

**THE LAND OF PROMISE: A TALE,  
WRITTEN BY THE BARONESS DE  
CALABRELLA, FOR THE FANCY  
FAIR HELD IN AID OF THE ST. ANN'S  
SOCIETY, AUGUST 13TH, 1844**

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The Land of Promise: A Tale, Written by the Baroness De Calabrella, for the Fancy Fair Held in Aid of the St. Ann's Society, August 13th, 1844 by E. C. De Calabrella

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**E. C. DE CALABRELLA**

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THE  
LAND OF PROMISE:

A TALE,

WRITTEN

BY THE BARONESS DE CALABRELLA,

FOR

*The Fancy Fair*

HELD IN AID OF

THE ST. ANN'S SOCIETY,

AUGUST 13TH, 1844.

44. 1223.

## THE LAND OF PROMISE.

IN the rich cities of an Eastern land  
When, bowing to their worshipp'd lord's decree,  
The people keep some holy feast with glee,  
And throng the public squares in many a band,—  
Oft may you see some story-teller stand  
The centre of a group, whose gravity  
Is changed to mirth or sadness as they see  
The varied scenes that rise at his command ;  
So thou, who strayest through this festive mart,  
Were but his power of fascination mine,  
I would enchant thine ear, and touch thine heart ;  
But in this work of mercy my poor part  
Is but to place an offering on the shrine—  
May Heaven thy soul to sympathy incline !

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THE  
LAND OF PROMISE.

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MISFORTUNE can be made lovely by the manner in which it is borne. When those who are its victims retire from public view, and, instead of parading their sorrows before a world which can neither understand nor sympathize with them, patiently submit themselves to the trials which Heaven may have prepared for the purification of their hearts, and dwelling in the shade, seek no help from without to dissipate their grief,—then, their afflictions, whether of bereavement, of poverty, or of any other of the ills of life, are so far from degrading their character, that they seem to encircle it with lustre, and



give it added grace and dignity. So it was with the personages about to be introduced in the following pages.

Devon abounds with beautiful and romantic spots,—with every variety of scene, from the wide extended meadow, that presents only a surface of unvarying green, to the tall hills clothed with all shades of verdure, and crowned with a forest of trees of different growth and species. It is unnecessary, therefore, to designate the exact position of a rustic cottage, which, without being characterized by the rude plainness of an ordinary farmhouse, or having anything of the fantastical appearance of a cottage *ornée*, seemed, from a certain unpretending prettiness of exterior, to be exactly suited to the secluded spot in which it stood. At first sight, you could not, perhaps, determine what it was that impressed you with the feeling that Nature had herself built this cottage, and determined its site,—shading it with old trees, giving it a front open to the sweet south, calling forth near it a little gurgling rill, overshadowed

with luxuriant vegetation; so that, like a concealed lute, you heard the fairy-like music, without perceiving how it was produced; rearing around banks of moss of a hundred shades of green, and as soft to the foot as a Persian carpet, opening views through woodland vistas, or peep-holes of far-off hills of the richest purple hue,—bringing from hidden nooks the delightful fragrance of violets and wild thyme,—you could not at first say what it was that made this cottage seem so completely in accordance with surrounding objects; but on a nearer view, you perceived that the effect you admired, had been the work of a refined mind, with a fine perception of natural beauty. All around the rustic porch was trained the plants natural to the woodland scene. The sweet-smelling clematis, with its tiny blossoms, and the wild convolvulus, were twined through the irregular lattice-work, and hung in rich clusters over the roof; lichen stained the walls, and myrtle and jasmine, sweet sisters, flourished in rich profusion, as though they had never known the gardener's shears. The very chimney-

stack looked picturesque, peeping above the thick thatch; for you might see that the swallows' had built their nests on its verge; and now and then the parent birds winged their flight from the roof to the far—far off, corn-fields. Within this cottage lived a widow lady and her daughter, attended by but one domestic, a faithful honest-hearted creature, who would have given her life, if the sacrifice could have done pleasure to either of her ladies. They did not mix with the inhabitants of the neighbourhood. All the world to each other, they lived perfectly secluded, making their bliss in the sweet love and converse of their daily life.

On a summer evening, when the rich glow of sunset had given place to the grey sombre hues of twilight, Selina Manvers put aside her embroidery-frame, seated herself on a low stool at her mother's feet, and raising her eyes to that gentle mother's face, she read in its sad expression that some more than usually painful thought occupied her mind. "What makes you thus sad and silent, dearest mother?" she inquired.