

CHEAP TRACTS,

calculated to promote the Interests of Religion, Virtue, and Humanity.

No. XIII.

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AN

*Affecting*

HISTORY

OF AN

Inn-keeper.

IN

NORMANDY:

together with

*A Tragical Story,*

on the unhappy Consequences of an immoderate Attachment to Riches.

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WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

THE  
HISTORY OF AN INN-KEEPER,  
IN  
NORMANDY.

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*Oh Reason! ever be my friend, my guide!  
And from thy dictates never let me stray:  
Do thou o'er every Sentiment preside,  
And be my Pilot thro' life's thorny way!*

*Some dream that they can silence when they will  
The Storm of passion, and say, "Peace, be still;"  
But "Thus far and no farther;" when address'd  
To the wild wave, or wilder human breast,  
Implies authority that never can,  
That never ought to be the lot of man.*

**W**HEN a man narrowly scrutinizes into his own heart, how little satisfaction arises from such an inspection! His goodness many times extends no further than to languid and impotent resolutions; whence he hath the mortification to see, that his virtue is daily perishing in its blossoms; while vice deeply roots itself in the corruption of his nature, derives additional strength from the luxuriance of the soil, and is hourly making bold advances to maturity. At the same time that prepossessions and prejudices enthral his mind, they likewise enervate the

powers of exertion, and thereby preclude to  
 the captive all prospect of enlargement. Pas-  
 sions are clamorous, temptations are numer-  
 ous, and reason too frequently is of insuf-  
 ficient force to silence the former, and to  
 repel the latter. Thus his breast resembles  
 a chaos, where discord, darkness, and con-  
 fusion maintain their empire, and triumph  
 over the boasted authority of man. Disap-  
 pointed, and displeas'd with the picture,  
 which his own bosom exhibits of himself, he  
 is naturally led to enquire into the cause of  
 this involuntary deformity. Some writers  
 have endeavour'd to solve all difficulties by  
 affirming, that the creation of such a strange  
 compound as man, was necessary, to preserve  
 a due scale and gradation of Beings. Others  
 ascribe all our errors and defects to the fall,  
 and thereby impute to the first parents of  
 mankind, the moral evil discoverable in the  
 species. But without entering upon a dis-  
 cussion of these subjects, I would observe  
 that the human mind, in its present state  
 wears the appearance of an ancient superb  
 structure, which hath formerly been injured,  
 and defaced by hostile fury. There still re-  
 main strong marks of its primitive grandeur,  
 although several of its noblest apartments  
 are so miserably maim'd and neglected,  
 that they are now become, as it were, an  
*inheritance for the dragons of the wilderness.*

It is a common observation, that neither  
 the best of men are exempt from faults and

follies, nor the worst altogether destitute of worth and virtue. But sometimes there is such a mixture of good and bad qualities, so great a contrariety both of sentiment and conduct in the same individual; that when we ourselves sit upon the trial of such a character, we are even constrained to suspend our sentence; and our judgement is not only embarrassed by the interspersion of slighter crimes; but it is also frequently perplexed and obstructed in its decisions when actions of the blackest turpitude have been perpetrated by men, whose general behaviour hath corresponded with the strictest rules of virtue and benevolence. History, sacred and profane, furnishes us with striking instances of the brightest excellencies, and the foulest blemishes, concentered in the same person. Oftentimes that predominant passion, which constitutes the very heroism of goodness, shall aggravate every feature of vice, if once it be enlisted under the banner of wickedness. That natural warmth of St. Peter's temper, which rendered his zeal for his injured master so conspicuous, betrayed him into the most horrid oaths and execrations. But there is no necessity of a recourse to such distant examples, we shall find sufficient scope for reflection upon topics of this nature amidst the occurrences of our own times. Nor will the subsequent story be a bad comment upon

the hints already advanced ; or too faint an illustration of the deplorable consequences, which now and then follow upon an unlimited indulgence even of the best of human passions.

