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Margaret Blackstone
1809

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Frontispiece.



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Castruccio Castracani.

See page 302

Published for Longman, Hurst, Rees & Orme, 1807.

MATERNAL INSTRUCTION;
OR
FAMILY CONVERSATIONS,
ON
MORAL AND ENTERTAINING SUBJECTS,
INTERSPERSED WITH
History, Biography, and Original Stories.

DESIGNED FOR THE PERUSAL OF YOUTH.

By ELIZABETH HELME,
Author of Instructive Rambles in London,
History of England, &c. &c.

THE SECOND EDITION.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, AND ORME,
PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1807.

MATTHEW WASHINGTON
PREFACE

AS I regard an informed mother the most proper and attractive of all teachers, I have chosen that character as the principal, in the following sheets. Filial duty and fraternal affection I have endeavoured to exemplify, as those virtues not only tender youth estimable in their own families, but respectable in the eyes of all good men, redouble the pleasures of their own early years, and lay the foundation of happiness in a more advanced age. To excite a desire of reading history, to render industry habitual, and to inculcate, that piety alone is the real source of true happiness, has been my wish.

J. WRIGHT, Printer, St. John's Square.

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but as the value of knowledge is not, in general, sufficiently appreciated by young minds, I have cloathed the whole in the guise of amusement, satisfied that if morality can once be carefully cultivated in the human heart, it will, in time, bring to perfection those fruits, which are the most essential blessings of life.

ELIZABETH HELME.

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MATERNAL INSTRUCTION.

CONVERSATION I.

A Family Party—Employment for all Ages—Account of a singular Stone in the Island of Hoy—The Necessity of writing a legible Hand.

ONE frosty evening, in January, as Mrs. Thornhill sat surrounded by her children, George, Amelia, Frederic, and Caroline, the second named, addressing her, said, “my dear mamma, the country is very dreary, is it not almost time to go to London?”

“Undoubtedly, for those who have business there at this season: have you any Amelia?” replied her mother.

“I mamma? no surely—but we were accustomed to visit town in the winter.”

“True, your father’s duty to his country used to call him there, but my duty fixes me in this retired mansion. To the mother

of four fatherless children, as I, alas! now am, that spot must be most agreeable where she can best educate them: that is now my first earthly duty; I owe it to you, to my conscience, and to the memory of your ever honoured father."—As Mrs. Thornhill spoke, a tear involuntarily stole from her eye, and dropped on her son's hand which lay across her knee.

"Amelia," said George, "you are a heedless, if not an unfeeling girl, and are for ever distressing our dear mother by some unthinking speech or ridiculous question."

"George," interrupted Mrs. Thornhill, "do you alleviate that distress by speaking harshly to your sister? surely not, she cannot suffer without my participating her feelings."

"Brother," said Amelia, "I indeed am heedless, but my mother's tears are a greater reproach than your words."

"My dear Amelia," interrupted Mrs. Thornhill, "your's was an error of the head rather than of the heart, therefore let it be forgotten. I wish to talk to you of my future plans, for as George is now sixteen, and you thirteen, you must take an active

part in the welfare of the whole. George, in his hours of relaxation from study, will assist me in my accounts, and all that concerns the receipts and expenditure of this estate ; for as his father was his own steward, so with my advice shall he. The business may bring with it some trouble, but it will be repaid. He will hereafter exactly know the state of his tenants, the amount of his resources, and the extent of his property, which, if he exceeds, he will either shew a weak head or a depraved mind. A miser is the most ridiculed of all characters, yet I think a spendthrift equally despicable ; for as the first has not the heart to do good, neither has the latter the ability ; for, greedily of gratifying his passions, he has bereft himself of the means, and whether good is withheld by avarice or a selfish profusion, I regard it equally sinful. At the great and final account which we all must give, the miser's heart laid open, he could only reply, '*I saved* my gold in a chest,'—the spendthrift, '*I spent* mine in pleasures.' Alas ! my children, where would be the difference ? the gold locked in the chest, or that expended in the riot of cards, wine, or dice, would

be equally misused ; the just answer to both would be, ' go, ye unworthy stewards, ye have forfeited the trust I reposed in ye : see my face no more.' ”

“ My dear mother,” said George, “ I may fail, but my endeavours shall not be wanting, and every hour that our good Curate, Mr. Pennant, gives me from my studies, shall be devoted to you.”

“ For my Amelia,” continued Mrs. Thornhill, “ she must learn to superintend my domestic concerns, to give orders to the house-keeper, and the cook ; in short, to arrange, with strict decorum, all my household business ; for as no woman is above commanding a family, so no woman should be above learning the duties attending that trust.”

“ I shall have much to learn, madam, but I will observe you and do my best,” replied Amelia.

“ And is there nothing for me to do ?” said Frederic ; “ I am nine years old, and when my lessons are over, I should like to be employed.”

“ Undoubtedly,” replied his mother ; “ we will walk when the weather permits, and in the season plant trees, and improve the

estate. Should you not be pleased Frederic, if God spared you to grow old, to say to your children, 'see these great woods of tall trees; I planted them when I was a child.'"

"Oh, how delightful!" answered Frederic, "I would wander among them all day long, and breakfast, dine, and sup under their branches."

"That would indeed be pleasant," replied Mrs. Thornhill, "but the plan might be of yet greater utility, as I will prove, by a story I will relate to you, in our first excursion for that purpose."

"Oh! how I long to begin; I shall watch them every day, water them and take great care that no one walks over them."

"What can I do?" said Caroline, "if Frederic is nine, I am seven years old, and should like to be of use to mamma."

"So you shall my love," returned Mrs. Thornhill; "what occupation should you choose?"

"Let me see—I already feed the chickens, and the lambs, so I should like to have something more material to employ me; you chose for my brother and sister, pray

now, mamma, do think of something for me."

"Well then, my good girl, as you know I sometimes give cloaths to the poor old folks, and to helpless infants, suppose you were to make those for the children, I think it would amuse your leisure time."

"Thank you, thank you, dear mamma; I will do it with all my heart; how pretty the babies will look in the caps and gowns I make, I won't work another day for my doll."

"Your time will, indeed, be far better employed, in working for the living images of your Creator, than for a piece of senseless wood—you shall also give the infants assistance when they are sick, and the elder ones rewards when they act worthily."

"How charming!—mine is the best employment of all—poor little boys and girls, how pleased they will be to see me."

"Undoubtedly; and you will at the same time be fulfilling one of the great and important duties commanded by your Maker, by doing good to your fellow creatures. On fine days, we will walk, or ride, and on gloomy, or rainy ones, we will sit round the

fire, and if we are dull or weary, among so many companions, and possessed of such various resources as we can command, the fault must rest with ourselves."

"Indeed, I think so," answered George, "we can also, in our walks, or at our social fire side, communicate to each other, any particular incident that may have struck us during the day, either in our studies or in common life."

"I applaud your design, my dear boy, and as your reading with Mr. Pennant is far more extensive than ours, to you we shall look for the most amusement in that way."

"Oh, dear George!" exclaimed Caroline, "you don't know how much I am pleased with stories—do you remember any now?"

"Not exactly, but, with my mother's leave, I will give you an account of a curious stone which I read of this day."

"Oh by all means; you will give me equal pleasure with your sisters and brother," said Mrs. Thornhill.

"I thank you madam—Observe my dear Caroline, that on the northern coast of Scotland there are several islands called the Orkneys, all of which you will be acquainted

with when you enter on the amusing study of geography. In one of these islands called Hoy, in a barren valley between two moderately high mountains, lies an oblong stone, called, by way of contradiction, I should suppose, the *dwarfy stone*, for it is thirty-six feet long, eighteen feet broad, and nine feet high. It is hollowed within, having a door on the east side, two feet square, with a stone of the same dimensions, lying about two feet from it, and which was intended, no doubt, to close the entrance. Within, there is cut out at the south end of it, the form of a bed and pillow, capable of holding two persons; as at the north end is another bed, both very neatly executed. Above, at an equal distance from both, is a large round hole, which is supposed not only to have been designed for letting in light and air, but also for letting out the smoke from the fire, for which there is a place in the middle between the two beds. The mark of the workmen's tools appear every where, and the tradition of the vulgar is, that a giant and his wife had this stone for their habitation, but that opinion is at once vague and ridiculous."

“Indeed I don't think so,” replied Frederic, “for as giants are larger than other people, they must be a great deal stronger, and might perhaps cut out all the inside of this stone themselves.”

“My dear child,” returned his mother, “it does not always follow that the largest people are the strongest ; from five to six feet high, appears the natural standard of strong men ; when they exceed that height, they are frequently weak and unhealthy—but this is in some measure a digression ; can you find no other reason against the opinion of its being a giant's dwelling ? Recollect the dimensions and then answer me.”

“Ah mamma !” replied Caroline, jumping up, “the door was so little that they could not get in.”

“How stupid was I not to remember that,” said Frederic ; “a door of two feet square could not indeed admit a giant.”

“Certainly not : that in all days there has been some few people exceeding the usual size, is not to be disputed ; but by no means so large as perhaps your idea represents ; a man one foot taller than his fel-

lows, must always appear extraordinary, and attract observation.—But come, my dear Frederic, you have not shewn me your exercises this afternoon, I also wish to see what proficiency you make in your writing.”

Frederic immediately hastened to fetch his book, and presenting it to his mother, he said—“my dear mamma, I do not, indeed, write so well as I could wish, but I will endeavour to improve.”

“You will do well, for I cannot praise this specimen of your performance ; I regard much time spent in acquiring a fine hand, as time expended, that might be better employed in more material studies, but a good and legible hand every one should endeavour to acquire, for even a very sensible and pleasant subject must lose many of its points and beauties if the reader is obliged to hesitate and ponder over every line as he proceeds ; and now we are on the subject, your sister Amelia will oblige us with a letter, which, in the course of our reading, we met with this day ; it was written not less than an hundred and seventy years

since, by one of the most informed men of that time, to his nephew."

Amelia immediately reached the book, and read as follows :

"MY DEAR COUSIN,

"A letter of your's was lately delivered to me ; I made shift to read the superscription, but within, I wondered what language it might be, in which it was written. At first I thought it was *Hebrew*, or some of her dialects, and so went from the liver to the heart (from the right hand to the left) to read it, but I could make nothing of it. Then I thought it might be the *Chinese* language, and endeavoured to read the words perpendicular, but the lines were so crooked and distorted, that no coherence could be made. *Greek*, I perceived it was not, nor *Latin* nor *English*, so I gave it up for mere *Gibberish*, and your characters to be rather *Hieroglyphics* than letters. The best is you keep your lines at a good distance, like those in Chancery bills, which, as a clerk once said, were made so wide on purpose, because the clients should have room enough to walk between them with-

out jostling each other. Yet this wideness had been excusable if your lines had been straight, but they were full of strange turnings and windings. If you can write no otherways, one may as well endeavour to read your thoughts as your characters. It is some excuse that you are a young beginner, but I pray let it appear in your next what a proficient you are ; let me receive no more *Gibberish* nor *Hieroglyphics*, but legible letters ; so I remain your loving uncle, &c."

"Indeed, mamma," said Frederic, "I should be very much ashamed to receive such a letter from my uncle, but pray do the Hebrews write from their right hand to their left?"

"They do, and the Chinese in perpendicular columns. But, my dear Frederic, we must postpone this conversation for to-night, the clock has struck eight ; it is time for you to go to rest."

So saying, Mrs. Thornhill rose, and accompanied her younger children to their apartments.

The door was no sooner closed than George, rising, went to his sister, and tak-

ing her hand—"my dear Amelia," said he, "I entreat your pardon, I spoke to you harshly, and repeated the very fault I condemned in you; I instantly was sensible of my error, and would have testified it, but that I wished to divert my mother from unpleasant reflections, by banishing the subject altogether."

Amelia threw her arms around her brother's neck, and sealed the requested pardon by a cordial embrace. At that moment Mrs. Thornhill entered, but satisfied by their smiles that an entire reconciliation had taken place, she asked no questions, but passed the remainder of the evening with them in cheerful and instructive conversation.

CONVERSATION II.

The Employments began—The Fruits of Industry, or the Stranger at Home—Account of various Flowers.

ACCORDING to Mrs. Thornhill's wish, George immediately began to arrange the accounts relative to the estate; where he was deficient, he profited by the instructions

of his worthy tutor, Mr. Pennant, and by those of his mother. Amelia, on her part, carefully observed all that related to the arrangement of the household, and though she could not be expected to be a proficient, she was so attentive that she soon began to relieve her mother of part of her care. Their spare time the younger children appropriated as had been arranged, and so assiduous was the little Caroline, that Mrs. Thornhill, as the spring advanced, was obliged to call in the recreation of planting a flower garden, to prevent a too close application.

One fine morning Frederic, accompanied by his mother and sisters, George being employed at his studies, set out on his planting scheme. Each carried a small basket, containing divers seeds, while a skilful labourer attended with some garden tools and young trees, and pointed out the best spots for the different sorts.

“My dear mother,” said Frederick, “you promised me to relate a story respecting planting, will you be kind enough to tell it now?”

“I think it will be better deferred till

evening, as now it will interfere with your business."

"True, mamma; but you must not then forget it."

Adjoining the estate was a large tract of common land, in divers parts of which Frederic and his companions planted seeds and young trees, at regular distances, that they might not injure each other, and after having passed three hours in healthy and pleasant occupation, they returned home.

In the afternoon Frederic did not fail to remind his mother of the promised story; and, all seated round the fire, she began as follows :

The Fruits of Industry; or the Stranger at Home.

"Many years ago, a rich merchant, named Boston, having, through severe losses, become a bankrupt, it afflicted him so deeply, that after resigning all to his creditors, he retired into the North of England, to a small estate which had been left to his wife, and could neither be sold nor alienated from her. This estate consisted of a neat house, surrounded by a large tract of common land, the greater part of which was uncultivated,

and the whole not of more than sixty pounds yearly value. Mrs. Boston, with her young son, an infant of two years old, accompanied her husband, and was soon established in her new dwelling. Mr. Boston, who was naturally industrious, and fond of agriculture, speedily, with a little assistance, arranged all the land adjoining his house; the best spots he appropriated to wheat and different seeds, but for the large tract of forest land he was not sufficiently rich to attempt clearing it for bearing grain; yet, displeased with its naked and inhospitable appearance, he resolved to cover it with trees.

“To effect this great work, he devoted all his spare time, and, with the assistance of the only man he kept, in five years succeeded in planting the bleak and dreary hill that faced his house. The top he planted with pines, firs, beach and larch, well knowing nothing else would succeed so well in such a barren soil; the sides he appropriated to the ash, the elder, the wild cherry, and various others. The bottom, which was more sheltered, he cloathed with hardy fruit trees and shrubs, which he had no doubt,

when grown, would greatly add to the convenience and beauty of his dwelling. As children are usually fond of imitating the actions of their elders, his little son Charles, as soon as he could comprehend any thing, took particular delight in making holes in the earth, and sticking in whatever seeds he could procure. As soon as he was of a proper age to discriminate, his father directed his judgment, suffered him to plant clumps, and rows of trees, in different parts of the ground, and also between the fences here and there a single tree, which might not obstruct the growth of the grain. Happy in this active state, Mr. Boston never lamented his former wealth; he had sufficient to gratify all real wants, and wished no more. At this period they received a visit from Mr. Boston's brother, who had long been established in Jamaica, and was master of a considerable plantation there. He would fain have persuaded his brother to accompany him to the West-Indies, and endeavour to mend his shattered fortunes, but his offer was declined with thanks, and he was on the point of returning alone, when

Mr. Boston was seized with a fever, which in a few days terminated fatally.

“The elder Mr. Boston, in this misfortune, however severely he felt it, acted like a man of humanity and a Christian; he smothered his own grief, and spoke consolation to the distressed widow and her orphan son, then not eight years old, whom he offered to take with him, and adopt as his own. Mrs. Boston’s grief, though severe, was soothed by the kindness of her brother-in-law, and though she loved her son, she was not weak enough to let her affection prevent what she concluded so essential to his future welfare; she therefore consented he should accompany his uncle, and in two months after they sailed for the West-Indies.

“Charles speedily became a great favourite with Mr. Boston; he wrote constantly to his mother, but ten years elapsed before he saw her; at that period he accompanied his uncle to Plymouth, at which place his affectionate mother awaited their arrival, Mr. Boston having requested her to do so, as he could not spare time to take a journey to her dwelling. You may more easily conceive than I can describe the joy of this

meeting; Charles was growing fast to manhood, and realised all his mother's fondest hopes. Whatever Charles considered as most rare, he had selected, and presented to her; his uncle also would have forced on her a sum of money, but that she declined, affirming, she had more than sufficient to supply all her wants. In short, after passing a fortnight at Plymouth, Mr. Boston and his nephew reconducted her thirty miles on her way homeward, where, with many tears, they separated. From this period, twelve years more elapsed before they met again, and then at the same place; for Mr. Boston was now advanced in years, and could not bear to be separated from his nephew, who, as he had treated him with the tenderness of a father, did not forget to repay the obligation with the duty of a son; however anxiously he wished to see, once more, the pleasant haunts of his youth, of which he had now but an imperfect idea, having left the country twenty-two years. Mrs. Boston was now somewhat turned of fifty, but a life of peace and retirement had preserved her strength unimpaired.

“On Mr. Boston's return to Jamaica, the

infirmities of age came fast upon him; he however lived twelve years, during which period Charles married, and became the father of a son and daughter.

“ On Mr. Boston’s death, Charles found himself master of the whole property, and a new tie of duty fixed him to the spot. He was not, however, remiss in his affection to his mother; he wrote constantly to her, and with the consent of his wife, when their young daughter Anne reached her fourth year, she was sent to England, and placed with her grandmother for education. Mr. Boston’s wife was of a delicate constitution, and though young, survived her uncle but five years; the succeeding twelvemonth he experienced great losses at sea, and also from some unexpected bankruptcies that fell heavily upon him. Determined to redouble his industry, and redeem his loss, he increased his trade, and consequently his expences; but the effort was unavailing; three unprofitable years succeeded, and, to complete his misfortune, on the fourth, one of the hurricanes, to which the island is subject, entirely destroyed his expected crop, and left him nothing but ruin and devas-

tation. This last stroke completed Mr. Boston's dislike to the West Indies; he however bore the blow with resignation, and, embracing his son Charles, who was now seventeen, he said 'the will of God be done, I once thought to have realised a handsome competency for yourself and sister, but since 'tis otherways I submit, for the good that is withheld now, will assuredly come another time.' In this proper disposition, to bear affliction with patience, Mr. Boston set about disposing of his plantation; in the ruined state it then was, it sold for scarcely a third of its value, and at the age of fifty, with grey hairs, much experience, and three thousand pounds in his pocket, he set out for the land of his nativity. I should tell you, that previous to this event, he had written to his mother, not to state the extent of his misfortune, but saying, that his business failing, he thought it better to collect what remained of his fortune, and return to England, and employ it in the best manner for the service of his children. Mrs. Boston's reply was such as might be expected from a pious and affectionate mother: she said, she was grieved at his losses;

but that God disposed all for the best; the estate in England, she was informed, was worth far more than it was some years back, and with care would be sufficient for them all; that, for herself, the infirmities of age came fast upon her, for she was now upwards of seventy, and she should, in all probability, have the satisfaction of dying in the arms of those she loved best. To conclude, she conjured him not to give way to unavailing sorrow, but to hasten home, as she was impatient, as was her grand-daughter, to embrace him and his son.

“ Mr. Boston and Charles arrived safely in England, and lost no time in reaching Cumberland. As they travelled in a post-chaise, when they came within a few miles, Mr. Boston, to whom the road was now totally unknown, asked the post-boy if he knew Mrs. Boston’s house, on the heath. The lad replied in the affirmative, and driving briskly on for some time, he at length stopped, to open a gate that led to a long avenue. ‘ My good lad, you are surely wrong,’ said Mr. Boston, ‘ I well knew Heath House many years ago, but the country round bore no similarity to this.’ ‘ May-

hap, Sir,' replied the boy, 'you have not been here since the road was turned; it has made a wonderful alteration; the house is not above a mile further.'

" 'I have not, indeed, been here more than forty years,' answered Mr. Boston, 'yet methinks I should remember something of the country. I recollect well a prodigious hill, but that was bleak and barren. My father, I now recal to my memory, planted some shrubs, but they can never be grown to such stately trees as these. The house, too, was visible from every quarter, but no dwelling is here to be seen.'

