

Thomas Simpson
THE 1832

CONSEQUENCES

OF

A L I E .

FOUNDED ON RECENT FACTS.

BY

MARIANNE NEVILLE.

With Copper Plates.

LONDON:

WILLIAM DARTON AND SON,

HOLBORN HILL.

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Page B.

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MEMORANDUM

A. L. E.

TO THE HONORABLE MEMBERS OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

IN SENATE

1864

FOR DOCS.

AND THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

THE

CONSEQUENCES

OF

A LIE.

JAMES LIND SAYE was six years old, and a very fine boy; he had but one fault, but that one was enough to destroy all his other good deeds. He never told truth, and no person could depend on any thing that he said; he took more trouble to invent a lie,

than to learn his lesson ; if he told one lie in the morning, he had to tell twenty to hide it, before night, he often forgot what he said, and so was found out, in not telling the story the same way. — From this practise of lying, when he did by chance tell the truth, no one believed him, and then he began to cry.

One day he was throwing pebbles into the drawing room, when the window was open ; one of them struck the

pier glass, and broke it all in pieces. James was very much frightened, but he took up the stone, and thought that he could escape by saying, it was the house maid who struck the handle of the brush against it. Mrs. Lindsay soon came in, and was very angry when she saw the glass broke, for it had cost a hundred guineas: she rung the bell to inquire of the house maid, who had broken it. James said he saw her break it with the brush; and as he had been severely punished by his father, the day

before, for telling a lie about some ink that had been spilled, Mrs. Lindsay did not think he would so soon transgress, but thought *for this time* he told the truth. But, alas! who can depend on a liar? The housemaid was discharged, and lost her place, and as she could not get a situation, was obliged to spend all her wages, and to live in a wretched cabin, as she could not afford to pay for a decent lodging. Three months had now passed away, and James was standing at the door, waiting for his po-

ny ; he had a large piece of plum cake in his hand, which he was devouring with eagerness, when he perceived a young woman approach the gate, she had hardly any clothes on, and seemed very ill ; she leaned against the gate ; which she did not see was a little open, and fell back ; she cut her head dreadfully. James, who was really good natured, flew to assist her, and finding she did not stir, ran in to the house to call for help, for that a poor woman had fallen down dead on the steps. The butler,

whom he met, laugh ed. “ O, Mr. James,” said he, “ this is on ly one of your sto ries, I do not sup pose there is any bo dy there, I shall not stir for your story.” “ Nor I nei ther,” said the cook, “ Mas ter James ne ver tells the truth, and we go of no fool’s er rand for him. He lost Ma ry Jōnes her place, and I dare say he ne ver made it up to her since; I wonder what is be come of her.” “ Oh! stop, in mer cy,” cried James, “ and see this pōor crea ture that is dy ing at the door. In deed it is all true *now*, what I

say, and I will never tell a lie a gain.” “But you have said that so often, Master James, we do not know how to believe you.” “Only just see,” said James, “and then you will believe me; if it is not so, I will never ask you to trust me a gain.”

Here a deep groan was heard. “Did you hear that?” said the cook.

“It is this poor creature whose moans you hear,” said James; “will you come now.”

“May be it is true after all,” said the cook, “I will just go to the window, and see a bout her.” She went, and saw what ap pear ed the body of a young wo man, from whom deep groans pro ceed ed, ly ing a cross the steps. The cook im me di ate ly called Mrs. Dan ley, the lady’s maid, to get some drops to re vive the poor suf fer er, whom they rais ed from the ground. Her face was co ver ed with blood which had flow ed from her tem ple when she fell. James brought a glass of wa ter, and



with his handkerchief washed the blood from her face. But what were his feelings, on doing so, when he found the poor woman was no other than Mary Jones, the house maid, whom he had deprived of bread, by telling a lie about the looking glass!

James burst into tears, and as Mary recovered, asked her how she came to be in this state. She said she had not eaten any thing for three days, and feeling faint, leaned against the gate, which

she did not know was open ; she was going to ask Mrs. Lindsay leave to weed in the garden, that she might have something to earn her bread honestly, and to assure her she never broke the pier glass. “ But even if I did,” continued she, “ I have been in want and misery ever since, and would tell no lie about it, to screen my own misconduct.” “ I will clear you to mamma this moment,” said James, and ran to the drawing room, where there were several visitors, but his heart was too

full to think of who were present. James advanced with clasped hands, and confessed before them all, that it was he who had broken the glass, and had been the cause of Mary Jones's being parted with; and told her accident and misfortunes, which were all brought on in consequence of his telling a lie.