An innkeeper at a town in Normandy had eight children. His wife, whom he loved with the utmost tenderness, died of a fever, after fourteen years cohabitation. He was inconsolable for a while ; but at length he emerged from his grief, and transferred all his affection to the fruits of his marriage-bed. The income arising from the profits of his business, was an incompetent maintenance for his family. Hence several of his sons and daughters, when they had attained to a proper age, quitted their father's house, and entered into servitude. So strong was the innholder's attachment to his children, that he regarded their departure in the light of a temporary banishment. However, there yet remained at home his eldest and his youngest son, who practised every filial duty to supply the deficiency of his absent comforts. Prior to this period commenced the last war between France and Great Britain : In the progress whereof the French compelled into the service a multitude of young fellows, who were averse to the profession of arms. It unhappily fell out, that the innkeeper's youngest boy, a lad about sixteen years of age, was seized upon by a recruit-

ing party, and hurried into Flanders. The distress of the poor father at this melancholy incident, would probably have been insupportable, if his brother, who was the minister of the parish, had not used every argument, which reason and religion suggested, to alleviate the pangs of the bereaved parent. But although a course of time had assuaged the severity of his sufferings; yet his sorrows were occasionally quickened by the piteous tales the youth transmitted to him, of the many hardships he underwent abroad; by repeated applications of this necessitous son for money; and by the inability of the father to gratify the pressing requests of a starving child.

After some years were elapsed, there rode an officer into the yard of the inn; who alighting from his horse, called aloud for the landlord. The master of the house observing, that his guest by his apparel was a man of rank, approached him with deference. At which time the officer, fixing his eyes stedfastly upon his host, acquainted him, that he was just then arrived from Tournay, and had been desired to inform him of his son's health. The landlord's fond heart bounded at the mention of a person so exceedingly dear to him, and he was urgent with the gentleman to perpetuate his conversation upon this engaging theme. But the soldier replied, that he was necessitated

to pay a few visits in the town, and would take a more favourable opportunity to satisfy every enquiry of his host.

About ten o'clock at night the gentleman returned to his inn, and told the landlord, that he had invited several friends to dinner the next day. Wherefore he directed a plentiful and elegant entertainment to be provided. At this protracted stay of his guest the innholder secretly rejoiced, hoping thereby to hear many particulars about his boy in the Netherlands. The officer complaining of fatigue, and desiring to be conducted to his bedchamber, the man of the house caught up a candle, and lighted him to his apartment. No sooner were they both entered, but the gentleman drew a purse of gold from his pocket, and gave it to the landlord, with a charge to take care of so valuable a deposit. Then wishing him a good night, and reminding him of the morrow's engagements, he shut the door, and hastened into bed.

The following day the Abbe called upon his brother, and with great complacency in his countenance, enquired after the Officer's health. The innkeeper told him, that the Officer was well, and had set out early in the morning on his return to the army. It is impossible, rejoined the Abbe with a smile. That very Officer will most assuredly dine with you to day, and give you such a history

of your son, as must be productive to you of a degree of joy, very little inferior to rapture. The landlord was astonished at these mysterious words, and asked his brother, if he was formerly acquainted with the gentleman. To which the minister made answer in the affirmative. Who is he? said the innkeeper with great emotion. The whole secret, returned the Abbe, shall be revealed to you at dinner. Hereupon the innholder appeared extremely agitated, and peremptorily asserted the departure of his guest at break of day. Indeed it cannot be so, replied the Priest. There is a happiness in reserve for you, my dear brother, which my heart struggles to disclose. But the obligations I am under of secrecy, will not permit me to unfold this interesting riddle.