" 'Lord bless you, Sir,' replied the boy, 'forty years is a long time; what the house was then I don't know, but now it is like a bird's nest in a thick hedge; you cannot see it till you are come close to it.'

" 'The alteration was so great, that Mr. Boston could scarcely credit the evidence of his eyes; he, however, with his son, left the carriage, and asking his way, took the road down a long avenue. As he passed forward, a thousand fond remembrances recurred to his memory; he no longer doubted that the trees he saw were of his father's

planting, when himself was yet an infant, and sporting by his side; he had also a recollection of his own gardening, but could have no idea that the whole had been extensive enough to transform a bleak and barren desert into a beautiful, though in some places an almost impenetrable forest.

“At length, turning a corner, they caught a view of the dwelling-house: Mr. Boston clasped his hands, and exclaimed,—‘Ah! it is indeed the shelter of my infant years! Gracious Providence! in my life-time have all these trees grown; I remember them forty years ago, but as shrubs of two or three feet height, and never considered them of the magnitude, nor of a tenth of the number that they now appear to be.’

“Fearful of alarming his mother, Mr. Boston sent his son, as a stranger, to announce his arrival. He was introduced to the good old lady, who was reading with her grand-daughter. On informing her of his message, she bid him draw near, and examining him closely through her glasses, at length said—

“Young man, your colour varies, and you appear more interested than a stranger

would be in this business, give me your hand ; nay, it trembles ; take, then, an old woman's blessing, for my heart whispers you have a claim to it.'

" Charles sunk at her feet, at the same time clasping his sister's hand. Not one of the party for some minutes were able to speak, until Mrs. Boston, at length, breaking silence, exclaimed,—' Let me see my son, and my happiness will be complete !' Mr. Boston was immediately introduced, and a scene, which only good children and tender parents can properly estimate, took place. Mr. Boston was delighted to see his mother still in health, and in raptures at the improvement of his daughter, who, on her part, was wild with joy ; she embraced her grandmother, threw herself at her father's feet, clasped her brother's neck, and, in short, was many hours before she was rational in her transports.

" The following day all were more calm ; Mrs. Boston informed her son, that since the news of his misfortunes, she had caused her estate to be viewed by a proficient in the business, and that she was informed, that by clearing some of the land from the

trees, the expence of preparing the earth for grain would be repaid six fold by the sale of the timber, a great quantity of which was now approaching to fifty years' growth. This plan was speedily executed, and succeeded so well, that Mr. Boston soon after purchased some adjoining land, and enlarged his farm. In short, not to weary you, in ten years Mr Boston grew wealthy ; he gave his daughter a respectable fortune on her marriage, and the family estate remained for his son, the value of which, at the present period, with the additions made, is not less than one thousand pounds yearly.

“ Mrs. Boston attained a great age, and died universally lamented ; Mr. Boston died only a few years since, his children are yet both alive.”

“ My dear mother,” said Caroline, throwing her arms round Mrs. Thornhill, “ though you have told the story so gravely, and George and Amelia have looked so sly, Frederic and I know you have been relating the history of our grandfather ; your name was Anne Boston, and our uncle lives at Heath-house, in Cumberland.”

"Well," replied Mrs. Thornhill, "could I do better than relate a real fact? The story is not, I hope, the less welcome for being true."

"No, surely," answered Frederic, "it will only make me long the more to visit my uncle."

"You cannot now judge what the estate was, even when I first remember it, it is much extended by purchase; the house is enlarged and repaired, the heights of the hills are covered with trees, the sides are white over with sheep, the vallies are clothed with all the riches of harvest; in short it is a terrestrial paradise. I have seen my brother look around with exulting gratitude, while he said to his children—'All these blessings you owe to my father and grandfather; imitate their example; all difficulties are rendered smooth by perseverance and industry.'"

"I thank you madam," said Amelia, "your story is worth a thousand fictions; I have, indeed, heard it before, but never so minutely."

"Well, I long for the weather to be settled, that I may work at my flower garden,"

said Caroline ; “ trees are, indeed, very useful, but flowers are so sweet and pretty, that I am quite satisfied with my garden. I have already got several sorts of tulips, checkered, and Guernsey lilies, crown imperial, seeds of African and French marigolds, some beautiful plants of tuberose, three auricula and four ranunculus.”

“ The gardener will instruct you how to arrange them,” replied Mrs. Thornhill. “ Tulips are natives of Turkey, and sold for astonishing sums, some years ago, in Holland and other places : they were first brought to England in the sixteenth century. The modern taste for flowers, indeed, came from the East ; the tuberose was first brought from the East Indies, during the reign of Queen Elizabeth. The auricula was introduced by some Walloon merchants to Brussels ; crown imperial was first known in Persia, and brought from thence to Constantinople, and then to Vienna ; African and French marigolds are indigenous in South America. The checkered lily was introduced in our gardens in the sixteenth century, but the Guernsey lily was not known till within the last hundred years,

when a ship bound from Japan being wrecked on that coast, some of the bulbs of the flower being cast ashore, they took root and flourished there. The ranunculus was brought from the Levant so long since as the time of the crusades."

"Thank you, mamma; I will endeavour to remember what you tell me."

"Do so. But it grows late, you will retire for this night; to-morrow evening we will devise fresh amusement."

"Ah, mamma, do let us tell stories; nothing can be more amusing," said Frederic.

"With all my heart; but it would be unjust that the whole weight of story telling should rest with George, Amelia, and me; we should undoubtedly expect Caroline and you to perform your part."

"Frederic," replied his young sister, "I will endeavour to recollect some I have heard or read, and you can do the same."

"You will oblige us," answered Mrs. Thornhill, kissing them, and bidding them good night.

CONVERSATION III.

Royal Justice, or Anecdote of King James the Fifth and Sir John Charters—A Lesson to teach Humanity—The Mortified Musician—Account of a remarkable Chesnut Tree, near Mount Etna—Eruption of the Mountain—Filial Affection.

THE next day being rainy, the party were confined to the house, except George, who pursued his studies at Mr. Pennant's. Amelia not only assisted her mother in teaching her brother and sister, but in superintending the household; and it was only in the evening they had an opportunity for amusement.

Collected round the drawing-room fire, and conversing on various subjects, Frederic speedily reminded his mother of the promised story.

“My dear child,” replied she, “Amelia will relate you an event which took place during the reign of James the Fifth of Scotland. You will give me your opinion afterwards.”

Amelia immediately obeyed and began.

*Royal Justice, or Anecdote of King James the Fifth and
Sir John Charters.*

King James the Fifth of Scotland, being on a progress into the southern part of his dominions to quell insurrections and redress grievancies. On the marches, previous to his setting off from his castle of Sterling, an ancient widow, who lived on the water of Annandale, complained to him, that in a late incursion of the English into that country, they had carried off her only son and two cows, which were her sole support on earth ; that she immediately made complaint to Sir John Charters, of Amisfield, warden of the west marches, informing him, that the party was then ravaging at a few miles distance, and praying him to send and retake her son and cows. She said, that Sir John not only refused her petition, but also treated her with the greatest rudeness and contempt. The king told her he should shortly be in Annandale, and directed her then to prefer her complaint to him : upon this the woman returned home. In a short time King James set out in his progress, and when he arrived at the head of

Nithsdale, remembered the poor woman's complaint ; he therefore left the greatest number of his guards and attendants behind him, and advanced with great secrecy to the village of Duncow, where, disguising himself and leaving all his attendants, except two or three favourite followers, proceeded toward the castle of Amisfield, the seat of the warden. When he came to the small brook near the house, he left all his suite, and proceeding alone to Amisfield-gate, requested the porter to tell Sir John Charters he came express to inform him of an inroad then making by the English. The porter was loth to disturb his master, saying he was gone to dinner, but the king, bribing him with a silver groat, he went, and returned with an answer, that Sir John was going to dinner, and would not be disturbed. The king bribed him again with two groats, desiring him, at the same time, to tell his master that the general safety depended upon his immediately firing the beacons and alarming the country. Sir John, upon this second message, grew into a great rage, threatening to punish the importunate messenger for his temerity. Upon this the king,

with gold, prevailed with another servant to go to Sir John and tell him that the good man of Ballangeigh had waited a considerable time at the gate for admittance, but in vain ; at the same time the king, throwing off the mean garment that covered his rich attire, sounded his bugle horn for his attendants to come up. Sir John, as soon as he had received the third message, came in a great fright to the king, who harshly reprimanded him for the great abuse of the trust committed to his charge, and at the same time commanded him to pay to the widow her loss tenfold ; adding, that if her son was not ransomed within ten days, Sir John should be hanged, and, as a further token of his displeasure, he billeted upon him his whole retinue, in number two thousand knights and barons, obliging him to find them provender during their stay at Annandale. This heavy expence involved the Amisfield family under great incumbrances, which they never afterwards could entirely throw off.

“ Thank you, thank you my dear Amelia,” said Caroline, “ I will read the

whole of this king's history when I grow older."

"And so will I," said Frederic, "I am glad Sir John was punished for his cruelty to the poor woman."

"If it taught him humanity," replied Mrs. Thornhill, "it was cheaply purchased, for a man devoid of that virtue is an unworthy member of society, and a disgrace to his Creator. King James undoubtedly made him feel, but if half his fortune was expended in support of the king's company, he had still, I suppose, a sufficiency left, and his family was secure. While, on the contrary, with the widow all was desolation; the support of her life was taken away in the cows, and the prop and comfort of her grey hairs in her only child. To have made Sir John suffer equally with the widow, it would have been necessary to take his whole fortune and family, and to have returned a contemptuous answer to his complaint; by acting thus, the king would have done *justice*, but he would have forgotten *mercy*, and rendered himself in some measure as guilty as Sir John."

"By going in disguise," added George,

“ he entirely learned Sir John’s character : he found him difficult of access and unfeeling to the sorrows of those beneath him.— One might venture a good wager that he was more cautious in future of his conduct to suppliants,”

“ I dare say he was,” replied Amelia ; “ I should suppose he looked very silly when he saw the king.”

“ People usually do in a bad cause,” returned Mrs. Thornhill, “ an approving conscience is a coat of mail through which no mortal arms can pierce. Constitution, temper, education, and various other circumstances, contribute to make men valiant or cowardly, but courage is ever the companion of conscious rectitude ; it supports us on all occasions and through all calamities, and diffuses comfort even in the hour of death.”

“ Now we are on the subject of disguise,” said George, “ I recollect a story that amused me, as it was a proper rebuke to vanity ; with my mother’s leave I will tell it you.”

Mrs. Thornhill bowed assent and George began.

The Mortified Musician, or a Lesson for Vanity.

Doctor John Bull, professor of music, and knighted by Queen Elizabeth for his great talents, being ill, requested leave of absence, and travelled incognito through France and Germany. On his arrival at St. Omers, hearing of a famous musician belonging to the cathedral there, he applied himself as a novice to him to learn something of his faculty, and to see his works. After some discourse the musician conducted Doctor Bull to his music-room, where, among other pieces, he shewed him a lesson or song in forty parts, saying, that it was so complete and full, that he challenged the whole world to correct or add a single part. Doctor Bull heard him very composedly, then said, that, with his leave, he would try what he could do, and for that purpose requested pen, ink, and ruled paper, and to be left alone for two or three hours. This request was granted with great disdain by the musician, and Doctor Bull, in the appointed time, or less, added forty more parts to the said lesson or song.—The musician being called in, viewed it, tried it,

and retried it ; at length burst into an ecstasy, saying, that he who made that addition was either a supernatural power, or the great Doctor Bull, for no mortal else could have effected it. I should tell you that though the doctor's person was unknown, his music was in universal estimation. Bull then confessed the deception he had used, and remained long a visitor and friend to the musician of Saint Omers.

“ The poor musician was indeed humiliated,” said Amelia ; “ but, to speak truly, I think doctor Bull's vanity was equal.”

“ Your remark is just,” said Mrs. Thornhill ; “ but we must consider them as rivals, each striving for pre-eminence, and make allowance accordingly.”

“ As Frederic is lately become so fond of planting,” said George, “ I must give him an account of a chesnut tree in the vicinity of Mount Etna, that for size is the largest known. I must first observe that the chesnut tree is carefully cultivated in the environs of the mountain, as the inhabitants carry on a considerable trade for the wood, which

they sell for cask hoops, firing, and other uses.

“ This large tree, which is known in the country by the name of *the chesnut tree for an hundred horses*, is one hundred and sixty feet in circumference, and quite hollow within, which, however, affects not its verdure, for the chesnut-tree, like the willow, depends upon its bark for subsistence, and by age loses its internal part. As the cavity of this enormous mass is very considerable, the people have built an house within it, where they have an oven for drying nuts, almonds and chesnuts. It has been thought by some that this tree was composed of a number of others grown together, but informed and learned travellers have been of a different opinion.”

“ Thank you, my dear George,” said Frederic ; “ how I should like to see this prodigious tree.”

“ This prodigious tree, my dear child, as you justly call it,” replied Mrs. Thornhill, “ is among the least of the wonders of that spot ; to know them accurately requires time and great attention. I will, however, now inform you, that Etna is a famous

burning mountain in Sicily, the largest in Europe ; its form is that of a cone, very broad at the base, and more than forty miles in circumference. From the bottom you ascend ten leagues before you reach its summit on the south side, and on any of the other sides, the way not being so straight, would be considerably longer. The mountain is entirely composed of the substances that have been discharged from the volcano in its different explosions. Not less than seventy-seven cities, towns, and villages, are scattered over the sides of Etna, and are said each to contain, on a moderate computation, one with another, from twelve to fifteen hundred persons."

"I have frequently wondered," said Amelia, "how the inhabitants in the vicinity can ever rest in quiet. The dreadful eruptions, I think, would never be absent from my memory, and nothing could force me to remain on the spot."

"Custom, my dear child, reconciles us to many things, which on mere relation we should think impossible. Suppose for a moment yourself born there, and surrounded by the same relatives that you now are, I

am apt to believe that not the mountain, nor all its horrors, which are indeed dreadful, would force you away, were you obliged to leave us behind."

"My dear dear mamma!" exclaimed Amelia, "you judge truly; I indeed would rather share any danger, than leave those I love to meet it alone."

"You will also recollect, my love, that there are usually intervals of many years between the eruptions. The country round, in many parts, is beautiful and fertile, the air healthy, the forests majestic, the prospects delightful and picturesque. The hawthorn trees are of an immense size and regular growth, the beeches appear like so many ramified pillars, and the tufted branches of the oak like close bushes, impenetrable to the sun; add to this, that every species of plants grow here with great luxuriance."

"Now, my dear mamma," said Frederic, "I think I should like very well to live there."

"You can be no judge till, by reading, you are more acquainted with the spot. Imagine how dreadful when an eruption

takes place ; a thick and black smoke issues from the mountain, intermixed with flashes of fire ; sometimes stones are cast out, and torrents of boiling water, lava, or half vitrified solid matter, ashes, &c. burst from the mountain. Earthquakes and subterraneous thunder shake the earth, the lightning is tremendous, and the wind, blowing a tempest, assists to spread the desolation in all quarters.”

“ Oh, mamma, how horrible !” interrupted Caroline.

“ Nor is this all ; the overflowing of the mountain is so violent, that its ravages are terrible, not only tearing up trees, hurrying along even rocks and large stones, but, by its boiling heat, destroying all cultivation : add to this the distress of the inhabitants, the agonies of the parents for their children’s safety, and the pangs the children must endure for their parents.”

“ Oh, my dear mamma, I cannot bear to think of it,” interrupted Caroline. “ I hope I shall never go there ; though, like Amelia, I had rather live there with you, than any where else without you.”

“ I some years since, in company with

your father, travelled through that country, and shall ever remember the journey with pleasure, as it contributed to my improvement and the enlargement of my ideas. I visited the mountain with a mixture of awe and wonder, as a monument of the power of my Creator. Your father's observations instructed me; he was curious in his researches, and I attended him in them."

"But was you not frightened, mamma?" said Amelia.

"There was nothing to call forth fear; the weather was fine, and all serene; but had it been otherwise, think you not that God, who, to use the words of the Psalmist, *spreadeth out the heavens like a curtain, and walketh on the wings of the wind, at whose voice the waters flee even unto the place he hath appointed for them?* Think you not, I repeat, that God could have protected us? Besides, what could I consider myself, even in danger, more than numberless others, however inferior in rank or fortune, when every immortal soul is of equal value in the sight of heaven."

"My beloved mother, I will endeavour to think like you," said Amelia.

"I am naturally fearful," replied Mrs. Thornhill, "but reflection and habit have enabled me to conquer it; and I am thankful that my terrors are always silent, for I know nothing more distressing than boisterous and intruding fear; it bewilders the thoughts of others, and communicates itself to the weak-minded.——But come, 'tis past the hour to retire; to-morrow night we can renew our conversation."

CONVERSATION IV.

The Friendship of Animals—the Canada Goose and the House Dog—the Humane Raven—the Cat and the Leveret—the Doe and the Cows.

"MY dear mamma," said Frederic, "do you think that different animals can have a friendship for each other?"

"Undoubtedly, if they have been bred together; but why that question?"

"Because myself and Caroline have for these two days been reading some accounts on the subject, and as we are to relate stories in our turn, we resolved to remember them."

"I shall be highly gratified to hear them, as will, I dare say, your brother and sister; so, Frederic, pray oblige us."

Frederic prepared to obey, first saying, "Amelia, mamma, will tell you this story is not a fable, but well attested."

"It is," replied Amelia. "It happened at Little Grove, near East Barnet, and the account was drawn up by Mr. Fane William Sharp, son to the gentleman to whom the animals belonged, and inserted by him in his copy of Willoughby's Ornithology."

"Thank you, sister, now I will relate it."

The Canada Goose and the House Dog.

"The Canada geese are not fond of a poultry yard, but are rather of a rambling disposition: one of these birds, however, was observed to attach itself, in the strongest and most affectionate manner, to the house dog; would never quit the kennel, except for the purpose of feeding, when it would return again immediately. It always sat by the dog, but never presumed to go into the kennel, except in rainy weather. Whenever the dog barked, the goose would cackle, and run at the person she supposed the

dog barked at, and try to bite him by the heels. Sometimes she would attempt to feed with the dog, but this the dog, who treated his faithful companion rather with indifference, would not suffer.

“This bird would not go to roost with the others at night, unless driven by main force ; and when, in the morning, she was turned into the field, she would never stir from the yard gate, but sit there the whole day, in sight of the dog. At last, orders were given that she should be no longer molested, but suffered to accompany the dog as she liked : being thus left to herself, she ran about the yard with him all night ; and, what is particularly extraordinary, and can be well attested by the whole parish, whenever the dog went out of the yard, and ran into the village, the goose always accompanied him, contriving to keep up with him by the assistance of her wings, and in this way of running and flying, followed him all over the parish.

This extraordinary affection of the goose towards the dog, which continued till his death, two years after it was first observed, is supposed to have originated from his hav-

ing accidentally saved her from a fox in the very moment of distress. While the dog was ill, the goose never quitted him day nor night, not even to feed ; and it was apprehended that she would have been starved to death, had not orders been given for a pan of corn to be set every day close to the kennel. At this time the goose generally sat in the kennel, and would not suffer any one to approach it, except the person who brought the dog's or her own food.—The end of this faithful bird was melancholy ; for when the dog died, she would still keep possession of the kennel, and a new house dog being introduced, which, in size and colour, resembled that lately lost, the poor goose was unhappily deceived, and going into the kennel as usual, the new inhabitant seized her by the throat, and killed her.”

“ Alas, poor goose !” said George, “ she deserved a better fate ; in the anger of the moment, I believe I should have killed the dog, for being so little sensible of her value.”

“ You would then have quarrelled with nature,” replied Mrs. Thornhill. “ The friendship of brutes must be the work of

time ; the dog merely considered the goose as an intruder, and treated her accordingly.

—A wonderful spirit of sociality in the animal creation has frequently been remarked, and I now recollect an example from the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, which, as nearly as I can recollect, I will relate to you.”

“Oh, pray do, mamma.”

The Humane Raven.