Mrs. Lindsay went down to the kitchen to see her, and found all as James had represented. Mary Jones was in a deep decline, from the effects

of po ver ty and star va tion, but she still hop ed, that if she got a lit tle bet ter, she might, per haps, by good liv ing and kind treat ment, re vive. At pre sent she was un a ble to work, and had not clothes suf fi cient to make her de cent in any gen tle man's house. Mrs. Lind say gave her half a crown, and said she would con si der what could be done for her, and de sir ed the cook to give her her din ner, and to take care of her that day.

“O, mam ma,” said James,

crying, “take all my pocket money, and lay it out in clothes for Mary Jones. How can I repair the injury I have done her? If she should die, I am the wretch who is the cause of it.” Here the sobs checked his utterance; “I will never tell a lie again, in deed I will not, it is I who have killed her. Will you not if she recovers, take her again as house maid? and I shall feel happy once more.”

“My dear James,” said Mrs. Lindsay, “it is not with us to

de termine about her; she will, probably, in a few weeks be relieved from all suffering; I deeply deplore your being the cause of her present situation, and hope you will prove the sincerity of your repentance, by the amendment of your life, and will give her all the comfort which is in your power. We will get a lodging for her at the gate, and you can visit her every day, and take her any thing that may be of use to her, and by seeing her daily, it will be a lesson to you all your

life. I will see that your money is laid out for her, to the best advantage, and am very glad you are so ready to give it for her, though money can be of little use to one on the brink of the grave." "Oh, mamma, I will nurse her, she must not die—I will pray with all my heart for her recovery." "Do my child," said Mrs. Lindsay, "and pray also, for your *own* forgiveness, in having brought her to this state by a false hood."

After this, James was very

thoughtful, and was often seen stealing out on tip toe to visit Mary Jones in the gate-house, where he used to bring her fruit and jelly, which the housekeeper made for her: he asked her to forgive him, before she died; which she did, from all her heart, but requested he would read the Bible to her every day, and remain in the room when Mr. Barlow, the clergyman, came to visit her, as his pious conversation and prayer, might do him more good, in enabling him to leave off lying,

than any thing she could say. For, though his feelings were worked on for the moment, when she was gone, her remembrance would die with her, and he might relapse into his former habits. Mrs. Lind say had much conversation with Mr. Barlow about her son, and he approved much of his being present when he visited Mary, and was pleased to find the impression on his mind seemed of a lasting nature. This he took care to improve; and after a little time, Mrs. Lind-

say re solv ed to place him un-
der his care for a year, un til
his sad pro pen si ty for ly ing
was e ra di cat ed, *not* from
fear, but *from prin ci ple*.

Mary Jones now drew near
her last home, and ex press ed
a wish to see James be fore
she died. He came di rect ly.
She stretch ed out her hand to
him, in to ken of for give ness.
Her eyes were sunk, and her
breath ing so op press ed, that
she could hard ly speak. At
last she made a great effort,
and sat up, then fixing her

dark eyes on him, said in broken accents :

“I thank you for all the comforts you have given me in this my last illness, and for our Redeemer’s sake, I forgive you all that you have done against me. Let my death-bed be a warning to you, to speak the truth from your heart ; it was my mother’s maxim, “never to let a lie pass my lips, for it would be a burning coal to my heart hereafter ;” it is one of the ways in which Mr. Barlow told

you the sixth commandment was broken, for destroying the character by falsehood is a death to the soul, and often followed by the destruction of the body. I shall die happy, in the sure hope of a christian, who has no reliance on her own merits, but a firm trust in the atonement of the Son of God, who came into the world to save sinners. I do not wish to praise myself at this awful moment, but for your advantage, tell you, it is one source of my present calmness, to feel, that *no* dis-

tress, or fear of *anger*, *ever* *tempted* me to *tell* a *lie*; this I wish to impress on your mind, and hope, when you are tempted by false shame, or the wiles of Satan, to for sake the truth, that you will give a thought to poor Mary Jones, and look at this lock of hair, which, with her blessing, is all she has to give."

Mary fell back exhausted, and James drowned in tears, pressed the lock of hair to his lips, and said, he would get it set in a brochet, and wear it

next his heart, and it should have on one side, "Mary Jones," and on the other, "Remember Truth." She looked up, and a faint smile passed over her pale features, and pressing his hand in token of approbation, she gave a deep sigh, and her spirit fled for ever.

James was removed from the scene of death, which made a deep impression on his mind. When the bell tolled for her funeral, he thought every stroke went to his heart. He

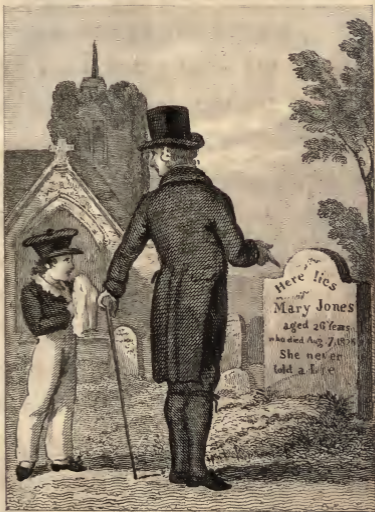
wept incessantly, but still determined to attend her remains to the grave, but it was however too much for his feelings, and he was carried away.

