the prospect of spending my best years in a French prison.”

“ I hope to avert that evil from

you, my dear friend," said the grateful Armande, pressing the hand he held with great warmth, "since no one, besides my own family and household, know that the commander of the Invincible survived the storm, that rendered his ship a wreck. I can depend upon the fidelity of my servants, and you can remain here in perfect safety, till we can devise some plan for your escape from this hostile coast."

Captain Percy returned the friendly pressure with equal warmth, and expressed great satisfaction, in the hope that he might yet regain his native land, without a personal experience of the evils of captivity. He now expressed a wish to rise; and Philippe Armande retired, to

provide the necessary articles to form his friend's toilette.

The British commander could not refrain from smiling, when he beheld the very fashionable appearance he made in his new habiliments, and tapping his friend, playfully, on the shoulder, he said, "Really, my dear Armande, if I see England shortly, I shall be complimented on the cut of my cloth, on every side; and shall have the honour of importing the newest Parisian mode, that is likely to be seen, for years, on our side of the water."

Philippe laughed at his friend's sally, and conducted him to the breakfast-room, where his mother and sisters were assembled to meet him.

As soon as the ceremony of introduction was over, which was, however, as unceremonious as gratitude and preconceived esteem could make it, Philippe Armande said, in a playful tone, "Percy, I have half a mind to send these saucy girls home to their husbands; for, because I sent my mother to inform them that my benefactor was in the house, they have intruded themselves upon me, determined to claim a share in his regards and remembrance."

Captain Percy expressed the pleasure he felt in the company of these lovely ladies, and soon found himself completely at home with the family of his friend.

A week glided away at St. Val-lerie, almost imperceptibly, to Cap-

tain Percy, when Philippe obtained the information that a vessel, whose owner carried on a contraband trade with England, was about to sail that very night.

As soon as Philippe Armande learned this circumstance, he hastened to Monsieur Le Fevre, and procured a passage, in the Ville de Rouen, for his shipwrecked friend, and then communicated the good tidings to the object of his solicitude.

“Believe me, my dear Armande,” replied Percy, “that I have been so happy in my sojourn with Madame Armande and her family, that I half regret the necessity of my immediate departure. Must I really part with you so soon?”

“To-night the wind is fair, and, I fear, we shall not meet again with such another opportunity, if we let this pass.”

“It must be so, dear, considerate Armande,” exclaimed Captain Percy, tenderly embracing his friend; of whose amiable family he hastened to take leave.

It was night, when Philippe Armande conducted his beloved Percy to the beach of St. Vallerie. Not a star shone in the heaven above them. A single light, which was held up by some one in the boat, to direct their course towards her, served rather to make the darkness more intense. To Captain Percy's eye, however, it appeared like a beacon of hope and liberty; although to

Phillipe it gave a melancholy proof of their approaching separation.

The friends soon gained the spot where the little bark was moored, and then embraced each other, like brothers who were about to part for ever. "Farewell, dear Percy," exclaimed Armande: "farewell, my beloved friend!—may years of prosperity efface your late misfortunes, and banish the remembrance of your shipwreck on the coast of Normandy! Yet, if your thoughts should ever dwell on your short sojourn at St. Vallerie, let Philipe Armande share in your recollections of that period."

Captain Percy assured him, that his friendship would always be the pride of his life, and that the me-

mory of the days he had passed in France could never be forgotten by him, while gratitude and affection were the inmates of his breast. He then shook hands with Philippe Armande, and hurrying into the boat, in a few minutes after he stood on the deck of the Ville de Rouen, which was immediately got under weigh for England.

The wind was fair; the master, an old and experienced navigator; and the crew, a set of bold, active fellows, well acquainted with the coast, were remarkably civil to their passenger during their short voyage.

The following night, the vessel arrived on the coast of Sussex, with Captain Percy, and a choice collection of silks, cambrics, and Nor-

mandy lace; all of which they landed safely near Brighton.

