

**FAITHFUL
NICOLETTE; OR, THE
FRENCH NURSE**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649325160

Faithful Nicolette; or, The French nurse by Sarah A. Myers

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

SARAH A. MYERS

**FAITHFUL
NICOLETTE; OR, THE
FRENCH NURSE**



MIDDLETON AND THE JACOBS



FAITHFUL NICOLETTE;

OR,

THE FRENCH NURSE.



LONDON;
T. NELSON AND SONS, PATERNOSTER ROW;
EDINBURGH; AND NEW YORK.

1872.






FAITHFUL NICOLETTE.

CHAPTER I.

THE FLIGHT FROM MARSEILLES.

N the latter part of the reign of Louis XVI., which was the period of the breaking out of the Revolution, and which was followed by the Reign of Terror, there lived in Marseilles a rich merchant whose name was Martiniere. Occupied by his own extensive concerns, he kept himself as far removed as possible from the scenes of tumult and bloodshed which were everywhere being enacted. Although he deplored the state of his beloved France, he knew that no effort or means of his own could stay the storm of popular fury which every day raged more violently. Greatly blessed in his own domestic circle, which

consisted of his wife and two children—the eldest a boy of twelve years old, and his little sister, Adele, four years younger—he had never been tempted to roam beyond its limits, or appear as a partisan in the strifes which so painfully marked that turbulent time.

The quiet retirement in which the Martiniere family lived furnished no certain safeguard against the suspicion of upstart rulers and the unbridled fury of the mob, which, intoxicated with the possession of a power it knew not how to use, had sacrificed the family of the amiable but weak Louis XVI., and conducted his unhappy queen and himself to the guillotine. Men who had taken the largest part in the cruelties practised on that fearful September day in 1791, and murdered the prisoners confined in the Abbey St. Germain, La Force, and others, now stood as judges at the head of the popular tribunals; and neither mercy nor justice was to be expected from those blood-thirsty tyrants by such as were marked for sacrifice.

Most of the royalist party who could do so were leaving this land of misrule, and Mr. Martiniere held it no longer safe to remain. Prudently and cautiously, therefore, he made *preparations* for his departure. Resolving to *make Germany* his place of refuge, he had pro-

vided himself with passports and clothing suitable for disguise, having converted his property, as far as possible, into money. To accomplish this the greatest circumspection had to be observed, lest it should excite suspicion. The care and anxiety of the intended fugitives increased each moment, for they feared lest the observing enemies of public peace had already cast a longing eye on the wealth which they were known to possess.

The evening at length arrived on which they had decided to leave their native city. Mr. Martiniere and his wife, dressed in the garb of the peasants who supplied the market with vegetables, prepared to forsake for ever the home endeared to them by many tender recollections; but regret was, for the present, lost in the urgency for flight and the dread of mishap. The large baskets which, as part of their disguise, they carried on their shoulders, held some necessary clothing and a few eatables. Their valuable papers were concealed between the double soles of their hob-nailed shoes.

Under various pretexts they had parted from time to time with all their servants except one, who for thirty years had so faithfully discharged her household duties in their service, that she was looked on more in the light of a relative

than a domestic. She had declared that she would not forsake them in the hour of danger, but was resolved to follow them into exile, wherever they might lead. This woman, whose name was Nicolette, greatly loved Madame Martiniere, whom she had nursed with all a mother's tenderness. She had also been nurse to the children, who were not less the objects of her affection than if they had been parts of her own being; and they, taught from their earliest infancy to love and respect her, so every way worthy, were not less attached to this faithful servant than to their own mother. They regarded one as "mamma," and the other as "mother."

All was ready, and Nicolette had gone to awake the sleeping children, who knew nothing of the intended flight, and to whom the refreshment of a few hours of slumber was necessary to fit them for the rough journey which lay before them.

The clock chimed the hour of one from the gray tower, and the parents, having taken every precaution against surprise, waited but for the presence of Nicolette and the children to set out, when suddenly the sounds of wild tumult were heard issuing from the street below. Its import *could not be mistaken*—a party of riotous Jaco-