The master of the inn, whose face abundantly bespoke the perturbation of his breast, stared upon the minister with a peculiar wildness in his eyes, and seemed entirely deprived of all power of utterance. Ah! my brother, cried the Abbe, this is too, too much. I cannot any longer keep you in this painful state of suspence. I beseech you to recollect the features of the military gentleman. Pray tell me, if you cannot trace out the lineaments of your darling son, under the badge of distinguished merit. This éclaircissement had nearly proved fatal to the landlord, who turned very pale, trembled



in every joint, and immediately sunk down in a swoon. The aged churchman blamed himself for the temerity of his proceedings, and wished a thousand times, that he had suppressed this affecting part of his narrative. But since he could not retract his story, he cherished hopes, that a fuller explanation of every circumstance might deliver his brother's mind from this distraction of contending passions. Wherefore, when the unhappy man was recovered from his fits, the minister tenderly intreated him to compose the turbulency of his thoughts; and further informed him, that his son, by a late signal display of valour, had been rewarded with an hundred louis d'ores and a lieutenancy. That the dear youth, noticing the officious assiduity of his father, presently inferred from thence his parent's ignorance of him; now disguised, as it were, by his improved stature, and the superiority of his attire. That pleased with this uncommon adventure, he had apprized his friends thereof, and appointed them to dine with him, that they might share the joys of the family upon his discovery of himself. To all which the Abbe subjoined, that this worthy and amiable child had brought his indigent father a purse of money, to obviate his present necessities, and to prevent future anxieties.

Scarce had the uncle mentioned this superlative instance of filial goodness, before the

innkeeper dropped to the ground, writhed with frightful convulsions, while the ecclesiastic looked with inconceivable surprize upon the servants, who stood speechless round their seemingly dying master. Amidst these scenes of confusion, the maid recollected, that there was a vial of hartshorn drops in a closet pertaining to the bed-chamber, where the officer had lain the preceding night. As she was running up stairs for the medicine, she was pursued by the minister, who endeavoured to arrest her in her flight, that he might learn from her, if it was possible, the true cause of these strange and formidable occurrences.

With thoughts more disturbed and embroiled than the stormy deep, he entered the chamber; where, finding that his strength and spirits were hastily departing from him, he threw himself upon a couch, which was accidentally at hand. After he had continued a few minutes in this fainting state, he opened his eyes, and thought that he saw something like an human form lying under the bed. The figure powerfully attracted his sight for a while. But when the Abbe had gazed long enough to ascertain the reality of the object, he started up from his recumbent posture, and collecting all his shattered powers into one effort, eagerly dragged the body from its concealment. To his inexpressible consternation, horror,

and anguish, the mangled corps proved to be the remains of the military stranger. The pious clergyman, penetrated through his very soul at this shocking spectacle, fetched a deep groan, and instantly fell dead upon his murdered nephew.

By this time the inn-holder was restored from those dreadful contorsions, which had threatened his immediate dissolution. Raising himself out of the chair, in which his domesticks had seated him, he desired to be taken before a magistrate, to whom he confessed every particular of this bloody tragedy. It seemed that the eldest son was the first who proposed the destruction of the officer. The father heard the overture with detestation; but the young man having bound himself in a joint bond with his father for the payment of a large sum of money, and hourly expecting his parent and himself to be thrown into a jail, urged the necessity of making the soldier's purse their own property, as the only expedient to secure themselves from the miseries of confinement. The father warmly remonstrated against the pursuit of such impious measures; and likewise observed, that the guilt thereof would be highly inflamed by the extraordinary confidence which his guest had reposed in him. The son intimated that he thought it cruel usage to be made subject to the penalties of a bond, for which he had received

no pecuniary consideration, and which he had entered into upon no other motive than the preservation of his father from the resentments of his creditors. The parent bewailed their complicated misfortunes; but persisted in suffering the utmost extremities, rather than embroe their hands in blood. When the young fellow noticed, that his arguments made no impression, he then artfully enumerated the sore afflictions which his youngest brother endured in Flanders from cold, penury, and toil. Nor did he fail to insinuate, that now an occasion presented itself of succouring the wretched youth, who was daily surrounded with famine, disease, and death. The pitiable father burst into a torrent of tears, and hastily said, Whatever we are to do, let us do it immediately.


Thus the lacerated heart, although it had resolutely maintained its ground against the piercing sollicitations of poverty, the approaching terrors of a prison, and the importunate clamours of an undone child, nevertheless fell a sudden sacrifice to the inordinate transports of parental affection.





