

**EMMA AND HER NURSE
OR, THE HISTORY OF
LADY HAREWOOD AND
THE MOTHER'S GRAVE**

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Emma and Her Nurse or, the History of Lady Harewood and the Mother's Grave by Mrs. Cameron

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MRS. CAMERON

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"Here she would gather for her all the winter flowers that had escaped the frost, nosegays of golden-rod, and winter daisy, and laurustinus; and she would call the little one to listen to the voices of the winter fowl, and to peep at the deer."

EMMA AND HER NURSE

OR

The History of Lady Harewood

AND

THE MOTHER'S GRAVE

BY

MRS. CAMERON

AUTHOR OF 'MARGARET WHITE,' 'FANNY AND MARTIN,'
ETC.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE MIND OF CHILDHOOD has very aptly been likened to a slate, on which the pencil of the parent or teacher may write whatever lessons of good or evil his judgment or his error may dictate. If such is the fact—and the most ordinary experience teaches us, that

'As the twig is bent, the tree's inclined'—

how serious and important a duty of us all is it, to take strict care that the soft, impressible mind of youth should receive no images but those of moral beauty and religious excellence!

Perhaps no system has effected more good, in an educational point of view, than the Religious and Moral Stories which have been published of late years for the youth of both sexes—tales in which Religion is made the handmaid of Morality, and, without being

injudiciously put too forward, is used with judgment as the guiding influence, and a happy state of piety made the reward of moral trials and worldly misfortunes. In this light, Mrs. CAMERON'S highly popular Tales of 'EMMA AND HER NURSE,' and 'THE MOTHER'S GRAVE,' are good examples; as showing that, in whatever sphere our lot may be cast, or whatever duties we may be called upon to perform, a conscientious reliance on God, and an honest discharge of our obligations, will eventually carry us through the roughest troubles to the haven of peace, self-approval, and Divine reward.

The sale of successive editions, amounting to nearly SEVENTY THOUSAND copies, of these favourite Tales, and the continued demand for them, has induced the Publishers to issue this copyright illustrated edition.

LONDON: *September 1866.*

MEMOIRS
OF
EMMA AND HER NURSE.

CHAPTER I.

NEAR the pleasant town of Montgomery there is a very ancient house, standing amidst gardens and woods, which belonged once to a noble family. Many years ago, the owners of this house, not having occasion for it, let it for a season to a gentleman of great fortune ; who, as he was travelling through the town, was struck with the beauty of the situation.

This gentleman was a baronet, and was called Sir Arthur Harewood. He was a very handsome man, and exceedingly accomplished and agreeable in his manners. He furnished the house which he took in the most sumptuous manner, and kept many fine carriages and horses, and numerous servants : so that the gentlemen in the neighbourhood courted his acquaintance very much, and many would have been glad to have had

him for a husband to one of their daughters. Among these, a gentleman of an ancient family, whom he frequently met with in his hunting-parties, took an early opportunity of introducing him to his wife and daughter, who lived in great retirement. The extraordinary beauty of the young lady soon attracted Sir Arthur's attention; and after seeing her a few times only, he asked her hand in marriage, and almost as quickly obtained it. Sir Arthur neither knew nor valued the many excellences which this lady possessed; for she had been brought up by her mother in habits of the strictest piety, and she answered all the hopes which her excellent parent had formed respecting her.

Immediately after her marriage, Lady Harewood was taken to the hall, where every thing which this world could give was provided for her; and she hoped that in her husband, whose agreeable manners and endeavours to please had rendered him very dear to her, she should find the piety, the wisdom, and the tenderness which had till this time formed the great sources of her happiness in her mother.

Lady Harewood was at first pleased with every thing she saw; and when, by degrees, the character

of her husband opened upon her, and she found that he was only a man of the world, she pleased herself with the delightful hope that she should be the means of leading him to better things. Many delightful plans of reformation she formed in her household, when her husband should be brought to think as she did. She ventured, by degrees, to talk to him on her favourite subjects; but sometimes he laughed at her, and sometimes made no answer.

Lady Harewood hoped that she made some impression on his mind; yet she could not help observing that his manner became cold towards her, and that he left her frequently.

One evening, when she had been talking to him with more than common earnestness on the subject of religion, he turned to her suddenly, and, in a very stern voice, he said: 'Lady Harewood, I have heard enough, and too much, on these subjects. I married you for your beauty, your simplicity, and your gentleness; but I little expected to have had the peace of my life invaded by your enthusiasm and gloom. I wanted a companion to add to my happiness, not a gloomy foreboder of future ill.' So saying, he burst from her, and she did not see him again for many hours.