“In the year 1785, a gentleman, going into the Red Lion inn at Hungerford, his chaise run over and sorely bruised the leg of his Newfoundland dog.—While examining the injury, and bathing the wound, a raven, which appertained to the people of the house, attended, and was, apparently, a very concerned spectator. The dog’s leg dressed, he was tied up in the manger, where Ralph not only immediately visited him, but fetched him bones, and attended him with repeated marks of attention. The birds notice of the dog was so extraordinary, that the gentleman questioned the ostler, who informed him that the raven had been bred from his pin-feather in intimacy with a dog, and that the affection was mutual.

Ralph's poor dog, after some time, broke his leg, and during the long time he was confined, his friend waited upon him constantly, carrying him provisions, and scarcely ever quitting him. One night, by accident, the ostler had shut the stable door, and Ralph was deprived of the company of his friend the whole night, but the ostler found, in the morning, the bottom of the door so pecked, that, had it not been opened, Ralph would, in another hour, have made himself an entrance. The gentleman then enquired of the people of the house, who confirmed the above account, with several other traits of kindness this bird had shewn to all dogs in general, but particularly to maimed or wounded ones."

"Now, though I have called this story the Humane Raven, I do not suppose that this bird's attention arose from any other cause, than that being accustomed to his lame friend, every other dog in that state approached nearer to the resemblance, and claimed his cares accordingly. The affection old animals bear to younger ones, of a different species, is of another kind; it usually arises from their being deprived of

their own young, and others being substituted in their place."

"The story I have to relate," said Caroline, "will prove what you say, mamma."

"Well then oblige us with it."

The Cat and the Leveret.

"A gentleman had a little helpless leveret brought to him, which the servants fed with milk in a spoon. About this same time the cat kittened, and the young ones were drowned and buried. Soon after, the young hare was lost, and supposed to be killed by some dog or cat; however, in about a fortnight, as the master was sitting one day in his garden, he observed the cat, with tail erect, trotting towards him, calling, with short complacent notes, such as they use towards their kittens, and something gamboling and frisking after her, which proved to be the little leveret, which the cat had supported with her milk, and continued to nurture with great affection."

"Thank you, my dear child," said Mrs. Thornhill, as Caroline concluded; "I am

delighted to hear you repeat so well, as Frederic and you will now be able to furnish your portion of amusement in our conversations. Your story exemplifies what we were conversing of : the cat, deprived of her young, readily substituted a little helpless animal, who, by easing her of her milk, claimed all her maternal care and affection, until she, in all probability, considered it as her own."

"All animals love company," said George. "I have read that oxen and cows will not fatten by themselves, but will neglect the finest pasture, that is not recommended by society. The same propensity appears to be natural to all animals, I have read of a doe that was brought up from a little fawn with a dairy of cows ; she went daily to the field with them, and returned at night. The household dogs were in perfect friendship with her, but if strange dogs came by, a chase usually ensued ; in which case the owner would smile to see his favourite securely leading her pursuers over hedge, gate, and stile, till she reached her protectors, the cows, who, with fierce lowings and menac-

ing horns, never failed to drive the assailants out of the pasture."

"The friendship of the doe and the cows," said Mrs. Thornhill, "was formed from custom. Few grown animals will injure young ones. The doe was too insignificant to provoke the cows' anger, and her helplessness demanded their protection.— But enough for the present; retire for to-night; the weather promises fair for to-morrow; I hope we shall have a long walk."

CONVERSATION V.

The virtuous Villager—The Instability of Beauty—The Comforts of Piety in Sickness—The floating Gardens of Mexico—On the Vice of Gluttony.

THE morning proving fine, Frederic, after his lesson, was busily employed in his planting, and Caroline in her flower garden, until called to dinner; after which, with Amelia, they accompanied their mother round the village, distributing their little presents of cloathing and books to the most industrious and deserving. An air of more than usual melancholy saddened the features

of many of the cottagers, and the monotonous tolling of the church bell arrested the attention of the whole party. "Who is dead?" said Mrs. Thornhill, addressing an old woman, who sat at her door spinning.

"Patty Martin, my lady," replied the old dame: "She was too good for this world, and heaven has taken her to itself; she was an angel even on earth, if meekness, industry, and piety, could make her one, and now she will reap the harvest of her goodness."

"I knew her well," answered Mrs. Thornhill: "she deserved all you say: I thought her health was bad, but did not consider her so near her end."

"Ah! madam, you were indeed very kind; she did not forget you in her prayers: her poor old grandmother will sink to the grave with distress and sorrow."

"Not so I hope," replied Mrs. Thornhill, "God will raise her friends, who, though they cannot compensate for the affection of her grandchild, may assist her in pecuniary matters."

"Patty was so attentive, that the most tender mother could not have been more

careful of her child," continued the old woman, "she was always at work, spinning, knitting, or sewing, and all her joy was to carry the money to her aged parent, who sometimes would be ready to weep at such proofs of tenderness, when Patty would throw her arms round her neck, and kissing her poor wrinkled cheeks, say, 'Did not you struggle for me when I was a poor helpless orphan? and ought I not to do the same for you, when, by your assistance, I have become strong and able?'"

The young people were moved at this simple testimony of Patty's filial duty, nor did Mrs. Thornhill listen without, in some measure, participating their feelings, and turning to the woman that addressed them, she said, "Go to Goody Martin, comfort her the best in your power, and tell her, my children take upon themselves the expences of the funeral of her grandchild."

The old cottager immediately hastened to obey Mrs. Thornhill's commands, while that lady, accompanied by her children, in silence proceeded homewards.

The death of Patty Martin had made an impression on the youthful party, which

Mrs. Thornhill was not displeased to observe : " Life is an uncertain tenure," said she, " the young and the old fall indiscriminately ; in Patty's line of life there are few girls who are so well bred and intelligent."

" Indeed, mamma," replied Amelia, " I know not when I have been so shocked. There is not one, in the whole village, whose loss I should so sincerely have lamented."

" And why so ?" demanded Mrs. Thornhill.

" Because she was at once the best and the prettiest."

" God then, in his mercy and tenderness, we may judge, has called her early to her reward ; **saved** her from the struggles of life, and spared her the temptations his wisdom foresaw she might hereafter have to encounter. As to beauty, my children, it is so transitory, so fading a flower, that it is not worth a thought ; a fit of sickness may perhaps destroy it, a fall, a burn, a cut, or numberless other accidents to which all are subject. But suppose all these avoided, age will wrinkle the smoothest brow, and

deaden the brightest eyes, and poor and feeble indeed is that mind which cannot meet the natural decay of time, unmoved, which possesses no resources within itself to supply the loss of the toilet, but, lamenting the past, finds every hour of the present wearisome. I am sorry to say that I have seen some decayed beauties, in old age, using every art to conceal the devastation of time ; I have seen the fruitless task with regret, for, to a thinking mind, it must inspire pity, while, with the illiberal and malicious it inspires contempt and derision."

"My dear mother, I am ashamed I mentioned beauty."

"And why so ? a good person is a desirable gift from our Creator, but the man or woman, who makes it the first object of their consideration, is like the fool who decorated his house on the outside, to be admired by common gazers, and left it destitute within of all comfort to himself, or satisfaction to others."

"Oh, my mother ! may that never be me," replied Amelia.

"I do not fear it," answered Mrs. Thornhill, "the death of poor Patty has insensi-

bly made us grave, and now recalls to my memory some letters which I took the trouble to translate, a long time since, from the French, and which I will read to you this evening."

George soon after joining the party, they took their tea, after which, Mrs. Thornhill fetched the promised translation. "You will observe," said she, "that two of these letters are from a young lady severely afflicted, to an aged and respectable friend. There is also her reply; when you have read those I will shew you two others."

Amelia took them and read as follows.

LADY MARY B—— TO MRS. BEAUFORT.

"We are returned to London, my dear friend, on account of a trifling indisposition, (as 'tis thought) that has some time since attacked me. Some days ago I was seized with so violent a pain in the breast, that I have no language to express what I suffered; since which time it has returned periodically, both by day and by night. The physicians consider it as merely nervous, and say, there is no room to apprehend

danger, but for myself I consider it but as the harbinger of death. I have not expressed this opinion to any one but yourself, as some would consider me fanciful, and it would nor fail to distress my father and mother. To you, my friend, I confess the idea of approaching death is terrible; young, affluent, and flattered by the partiality of my friends with possessing some personal advantages, I looked forward to a long life, during which I might innocently enjoy the gifts bestowed upon me by my Creator; but the prospect fades, and in its stead a tomb appears the end of my deceitful vision. To this consideration another is added, more worthy my situation; my heart is empty of good works, and how shall I appear before a holy and just God? At this hour, my friend, give me proofs of your true friendship, by your advice. Keep my fears a secret from my cousin, who I hear is with you. Why should I wound her feelings, while it can be avoided; she is one of the strong holds which renders life dear to me.

Adieu.

ANSWER.

MRS. BEAUFORT TO LADY MARY B——.

“MY BELOVED FRIEND,

“I am sincerely grieved to hear of your ill health, but cannot conceive it in so dangerous a state as you imagine: I do not, however, consider the presentiment you speak of as the effect of weakness, but as the especial providence of God for your benefit. I am far from thinking you in danger, at you early age, from an attack which the physicians judge so slight, but to a Christian, death is never afar off, and they who die at sixteen, or at an hundred years, on a retrospection will only have lived a day, compared to the age of a blessed eternity. A king of England, Edward, I believe, supposed he heard a voice which whispered in his ear,—“*Thou shalt die in seven.*”—As the illusion went no further, he supposed he should die in seven days, and prepared himself with as much care as the short time would permit. The time passed, and death came not; the king therefore supposed it was seven months, a consideration that made him live so that he might be prepared for death. Seven months

passed, his opinion then changed to seven years, but the impression ever remained, and rendered his life so exemplary, that he was regarded as a saint. Follow his example, my dear young friend ; begin by examining, with the eye of reason and piety, your youth, your rank, your wealth, and all the advantages you possess. You will find them vain and frivolous, and readily conceive that those whom heaven calls early to itself are highly favoured, as they escape the temptations to which a longer life is inevitably subject. As to the enjoyments of the world, are they to be placed in competition to the numberless blessings that await the virtuous ? To dwell for ever in the presence of our wise and great Creator, to fear neither change nor decay, to be united to the host of angels and blessed spirits escaped from mortal bondage, to mingle with a society where no discordant passions can enter, where grief is unknown, and joy eternal springs around ; joy which the apostle assures us no mortal eye can see, nor ear can hear, nor heart conceive the extent of. Is this, my dear child, a change to be feared ? surely not. But you have done

nothing, you say, to merit the approbation of your Creator; hasten then to earn that glorious recompence promised to the just: submit, without murmur, to his will, renounce delusive pleasures for real ones, and you cannot fail to redeem the time you think mispent.

“I flatter myself this letter will find your health re-established; but do not, my love, forget, that death is at some hour inevitable, as that thought is a safeguard against the fascinations of the world. If your health permits, give every morning and evening half an hour to serious consideration on that subject; raise your heart at all times to God, and trust in his support. Farewell, my love, let me conjure you to beware of melancholy and despair, as they will not fail to destroy both your body and mind; remember, that the spirit of God is meekness, love, and peace.”

ANSWER.

LADY MARY B—— TO MRS. BEAUFORT.

(Five weeks after the preceding.)

“ My sickness is no longer supposed imaginary ; I waste daily ; I can no longer either eat or sleep, but I have no violent agonies. — Oh, my friend, return thanks to God, who has enabled me to conquer my fears. Equally sensible of my unworthiness, they are absorbed in the immensity of his divine mercy. A custom of raising my soul to God has so fortified my mind, that his idea is ever present to strengthen, console, and support me, and diffuses a peace and happiness on my heart that is surely a foretaste of the joys of heaven. Yes, my friend, weak and sinful as I am, I long for the hour which is to unite me to my maker, my father and my God, to all eternity. Tears of joy fall from my eyes in pronouncing the words that heretofore appeared so dreadful to me. How shall I testify my gratitude to my God for his mercies to me ? Ah ! receive the atonement of my blessed Saviour, accept the patience and resigna-

tion thou enablest me to exert, accept the death of this mortal body, let it be food for worms, let the dust return to its native dust, but thou, oh my Creator ! receive and preserve my soul !

“ I am surrounded by physicians, but I feel their arts are useless, but duty to heaven and to my parents oblige me to yield to their prescriptions, and I willingly obey.”

“ Oh, my dear mother,” said Amelia, laying down the letter, “ death to such a mind can indeed convey no dreadful idea.”

“ Surely not ; we feel no reluctance here to receive rewards we have justly earned, and ought we to feel more to receive one that is to last to all eternity ? Let us therefore, my beloved children, live in a manner to merit this reward ; we shall then be prepared to die, when it shall please God to call us.”

“ I think, madam,” said George, “ you said you had two more letters ; may we not be favoured with them ?”

“ Willingly, to-morrow night ; for the present we will defer them. An air of me-

lancholy appears to hang over our whole party."

"Indeed, my dear mamma," said Caroline, "I long to hear if that good Lady Mary got well; for though she might be happy to die and go to heaven, yet her poor father and mother must be very sorry to lose her."

"My sweet girl," replied Mrs. Thornhill, "you judge truly; the death of the virtuous, however glorious to themselves, is severely distressing to their surviving friends. But come, we will now, if you please, change the subject, and claim from George whatever he may chuse to oblige us with."

"This day," answered George, "I have been reading the eventful history of Mexico, which, as hereafter Frederic and Caroline will undoubtedly be well acquainted with, I shall confine myself to an account of their floating gardens. When the Mexicans were brought under subjection to the Colhuan and Jupanecan nations, and confined to the small islands on the Lake of Mexico, they ceased for some years to cultivate the land, till necessity and industry together taught them to form moveable fields and gardens,

which floated on the waters of the lake. The method which they pursued to make them, and which they still practise, is extremely simple ; they plat and twist willows, the roots of marsh plants, and other materials together, which are light, but capable of supporting the earth of the garden, firmly united. Upon this foundation, they lay the light bushes which float on the lake, and over all the mud and dirt which they draw up from the bottom of the same lake. Their regular figure is quadrangular, their length and breadth various, but generally they are about eight perches long, and not more than a foot elevation above the surface of the water. Those were the first fields which the Mexicans owned after the foundation of Mexico ; there they first cultivated the maize, great pepper, and other plants necessary for their support. In progress of time, as these fields became numerous, from the industry of the people, there were among them gardens of flowers and odoriferous plants, which were employed in the worship of their gods, and served for the recreation of the nobles. At present

they cultivate flowers, and every sort of garden herbs upon them.

“ Every day at sun-rise innumerable vessels, loaded with various kinds of flowers and herbs, which are cultivated in these gardens, are seen arriving by the canal at the great market place of that capital. All plants thrive there surprisingly, as the mud of the lake is an extremely fertile soil, and requires no water from the clouds. In the largest gardens there is commonly a little tree, and even a small hut, to shelter the cultivator, and defend him from the rain or the sun. When the owner of a garden, or the Chinampa, as he is usually called, wishes to change his habitation, to remove from a disagreeable neighbour, or to be nearer to his own family, he gets into his little vessel, and by his own strength alone, if the garden is small, or with the assistance of others if it be large, he tows it after him, and conducts it wherever he pleases, with the little tree and the hut upon it.

“ That part of the lake where the floating gardens are is a place of infinite recreation, where the senses receive the highest gratification possible.”

"Thank you, George," said Frederic; "I think the appearance of these gardens must be beautiful, and the Mexicans very industrious to make them."

"They were, indeed," replied Mrs. Thornhill; "but necessity frequently furnishes us with ingenuity we should not otherwise possess. Ease and affluence are apt to deaden the faculties, while necessity and want usually call forth the dormant sparks of genius."

"Mr. Pennant made an observation, some days since," said George. "It was that great eaters were usually stupid."

"I believe the remark is just. A certain quantity of food, according to the age or strength, is necessary to every one; those who are too feeble or sickly to eat the necessary proportion, are generally of a weakly constitution: those who greatly exceed it, on the contrary, distend their bowels, and become in time dull and lethargic, and I know no character more justly despised than a mere glutton; the vice is so detestable that it could not even secure a crowned head from derision. The person I allude to was one of our Danish kings, named

Hardikanute, and called in history, *racca de porco*, which means *swine's mouth*. His tables were covered four times a day with the most costly viands that either the air, sea, or land could furnish; and as he lived he died, for revelling at a wedding banquet at Lambeth, he fell down and expired. His death was so welcome to his subjects, that they celebrated the day with sports and pastimes, calling it *hock-tide*, which signified scorn and contempt. With this king ended the reign of the Danes in England."

"From what I have read," said George, "voracity of appetite, in some constitutions, arises from disease, and is as curable as other maladies. But for habitual gluttons, they may be reckoned monsters in nature, and deemed in a manner punishable for endeavouring to bring a famine into the place where they dwell, for which reason, many think king James the first in the right, when a man being presented to him, who said he could eat a whole sheep at one meal, the king coldly asked what else he could do more than another man? And being answered he could not do so much.—" Hang

him then," said the king; "for it is unfit a man should live, who eats as much as twenty men, and cannot do so much labour as one."

"The king's answer was perfectly just," returned Mrs. Thornhill; "not that I think the vice merits death, nor do I suppose the king seriously meant it; but surely such a wretch ought to be fed with the beasts he most resembles, and take quantity instead of quality of food. But we have insensibly stolen far beyond our usual hour; good night, my children."

CONVERSATION VI.

*Exemplary Death—Anecdote of one of the first Printers
—The folly of a belief in Witchcraft.*

IN the evening, all being met, Amelia said, "My dear mother, I beg to remind you of the two letters you promised to shew us this evening."

"Willingly, my love—read and remember them; they are laid ready for your perusal; you will observe the first is written after La-

dy Mary's death by her mother, and the second was inclosed in it."

THE COUNTESS OF B—— TO MRS.

BEAUFORT.

"I can find no alleviation to my loss but in dwelling upon it, and retracing every circumstance that concerns my child—my child did I say? ah rather a saint—an angel.—The physicians attribute her death to an inward abscess, for she has had no outward appearance, no fever but for the three last days of her life, though I am convinced she has suffered internally for several months. A short time before her death she wrote the letter which I inclose to you, but forbid her attendant to awake me, as it was in the night. Finding her however in a state that alarmed her, she caused me to be called at five in the morning, at which time I found the patient sufferer seated upright in her bed, for the oppression of her breath would not suffer her to lay down. Her features, as usual, expressed the mildest resignation, and holding out her hand, she said, with a smile,—‘If my dear mother loves me, she

will not render my last moments painful by her grief—I only leave her for my God.’ She raised her eyes for a few moments to heaven, then kissing my hand, she continued, ‘we shall soon meet again, no more to part.’ I had ordered the physicians to be called; they informed my lord, that art was ineffectual, and that she could live but a short time. He approached the bed with assumed courage, but his spirits could not support the sight, and he burst into tears. ‘Blessed Lord,’ exclaimed the dying saint, ‘support and comfort my parents, and teach me to bear this pang, which is far more bitter than death. Oh, my dear father and mother, take pity on your child, tear not her heart, by shewing the sensibility of yours; suffer me to devote my last moments to God; cease to embitter the satisfaction that would otherwise hang on my heart. Call, I entreat you, the chaplain, and let him pray.’ The good old man was immediately sent for, and after having prayed by her some time left her with wonder and admiration.

“She next requested the servants of the house to be admitted into her chamber.

They entered, weeping bitterly, for the dear child was idolized among them for her gentleness and humanity; she thanked them for the repeated proofs of attention they had given her, and requested them to forgive any vexation she had occasioned them; she then, with great energy, considering her weakness, exhorted them to remember the brevity of human life, and the necessity of preparing for death: entreated their prayers in her last moments, and concluded by requesting me to distribute what money she had by her among them. The poor people could not restrain their cries and tears; Mary entreated them to be silent, and spoke of eternal happiness with such apparent pleasure, that all became hushed, as fearful of losing a word. She then dismissed them, after which she softly ejaculated, ‘Oh, my Lord and Saviour, suffer thy servant to depart in peace;’ after this she remained a long time silent, then apparently slept, but the words of the Canticles were truly applicable to her, ‘*I sleep, but my heart waketh:*’ for several times, as she dosed, she raised her hands to heaven, while her lips articulately pronounced words of faith, hope, and love.