Some time after he had been with Mr. Barlow, he expressed a wish to visit Mary Jones's grave, and Mr. Barlow accompanied him. To his surprise he saw a neat monument put up, with this simple but pathetic inscription:—

“ Here lies Mary Jones,
aged 26 years,
who died August 7, 1826.
She never told a lie.”

James's eyes suffused with tears, as he read the last sentence. “ Whenever you transgress,” said Mr. Barlow, “ we will walk here, I need make no further comment at present, for since you have been with me, you have kept your word.”

James did not speak, his heart was too full to answer,



and Mr. Barlow changed the subject. He led him to a walk which he had never seen before, that ended in a romantic grotto, near a stream that flowed over a variety of pebbles. James took up some of them, and put two or three into his pocket. After which they gathered some curious plants, which Mr. Barlow told him the use of, and they returned home. Shortly after Mr. Barlow received a note from Mrs. Lindsay, expressive of her joy at finding her son so much reformed, and that he had not

been guilty of false hood *an entire month*.—Part of this letter Mr. Barlow read aloud, and folding it up, put it into a drawer of his cabinet, and told James, he would leave it unlocked; and to be *sure* not to touch it during his absence for an hour, for that he *would know* if he was tempted to do a dishonourable action.

James promised he would not go near the drawer, and intended to keep his word, and took up a book to amuse himself for half an hour. At

last he thought, how he should like to read *just* the part Mr. Barlow read of his mamma's letter, and would not *for the world* read a *line* *further*. "Besides," said he to himself, "how can Mr. Barlow know it? I can shut the drawer again."

But if he asks me, what shall I say?" thought James: here he almost formed a ready lie. At last he put his hand in his bosom that he might not touch the drawer, and without thinking of what he

was about, he unbuttoned his waist coat, and the locket fell out, and he read in gold letters, "Remember Truth, and Mary Jones."—His heart smote him, and he walked a round the room, saying aloud to himself all the time, "I will fly temptation, if I cannot stand it," and made a dart to the door. Mr. Barlow met him in the passage. "My dear James," said he, "I rejoice that you have conquered yourself; I was in the library, and heard all you said, and I am more pleased at

your steady resistance of temptation, than if you had learned a hundred lessons out of a book." "But if I had opened the drawer how would you have known it?" asked James: "you heard me talking to myself, but you could not see me open the drawer." Mr. Barlow smiled. — "Open it now, and tell me if you could, by any lie, deceive me."

James opened the drawer, and gave a cry of astonishment, at hearing a most delightful strain of music pro-

ceed from the drawer.—He looked, and could see no thing but his mam ma's let ter : still the mu sic con ti nu ed for a-bove fit teen mi nutes.

Mr. Bar low en joy ed his sur prise. “ Con fess now, James, if this draw er would not have con vict ed you at once, if you had be tray ed my con fi dence. I see now you may be trust ed, and are an ho nor a ble boy. And I will show you that I am no ma gi ci an. It is a mu si cal draw er, like one of the French

snuff boxes, and the effort of pulling it out sets it going: here is the spring. This cabinet was made in France, for the Princess Pauline, and the drawer was intended for a money drawer; so that if any thieves should break it open, the music would suddenly frighten and betray them, which report says, it did.

“Here is now your mother’s letter, and may your future life render that affectionate and amiable woman happy, by your strict adherence to Truth.”

Four years have since passed a way, with out James having told a single lie. His character is now so respected for strict adherence to Truth, that to prove a thing, his school fellows have only to say "James Lindsay said it"—or, "it must be so, for it was affirmed by James." He daily gains friends, and when he grows up, will be an ornament to society. And we must not omit to mention that neither ridicule nor false pride has made him relinquish his annual visits to the tomb

of Mary Jones, from whose death the amendment of his life may be dated.

The reader who may peruse this tale, if he has hitherto been in the habit of keeping the truth sacred, will, it is to be hoped, be confirmed in his resolution, to avoid falsehood. It is impossible for a liar always to escape detection, and when once discovered, he loses the respect of every one. If, therefore, these pages meet the eye of

young persons who have at any time been guilty of falsehood, let them reflect seriously upon a crime which will draw down upon them the contempt of their fellow creatures, and the anger of their Maker. James repented sincerely; but how much happier would it have been for him had he never numbered the sufferings and death of poor Mary Jones, as THE CONSEQUENCES OF A LIE.

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