## A TRAGICAL STORY.

*On the unhappy Consequences of an immoderate  
Attachment to Riches.*



*The northern blast that chilling blows  
Adown the mountain's snowy side,  
The tendril bites, and blights the rose,  
And withers all the vallies pride.*

*More fatal bites not through the grove,  
The winter's sharp and canker'd tooth,  
Than doth the blight of hopeless love,  
The tender bud of hopeless youth.*

**R**ICHES, when possessed by the benevolent man, are, perhaps, one of the greatest of human blessings. To supply the wants of the forlorn widow and fatherless, and those, who from affluence, by some unforeseen misfortune, are reduced to misery and want, are actions that even angels would delight to perform; and of such infinite importance are they to the persons who practise them, that we are assured, from the very best authority, they will, in a particular manner, be taken notice of in that tremendous day of accounts, by HIM "who is then to wind up the grand œconomy of nature, and open the solemn scene."

That money, however, is the efficient cause of an innumerable train of human miseries,

is a truth that need only be named. What but the introduction of luxury, the inseparable concomitant of riches, by the great Cyrus himself, rendered his hardy followers effeminate, and in the sequel proved the subversion of his extensive empire? Greece, the mother of heroes, while directed by the institutes of the immortal Solon and Lycurgus, was always invincible; but no sooner were they laid aside, and an insatiable thirst for the Persian gold engrossed the minds of her leaders, than her aspiring struggles for liberty became languid, and she fell an easy prey to the conqueror. Rome, the once mistress of the world, likewise, in her turn, after extending her conquests to the "gorgeous east," introduced into her commonwealth the baneful effects of riches, which, in like manner, proved fatal to her. Happy were these republics when an Aristides and a Fabricius were among their public directors!

Since powerful empires and states have thus fallen victims to the direful effects of riches, it naturally follows that private individuals must also have had their share of misfortunes from the like cause. I shall not, however, trouble your readers with any more common-place hints from the historic page, but shall present you with a story which happened in private life, in which, in a striking manner, is exhibited the fatal effects of an immoderate attachment to this root of all evil.

ROSARA was the only daughter of a gentleman in the north country, possessed of several hundreds per annum. She had, in an eminent degree, a most beautiful "set of features," attended with those nameless graces of person which insensibly attract the attention of the most superficial observer; to which was added the greatest good-nature; an uncommon affability; an humane and feeling heart, and an accomplished understanding. In fine, to sum up her character in a few words, she was, in fact, what the daughter of Cato was in description, possess

Of inward greatness, unaffected wisdom,  
And sanctity of manners.

ADDISON.

It is, however, necessary to observe, that she was unlucky in a father. He was a man in whose breast avarice had gained considerable ground, and whose heart was, in a great measure, callous to the tender feelings of paternal affection: as it is reported of him, that he would often, when speaking on the subject of marriage, ridicule that famous saying of Themistocles, namely, "that he would much rather marry his daughter to a man of merit, though poor, than to one who was rich without it," by observing, that if he had his daughter married to a man of fortune, he did not care whether he had merit or not.

Among the many who paid their addresses to this very accomplished young lady, was PHILANDER, a gentleman who, to an agreeable appearance, added the more engaging qualifications of the mind. He, though perhaps inferior in point of fortune to almost every one of her admirers, gained her intire affection, and they agreed by mutual promises, to be one another's for life.

A father frequently is not the first person who is acquainted with such attachments in his family. This was also the case with Rosara's; her other relations were the persons who first gave him this piece of information, endeavouring, at the same time, as much as possible, to exaggerate every circumstance to the prejudice of Philander, and insisting, in the most earnest manner, upon his doing every thing in his power to put a stop to their further connections. This piece of intelligence startled him greatly; and when we consider his own disposition, as noticed above, it is no hard matter to conceive how much he was irritated in consequence of it.