Her attendant informed me, that for the last six weeks, she had been constantly in prayer, whenever she could find occasion, spoke of her death as certain, and of her anxious desire to see her Creator. When she awoke, she said, 'I suffer greatly, but my blessed Saviour suffered far more for me; he was stretched on the cross, and I am gently laid upon a bed; his pains met with scorn and derision, mine are soothed by kindness and attention. There is, however, some similarity; like him I see my tender mother by my side; oh, my beloved parent, exert yourself, and follow the example of Mary, by resigning your child with fortitude.' She then again remained silent for a considerable time, but at length said she wished to be gratified in four things: the first was, that her father and myself would give her our blessing and then retire; the second was, that prayer might be continued to her, in a loud voice, as long as she had any appearance of life; the third, that her body might remain untouched, after death, and be interred in the habiliments she then wore; the fourth, that her funeral might be as plain and private as possible,

and the usual sum expended on those occasions given to the poor. I promised all but leaving her, but was obliged to suffer a bed to be placed by her side, on which I lay down to satisfy her. She passed the ensuing night and the day following in great agonies, and on the second night lost the power of speech; she, however, recovered it some hours after, when she said, 'my sight fails me—eternity approaches—oh, how my soul languishes to meet its Creator.' Such were the last words she uttered, but her senses remained perfect to the last, as she testified by pressing ours hands in answer to what was said; her breath had insensibly shortened, but a few minutes before her death her features suddenly became reanimated; she raised her hands to heaven, and expired with them clasped in prayer. My first emotion, can you believe it? was not grief, but respect and admiration. I threw myself on my knees, my arms extended, as if to follow my child. My eyes shed no tears, my heart was calm; in the enthusiasm of the moment I could almost have fancied I saw her received into the mansions of the blessed, and, amidst the rapture that sur-

rounded her, entreating consolation for her surviving parents—happy moment—it, alas! soon vanished; my eyes fell on the senseless body of my child, and made me feel the weight of my misfortune. Death, which usually imprints the features with something terrible to the beholder, had respected those of my beloved Mary, for never did she appear so beautiful as at this moment; methought I was not worthy to salute the body that had contained so angelic a spirit, but holding her hands in mine, I bathed them with my tears. My lord at length forced me from the spot where all my joys appeared to have taken flight, nor have I since seen her; her remains are however still with us, and I hope before she is concealed from me for ever, once more to embrace her. Weep with me, my dear friend; my loss can never be estimated.”

Mrs. Thornhill was pleased at the impression this letter had made on the young auditors, who were all weeping—“Come,” said she, “we have nearly concluded this serious subject, I hope it will make a lasting impression, for sorrow is frequently more profitable than joy. The only letter that

remains is short ; it was inclosed in that of the Countess of B——, and was the last Lady Mary wrote.”

LADY MARY B—— TO MRS. BEAUFORT.

“MY DEAR FRIEND,

“When you read these lines I shall have ceased to exist but in the remembrance of those who loved me. I die in full confidence of the mercy of my Creator, and trust in the merits of my Saviour. Dear and sincere friend, you first taught me to serve and love him, and to your advice and example I shall owe my eternal salvation. Tell my beloved cousin how dearly I have loved her, but tell her also, that at the hour of death all wordly pleasures appear as dross, and the only comfort is, what we have done praise-worthy in the sight of God. Adieu, my friend, for this life ; we shall meet in heaven.

MARY B——.”

“Well, my children, such a death can only be dreadful to the survivors, and even to those it must, when the first emotions of grief are spent, afford the rapturous conso-

lation, that one of our friends are added to the heavenly choir. But come, George, what have you to contribute to our conversation this evening?"

"I have this day been somewhat amused," replied George, "by an account of one of the first printers, whose skill had nearly brought him into a very unpleasant dilemma."

"Oh! pray relate it, brother," said Frederic.

"A citizen of Mentz, whose name was Fust, or Faustus, was one of the earliest printers, but had the policy to conceal his art, and in partnership with Peter Schoeffer, having in the year 1462 printed off a considerable number of copies of the Bible, to imitate those which were sold in manuscript, Fust undertook the sale of them in Paris, where the art of printing was then unknown. At first he sold his copies for so high a sum as five and six hundred crowns, the price usually demanded by the Scribes. He afterwards lowered his price to sixty crowns, which created universal astonishment; but when he produced copies as fast as they were wanted, and lowered the price to thirty crowns, all Paris was agitated. The

uniformity of the copies, when compared, increased the wonder, and information was given unto the police against him, as a magician; his lodgings were searched, and a great number of copies being found, they were seized. The red ink with which they were embellished was said to be his blood, and no doubt was made but that he held communication with evil spirits. Fortunately for him he found means to escape, or most probably he would have shared the fate of those whom ignorant and superstitious judges condemned, in those days, for witchcraft."

"Dear brother," said Caroline, "how wicked to kill people for their ingenuity."

"It was rather weakness than designed wickedness," replied George: "in those unenlightened days, whatever was not properly understood was attributed to witchcraft, and genius, instead of reward, was frequently punished with death. The oldest exclusive privilege known for printing books was granted in the year 1490, by Henry, Bishop of Bambury. The first printers sold the books they printed, but catalogues of books were not used till the sixteenth

century. The first printing press ever known in England was erected in the almonry of Westminster-Abbey, in the year 1474, by William Caxton, who was probably encouraged by the abbot, Thomas Milling, who was a man of great learning. The first book printed in this Kingdom was a treatise on the game of chess."

"Statues and monuments have been erected to heroes and great men of all denominations," said Amelia; "were I to erect one, it should be to the inventor of the noble art of printing; for who can have deserved more of mankind?"

"Perhaps no one," replied Mrs. Thornhill, "but may we not call every book that is printed a monument of his ingenuity? a monument that can never decay. Statues and pillars may moulder into dust, and the world grow regardless to renew them, as the ardour for the great deeds of the persons for whom they were founded is deadened by accumulating ages, but books of merit will be renewed to all periods of time; and paper, the most fragile of all materials, yet proves the most lasting monument to trans-

mit to posterity, what we owe to the inventor of printing."

"That the uninformed multitude should attach the idea of witchcraft to printing, does not appear strange to me," said George, "as it must so entirely surpass all their thoughts could conceive of the art; and savages to this day frequently form the same judgment of our thoughts being conveyed by writing to each other on paper. But that the supposition of magic should ever extend itself to insignificant objects appears most strange, particularly when men of knowledge gave openly into it.—I will relate you an instance of this, which I think will make you smile:—Charles Gustavus, the successor of Christiana, of Sweden, at the siege of Prague, had a boor of a most ferocious appearance introduced to him, who offered to entertain his majesty by devouring a whole hog of one hundred weight in his presence. The old General Konigsmarc, who stood by the king's side, and who, soldier as he was, had not got rid of the prejudices of his childhood, hinted to his royal master that the fellow was undoubtedly a magician, and ought to be burnt as

such. Irritated at the remark, 'Sire,' said the fellow, 'if your majesty will but make that old gentleman take off his sword and his spurs, I will be bound to *eat* him, before I begin the hog.' General Konigsmarc, who had, at the head of a body of Swedes, performed wonders of valour against the Austrians, and was looked upon as one of the bravest men of the age, could not stand this proposal, especially as it was accompanied by a most hedious and preternatural expansion of the frightful peasant's jaws.—Without uttering a word, the veteran suddenly turned round, ran out of the court, and thought himself not safe until he arrived at his quarters, where he remained twenty-four hours locked up securely, before he got rid of the panic that had so severely affected him."

"I think with George," said Mrs. Thronhill, "that nothing less than a belief in magic could influence a man to act so ridiculously; yet, while we condemn his weakness, we must pity the ignorance of the times that sanctioned such folly.—But enough for this night—Frederic and Caroline will furnish us with some subject for tomorrow."

CONVERSATION VII.

The Rocks of Anderbach—The Advantage of reading Travels—On reading History—Character of Henry, Prince of Wales, Son of King James the First—Account of Henry the Fourth of France

“MY dear children,” said Mrs. Thornhill, “Amelia has this day read to me an account of a natural monument in Germany, which, I think so curious, that I have requested her to oblige you with it.”

“Oh! dear sister, pray begin,” said Frederic.

“Willingly”—The rocks of Anderbach stand in Bohemia, in the midst of the village of Anderbach, belonging to the Counts of Kolowrath, not far from Trautenau, at the foot of the Riesengebirge, and near the frontier of Silicia.

This forest of rocks is perceived at a great distance, and resembles an army of giants arranged on an immense plain; and probably the Riesengebirge, or mountains of giants, which skirt it, receive their name from this appearance. The groups are innumerable; each column is detached, though by such small intervals, that a man can

hardly pass between. They are generally square or triangular, and from one to two hundred feet high. The ground they cover is near three miles in circumference, and the labyrinth is impassible without guides.

The substance of these rocks is a sandy vitrifiable stone, very soft, and almost friable, when wet, being an imperfect kind of filtering-stone. They powerfully attract the moisture of the atmosphere, and the returning sun causing it to exude, the winding paths are mostly filled with small rills of the clearest water, filtered through the rocks.

It is probable that these singular columns were once the internal supporters of a mountain gradually wasted by tempests and torrents; and they themselves slowly melt into sand; the water sometimes corroding the base, so that a vast column will stand on a pivot of a cubic foot. In the interior parts of the labyrinth the force of the torrents has occasioned most picturesque scenes, by trees launched into abysses and other wrecks of nature. The rocks of Anderbach are the skeleton of a mountain; and, on proceeding through them, one finds oneself upon a part of the mountain covered with fo-

rests, but the degradation of which has begun; so that the interesting scene of the demolition of a mountain, by the mighty hand of nature, here presents itself to the eye, and in a thousand years perhaps the scene may terminate in a sandy hill.

The temperature of this gigantic temple is uniform; fresh in summer, warm in winter, by comparison; at a small distance are fertile fields and meadows.

Many singular forms present themselves, which the imagination of the guides, as usual, fabricate into figures of monks, women, bears, ruins of towns, &c.

In the neighbourhood is a remarkable echo, which repeats, without confusion, seven syllables, for three successive times. But no echo returns the exact tone, some answer with a gay note, while others to the most cheerful call reply with plaintive melancholy.

“ Oh my dear mamma !” exclaimed Frederic, “ how I should like to travel.”

“ The desire is praise-worthy,” answered Mrs. Thornhill, “ when time and opportunity suits ; but have we not many advantages

at home? cannot we improve our minds by reading books of travels, from which we may procure the best materials in both geography and natural history, even setting aside the entertainment they bestow? They are easily comprehended, and shew nature frequently in the most pleasing dress, and possess this advantage over history, that they do not disgust in the perusal by the relation of human crimes."

"Allowing that to be true," said George, "if we are spared a relation of human crimes, we are also deprived of the account of praiseworthy actions. Travels interest and amuse us, but, in my opinion, history is the first stimulant to great and good actions.— To exemplify this, I will bring forward the character of Prince Henry, eldest son of King James the First. I think the short account I shall give of him will excite Frederic's curiosity to enter on the study of history."

"Henry Prince of Wales, Son of James the Sixth of Scotland, and First of England, was the most accomplished Prince of his time. His first governess was the Countess Dowager of Mar, a woman remarkable

for the severity of her temper, yet, as he grew up, he shewed her the utmost respect for the obligations she had conferred on his childhood.

“In his sixth year he was committed to the care of a man of great learning, called Newton, and speedily made so considerable a progress under his tuition, that in only his seventh year he wrote a letter to the States of Holland, in which he testified his gratitude for the good opinion he understood that country expressed for him, and requested they would make use of his interest with his father, in whatever might serve them. At this early period the prince began to add to his literary accomplishments some of the more martial kind, such as riding, the exercise of the bow, pike, &c. as also the use of fire-arms ; nor did these employments alone satisfy him, for in his leisure hours he learned dancing and singing.—On his ninth birth-day, he wrote a letter in Latin to the king, informing him how far he had advanced in his learning, and that he now thought himself of an age to undertake epistolary correspondence : in short, his early accomplishments began to be spoken of in all fo-

reign countries; and in the same year, being invested with the order of the garter, he surprised every one by his majestic carriage and religious behaviour at the altar, as well as by the quickness of his understanding and ready answers. In his tenth year he began to shew a wonderful desire of becoming master of all those acquirements that constitute a great prince, and, without desisting from literature, applied himself to the study of naval and military affairs. He warmly patronised men of learning, and was steadily attached to the protestant religion, and in his twelfth year held correspondence with the most eminent princes in Europe. His temperance was as exemplary as his abhorrence of vanity and ostentation, which even when very young began to shew itself; his cloaths were usually very plain, except on public occasions, when he would dress with the utmost magnificence, and behave with great majesty, but the ceremony over, he immediately laid both aside.

“ Having once worn a suit of Welch frize for a considerable time, and being told it was too mean for him, and he had worn it too long, he answered, that he was not

ashamed of his country cloth, and wished it would last for ever.

“ He had a particular aversion to the vice of swearing and a profanation of the name of God. When at play he was never heard to do so, but caused all to be fined who were guilty of that offence, and the money given to the poor. Being once asked why he was so cautious, he replied that he knew no game worth an oath.

“ As he increased in years his government of his house was worthy the imitation of all other princes ; he gave orders himself, and scrupulously took care they were faithfully executed ; he knew all his domestics by name, and would notice if any were absent from their religious duties, and though his family was large, and consisted of young noblemen of great fortune, in the prime of their years, when their reason is weak and their experience little, yet his judgment, gravity, and example, were sufficient restraints upon them.

“ If any disputes arose among his servants, the offence was carefully discussed, compensation made to the injured, and the offender reproved ; in short no quarrel was

carried to the least height. Such was the character given of this estimable young man, who, to the grief of the whole nation, died in his nineteenth year. On the breaking up of his household his chaplain preached a most pathetic sermon to his sorrowful domestics, saying, after a panegyric on his royal highness—‘Go in peace, and live as those who have lost such a master, and as those who serve a master whom they cannot lose.’

“Richard, earl of Dorset, speaking of the death of this prince in a letter, uses these words—‘Our rising sun is set ere scarcely it had shone, and with it all our glory lies buried.’”

“What a charming character,” said Amelia, “well might the nation mourn so severe a loss.”

“Prince Henry appears even from his earliest infancy, to have possessed superior talents to most children,” replied Mrs. Thornhill; “his race was short but glorious, and his memory will never die.”

“History must be very interesting, mamma,” said Caroline.

“You will be greatly amused by it,” replied her mother; “you will find many examples worthy imitation; many which will inspire you with disgust and horror, some with contempt, and others with pity.”

“In our British annals,” said George, “few monarchs interest me so highly as Alfred, as few were so uniformly virtuous. At a later period who can avoid shuddering with horror at the dark assassin Richard the Third, or the tyrant Henry the Eighth, who made even religion subservient to his most infamous purposes.”

“True, George, but as great causes spring from the most insignificant means, we should consider the latter but the mere instrument in the hand of God, to bring forth truth from the dark chaos of superstition. A king, you will say, should be the father of his people, but Henry was a tyrant and a scourge; yet, he brought about an event of all others most glorious. The meek ill-treated Henry the Sixth inspires us with pity, and I am sorry to add, some of our kings with a very different sentiment.—Charles the Second, for example, after being an exile for twelve years, no

sooner mounted the throne from which his father had been led to the scaffold, but he gave into the most unbounded licentiousness ; in riot and dissipation he not only forgot himself, but the good of his people, and wasted years in folly, which he ought to have devoted to the welfare of his country."

"Dear mamma," said Frederic, "I will lose no time in beginning the study of history."

"You will do well ; that of your own country first ; afterwards that of others."

"In that of France," said George, "I am delighted with the character of Henry the Fourth, justly styled the Great."

"Dear brother do tell us something concerning him," exclaimed Frederic.

"Willingly ; but my account will necessarily be short ; but it may interest you sufficiently to make you anxious to read more of so great a character."

"Henry the Fourth, king of France and Navarre, justly styled the Great, was the son of Anthony de Bourbon, chief of the branch of Bourbon (so called from a fief of that name, which fell to them by marriage

with the heiress of the estate). His mother was the daughter of Henry d'Albert, king of Navarre, a woman of a masculine genius, intrepid, simple and rustic in her manners, but deeply versed in politics, and a zealous protestant. Foreseeing that her party would want such a protector (for her husband was a weak and indolent prince,) she undertook the education of the young hero ; his diet was coarse, his cloaths neat, but plain ; he always went bare headed ; she sent him to school with the other children of the same age, and accustomed him to climb the rocks and neighbouring mountains, according to the custom of the country. He was born in 1553, and in the sixteenth year of his age he was declared the defender and chief of the Protestants at Rochelle. The peace of St. Germain concluded, recalled the lords in the protestant interest to court, and in 1572 Henry was married to Margaret de Valois, sister to Charles the Ninth, king of France. It was in the midst of the rejoicings for these nuptials that the horrid massacre of the Protestants of Paris took place, and Henry was reduced to the alternative of changing his religion, or being

put to death; he chose the former, and was detained prisoner of state three years. In 1577 he made his escape, put himself at the head of the Huguenot party, exposing himself to all the risks and fatigues of a religious war, often in want of the necessaries of life, and enduring all the hardships of the common soldier; but he gained a victory this year at Courtras, which established his reputation in arms, and endeared him to the Protestants. On the Death of Henry the Third, religion was urged as a pretext by one half of the officers of the French army to reject him, and for the leaguers not to acknowledge him. The Cardinal de Bourbon was set up against him, but his most formidable rival was the Duke de Mayenne; however, Henry, with few friends, fewer important places, no money, and a very small army, supplied every want by his activity and valour. He gained several victories over the duke, particularly that of Ivry, in 1590, memorable for this heroic admonition to his soldiers. "If you love your ensigns, rally by my white plume, you will always find it in the road to honour and glory." Paris held out against him,

notwithstanding his successes; he took all the suburbs in one day, and might have reduced the city by famine, if he had not humanely suffered his own army to relieve the besieged; yet the bigotted friars and priests in Paris all turned soldiers, except four of the Mendicant order, and made daily military reviews and processions, the sword in one hand and the crucifix in the other, on which they made the citizens swear rather to die with famine, than to admit Henry. The scarcity of provisions in Paris at last degenerated to an universal famine; bread had been sold, while any remained, for a crown the pound, and at last it was made from the bones of the charnal house of St. Innocent's; human flesh became the food of the obstinate Parisians, and mothers ate the dead bodies of their children. In fine, the Duke of Mayenne, seeing that neither Spain nor the league would ever grant him the crown, determined to assist in giving it to the lawful heir. He engaged the states to hold a conference with the chiefs of both parties, which ended in Henry's abjuration of the Protestant religion at St. Dennis, and his consecration at Chartres,

in 1593. The following year Paris opened her gates to him ; the Duke of Mayenne was pardoned, and in 1598 peace was concluded with Spain.

“ Henry now shewed himself doubly worthy the throne, by his encouragement of commerce, the fine arts, and manufactures, and by his patronage of men of ingenuity and sound learning of every country; but though the fermentations of Romish bigotry were calmed, the leaven was not destroyed; scarcely a year passed without some attempt being made on this real father of his people; and at last the monster Ravillac stabbed him to the heart, in his coach in the streets of Paris, on the 14th of May, 1610, in the fifty seventh year of his age, and twenty-second of his reign.”

“ Oh dear brother,” said Caroline, “ what a wicked wretch was Ravillac; I hope he was punished for his cruelty ?”

“ He was ; but though he deserved death, his execution was a disgrace to humanity. A murderer’s life ought ever to be forfeited to the violated laws of God and his country, but sentences of cruelty can tend to no end but to shock the virtuous and harden the

abandoned. I read the account once in the history of France, but ever since, if I chanced to turn to the passage I have passed it, as the impression it left on my memory is sufficiently strong."

"I feel such relations as you do," said Mrs Thornhill; "justice, indeed, demands, that such evil men should be cut off from society, but an ignominious death here, and what such characters have to expect hereafter, is as much as a humane mind can bear to reflect on. But it grows late; Frederic and Caroline were to assist our amusements to night, but we must postpone that satisfaction till our next meeting."

CONVERSATION VIII.

*The Rents collected—the rich Farmer and the poor ones
—the Necessity of being Industrious—the real Enjoyment of Wealth.*

ON the ensuing day Mrs. Thornhill, addressing her eldest son, said—"I have sent an apology to Mr. Pennant. I need your assistance at home, as the tenants will come this morning to pay their rent."

