

THE PRINCESS: A TALE OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

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The Princess: A Tale of the French Revolution by Mrs. Cecil Fane

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MRS. CECIL FANE

**THE PRINCESS: A
TALE OF THE FRENCH
REVOLUTION**



Marie **A**ntoinette,
Oct. 16th 1793.
See Page 127.



THE PRINCESS:

A TALE OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

from the German.

BY

MRS. CECIL FANE.

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PREFACE.

THE writer of the following tale had two objects in view in writing it; the one, to familiarize herself with German, (it is founded on a German tale); the other, to intersperse an interesting narrative with reflections taken from the Bible, thus making the amusement of the young, for whom it is written, a vehicle for their instruction in Bible truths.



THE PRINCESS.

CHAPTER I.

AT the door of a long low cottage, nearly covered by a luxuriant vine, a young girl stood early one fresh summer morning, earnestly gazing at the rising sun, whose rays were already so dazzling as to oblige her to shade her eyes with her hand.

"There," said she, in a low, pleasant voice, "the sun is again up before me, though it has performed a long journey, and I have been resting all night!"

Then, with folded hands and reverently bended knee, the maiden devoutly offered her morning tribute of prayer and praise to her heavenly Father. That duty performed, she sprang lightly to the stream that dashed and foamed, and finally tumbled into a well at the end of the garden. She bathed her hands and face

over and over again, laughing and chattering to herself in a way that would have betrayed her southern origin, even had not her black sparkling eyes stamped her as a Frenchwoman. Her tongue seemed to be running a race with the babbling brook, for she continued gaily, "Hum! now that water neither sleeps nor rests. It runs along, and bubbles, and sparkles, day and night, without wanting to be paid for its trouble. Father Jean says that there are deserts where people would give a hundred thousand francs for such water. One hundred thousand francs! And mother says this cottage and garden and the well only cost five hundred; and what a comfort! that dear old Count laid the pipes down to bring the water for us poor people. He is a good gentleman; what a pity Monsieur Frédéric is not like him. Then we have plenty of wood for the winter, and there is the beautiful forest, which provides us with such good berries, and mushrooms, and, best of all, with truffles. And see, just as I say the word truffles, up comes our truffle-hunter. Good morning, Brabant! So you have been getting up early too, and I suppose you are going to take your morning draught at the well. What a blessing you are to us, you dear good dog! I am sure you repay all the