Rosara was informed of what had happened between her father and friends, before her next interview with Philander. She accordingly, with an aching heart, told him the circumstance, adding, that she understood her father was in a terrible rage, and was determined to stop any further connec-



tion between them, but that he had not as yet mentioned it to her though she every day expected it. "It shall not however (continued she), be in the power of any of my friends to cause me marry any person but such as I chuse myself; neither shall all their united efforts constrain me to love you less than I do at present." Philander conjured her to abide by these resolutions, and departed.

A very few days after, as Rosara was one evening sitting alone in her room, her father entered it, and having taken two or three turns, broke silence to the following purport:—"I had a considerable while since begun to suspect, that there was more betwixt you and Philander than what I was well aware of, but of this I am now credibly informed by some of your friends, who have your interest much at heart; and who tell me, that to such a length are matters now carried, that you and he are determined, as soon as possible, to be united in wedlock. This, however, I forbid, on pain of incurring my highest resentment. How much do you think such an union would degrade you? He is a person entirely beneath your station, and consequently unworthy of your smallest notice, when a matrimonial affair comes under consideration! Besides, I hope you will remember that Superbo is at your service; and, as he is a gentleman of station,

I expect you are to comply with his desires.”  
 —“My dear father (replied she trembling), I never did intend to marry Philander without giving you previous information; and since you have now mentioned such an affair, I ingenuously confess that I love him above every other person; and my affection, by its long continuance, is too deeply rooted to be eradicated; besides, as I live in a land of liberty, you will surely not deny me the privilege of the irrationals, namely, the freedom of choice, as I am now arrived at a time of life capable of judging for myself: But, above all, I beg you will consider that I have engaged myself, by the strongest promises, to be his for life; and I have heard it said, “that a young man and woman who have come under free, voluntary, mutual promises, whether verbal or written, are actually married, even though they should never come together, and the defaulter, if ever married, lives in adultery. Surely you would not then be guilty of making me the perpetrator of such a detestable crime?”—  
 Talk not (answered he with some warmth) of promises, or any such fantastic absurdities; I tell you nothing is in the smallest degree binding, till once the parties have joined hands before the parson: Promises! a pretty story truly! a parcel of chimerical notions you have got into your brain. Such fellows as Philander, who are possessed of a large

share of rhetorical abilities, can very easily persuade a raw unexperienced girl, intirely unacquainted with the world, such as you are, to believe any thing."—"But, my dear father (replied she, ready to sink on the chair), it is really absolutely impossible that I can enjoy the smallest happiness in being united to any other person, even allowing there should be, as you say, no weight in promises; as no such thing, you are very sensible, can actually exist, except the affection be reciprocal; and although Philander's fortune be but small, yet, when added to mine, they will, together, make one so very considerable, as will very well enable us to live comfortably, as neither of us, I believe, has any ambition to live splendidly. I cannot, indeed, speak from experience; but surely "the great secret of being happy in the married state consists not so much in being affluent as in loving each other well; in that case all things must conform themselves to our desires. This must produce a sweetness which will absorb all the vexations of life. In such a situation the heart of the one is in that of the other; they think and act even in concert, and are often on the point of saying the same thing. No existence is truly so precious as that of two married persons who love each other; and I should rather chuse to lose my life this day than—"

"Where, in the name of wonder (says he,

interrupting her, and quite in a rage), have you gleaned up all this romantic stuff? Not one word, I say, more of that imaginary happiness you talk of; it is wealth alone that constitutes what truly deserves the name of happiness; and, when that is wanting, I would not give a pin for what you call reciprocal affection: Superbo's fortune, together with your own, will place you in an independent station, and therein consists what in reality is happiness! I am therefore determined to have you united to him with all possible dispatch; so not one word more in opposition to the mandates of your father!" So saying, he went out of the room in a passion, leaving the amiable Rosara in a state of the utmost perplexity.

She would have at that time given the world to have seen Philander; but as he happened, in consequence of some material business, to be from home, that was impossible; besides, it was intirely out of her power to send any person in the family to inform him of what had passed, provided he had been at home; so strictly were her actions then observed.