George bowed. "I will observe you madam," replied he, "and do my best; you will excuse my defects."

Breakfast over, the tenants began to collect, when Mrs. Thornhill ordered them to be introduced singly as they came. The first who presented himself was a rich farmer, named Rackland, who held a large farm by an old lease, granted by the late Mr. Thornhill's father.

"Madam," said he, addressing Mrs. Thornhill, and drawing out a long canvas bag, "I am come to pay my rent,—never missed in my life—always ready with my cash: I am none of your poor fellows who tremble at quarter day. There is one hundred pound in gold, and two fifty pound notes, which is my half years rent, and I will be bold to say the young gentleman will not have a better tenant."

"I think not, indeed," answered Mrs. Thornhill; "write a receipt George. Pray, Mr. Rackland, have you a family?"

"Only a son, madam, a fine sharp lad; minds the main chance already—has a hawk's eye for profit. To say the truth, it is for him I am in some measure come to

entreat of you a fresh lease, for the present is nearly expired, of the old farm ; and likewise, as I hear two neighbours of mine have pretty well ruined themselves by draining their land, which was part of the old moor, and as, in all likelihood, they won't be able to keep their heads *above water*, that their farms may be added to mine ; the money shall always be forthcoming."

"What rent are their farms?"

"Only fifty pounds yearly each. The foolish fellows never considered that they had not money sufficient for such an undertaking."

"Is the land better for the expence?" said Mrs. Thornhill.

"Why I cannot say but it is; but it needs a great deal yet, and the present rent will, I hope, suffice?"

"It shall not be raised. But, Mr. Rackland, I make it an invariable rule to have no overgrown farms on the estate. It would be unjust these poor people should be ruined for endeavouring to improve my son's land, therefore I must decline your offer, and also entreat you to select what part of your present farm you please, to the value of three

hundred pounds yearly value. The remainder of the land I shall add to two smaller ones."

Mr. Rackland endeavoured to remonstrate, but there was a cool determination in Mrs. Thornhill's manner that convinced him words would be of no avail; he therefore, with a surly complaisance, wished her a good morning, and left the apartment.

"My dear mother," said George, "you have acted more generously by that man than I should have done. He, as I have heard at Mr. Pennant's, is a tyrant over the poor, oppresses his labourers and dependants, and, while he lives in luxury himself, refuses a draught of skimmed milk to a starving beggar."

"What a wretch," said Amelia; "I wish he were out of the parish."

"We will pay more attention to his actions than heretofore," said Mrs. Thornhill; "if he offends, at all events it will be in your power to be entirely quit of him when his lease expires."

The servant at that moment announced two more farmers, who were brothers, and requested to be admitted together. They

entered, hanging down their heads, and appeared to wait for each other to begin; at length, having coughed and bowed for a minute or two, one ventured to speak.

“Madam, we be *mortal* sorry to make such a bad beginning with our young squire, but here is myself and my brother have had such *cruel* ill luck, that we have not been able to bring more than twenty-five pounds out of fifty, that is due for our two farms; and to raise that we were forced to sell two of our best cows yesterday to Mr. Rackland; so we hope your goodness will forgive us till next half year, when we trust to discharge some of the arrears.”

“From what cause are you behind hand?”

“Why, an please you madam, part of our farms were fenced off the wild moor, and was such bad land that it was scarcely worth a crown an acre, so my brother and myself resolved to dig dikes and drain it, for it was a mere swamp; but as we were obliged to have a great deal of help, it run us backward, and, to complete all, my brother here had the ague all winter, and his children had the small pox, and—and—” hesitating.

“Speak freely,” said Mrs. Thornhill.

“ Why,” replied the second countryman, “ our work was just finished, when one evening, as we sat at supper, rejoicing at our success, a neighbour ran in to tell us that one of our cows had fallen into a dike, and the utmost haste would be necessary to save it. My brother’s eldest son, as fine a lad, and as dutiful a one as any in the country, immediately set off, telling us to follow with all speed, as it was above half a mile from the farm. Young and nimble, he soon out-run us, but alack, what a scene presented when we reached the spot ! The good lad had slipped down the clay bank, and before we could get him out he was as dead as a stone. So your honour sees one misfortune never comes alone. My brother had the funeral to pay, and his poor wife has cost him a *mort* since, being always a crying for the poor boy. In short, madam, grief made us all stupid, and things went to wreck; we neglected the seed time, and had a bad crop, and my sister, who, till this time, was the best housewife in the county, took no pleasure in the dairy; the cream stood till it spoiled, the cheese was left till it grew mouldy, and ruin appeared to threaten us on

every side. Then, madam, I suppose the neighbours began to see how things were going, for all my own family were so afflicted with sickness, that I could do nothing for my brother's. One day the good Curate called in, and severely reprov'd both him and his wife ; he accused them of sin, in neglecting their duty to the rest of their family, for the loss of one, who they could have no doubt was in a state of happiness, from his piety in this world. In short, madam, though they still mourn for him, they have resumed all their former diligence, and we throw ourselves on your mercy till we make good the deficiency."

Mrs. Thornhill was pleased with the brothers' affection for each other. "If you exert yourselves," said she, "I shall be satisfied. The active duties of your situation will banish painful remembrances. Take back the twenty-five pounds you have brought, and let it remain due, with the other, to the estate, for two years, at which time I hope you will be able to repay it, as, if I find you industrious, I shall enlarge your farms."

The countrymen stared with astonishment,

scarcely able to credit their ears, until Mrs. Thornhill added, "take up the money; remember what I have said; I wish you success.—Farewell."

"Madam—madam," said the first spokesman, "I can't tell what to say? Why don't you speak Joseph? Goodness should not make us sad, and yet we behave like children."

"Collect yourselves; I repeat, if we see you industrious, you shall not want friends."

"Oh, my dear boy," sobbed the second farmer, "could you have lived to see this! But the will of heaven be done. With submission, would not your honour choose a note?"

"If you are honest men there is no occasion; if otherwise I shall find a time to punish you."

The farmers then, with many scrapes and blessings, took leave.

"Your example, my beloved mother," said George, "will, I hope, be a standard for my future conduct."

"Your own heart will, I trust, be a never-failing monitor. To cherish industry, to crush oppression, to protect merit, and to

sooth affliction, is the duty of those whom heaven has favoured with the gifts of fortune. When I see whole thousands expended in the amusement of an evening, it causes in me a sentiment of mingled grief and anger, which I cannot well describe: for how many prisoners might that sum restore to freedom? how many distressed members of society place in ease and comfort? leaving on the mind of the donors the most pleasurable of all sensations, the satisfaction of having done a good action; while to the votaries of pleasure, the night spent in tumult is followed by a morning replete with lassitude, sickness, and perhaps disgust."

Several tenants then being announced, they were admitted, paid their rent, and were dismissed. This business occupied the whole time until dinner, when, after a social meal, they adjourned to the drawing room.

CONVERSATION IX.

*The Method used to teach a Prince of France to read—
The Amusement of reading—The generous Brother.*

"IF I remember right," said Mrs. Thornhill, "it is the turn of Frederic and Caroline to yield us some amusement this evening."

"Oh mamma, I know so little, that I had much rather listen than speak," answered Caroline.

"You are right, but speaking among friends will teach you to speak among strangers. A very talkative young woman is a disgusting object, as it shews her forward and assuming, but one who is totally silent is usually considered a simpleton."

"Well then, mamma, I will relate to you a droll method a tutor was obliged to adopt to teach a prince of France to read."

"Do so ; if he was successful, his cares were repaid ; if otherwise, his pupil was a disgrace to his rank."

"A young prince of France was, while a child, of so giddy and so intractable a temper, that he could not be persuaded so much as to learn his letters ; but his tutor observ-

ing his love for soldiers, and whatever related to war, made use of it to overcome his antipathy to reading, by having the pictures of his guards drawn in miniature, and marking them with the letters of the alphabet. These, after some time, he drew up into words, and managed with such address that his highness got through whole sentences when formed into companies, and was not tired even with a long period in the shape of a battalion. By degrees these arts made the young prince take a liking to books, as well as to war, and the collection made for his study formed, afterwards, a part of the French king's library."

"I thank you my love," said Mrs. Thornhill, "with a less ingenious tutor the prince might have remained a dunce all his life. When I meet with people that are not fond of reading, I cannot avoid feeling a degree of pity for them, when I reflect how restricted their enjoyments must be. Books are a source of never failing entertainment, as they bring us acquainted with all periods of time. In our closets we can travel over the world, and learn the manners and customs of all countries. We can be-

come acquainted with the great men of antiquity and the dignified characters of our own times. We can be informed of whatever is curious on the earth, in the air, or in the water; in short, I think no one can want amusement, while they have health sufficient to read.—But come, Frederic, we wait for your story.”

“Yes, mamma—A man in China being accused of some crime, fled to the house of a friend, named Lou-Nan-Kin, where he concealed himself, and who, notwithstanding the severity of the Chinese laws against those who conceal criminals, would not betray his friend. The business, however, being discovered, Lou-Nan-Kin was imprisoned, and just on the point of being condemned, when his younger brother entered the judgment hall, and presenting himself before the judge, he said—‘It is I, Sir, who have hidden the prisoner, and death is *my* due, not my brother’s.’ The elder maintained to the contrary, and a long examination took place, when the judge, who was a man of sense and penetration, questioned them so closely, that he at length brought the younger to confess.—‘It is true, Sir,’

said he, bursting into tears, 'that I have accused myself falsely, but I have very strong reasons for so doing;—my mother is dead, and her corpse lies unburied; I have a helpless sister too, whom I cannot protect, and the little we have left my brother can turn to advantage, while I in effect can do nothing: I therefore humbly entreat you to let me die in his stead, so shall my mother's corpse be laid in earth, the youth of my sister guided to virtue, and I shall, though dead to the world, live in his heart till we meet hereafter.'

"The judge was so pleased with the poor youth that he immediately informed the emperor of the story, who ordered a pardon to all concerned."

"What a dear good brother," said Caroline, "and yet I think that I would die myself to save my brothers or my sister."

"I am pleased," said Mrs. Thornhill, "that Frederic selected this story, as it shews that such a proof of affection was congenial to his own heart; I shall now leave you for a while, as I have letters to write—amuse yourselves in the best manner you can till supper-time."

CONVERSATION X.

A Culprit's Examination before a Justice—The Soldier's Defence—The poor Man finds a Friend—The proud Man punished, and the Prisoner bailed.

THE ensuing morning George resolved to take a ride, as Mr. Pennant was engaged in business the early part of the day. Attended by the groom, he had proceeded about a mile, when, passing through the village, he saw a great crowd round the justice's door, and stopping to enquire, was informed, that the bustle was occasioned by an examination which was about to take place, of an old soldier who had beaten young Mr. Rackland very severely. George enquired the cause, but not being able to obtain information, left his horse, and entering the house, requested to be admitted at the examination. The justice readily consented, and common compliments having passed, he ordered the culprit to be brought in. He was an elderly soldier, of a very poor appearance, mutilated of one leg, his face deeply scarred, and blind of an eye. On the tattered skirt of his coat, hung a chubby girl,

of about eight years old, tolerably clean in appearance, but whose cloathing was as scanty as the soldier's. On the complainant side was Mr. Rackland and his son, and, the usual preliminaries being settled, and the parties sworn, the justice proceeded to the examination. Mr. Rackland stepped first; he complained loudly of the injury his son had received, and in evidence made him shew his back, where he visibly bore the mark of some severe strokes. Young Rackland next spoke: he was walking, he said, in his father's fields adjoining the common, when on a sudden his dog, who had an aversion to beggars, rushed through a break in the hedge and seized the little girl; that the soldier, with a knobbed stick, immediately knocked the dog down, and on his (Richard Rackland's) coming to his assistance, he, the said soldier, beat him severely with the small end of the stick, so that he was forced to run to save himself; that his father, exasperated, sent immediately in search of the culprit, who was found at a doctor's in the village, from whence he had been seized and brought to justice for the assault.

The apothecary was next called : he said, that the soldier had that morning begged at his door, with tears in his eyes, for assistance for his little girl, who had been bitten in the arm by a dog ; that he took them in, had dressed the wound, and ordered them some bread and cheese, when the whole posse loudly demanded the soldier, whom he had been obliged to deliver up to them.

The justice reprobated the violence of the soldier to young Rackland, whom he observed was not answerable for the misfortune that had happened ; then called upon the soldier for what he had to advance in his excuse, or otherwise he must commit him to jail as a rogue and vagabond. The soldier, thus called upon, prepared to answer. He looked round with a kind of contempt, then casting his eyes on his little companion, his features softened, and he began as follows :

The Soldier's Defence.

“ Sir,” said he to the justice, “ If I understand you right, I am in danger of being committed to prison as a rogue and a vaga-



Thomson del.

Smith & Byers sc.

The Soldier's Defence.

See page 110.

Published for Longman, Hurst, Rees & Orme. 1807.

MATERIAL INVESTIGATION

FAMILY CONNECTIONS

MORAL AND ENTICEMENTS

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bond :—At Gibraltar I lost my eye, at Valenciennes I recived these cuts in my face, and in Egypt I had my leg shot off by a cannon-ball, and now I am come home to be sent to jail for a rogue and a vagabond.—Marry, Sir, if all would act as I have done, we might snap our fingers at foreign enemies ; but while some labour to defend their country, others sneak at home to set dogs at the *rogues* and *vagabonds*, who have fought their battles, and come home disabled, to die in the bosom of their families.—Such, Sir, was I, when I was passed to my parish with this poor infant, all that a good wife has left me after battling the world for twenty years together, We walked quietly on ; our food, what sixpence a day would allow ; when crossing the common, I heard a voice, though I saw no one, exclaim—‘At them Towser !—at them !—hunt the beggars !—So-ho !—So-ho !—Shake their tatters in the wind !’ At the same instant a dog rushed through the hedge that divided the common from the field, and made a set at Polly. I instantly knocked him down with the end of my stick, but not till he had bit the child so grievously, that

not even the loss of my leg, nor of my eye, affected me half so much as it did to see the blood of the only infant left me by my dear Mary flowing, through the wanton brutality of two puppies; for one was as great a brute as the other."

"Remember where you are?" said the justice: "behave with respect or you will repent it."

"God forbid, Sir, I should want respect to the meanest creature God hath made; but tread upon a worm and it will turn again.—When the dog seized the child, I knocked him down; if that was wrong, pray tell me how a soldier should have acted in such a case? Then, Sir, that young man came through the hedge, and I suppose, because I was lame, thought to master me, for he struck me with his cane, but I returned the compliment with interest, and I hope for his good, for I think he will not forget beggar-hunting one while. Pain from the bite, and fear from the scuffle, frightened the poor child so much, that I thought she would have fallen into fits, so I took her to the doctor's, who not only dressed her arm, but gave her drops, and ordered us food,

when the crowd came up and brought us before your worship."

The justice turned to young Rackland—"Is it true that you set the dog on? for if you did, the provocation arose from yourself."

"I had a right, Sir, to speak to my dog; the hedge was between us; I did not wish him to bite the girl."

"Perhaps not—but you used the direct means to make him do so, and your punishment was a natural consequence."

"I insist," said the elder Rackland, "that your worship commits him to prison—I will prosecute him if it costs me an hundred pounds—send him to jail."

"Pray, Sir," interrupted the little girl, trembling and crying—"don't be angry with my daddy, I am sure he would not hurt any body; I hope the dog will get well, and young master will forgive us, for it was all my fault."

"I insist that your worship commits him," repeated Rackland—"I'll learn others to strike my Jacky."

The justice recommended mercy, but Rack-

land was deaf to all but revenge, and repeatedly enforced his request.

"I must then submit," said the justice, "though with great reluctance, for your son was undoubtedly the aggressor, though the assault cannot be denied—Clerk, make out the mittimus."

"Pardon me, Sir," said George, "is there no alternative? must this poor fellow go to prison?"

"Undoubtedly, unless he could find bail, which I should suppose impossible."

"Perhaps not," said George; "will you favour me by making a short delay? I think I can procure it."

The justice bowed, Mr. Rackland stared, his son looked silly, and little Polly cried, while the soldier, dashing off a tear which gratitude forced from his eyes, exclaimed—"Sweet young Sir, heaven guard and bless you and your's wherever you go; your heart is in the right place I'm sure—if I was young and able, I would work, fight, or die for you, but now thanks are all I have to offer."

"Why surely, Sir," said Mr. Rackland, "you would not attempt to get bail for such

a fellow? you don't know what may be your own case."

"When I deserve it equally, I trust I may be equally punished," said George; and rising and bowing to the justice, he left the house. Mounting his horse, he immediately set off full speed to the manor-house, where he acquainted his mother how he had been employed, and entreated her to furnish him with means to liberate the soldier, who he was convinced was grossly injured by the young farmer. Mrs. Thornhill needed no prompting to an act of humanity, and was far from wishing to crush that sentiment in her son.—"If you have judged properly respecting this poor man," said she, "the action will repay itself; if you have formed an erroneous opinion, it will be only experience cheaply purchased—Rackland is a proud imperious man, and some mortification may be a useful lesson to his son. Use my name therefore to Mr. Pennant, and entreat him to arrange this business to your satisfaction, if he thinks the soldier deserving."

George scarcely staid to express his

thanks, but flew to Mr. Pennant, who being disengaged, accompanied him to the justice's, where the usual preliminaries were settled, and he became bail for the soldier.

Mr. Rackland began to feel the business more serious than he had apprehended ; his young landlord had espoused the cause of his opponent, and Mr. Pennant becoming bail, proved his mother did the same. The business concluded, George ordered the soldier to go to the manor-house for refreshment, and, accompanied by Mr. Pennant, took the way thither himself.

The servants having obeyed their orders, and given food to the poor man and his child, Mrs. Thornhill desired him to be sent up to the parlour. His gratitude, though not eloquent, was lively. He informed them that some years before a severe fever having afflicted his whole family, he was necessitated to incur a debt, which he could not immediately repay ; his creditor was harsh, and refused to take it in portions, as he could pay it from his earnings ; and he was driven, as the last refuge to save himself from a prison, to enlist for a soldier.—“ At that time,” continued he, “ this poor child was

at her mother's breast, and I had two brave lads and a good wife, and was myself as stout a fellow as most in England ; but that's over now, my poor wife and boys are in the grave, and I am come home a cripple.

—This poor child was reduced to the last extremity by her mother's death, and was sent to the workhouse, where I found her on my return ; my noble colonel recommended me to Chelsea, but, on account of Polly, I preferred being an out-pensioner, as thank God I am still able to earn something by my labour, and I resolved to take the child to the country, where I thought she might learn to get her bread with industry, by knitting and sewing, and such like things fit for young girls."

"Have you any one to answer to your character ?" said Mrs. Thornhill.

"I have in my pocket, and please you, my discharge from the regiment, and also a certificate from my colonel."

So saying, he produced both : they were satisfactory, and turning to him, Mrs. Thornhill asked what labour he meant to pursue.

"Gardening and field-work, madam, if

I am lucky enough to obtain them. I will work night and day, but Polly shall learn to work and read—It's enough that I should feel the loss of her mother, who was too good a wife for me to neglect her child."

"If you like to remain in this part of the country," said Mrs. Thornhill, "my son can perhaps employ you in his grounds."

"Remain here, Madam !" replied the soldier, "God bless the noble gentleman, I warrant he'll make a brave man ; I'll work till I die for him, and thank heaven for such a master."

"I should be sorry if you falsified the opinion he has conceived of you ; for the present retire. The servants shall recommend you to a lodging in the village, as also somewhere to place your child."

The soldier bowed and obeyed.—"My beloved mother," said George, raising her hand to his lips, "should I ever wantonly offend you, how unpardonable must I be, when you are so ready to gratify all my wishes."

"Indeed," said Mr. Pennant, "the man appears deserving, and that young Rackland was the aggressor I have no doubt, for

I have frequently, with vexation, heard of his brutality, and have not spared to reprove him for it, but my words were of no avail."

"However repugnant to me, I will speak to him on the subject," answered Mrs. Thornhill; "he shall correct it, or enjoy no land of ours."

"My dear mother," said Amelia, "with your permission, Caroline and myself will undertake the care of the little girl. We will pay for her going to the village school out of our pocket-money: and I have been thinking, if she could be placed with Goody Martin, she might divert her grief for the loss of her grand-daughter."

