

**THE SON  
OF A GENIUS**

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The Son of a Genius by Mrs. Hofland

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**MRS. HOFLAND**

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OF A GENIUS**



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SON OF A GENIUS.



"Barn I save my father's  
Barbara

By MRS. HOFLAND. (WEEKS) H.

~~~~~  
Lay hold of instruction, keep her, for she is thy life.—PROVERB.  
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*OK*

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F. P. N.,  
THE AUTHOR'S SON.

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ACCEPT, my dear Son, this little work, as a proof of that tender regard, and sincere desire for your improvement, not only in the learning of the mind, but of the heart, in which it is not less my duty than my inclination to instruct you.

Deprived, on your very entrance into life, of an excellent Father, whose paternal care would have protected, and whose example would have enlightened you; there have doubtless been many times, when you have sighed to find yourself bereaved of that connexion enjoyed by your companions, and which it was impossible for any kindness or exertion on my part wholly to supply. In

tracing the early sorrows of the subject of this story, you will perceive a child struggling with a species of distress, to which you never have or could have been subject; yet the contemplation of which will, I trust, be of use to you; not only by showing you that boys who *have* fathers may in some cases suffer many privations and afflictions; but, what is of infinitely more consequence to be known, that the most brilliant talents, enlarged conceptions, and refined sensibilities, of which human nature is capable, may be rendered useless, and even prejudicial, unless they are directed by prudence, humility, and discretion; and above all, that strict integrity, founded on religious principles, that "fear of God which is the beginning (and the end) of wisdom;" will, where it is duly engrafted in the heart by true Christianity, produce a disposition to, and observance of, order, regularity, and every action indicative of honesty, industry, and self control.



Conscious, my Frederic, that you do not need an advocate for the duties of compassion and charity to your suffering fellow creatures, I shall only beg you on this subject to remark the conduct of Ludovico as to his discretion; though in the midst of his poverty, he gladly obeyed the injunction of his blessed Master, and the yearnings of his own benevolent heart in the performance of this delightful duty, yet he did not bestow with a careless or lavish hand; his prudence and industry were made the medium of his generosity, and he thus verified the truth of that assertion I so frequently make, and of which your own conduct, my dear boy, has afforded many endearing proofs that those who are the most careful are the most beneficent, and that self-denial is the mother of generosity; a doctrine I do not scruple to repeat, since, promising as your conduct now is, you are yet very young; and it is therefore necessary to give you line upon line and precept upon precept; and it is

very probable that as this is not the first, so it will not be the last story, dictated for your instruction, and others of your age, by *their* friend, and your anxious, though approving and affectionate, Mother,

B. N.

THE  
SON OF A GENIUS.

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CHAPTER I.

No jealousy their dawn of love o'ercast,  
Nor blasted were their wedded days with strife,  
Each season look'd delightful as it passed,  
Found in the lowly vale of shepherd life.

*Boottic.*

“DEPEND upon it, Mrs. Lewis, your son is a boy of genius, *uncommon genius*,” said a gentleman to the wife of an artist, as he looked over some loose sketches which lay upon her work table, at one end of which sat a sickly-looking boy of about twelve years old, at work with his pencil; and who now looking up exhibited his pale face, so illuminated by the pleasure praise seldom fails to convey, however administered, that the gentleman thought he had seldom seen