In the mean time, so firmly did her father adhere to what he told her, that he dispatched a messenger, who brought Superbo and a notary, who drew up in form the marriage-contract, without ever so much as consulting the disconsolate Rosara. The news

of this had just reached Philander's dwelling by the time of his return. He was shocked at the relation, and was on the point of contriving some method of seeing Rosara (her father having previously found means to forbid him his house), in order to enquire if such a thing was done with her concurrence. This determination was, however, suppressed, by reflecting that her father was a man of consummate prudence, and who performed all his actions with the utmost deliberation, so that he naturally inferred this affair would be the result of her own coincidence. It was, indeed, a matter of the utmost difficulty to bring himself to think, that Rosara would so suddenly alter her resolution; but when he reflected upon the effect of advice, paternal affection, the fickleness of the sex, the disparity of his fortune when compared with Superbo's, he really imagined every thing was done with the consent of all parties. Such reflections as these confirmed his opinion, and he finally resolved not to see her again, as he naturally supposed such an interview could not fail to add to his present load of grief, and, at the same time, give him an opportunity of upbraiding her with her breach of fidelity, a circumstance he then did not chuse to do.

The last rupture between Great Britain and France was then newly commenced; and Philander having had a previous incli-

nation to the army, an opportunity at the very time offered itself, as some troops were just about to embark for America. He therefore, in order partly to wear off the remembrance of his dearest Rosara, who he then concluded, was given up to another, and partly to gratify his own inclination, entered himself a volunteer in one of these corps. About two days after he embarked, leaving the settling and management of his affairs in the hands of a friend, who was to succeed to his estate, provided he should never return.

His departure being so very sudden, Rosara had not the smallest notice of it until he was gone, soon after which, by his orders, she received a letter specifying his reasons for so sudden a departure. The situation she was then in is much easier to conceive than describe: But what made it still more deplorable was, the extreme cruelty of her father and friends, who still inhumanly insisted on her marrying Superbo, who was also so brutal as obtrude his solicitations with theirs. She was, however, inflexible, and told them in plain terms, that since Philander was prevented from enjoying her, none else ever should. She moreover comforted herself, that so soon as an opportunity offered of writing to him, she would then clear up the whole affair, by letting him

know that every thing was carried on contrary to her inclination, and that lie still, above every other person, was dear to her.

Soon after his arrival, the troops with which he came along, joined the expedition of Gen. Braddock against Fort du Quesne, an affair well known to many of your readers. Its melancholy event is also, I dare say, recent in some of their memories. In this unfortunate action Philander took the direction of the battalion in which he served, after its commanding officer was killed, and after having, with it, performed deeds worthy of a second Leonidas, he shared the same fate with the general, such as did many other brave officers who also fell that day.— The effects of his valour so exasperated some of the Indians who served along with the French in that engagement, that after having insulted his dead body, they added that piece of cruelty peculiar to themselves, namely scalping. His corpse was, however, afterwards discovered by an intimate companion of his at the general burying of the slain, by means of a miniature picture of Rosara set in gold, which he had always worn suspended by a ribband round his neck, and which had accidentally escaped the vigilance of the savages. This, with some trifles, was returned to his friend.

The fate of the amiable Rosara, in consequence of these melancholy news, is a

scene too big with horror to dwell upon. After the first transports of her grief, which was excessive, were abated, her words became incoherent, her actions extravagant, and the whole of her deportment gave evident signs of insanity. It was therefore thought necessary to watch her, in order to prevent her from committing any act of violence upon herself. These precautions unluckily proved fruitless, as she was one morning found strangled in her bed.---Thus fell two innocent and worthy persons, victims to the insatiable desires of avarice, sincerely lamented by all who had the happiness of knowing them.---From their unhappy fate take this advice :

—————“ Ye Parents who from *nature* stray  
 And the great ties of *social* life betray ;  
 Ne'er with your children act a *tyrant's* part ;  
 'Tis yours to GUIDE, not VIOLATE the heart.”

THOMSON



F I N I S .