"My good child, I thank you for the thought," replied Mrs. Thornhill: "we will adopt it."

"And we will buy her cloaths," said Caroline, "and make her quite neat and comfortable."

"Do so," returned her mother, "but 'tis near our dinner hour; Mr. Pennant will, I hope, favour us by sharing it."

Mr. Pennant bowed, and they soon after adjourned to the dining-parlour.

CONVERSATION XI.

Anecdote of Ferdinand of Spain—The Caliph Haccham and the Cadi Bechir—the King of Granada—the Effects of Mercy.

AFTER dinner, having conversed for some time, Mr. Pennant said, when they adjourned to the drawing-room, “I understand, by my pupil, that you every evening hold conversations on various subjects; I entreat that I may be considered as no restraint, as it will much oblige me to be admitted of the party.”

“You do us honour,” said Mrs. Thornhill. “We shall intrude on George to begin this evening.”

“Willingly,” answered he. “I have been reading the history of Spain, and will relate you an anecdote of one of its kings.”

Anecdote of Ferdinand the Fourth, of Spain.

“Ferdinand the Fourth, son and successor of Sancho the Brave, was yet in his childhood when he mounted the throne. His minority was a period of civil turbulence,

but the great qualities of his mother calmed the factious, and reduced all to tranquillity. This prince was denominated *The Summoned*, because he, in a fit of frenzy, ordered two brothers, of the name of Lavajal, who were accused, but not convicted, of an assassination, to be dashed headlong from a precipice. These brothers, with their dying breath, asserted their innocence, appealed to the justice of God, and *summoned* the furious Ferdinand to appear within thirty days before the judge of kings. Precisely at the end of thirty days, Ferdinand, who was then marching against the Moors, retired to sleep after dinner, and was found dead in his bed. The inhabitants of Spain attributed his sudden death to the interference of divine Providence.”

“ The end of this man is, indeed, a lesson for injustice,” said Mr. Pennant ; “ for though in all probability his death would have happened at the same time, without the solemn invocation of the brothers, yet its falling on the very day was awfully striking. Unexpectedly and in his sleep the blow fell ; and from a man whom we have

every reason to fear was ill provided for his great account, we can only hope God was more merciful than he had been to the poor brothers."

"I hope so," replied Frederic; "but it was very cruel to put men to death on mere surmise."

"It surely was," returned Mr. Pennant; "and how can those who deny mercy to others expect it themselves? The duties of a king far exceed those of other men, and if Ferdinand failed in properly examining every circumstance respecting them, he was guilty of murder, for no prince is too great to hearken to the voice of truth. There is a story on record, whether true or false I know not, that does great honour to one of the caliphs."

"Oh dear, sir!" said Caroline, "I wish you would tell it to us."

"Willingly," replied Mr. Pennant.

Caroline drew her chair close to the good man, who began as follows:

The Caliph Haccham and the Cadi Bechir.

"During the reign of the Moorish kings in Spain, a caliph, named Haccham, had

an inclination to build a pavillion, in a small field appertaining to a poor woman of Zehra, and therefore purposed to purchase it. The woman, however, declined his offer, saying, that she would never divest herself of the inheritance of her fathers. Haccham was no doubt informed of her obstinate refusal, for the superintendant of his gardens took possession of the field by force, and the pavillion was built. The poor woman ran in despair to Cordova, and related the story to the Cadi Bechir, asking him what she should do? The Cadi thought that the commander of the faithful had no more right than any other man to possess himself illegally of another's property, and resolved to remind him of this truth, which the best princes may occasionally forget.

“One day as Haccham, with his court about him, was amusing himself in the pavillion, which had been built in the poor woman's field, he saw Bechir arrive on his ass, with an empty sack in his hands. “Prince of the faithful,” said the old man, “I come to ask your permission to fill this sack with the earth which you now trample

under your feet?" Haccham readily consented. The Cadi filled the sack, and setting it on one end, humbly approached the Caliph, and besought him to lend him his assistance to place it on the ass. Haccham, diverted with the request, endeavoured to raise the sack, but finding he could scarcely move it, he laughed, and let it fall, complaining of its enormous weight. "Prince of the faithful," said Bechir, in a solemn accent, "that sack, heavy as you find it, contains but a small portion of the field of which you have illegally deprived one of your subjects; how then will you bear the weight of the whole field when you appear before the Great Judge of heaven and earth, under the burden of this iniquity?"—Haccham, struck with the reproof, embraced the Cadi, thanked him, and acknowledged his fault, instantly restored to the poor woman the field of which he had deprived her, and, as a recompence for the injury she had suffered, made her a present of the pavilion, and all its rich furniture."

"How great must the Cadi be in all eyes, after such an action," continued Mr.

Pennant. "He acted boldly to a despotic prince, whose smallest word could have condemned him to death, but he considered he had a yet greater master, and, as a sworn minister of justice, acted, in defiance of fear, to the extent of his duty."

"As I consider the subject," said Mrs. Thornhill, "I think the conduct of the Caliph scarcely inferior to that of the Cadi. A tyrant or a fool would have spurned at reproof, but a wise man listens to the voice of truth and reason, and if he has deviated from the path of honour, gladly returns to it, blessing the friendly hand that snatched him from folly, and perhaps destruction."

"Among the characters of the Moors," said George, "few are, in my opinion, more respectable than that of Joseph, king of Granada; he bore his sufferings with fortitude and patience, and the reverse of his fortune with equanimity and honour."

"His character, it must be allowed, was great," answered Mr. Pennant; "and the death of the tyrant, like that of Ferdinand *The Summoned*, appeared one of those extraordinary interferences of providence, cal-

culated to make an impression on the survivors."

"Dear me," said Caroline, "how I should like to hear it."

"With Mr. Pennant's and my mother's leave," replied George, "that desire shall be gratified."

Mr. Pennant and Mrs. Thornhill bowed acquiescence, and George related the following story.

The King of Granada.

"Mahomet the Ninth, king of Granada, usurped the throne from his eldest brother Joseph, whom he confined closely in prison, but finding himself near death, resolved to secure the crown to his son by murder; he therefore sent one of his principal officers to the prison, with orders to strike off his brother Joseph's head. The officer found the prince playing a game at chess with an Iman, and sorrowfully informed him of the task he came to execute; Joseph, unmoved, only asked time to finish his game. So slight a favour the officer could not refuse.

In the mean time another officer came in with the news that Mahomet was dead, and Joseph proclaimed his successor to the throne. Joseph the Third was a good king, and under his reign the people were happy. Instead of avenging himself on those who had assisted his brother to usurp his right, he lavished favours and employments on them; he brought up his brother's sons with the same tenderness as if they had been his own, and when his counsellors blamed his lenity, he answered,—‘Permit me to leave my enemies no cause for having preferred my younger brother to me.’ This excellent prince died, after a reign of fifteen years, lamented by his whole kingdom.”

“The death of Mahomet at that immediate juncture,” said Mr. Pennant, “was not only fortunate to his brother, but also to himself, as it saved his soul from the additional weight of murder. The conduct of Joseph to his enemies, and to his brother's children, was exemplary, and must command admiration even from his greatest foes, for however men may degenerate into

sin and vice, yet they cannot divest themselves of the respect due to virtue."

"I read a story to day," said Amelia, "that interested me even to tears. I had ever pourtrayed to myself the keepers of prisons as cruel and unfeeling people, but the account I met with has banished that opinion."

"That they must possess great courage to undertake such a task, is undoubted," said Mrs. Thornhill; "but I trust all are not hardened by the scenes of suffering and mingled depravity that surround them. No situation can furnish so many objects for humanity, and callous indeed is that heart that does not in some measure relax at the sight of human misery and human degradation. But to your story, Amelia; oblige us with it."

"Willingly, madam."

The Effects of Mercy.

"In the month of November, in the year 1786, an order was sent to Mr. Simpson, the keeper of Norwich gaol, to covey such female convicts as were then in prison to

Plymouth, to be sent to Botany Bay. Among them there was a young woman, with an infant about five month old, that she had suckled from its birth.

“ The father of the child was also a felon in the same prison, and when the order came for the woman’s removal, was very importunate to be suffered to attend her, but that could not be complied with.

“ Mr. Simpson arrived safe at Plymouth with his prisoners, but when he reached the vessel to put the convicts on board, the captain peremptorily refused to take the infant, saying, he had received no such orders. Neither the entreaties of Simpson, nor the cries of the agonised mother, on being torn from her child, could make him change his purpose, and the poor creature was carried on board in a state of frenzy.

“ Shocked at the captain’s want of humanity, the agonies of the woman, and the situation of the helpless child, Mr. Simpson resolved to apply to Lord Sydney, and for that purpose set off in the first coach for London, carrying the young infant all the way on his knee, and feeding it at the different inns as well as he could. When he

reached London, he placed the child at nurse, and hastened to Lord Sydney's, but could not obtain leave to speak either to him or his secretary ; his humanity was, however, too strong to be restrained, and he was resolved to wait in the hall for the chance of seeing his lordship. Fortunately, soon after, Lord Sydney passed through, when, unmindful of forms, the honest man ran up to him, and in the blunt, but genuine language of humanity, related the exquisite misery he had lately witnessed, expressing his fears, lest, in the instant he was pleading for her, that the unhappy woman, in the wildness of despair, should have deprived herself of life.

"Lord Sydney was at once affected with the distress of the woman, and the disinterested generosity of the man ; he immediately promised the child should be restored to its mother, and spoke highly of Mr. Simpson's spirit and humanity.

"Encouraged by this, Mr. Simpson ventured to entreat his lordship in behalf of the father of the child, and proved equally successful, for his Lordship ordered that he

likewise should be sent to Plymouth, to accompany the babe and its mother.

“ This point gained, Mr. Simpson, leaving the infant in London, set out for Norwich, where he communicated the glad tidings he had to relate to the child’s father, then, without loss of time, brought him to London, where, receiving the child, he proceeded to Plymouth, having, in the whole, travelled with it on his knees *seven hundred miles*.

“ The transport with which the woman received her husband and her infant, the joy of the man, the smiles of the babe in seeing its mother, were beyond description interesting ; the blessings that resounded from all quarters on the generous Simpson, all conspired to gratify him ; and gratify it must a man capable of so disinterested and worthy an action.”

“ Young lady,” said Mr. Pennant, “ though your story relates to neither great men nor heroes, it will raise the admiration of all good people, and cannot fail to touch the tenderest chords of the heart. A man to travel in the bleak month

of November so many miles, with an infant, is a proof of patience and courage seldom heard of, and I trust his recompence will be yet greater than the satisfaction he enjoyed from his success. Such an example, surely, where the parents of the infant not entirely depraved, could not fail of its effect, and may, through the mercy of God, be the first step to awaken their souls to a sense of rectitude ; then will Simpson not only have to boast the restoration of a child to its parents, but the leading back two repentant sinners to their offended Maker."

As Mr. Pennant ceased, Frederic exclaimed, " Oh the good man ! Had I my wish, he should never have returned to be a gaoler any more."

" You would, then," said Mrs. Thornhill, " have acted very erroneously ; to have testified your sense of his worth, and to have rewarded him for it, would have been well and proper ; but consider, for a moment, would you have deprived the unhappy prisoners of such a friend, for any gratification to your own feelings ?"

" He was, indeed, an excellent character," said George, " and not only an

honour to his profession, but to human nature."

"Dear me," said Caroline, "I wonder how he managed the baby, for men hold children so awkwardly; and then if it cried, he would not know how to hush it."

— "No doubt he met with many difficulties," replied her mother; "but the generous motive smoothed all obstacles.—But come, my dear children, wish our friend Mr. Pennant a good evening; it is your hour to retire."

CONVERSATION XII.

*The proud Man humbled—Cruelty of Queen Mary—
Anecdote of Doctor Cole, Commissioner against the Pro-
testants in Ireland.*

ON the ensuing morning breakfast was scarcely over, when Mr. Rackland was announced, and Mrs. Thornhill ordered him to be admitted.

The purse-proud farmer looked more humble than usual; he bowed twice, coughed, and seemed irresolute to speak.

"You have business with me, Mr. Rackland?" at length said Mrs. Thornhill.

"Why yes, madam. My son, I am sure, had no notion of offending you."

"I have not accused him, Mr. Rackland."

"No, madam; but young master getting bail for the soldier, shews he means to take his part. On Jacky's side it was nothing but a joke, and I should be sorry he thought on it seriously."

"Can you call setting a dog at a helpless child, and committing a man to prison, a joke?"

"My son, I think, madam, was the greatest sufferer."

"He deserved to be so; forward, cruel boys need correction. I hope it will have proper effect."

"I see, madam, you are prejudiced. I have no wish to offend either you or master Thornhill; and as to the fellow, I am content to take no farther notice of the affair."

"If he has injured your son, you have an undoubted right to seek redress; if your son has injured him, no man ought to be above making a proper atonement."

“Why as to that, madam, his back has paid pretty severely. But as far as a jug or two of ale, I have no objection.”

“I do not undertand settling these differences, Mr. Rackland; you must, therefore, use your own method; but of this I wish to apprise you, that if your son does not restrain the insolence and brutality, that have hitherto rendered him detestable to the poor of the whole village, I shall think myself bound in duty, when in my power, to rid them of so unpleasant a neighbour. I am sorry to speak thus harshly, but I mean it well. Let me hear of a change in his conduct, and I shall be happy to retain, as a tenant, a person who has been so many years on the estate, and who has so justly fulfilled his agreements.”

Mr. Rackland had no inclination to increase the difference; he therefore curbed his ill-humour, and stammered out an excuse, and Mrs. Thornhill wished him a good day.

Mrs. Thornhill's remonstrance had a proper effect; for though neither natural humanity, nor education, had taught young Rackland to feel, yet the sharp reproof, the

fear of having the lease of the farm forced from his father, made him consider seriously, for, as Rackland had before observed, he was a *sharp lad*, and minded the *main chance*.

Accompanied by his father, he therefore sought out the soldier, preluding his discourse by offering him a guinea, and promising to drop the prosecution against him.

“I thank you, Sir,” replied the soldier, “but keep your money; I have been used to work, and one guinea earned is worth two that is given. My poor child’s arm is better, and God has sent her a noble friend, in the lady of the manor, and her angels of children. I bear master Rackland no ill-will, but am bound to thank him for the good he has brought upon me.”

Rackland would fain have forced the money upon him, but the soldier as strictly refused; and the father and son, both humiliated, took the road homeward.

In the mean time, Mrs. Thornhill and her children were assembled in the drawing-room, when, after conversing some time on indifferent subjects, Amelia said, “I have been this morning employed in reading the

History of the Reformation, and the subsequent events that followed it; they have at once interested and grieved me. That any one gifted with common understanding, and a human form, should countenance such atrocities as Queen Mary sanctioned, would surpass all belief, were they not so strongly authenticated by history."

"What did she do, my dear sister?" asked Caroline.

"Under the mask of religion she put numbers of men and women to death, by burning and other horrid means."

"Yes," continued Mrs. Thornhill; "under the influence of her priests, and her own bigotted imagination, the mild, the divine doctrine of Christ was made the impious pretence to murder. Strange! that a belief in itself so holy as the Christian, could ever be so perverted as to become the excuse for bloodshed, or that one Christian should, however different their forms, draw the dagger on his brother, or condemn him to the fire or the scaffold."

"The character of Mary," said George, "will be handed down to the latest posterity, disfigured, and disgraced with blood."

The persecutions during her reign, which heaven of its mercy shortened, for she reigned but five years, are horrible to human nature. The Protestants of Ireland were, however, in some measure, preserved from her cruelty by a curious circumstance, which I will relate to you, and which was copied from the papers of Richard, Earl of Corke."

Anecdote of Doctor Cole, Commissioner against the Protestants in Ireland.

"Queen Mary having dealt severely with the Protestants in England, about the latter end of her reign signed a commission to take the same course with those of Ireland; and to execute it with greater force, she nominated Doctor Cole one of the commissioners. The doctor coming with the commission to Chester, on his journey, the mayor of that city, hearing that her majesty was sending a messenger into Ireland, and he being a churchman, waited on the doctor, who, while in discourse with the mayor, took out of his cloke bag a leather box, saying to him

—‘ Here is a commission that shall lash the heretics of Ireland,’ calling the Protestants by that title. The good woman of the house, being well affected to the Protestant religion, and also having a brother, named John Edmonds, of the same, then a citizen in Dublin, was much troubled at the doctor’s words, but watching a convenient time, while the mayor was taking his leave, and complimenting the doctor on the stairs, she opened the box, took the commission out, and placed in lieu thereof a sheet of paper, with a pack of cards wrapped up in it, leaving the knave of clubs face uppermost.

“ The doctor returning to his chamber, and suspecting nothing of what had been done, replaced the box in his cloke bag. The next day, the wind proving favourable, he sailed for Ireland, and landed on the 7th of October, 1558, at Dublin. On the doctor’s reaching the castle, Lord Fitzwalter, being lord deputy, sent for him, to come before him and the privy council. After he had made a speech, relating upon what account he came over, he presented the box to the lord deputy, who caused it to be opened, that the secretary might read the

commission. On opening the paper there was nothing but a pack of cards, with the knave of clubs uppermost, which not only startled Lord Fitzwalter and the council, but also the doctor, who assured them that he had a commission, but knew not how it was gone.

“The doctor, much troubled, returned into England, where he obtained another commission from court; but, while he was waiting for a favourable wind at one of the sea-ports, to convey him to Dublin, news reached him that the queen was dead, and thus God preserved the Protestants of Ireland.

“Queen Elizabeth was so delighted with this story, which was related to her by Lord Fitzwalter, on his return to England, that she sent for Elizabeth Edmonds, and gave her a pension of forty pounds during her life.”

“Thank you, dear George,” said Caroline, as he concluded; “I am glad the poor people were preserved, and that Queen Elizabeth rewarded Edmonds.”

“The measure of Mary’s cruelties were

full," replied Mrs. Thornhill; "the means she used to make converts were as repugnant to reason as to humanity, and, instead of spreading the faith she wished to inculcate, tended to destroy it. Her death relieved the nation from a scourge, and made way for the glorious reign of Queen Elizabeth, during which religion and commerce spread; the first diffusing peace and happiness over her own people, the latter making her honoured and feared by foreign enemies. But, enough for this evening; I have business to transact which obliges me to shorten our conversation."

CONVERSATION XIII.

The Cruelty of punishing Children for the Faults of their Parents — Hasty Judgments frequently erroneous — Anecdote of Doctor Isaac Barrow and the Duke of Buckingham — The Necessity of a proper Appearance.

MRS. Thornhill having given leave, Amelia, with her sister and Frederic, took a walk round the village, visiting their pensioners, and assisting those they conceived in want. On reaching Goody Martin's, they were much pleased to find little Polly em-

ployed in learning to knit, and cloathed neatly in the dress they had sent her. Having expressed their satisfaction, and made the good dame a small present, they entered several other cottages, where Caroline was delighted to see the infants cloathed in frocks, caps, &c. which she had assisted to make, and whose parents, impelled by gratitude, met their young benefactress with a pleasure that delighted her. Her satisfaction, however, met with some alloy, for calling on one of the cottagers, whom they had repeatedly assisted, they found her house dirty, her children's cloaths rent, and herself lolling idly over the fire, taking snuff.

Amelia, who was first speaker, addressing the woman, said—"Martha, was my mother to see your children so torn and dirty, she would be much displeased; pray be more careful in future."

"*Lauk* miss," replied the woman, "if I had *knowed* you was coming they should have been as nice as hands could make them, but it's of no use to clean them, for if I wash and dress them to-day, they get as black as tinkers by to-morrow."

Little more discourse passed, and with

evident disgust they left the cottage and returned home.

On entering the parlour, Mrs. Thornhill said, "I fear you have not had a pleasant walk ; Caroline, I think, looks discontented."

"Indeed, mamma," answered she, "I was quite delighted till I called at Martha Brown's, and she has put me so out of humour, that I am resolved I will never give her any thing more."

"I am sorry to hear it—Pray what has she done, that you pronounce so hastily a sentence against her children?"

"Why, mamma, she is so dirty, and the children are all tatters ; those little caps you said I made so well, are all torn, and their hair sticks up through the holes ; their frocks had no strings in them, and their shoes were trodden down, and, worse than all, their faces and hands were so filthy, that they were enough to make one sick."