Captain Percy, after having liberally rewarded Monsieur Le Fevre, from the contents of a purse with which Philippe had furnished him, entrusted him with a few lines to Monsieur Armande, as an assurance of his safety.

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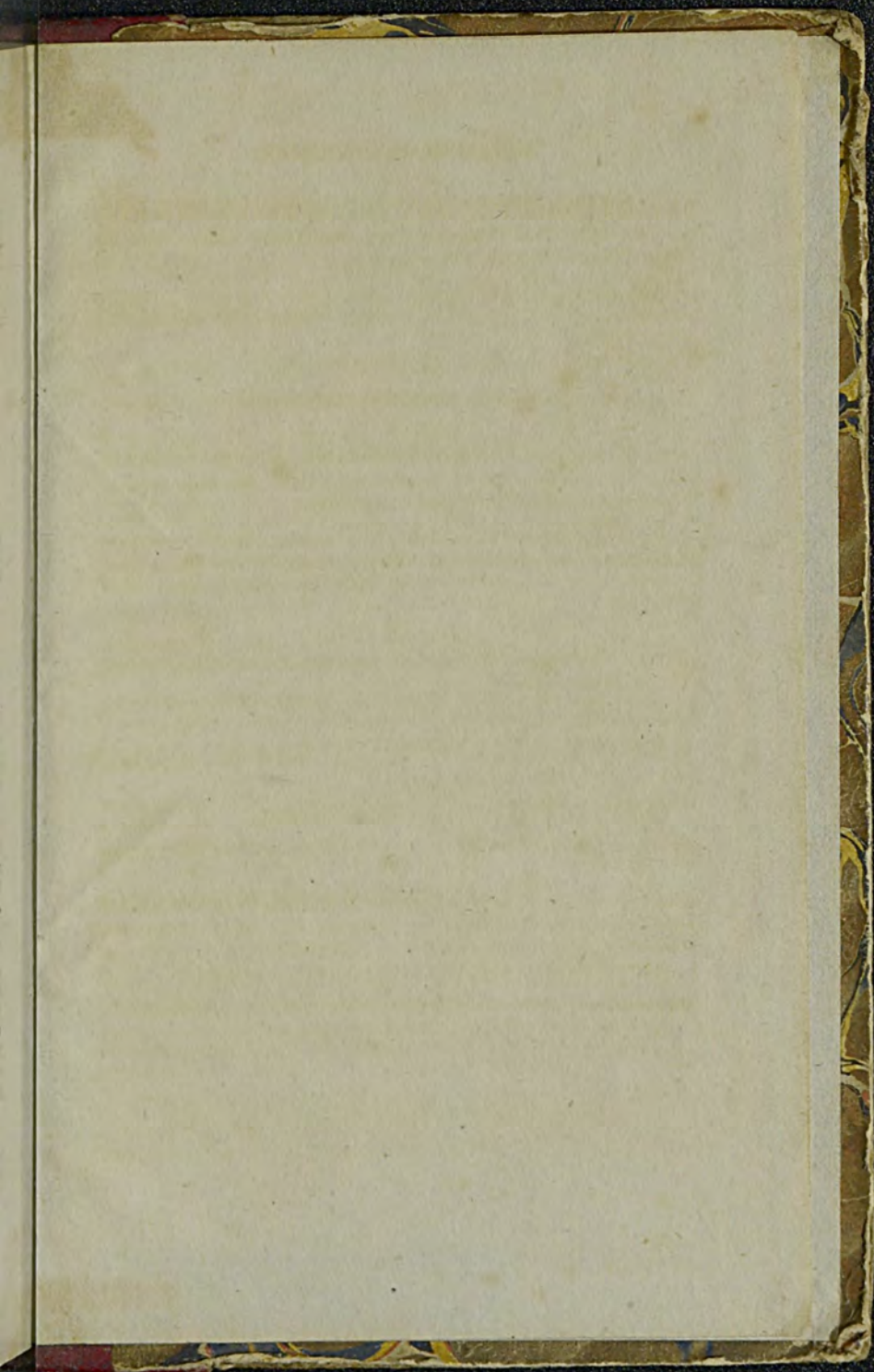
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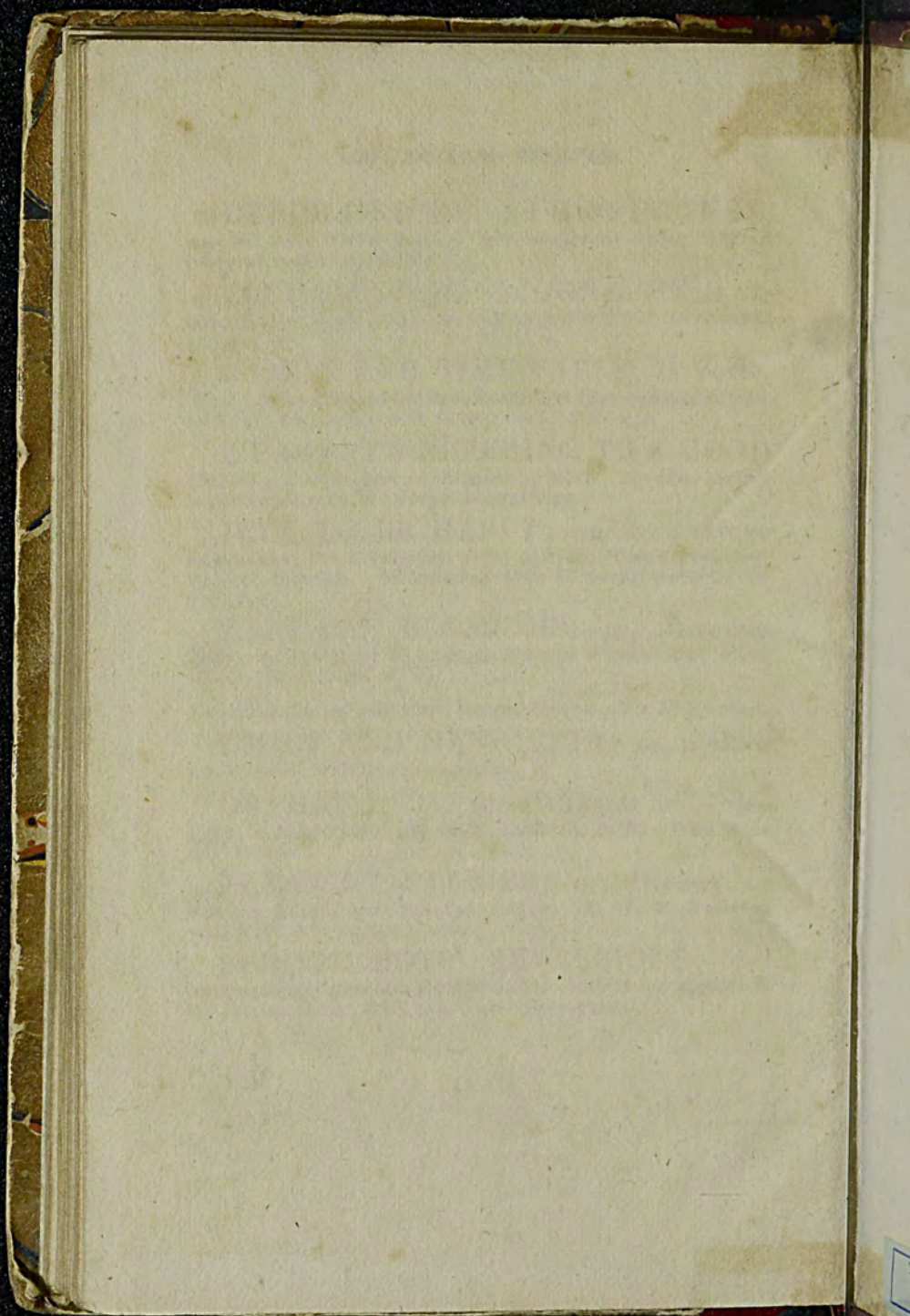
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