"A very heavy charge indeed, and I fear a true one, for Martha appears an indolent woman ; but, my dear Caroline, would it be just to punish the infants for the faults of their mother?"

Caroline paused—"No, mamma, I think not, but it is very provoking to see them so nasty."

"It is so, my love, but we must use means to make Martha, if possible, more industrious; we must threaten to withdraw our assistance from her; but it, in reality, would be cruel to do so, as, with such a mother, the children would be left to ruin. I have before thought on the subject, and my advice is, that when the children acquire an age to be employed, they should be apprenticed to sober industrious people, who may eradicate the faults imbibed in their infancy."

"I know you think right, mamma," answered Caroline, "for the poor children are, on second thoughts, more to be pitied than those who have a better mother."

"You now consider the subject properly," returned Mrs. Thornhill, "but who else have you seen in your walk?"

They then informed her where they had called, and expressed satisfaction at the comfort Polly appeared to enjoy with Goody Martin.

At that moment George entered and shared the conversation, which after some

time turned on the soldier, whom he spoke of in the warmest terms—"He is an unassuming fellow," said he, "and appears a good gardener, he also understands the management of cattle: he promised little from his appearance, but if he continues as he has begun, he will be very useful. I do not speak from my own knowledge, but from the observations of Mr. Pennant."

"We should not judge hastily," replied Mrs. Thornhill, "the poor man was under great disadvantages when you first saw him; he must have been greatly fatigued with walking, and his temper was irritated at the injury done to his child."

"My dear mother," answered George, "I interpreted his defence, when before the justice, as you do; his answers else were modest and unassuming."

"We should ever consider before we form a decided opinion," replied Mrs. Thornhill; "no person's mind is always in unison, and a premature judgment frequently throws us into unpleasant situations."

"I should suppose it may, and an anecdote that I recollect of the Duke of Buck-

ingham, will prove the truth of that observation."

"Oblige us with it," said Mrs. Thornhill.

"Willingly, Madam," replied George.

Anecdote of Doctor Isaac Barrow and the Duke of Buckingham.

Doctor Isaac Barrow was an accomplished divine, a profound mathematician, and the glory of Cambridge; but withal, one of the greatest slovens in nature, and so careless of his dress and person, that his appearance was frequently disgusting. It happened that coming to London from the university, he was appointed to preach before Charles the Second, at Whitehall. Towards the close of his sermon the Duke of Buckingham came into the chapel, and was not a little shocked at the exterior of the parson, which promised nothing very excellent. In short, having no knowledge of him by sight, he took him for some poor country clergyman, and was not a little offended at seeing him in that honourable station. The duke was the greatest wag

of the court, and had a talent above all men for turning every thing into ridicule; he therefore determined to exercise it on this miserable ecclesiastic, as he deemed him. He accordingly singled him out in the anti-chamber, whither the doctor retired after service, and abruptly accosted him with, "I think master you preached before his majesty to-day?"—Barrow, who was as little acquainted with the duke as the duke was with him, replied, "Yes, Sir, I had that honour."

"Pray," said the duke, "are you a country clergyman, or are you beneficed in London?"

"I am of Cambridge, Sir," answered the doctor, "and am come lately from thence hither."

"Oh!" said the duke, "from Cambridge? aye, that is a noble university; you have several considerable men there."

"Yes, Sir," said the doctor, "there are many very eminent."

"Well but, however," replied the duke, "I reckon, as is always the case in such places, you have some one, who outshines all the rest in accomplishments, and accord-

ingly is held in superior esteem ;—pray, who is the person that now holds that rank ?”

The doctor answered—“that it was a point he could not pretend to determine.”

“No !” said the duke, “that is surprising, seeing that you have one man in your learned community so conspicuous, that it is almost impossible he should escape any one’s observation. Pray, good Sir, what think you of Doctor Isaac Barrow ?”

“I have heard of such a one,” answered the doctor, coldly.

This supposed slight put the duke out of all patience, and he used such a volley of ill language to the offender, as sufficiently testified his resentment :—“Why you contemptible loggerhead,” said he, “dare you pretend to say you are of Cambridge, and know so little, or speak so slightly, of the glory of it? You assume the ensigns of the priestly order, and are unacquainted with the brightest ornament of it! I took you for a fool when first I saw you, and now I find, by experience, my judgment was not deceived.”

After these and some other like expressions, the duke hastened from the amazed

doctor to the king, whom he immediately accosted with—

“Pray, Sire, who was it that preached before your majesty this morning?”

The king, who probably suspected that the duke had formed some erroneous judgment from Doctor Barrow’s negligent appearance, replied, “you should ask my lord chamberlain; you know it is whoever he appoints. But pray what makes you enquire?”

“Why,” answered the duke, “I never saw such a fool in my life. I found him sauntering in the antichamber as I came hither, and I have been roasting him most unmercifully.”

“How so?” said the king.

“It was impossible to forbear,” replied the duke; “nay, had it not been in respect to his cloth, I believe I should have thrashed him. The idiot’s whole mien was so unpolished, that I was sure he had never before been at court: I asked him therefore whence he came? He said from Cambridge: the name of *Alma Mater* inspired me with some regard for him, and I began to converse with him as with a reasonable creature—I

took it for granted he could not be a stranger to the state of the place, and knew who were of the greatest note in it; but the wall of his college was not more ignorant than himself; for, when I asked him who was the most admired and applauded of the society? it was a matter, forsooth, he could not pretend to judge of: and when I tried him farther, by naming to him the honour of our age, as well as of the university, Doctor Barrow, what do you think he muttered? why truly, only that he had heard of such a one. I could no longer bear his stupidity, but have given him such a lecture, as will not easily slip his memory."

The king could hardly refrain laughing at this recital: he saw the scrape the duke had brought himself into, and now very gravely asked him if he had heard any of the sermon, the preacher of which he had been so liberally abusing? "No," answered the duke, "I just popped my head into the chapel, and saw the boor in the pulpit, which was a sufficient antidote to any farther curiosity."

"You were very unfortunate," said the king; "if you had given a little attention

you would have been charmed with his discourse, as I was; and it would have prevented an adventure which will cause a good deal of merriment at your cost; for that insignificant animal, as you describe him, whom you have been railing at so unmercifully, is no other than the identical Doctor Isaac Barrow."

The duke was thunderstruck; he asked the king if he was in earnest, and his majesty declared he was. Away his grace ran, and found the doctor where he had left him. He made a very low bow, seized his hand, and told him he was a penitent come to implore his forgiveness of a fault that would be unpardonable, was it not the sin of ignorance, and owing to the criminal's profound veneration for the offended. Doctor Barrow was too sensible of the extraordinary compliment which the duke had inadvertently paid him, though delivered in the garb of an insult, but which was plainly the effect of his grace's high estimation of merit, therefore thought himself bound not only to grant the duke's pardon, but to profess a most grateful sense of the honour which his grace had conferred upon him—

while the duke, on the other hand, vowed an attachment to the doctor's interest, that nothing but the early death of that nobleman afterwards dissolved.

"Thank you, George," said Mrs. Thornhill, "your story at once presents a proof of modesty in Doctor Barrow, and an example of hasty judgment in the duke; it also is a lesson for every one to support a decent and cleanly appearance. Talents and education may do much; but, for a moment, suppose a man gifted with all the advantages of person and knowledge, would not all these qualities be sensibly affected by being bestowed on one who was negligent, even to dirtiness, in his appearance? I would be the last to encourage that overstrained particularity in dress that leads some people to waste hours, nay days, in idle decoration; but neatness is necessary to all ranks and conditions, and I hold it impossible to thoroughly respect any one, who has no regard to appearance."

"Indeed I believe it," replied Amelia, "for suppose I loved a friend ever so dearly,

I should be seriously hurt to introduce her to my acquaintance, or even to see her myself, disgraceful, from neglect of common and proper customs."

"Doctor Barrow's modesty is a striking contrast to Buckingham's rudeness," replied George, "and the anger of the latter must be easily excused from the motive."

"Why there, indeed, self-love would step in," said Mrs. Thornhill. "Politeness is requisite to all people, whatever their appearance, and surely, most particularly to a minister of the gospel. I respect clergymen for the sake of the master whose servants they are, and am never more sensibly grieved, than when I see them act in a manner derogatory to the duties of their station.—But we must separate for this evening, consider of amusement for to-morrow—Good night."

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CONVERSATION XIV.

The Progress of Genius—Talents and personal Advantages obscured, if not lost, by Vanity and Affectation—The Reward of Merit—Worthy Examples to be imitated.

“MY dear children, well met ; to whom are we to look for entertainment this evening?” said Mrs. Thornhill.

“Indeed mamma,” answered Caroline, “it is your turn ; pray oblige us at least by one short story.”

“Willingly ; I will relate to you an instance, which proves that genius and perseverance will overcome all the disadvantages of birth, fortune, and education ; and that a man who is once taught to read, may acquire the knowledge of different languages, and the most profound sciences without an instructor.”

The Progress of Genius.

Edmund Stone, a native of Scotland, was the son of a gardener to the Duke of Argyll ; he arrived at eight years old before he learned to read. By chance, a servant having taught young Stone the letters of

the alphabet, there needed nothing more to discover and expand his genius. He applied himself to study, and arrived at the knowledge of the most sublime geometry and analysis, without a master, without a conductor, without any other guide but pure genius.

At eighteen years of age he had made these considerable advances without being known, and without knowing himself the extent of his acquisitions. The Duke of Argyle, who joined to his military talents a general knowledge of every science that adorns the mind of a man of his rank, walking one day in his garden, saw lying on the grass a Latin copy of Sir Isaac Newton's celebrated *Principia*.

He called some one to him to carry it back to his library. Our young gardener told him that the book belonged to him. "To you!" replied the duke, "Do you understand Geometry, Latin, Newton?"—"I know a little of them," returned the young man, with an air of simplicity, arising from a profound ignorance of his own knowledge and talents. The duke was surprised, and having a taste for the sciences, he entered

into conversation with the young mathematician : he asked him several questions, and was astonished at the force, the accuracy, and the candour of his answers. "But how," said the duke, "came you by the knowledge of all these things?" Stone replied—"A servant taught me ten years since to read : does one need to know any thing more than the twenty-four letters, in order to learn any thing else that one wishes?" The duke's curiosity redoubled—he sat down upon a bank, and requested a detail of all his proceedings in becoming so learned.

"I first learned to read," said Stone : "the masons were then at work upon your house : I went near them one day, and I saw that the architect used a rule and compasses, and that he made calculations. I enquired what might be the meaning and use of these things ; and I was informed that there was a science called arithmetic : I purchased a book of arithmetic, and I learned it.—I was told there was another science called geometry : I bought the books, and I learned geometry. By reading, I found that there were good books, in these two

sciences, in Latin : I bought a dictionary, and I learned Latin. I understood also that there were good books of the same kind in French : I bought a dictionary, and I learned French. And this, my Lord, is what I have done : it seems to me that we may learn every thing when we know the twenty-four letters of the alphabet."

This account charmed the duke. He drew this wonderful genius out of his obscurity, and provided him with an employment which left him plenty of time to apply himself to the sciences. He discovered in him also the same genius for music, for painting, for architecture, and for all the sciences that depend upon calculations and proportions. Mr. Stone was author and translator of many learned works ; was admitted a Fellow of the Royal Society, and lived at once honoured for the qualities of his head and heart ; for, though raised from obscurity, he was not elated, but, with the utmost simplicity of manners, his modesty and his learning went hand in hand."

"Thank you, mamma," said Frederic. "Now, I fear, if I had been Mr. Stone, I should have been very proud, for I must

have known that I was much cleverer than other people, to learn so much without being taught."

"That he was sensible of his powers there can be no doubt," replied Mrs. Thornhill; "but had he possessed a large share of vanity, I much question if he had ever acquired such a stock of knowledge. In that case, when he had gained a little, vanity would have made him suppose his knowledge tenfold what it in reality was, and he would have stopped far distant from the height of fame to which his learning raised him. In effect, I know nothing that is so great a drawback on talents, or even personal advantages, as vanity and affectation; they make us consider the first with disgust, mingled with our admiration, and view the latter without any sentiment but contempt. For a moment let us consider the reverse, and suppose talents and knowledge graced with modesty, then are we irresistibly attracted, and our reason pays the willing debt due to merit. Personal advantages, disguised with vanity and affectation, are still more disgusting, for neither the eyes, tongue, or movements of the body, are na-

tural, and our admiration of beauty is lost in contemplating the odious mask that overshadows it."

"My dear mother, you have given an instance of what genius and perseverance are capable of; with your leave I will relate another where industry and good conduct raised a man from the lowest rank of life to the command of the British fleet."

"Dear George, let us hear it," said Caroline.

The Reward of Merit.

"Sir Cloudesley Shovel was born about the year 1650, of parents in the lower rank of life. He was put apprentice to a shoemaker, but disliking this profession, he abandoned it a few years after, and went to sea. He was at first a cabin-boy with Sir Christopher Mynns, but applying to the study of navigation with indefatigable industry, his skill as a seaman soon raised him above that station."

"The corsairs of Tripoli having committed great outrages on the English in the

Mediterranean, Sir John Narborough was sent in 1674 to reduce them to reason. As he had received orders to try the effects of negociation before he proceeded to hostilities, he sent Mr. Shovel, who was at that time a lieutenant in his fleet, to demand satisfaction. The Dey treated him with great disrespect, and sent him back without an answer. Sir John dispatched him a second time, with orders to remark particularly the situation of things on shore. The behaviour of the Dey was worse than before. Upon Mr. Shovel's return, he informed Sir John that it would be possible, notwithstanding their fortification, to burn all the ships in the harbour. The boats were accordingly manned, and the command of them given to Lieutenant Shovel, who seized the guardship, and burnt four others, without losing a man. This action so terrified the Tripolines, that they sued for peace. Sir John Narborough gave so favourable an account of this exploit, that Mr. Shovel was soon after made captain of the Sapphire, a fifth rate ship.

“In the battle of Bantry Bay, after the revolution, he commanded the Edgar, and,

for his gallant behaviour in that action, was soon after knighted by King William. Next year he was employed in transporting an army into Ireland, a service which he performed with so much diligence and dexterity, that the king raised him to the rank of rear-admiral of the blue, and delivered his commission with his own hands. Soon after he was made rear-admiral of the red, and shared the glory of the victory at La Hogue. In 1694 he bombarded Dunkirk, and afterwards commanded the grand fleet in the Mediterranean, and did every thing in his power to assist the Protestants who were in arms in the Cevennes.

“ Soon after the battle of Malaga he was presented by Prince George to Queen Anne, who received him graciously, and next year employed him as commander in chief.

“ In 1705 he commanded the fleet, which was sent into the Mediterranean, and it was owing to him chiefly that Barcelona was taken. After an unsuccessful attempt upon Toulon, he sailed for Gibraltar, and from thence homeward, with a part of the fleet. On the 22nd of October, at night, his ship

with three others, was cast away upon the rocks of Scilly, and all on board perished. His body was found by some fishermen on the island of Scilly, who stripped it of a valuable ring, and afterwards buried it. Mr. Paxton, the purser of the *Arundel*, hearing of this, found out the fellows, and obliged them to discover where they had buried the body. He carried it on board his own ship to Portsmouth, from whence it was conveyed to London, and interred with great solemnity in Westminster Abbey. A monument was afterwards erected to his memory by direction of the queen."

"Poor Sir Cloudesly !" said Frederic; "I am very sorry, that, after so many great actions, he should be drowned."

"The weakness of human nature," replied Mrs. Thornhill, "shrinks from the idea of a premature death, but true piety views all for the best; and whether God pleases to call us by disease, by fire, or water, is very immaterial, so we have lived well."

"Undoubtedly so," said George; "yet the feelings of the surviving friends, in such cases, must be deeply wounded."

"They must; but are not those feelings

in all probability equally acute, when we see those we love linger in agony and disease, without hope of cure? The God who gives life is the best judge when, and how, to call back his own gift, for which may we be prepared, and leave the rest to his wisdom."

"Oh, mamma, I wish I was able to study like Mr. Stone," said Frederic.

"The wish is praise-worthy. Mr. Stone and Sir Cloudesley Shovel are proofs that neither poverty, nor want of education, can quench or stifle the sparks of real genius and industry. With what indefatigable perseverance must Stone have studied, to obtain such great acquirements? And what praise was due to the valiant Sir Cloudesley who, from the low rank of a shoe-maker, raised himself, by his own merit, to the command of the British fleet? Self-ennobled, he was an honour to his name and country. May you, my children, from such examples, learn to be active and worthy members of society; to benefit by the instructions you receive, and study to acquire a real knowledge of whatever may be useful."

CONVERSATION XV.

On the inordinate Desire of Fame and Conquest—Prudence sometimes better than Courage—Account of the Rose Bush—Of the Rose of Jericho—Superstition respecting it.

MRS. Thornhill and her youthful party being seated round the fire, they discoursed on the occurrences of the day, until, reverting to their studies, George said—"Frederic has been reading the life of Alexander the Great to-day, and, from cultivating land, has suddenly turned hero, and, in idea, has already desolated whole kingdoms, and slain all his enemies."

"I am sorry for it," returned Mrs. Thornhill, smiling; "I had much rather he had conquered them by milder means. I despise a coward, but I yet more detest a desire of unbounded conquest, and I cannot think that upon a second consideration Frederic would change situations with his hero."

Frederic remained silent, and Mrs. Thornhill continued. "'Tis true, Alexander's arms were victorious wherever he came; he conquered kingdoms at pleasure, and

distributed diadems among his friends. But, alas, at what a price of blood were they won! Pestilence and famine are mild scourges, compared to the arms of Alexander; *they* are sent by the visitation of God, but his conquests were the scourge of mankind. Greedy of fame, he stopped at no means to obtain it, and the conqueror, himself the slave of riot and licentiousness, in an hour of intoxication and folly, not only murdered his friend, but set fire to one of the finest cities in the world. Think, in that moment, of the common distress, of the agonizing groans of the dead and dying, and those who survived turned forth to wander, without home or food. Think of these, and then tell me whether you would have held the torch of Alexander to fire the city of Persepolis, to have been master of all his conquests?"

"Oh, mamma!" replied Frederic, with downcast eyes, "I would sooner have been a beggar."

"And what honest heart would not?" returned Mrs. Thornhill. "The brave soldier, who defends his country when necessity calls, deserves to be honoured by all

men, but he who sheds blood merely to aggrandize his name, and extend his conquests, merits universal detestation. Courage is a desirable quality in all men, but without prudence degenerates into cruelty, and instead of obtaining its purpose, frequently defeats it. When joined, they are, indeed, great and praise-worthy ; if you, my dear Frederic, are to be a soldier, may your courage be tempered with mercy, and your conquests be of the nature of one that I will relate to you."

"Do tell it, dear mamma," said Frederic ;
 "were I any thing that displeased you, I should be unhappy."

Mrs. Thornhill kissed his cheek, and began as follows :

Prudence sometimes better than Courage.

"Some years ago, during a contest between the English and an Indian Rajah, the army of the former took the only son of the latter prisoner, a youth of not more than ten years old. On being brought before the commanding officer, that gentleman, to

the astonishment of all his company, ordered the lad to be restored to his father on the ensuing day. The elder officers warmly remonstrated against so impolitic a measure, saying, that with such a prisoner they might make their own terms; and to give him back, without ransom, was to throw away fortune while in their grasp. The colonel was, however, immoveably fixed in his determination, and having entertained the youth with great kindness during the night, he selected a party in the morning, and ordered them to convey the young prince to his father. ‘Go,’ said he; ‘tell the Rajah we came not to break on the sacred ties of families, but to claim what is ours by right of agreement. We return his son safely, and by sun-rise will meet him in the field to-morrow, and there conquer or die.’

“The messengers, on being admitted into the Rajah’s camp, presented the Prince to his father, and delivered their commission. The Rajah at first received them with sullen dignity, but unbending at sight of his son, he said, in his own language, to the child—‘The enemy thinks it not of sufficient consequence to detain thee.’

“ ‘Enemy, father!’ replied the youth, ‘they behaved like friends; for the Colonel wiped away my tears, and assured me I should see you again this day. He also said that he had a young son of his own, and that he only acted by me, as he hoped in the same case you would have done by him.’

“ The Rajah made no reply, but turning to the messengers, dismissed them, saying, ‘I will send your commander my answer by the close of day. I am not accustomed to accept of obligations, and must consider of this.’

“ The messengers, who had expected rich presents, returned much dissatisfied, and could not conceal their disappointment when they reached the camp; in short, they attributed the conduct of the colonel to cowardice, as the Rajah’s forces more than doubled theirs; yet, with such a prisoner, had he been detained, they had no doubt, as they said, of making their own terms. The colonel listened to their discontent without passion; at length replied,—‘If any man here thinks me a coward, let him put me to the proof, and if I make him not unsay

it, may the name, in truth, fall upon me. Not greedy of gain, I have wished to save the effusion of blood, and much am I mistaken, if the method I have used does not answer my purpose. Rude and ferocious, the number of the enemy more than doubles ours, and the Rajah, bereft of his child, would have resembled a lioness robbed of its young, and shewn no mercy to those who might have fallen into his hands. We shall now meet upon equal terms; the courage and skill of Englishmen will supply the deficiency of numbers, and disgrace fall upon the man who flies from his duty in the contest.'

"Notwithstanding all the colonel could urge, the utmost discontent prevailed. At the close of day officers arrived from the Rajah, to entreat a truce of three days, pledging his solemn faith, not to increase his strength or numbers in that time. This request was also granted, and the murmurs continued till the second day: at that period, a messenger from the enemy requested the commander to attend at the boundaries of the camp, where the Rajah wished to confer with him. The colonel drawing up

his men, consented; but what was their astonishment, on reaching the spot, to find only the Rajah, his son, and a few attendants. ‘Commander,’ said he, addressing the colonel, ‘we meet, I trust, as friends, for you have stolen the weapon from my hand, and, controverting nature, have made me a coward. I yield, without bloodshed, to the demands of the English, and, if they all resemble you, have no doubt of a lasting friendship reigning between us; but, as a memorial of the present day, you must accept a token of my friendship, which will to-morrow be conveyed to your camp.’

“The colonel expressed his satisfaction to have the dispute thus terminated, and the parties each retired, well satisfied, to their separate boundaries, though the colonel’s men were somewhat abashed, to find that he had judged more properly than they should have done.

“True to his promise, on the ensuing day several commissioners arrived at the English camp, with rich presents for the commander, and others of less value for the inferior officers, and even common men. The colonel received them with politeness,

and the contested business being arranged, they took their leave, when this generous man insisted on sharing his part with his brother officers, and by so doing increasing the shares of the soldiers. So disinterested a conduct gained all hearts ; they repeatedly begged his pardon for their former behaviour, and warmly remonstrated against the proposal ; he was however inexorable, and the division was accordingly made. I perhaps need not tell you, that after this he became so beloved among his brother officers, and almost idolized among his men, that his opinion was a law, and happy did the soldier deem himself who served under his command. During ten years, which he remained afterwards in India, he established a permanent peace between the English and the Rajah ; he became rich with honour, preserved his health by temperance, and at length returned to his native land, to enjoy the riches he had acquired, unembittered by injustice or oppression."

"Such is my story : Frederic, in my opinion, my hero is greater than yours ; as the

conqueror who saves the life of one of his enemies is higher in my esteem than he who takes a town by storm, and deluges the earth with their blood. But come, let us change the discourse. What have been your studies to day, Caroline?"

"Mamma, I have been reading with my sister Amelia an account of the rose bush."

"Pray, then, favour us with a repetition of it."

"Willingly, mamma. There are numerous sorts of the rose, and many varieties in each species, though some authors think that there is but one real species of the rose, which is the common dog rose of the hedges. They however are now, according to the received arrangement, divided into fourteen sorts, each comprehending several varieties."

"Thank you, my love; I rejoice that you observe what you read."

"I also read," said Amelia, "an account of the rose of Jericho, but, from the description, it appears far inferior to that flower mentioned in the holy scripture. The rose shrub of Jericho is a small plant, with a bushy root, about an inch and a half in length. It has a number of stems which

diverge from the earth; they are covered with few leaves, but loaded with flowers, which appear red when in bud, turn paler when they expand, and at length become entirely white, and bear a great resemblance to the elder flower, but are entirely destitute of smell. The stems never rise more than four or five inches from the ground. The branches of this shrub, when it sheds its leaves and flowers, bend in the middle, and entwining with each other to the top, form a kind of globe, during the great heats, but in moist or rainy weather, they again open and expand.

“ In this country of superstition and ignorance, the alternate opening and closing of this plant is considered as a periodical miracle, which heaven permits to operate thus, in order to make known the events of this world; the inhabitants, therefore, come and examine these shrubs when they are about to undertake a journey, form an alliance, on the birth of a child, or conclude any affair of consequence. If the stems of the plant are open, they do not doubt of success; but they account it a very bad omen if they find them shut; and, if it

be not too late, immediately renounce their project."

"Thank you, my love," said Mrs. Thornhill. "The consulting of plants is not more superstitious than the method the ancients used of examining the entrails of the victims they sacrificed, and from thence of drawing prognostics of future events. That we are more enlightened let us not be vain, but regard with thankfulness the progressive light that has banished from our minds the clouds of ignorance and superstition, and left us no excuse if we deviate from the truth laid down for our guide and example. But it grows late; good night."

CONVERSATION XVI.

*Life of John Bart, an Admiral in the French Service—
The Family of the Earl of Errol first ennobled for their
Valour—The Motto of the Family of Keith obtained
from Malcolm, King of Scotland.*

"MY dear children, to which of you must I apply, for the first subject of this evening?" said Mrs. Thornhill.

“To George, if you please, madam,” replied Amelia; “he has the greatest opportunity of obtaining amusing information, we will therefore claim the beginning from him.”

“With all my heart,” answered he. “I read to day of a French commander, who, for birth and valour, may be placed on a parallel with Sir Cloudesley Shovel, of whom we were speaking in one of our late conversations.”

“Pray, brother, do give us an account of him,” said Frederic.

Life of John Bart, Admiral in the French Service.

“John Bart, an admiral in the French service, was the son of a poor fisherman of Dunkirk, and famous for a variety of actions, no less singular than valiant. Without patrons, or any one to attend to but himself, having passed through the several inferior ranks, he rose to the highest honours, and in the year 1691 was ordered to attend the king at Versailles. Ignorant of the manners of the world, and all methods of dress but those to which he was accustomed at sea, he resolved to be as fine

as possible on the occasion, and therefore ordered a suit of gold tissue, lined throughout with silver stuff. This dress was, however, so uneasy, that, on leaving the presence, he observed, that he hoped never more to wear court clothes, as they had almost scrubbed him to death, which you may readily believe, as they were lined with silver tissue. On being presented to the king, his majesty received him very graciously, saying, ‘John Bart, the many proofs of valour you have shewn have caused me to appoint you commander in chief of a squadron on the point of sailing.’ The honest sailor, unaccustomed but to speak as he thought, bluntly replied, — ‘You have done very well, Sir;’ an answer that occasioned a great burst of laughter from all the courtiers. But Louis the Fourteenth, unwilling that a brave man should be confused by their mirth, addressing them gravely, said, — ‘You are mistaken, gentlemen, on the meaning of the answer of John Bart; it is simply that of a man who knows his own value, and intends to give me fresh proofs of it.’

“His appointment was the command of seven frigates and a fire ship, with

which he found means to pass the Dutch and English fleet, consisting of thirty-two ships of war, that then blocked up the harbour of Dunkirk, and on the ensuing day he took four English vessels, richly freighted, and bound for the port of Archangel; he then set fire to eighty-six sail of merchant ships of various burthens, and making a descent on the coast of England, near Newcastle, he burnt two hundred houses, and brought into Dunkirk prizes to the amount of 500,000 crowns. About the close of the same year, 1692, being on a cruize to the north, with three men of war, he fell in with a fleet of Dutch merchant ships loaded with corn, and convoyed by three ships of war. Bart attacked and captured one of them, after having put the others to flight, which he chased until he made himself master of sixteen of their number. In the year 1693 he had the command of the *Glorieux*, of 66 guns, in order to join the naval armament commanded by Tourville, and which surprised the fleet off Smyrna. Bart, being separated from the fleet by a storm, had the fortune to fall in with six Dutch vessels, richly laden, near to Foro,

some of which he burnt, and drove the rest on shore. This indefatigable seamen, a few months after, set sail with six men of war, for convoying to France, from the port of Velker, a fleet loaded with corn, and conducted it safe into Dunkirk, though the English and Dutch had sent three ships of the line to intercept it. In the spring of 1694, he sailed with the same ships for the purpose of returning to Velker, to join a fleet again loaded with corn. This fleet had already left the port, to the number of an hundred sail and upwards, under the escort of three Danish and Swedish ships, when it was met between the Texel and the Vlee by the Vice-Admiral of Friesland, and Hidde, who commanded a squadron of eight ships of war, had already taken possession of it, when the intrepid Bart came up with him at the height of the Texel, and, though far inferior in numbers and weight of metal, not only retook all the prizes, but also the Vice-Admiral, and two other ships. This great action deservedly procured him a patent of nobility. Two years afterwards he again occasioned a great loss to the Dutch, by capturing a part of their fleet,

which he met two leagues from the Vlee. His squadron consisted of eight vessels of war, and several privateers, and the Dutch fleet of two hundred sail of merchant ships, escorted by a number of frigates. Bart attacked them with his usual bravery, boarded the commander himself, and took thirty merchant ships and four of the convoy, without suffering himself more than a trifling loss. He was, however, unable to complete this triumph, for almost immediately meeting with twelve Dutch men of war, he was obliged to set fire to his prizes, and only escaped himself by being in a swift sailing vessel.

“After rendering his country such eminent services, this celebrated mariner died at Dunkirk in the year 1702, at the age of fifty-one. He is justly reckoned among the most skilful and fortunate naval commanders that France had ever to boast. In his stature he was tall, robust, and well-formed, though of a rough and clumsy appearance. He could neither read nor write, having only learned to subscribe his name. He spoke little and incorrectly, and, ignorant of the manners of polite company, on

all occasions with the bluntness of a sailor; in short, he appeared formed for the profession he embarked in, and in which he seemed fitted for the most bold and daring actions, rather than for the more calm designs of projected conquest."

"Valour, of whatever country, or of whatever degree, deserves to be recorded, and remembered with honour," said Mrs. Thornhill; "and all I can add is, heaven preserve us from such an enemy as he was to the Dutch! Like Sir Cloudesley, as you observed, he raised himself from the lowest station to the highest honours.—His profession employed all his thoughts, and he doubtless made it his whole study, for he divided it with no other. Endowed with a courage superior to danger, he resolved on conquest, and obtained it; but I much question, as you observed at the conclusion of your narration, whether he would have been calculated for actions in which prudence and calmness of mind were necessary."

"Now we are upon the subject of courage," said Amelia, "do you recollect the

anecdote of the first ennobling of the family of Hay, Earl of Errol ?”

“ I do not ; relate it to us,” replied Mrs. Thornhill.

“ The account is short. In the reign of Kenneth the Third, king of Scotland, a battle was fought between the Scots and the Danes at Longcartie, in which the former fled before the latter, until a peasant of the name of Hay, and his two sons, who were ploughing in a narrow pass, seeing the disgrace of their countrymen, seized on the yokes of the oxen, which they were using in their labour, and with these stopped their flight ; and, by exhortation and example, brought them back to the field of battle, where they gained a complete conquest over the Danes. The king, and the states of the kingdom, with great justice, ascribed this victory, and their own safety, to the valour of Hay, and in consequence enriched him and his sons, giving them not only great part of the spoil of the Danes, but also as much land as a falcon flew over. The bird lighted at a place called, from that event, the Falcon’s stone, and which proved six miles in length and four in breadth, lying

between Tay and Errol. The king also granted them the following arms, which their family yet bear : three bloody shields, supported by two naked men with yokes. From these brave men are descended the families of Errol, Tweeddale, &c."

"Their nobility was justly earned," said George ; "as was also the motto obtained by the family of Keith, from Malcolm, king of Scotland."

"Oblige us by the relation," said Mrs. Thornhill.

"The Danes having subjected part of the northern provinces of Scotland, resolved to conquer the whole, and for that purpose sent a strong force under the command of Camus, one of their most renowned generals. Having effected their landing, they advanced to the village of Panbride, where they encamped at a place called Karboddoo. Malcolm in the mean time drew near with his army, and encamped in a place called Barr, in the neighbourhood of which both parties prepared to decide the fate of Scotland. The engagement was desperate, and so bloody, that the rivulet which proceeds from Loch Tray is said to

have had its waters dyed with the blood of the slain ; but at length the Danes gave way, and fled. There was at that period, in the army of Malcolm, a young prince of the name of Keith, commander of a colony of the Catti, a German nation, who had settled in the northern part of Scotland, and from whom the county of Cathness takes its name. The prince pursued Camus, and having overtaken him, engaged and killed him, but another Scots officer coming up at the same time, disputed with Keith the glory of the action. Malcolm was made arbitrator in the dispute, and ordered them to decide it by private combat, in which contest Keith also proved victorious, and killed his antagonist. The dying man confessed the justice of Keith's claim, and Malcolm, dipping his finger in his blood, marked the shield of Keith with three strokes, pronouncing the words, '*veritas vincit,*' *truth overcomes.* Which words have ever since been the motto of the family of Keith.

“ Somewhat more than a century ago, at Karboddo, near a rude monuments called Camus's Cross, was discovered a large sepulchre, supposed to be that of Camus ; it

consisted of four great stones, and had in it a huge skeleton, conjectured to be that of the Danish prince. The fatal stroke appeared to have been given on the back part of the head, a considerable part of the skull being cut away, probably by a stroke of the sword."

"The motto was, indeed, applicable," said Amelia; "but I must confess, that deciding contests by single combat, must have been, in my opinion, a very unjust method."

"It was the custom of the ancient knights," replied Mrs. Thornhill, "and doubtless originated from a religious motive, that heaven would defend the innocent; however, as you justly observe, it was a very uncertain trial; for though we can have no doubt but Providence guides and protects the just, yet it does not always follow that its especial care is shewn in worldly affairs; and hard indeed was the fate of that man, who was adjudged guilty because his opponent was more skilful or stronger than himself. But enough for to-night, it is time to retire."

CONVERSATION XVII.

The old Mouse and her Decendants, or Example and Precept are lost upon Fools—Observations on the Moral contained in the Story—A Weak fear of Animals should be overcome in Youth.

“MY dear Amelia,” said Mrs. Thornhill, “will this evening oblige us with a story she has translated from the French, and which has greatly pleased me.”

“I undertook the task,” replied Amelia, “to oblige Caroline, who does not understand the language well enough to comprehend what she reads, but my mother has altered and corrected it.”

“Your modesty is praise-worthy, my love,” answered Mrs. Thornhill. “Translations are a proper exercise both in the language, and of the genius—Pray begin.”

Amelia obeyed, and read the following story.

The old Mouse and her Decendants, or Example and Precept are lost upon Fools.

“A mouse, grey with age, finding herself near death, assembled her numerous family,

and entreated them to give ear to her last advice.

“My dear children,” said she, “if any thing could make me regret yielding up my life, it would be the thoughts of leaving you exposed to the numberless dangers of the world; but I flatter myself that, in these my last hours, I shall find you attentive to my councils—Follow them I conjure you, that you may attain, as I have done, an honourable old age; and to engage you thereunto, I will relate the history of my life.

“I was born in this very house, which we now inhabit, but wonderful have been the changes that have taken place therein. At the time of my birth it was inhabited by a lady of great fortune. Oh, my children! the house of this lady might with justice have been called, by us poor mice, the palace of delight, for we revelled upon dainties, and when gorged even to satiety, slept away the fumes of intemperance, fearless of our natural enemies, the cats, for they, like ourselves, were too well fed to hunt for food when they could obtain it without trouble. The mistress of the man-

sion kept a public table and twenty servants, so that you may readily suppose she did not take upon herself any of the household cares ; indeed there was no occasion, for two-thirds of the servants were employed to wait on the other part ; all domestic arrangements therefore fell upon the steward, the housekeeper and a great fat cook. 'Tis not for a mouse to form a judgment of the merits of these people, but I learnt in my walks through the house that they were getting immensely rich, though I never puzzled myself to think by what means ; nor was I alone in that particular ; eating, drinking, and sleeping, appeared the only business of the whole family. The waste too that was made, I will not say would have fed an army of mice, but half a dozen of hungry families at least ; that however was another circumstance no one thought of.

Two overgrown cats, unwieldly with fat, never left the kitchen, passing their intervals between each meal in slumbers before the fire, leaving us at entire liberty to range at pleasure. Thus, my beloved children, passed the early period of my days ; but, alas ! my happiness fled like a dream.—Our gene-

rous mistress, having expended her whole fortune, was thrown into prison, and her elegant mansion ransacked, her creditors not leaving sufficient even to feed a mouse. This change lasted but a short time, for a new tenant soon hired the house, and I contemplated with joy, a renewal of my old happiness.

“Alas ! how greatly was I mistaken ; our new mistress did not keep above a quarter of the number of servants of her predecessor, yet she was better attended, her house was more neatly arranged, her dinners better dressed, and, in short, all carried on with the utmost decorum. How to account for this I knew not, except that it was that she superintended all herself ; sugar, sweetmeats, cakes, and other dainties, which we were accustomed to revel in, were now carefully secured, so that we could not even smell them, and we soon found ourselves reduced to feed on the crumbs that escaped from the table of the servants : not even a morsel of cheese or an end of a candle was wasted ; what was not used in the house was given away, and we were almost driven to despair.

“In this melancholy situation, I was curious to know what the two pacific minded cats, who still remained in the house, thought of what was passing; and therefore, one evening, observing them in serious conversation, cautiously peeping from my hole, I attended to them.

“You are then resolved,” said the younger of the two, “to quit your paternal roof, and explore the world at large?”

“I see no resource,” replied the elder: “the severe fast I have kept for the last month has reduced me to skin and bone, and if I continue thus, a consumption will speedily terminate my days. I have no hope, for the cruel cook said the other day, that keeping us sharp would make us catch the mice. Alas! I am too old to learn; had I been used to labour for my living, I might have thought it no difficulty, but now the habit of indolence is fixed, it is impossible. —Cruel woman that our mistress is, to keep such a charming table, and yet to suffer nothing but bones, scraps, and offal, to fall to our share.”

“Let them act as they will,” replied the youngest cat, “I am resolved for a while

to exert my wits and live by my own industry; that is, whenever I can, to help myself. Our mistress is not very young, and death may set us free from such a tyrant."

"Vain hope," answered the old cat, "do you not observe what exercise she uses? her body, as well as her head, is always in action; then though such an elegant table is kept, she herself lives as temperately as if she was in a convent; besides, she is up at six, and in bed by eleven.—No, no, my friend, there is no hopes of her death. As to living, as you say, by your wits, that, in my opinion, is worse than leaving the house at once, for the cook, faithful to her mistress's interest, has an eye like a hawk, and would no more mind, in such a case, hanging up even the queen of all cats, the great Grimalkin, than she would trussing a rabbit."

"The entrance of a footman here broke off the conversation, but both the cats being missing the ensuing day, I judged the elder had prevailed with the younger, to adopt her measures. The discourse of the youngest of the cats had made a stronger impression on me than that of the elder;

and I accordingly resolved to adopt the plan she had proposed, of endeavouring to live by *my* wits. To effect that purpose, I found means to creep cautiously into the apartment where the confectionary was kept; I was too hungry to be careful, and therefore, inconsiderately made myself amends for the long deprivation I had sustained. I candidly confess I trembled the whole time, lest my theft should be discovered, though I had frequently done an hundred times more damage to our last housekeeper. Imboldened by the good cheer I had made, I at length began to flatter myself of its passing unnoticed—Alas ! I was yet to learn, by severe experience, the difference between vigilance and sloth. On the ensuing morning I returned to the fatal chamber, where the first object that struck my sight was a small machine, defended with thin bars of iron, and which enclosed a delicate piece of toasted cheese. Attracted by the savory smell, I rushed hastily forward, to seize my prey, when, oh ! misfortune, dire to relate, and which even years cannot efface from my memory, no sooner had I touched the tempting morsel, than,

with a discordant noise, the entrance closed upon me and shut me up with the deluding bait that had tempted me to ruin, though without the smallest inclination to profit by it; for, alas! fear had banished hunger. How often did I then condemn the gluttony that had reduced me to this state of wretchedness; what resolutions did I not make for the future, should I be lucky enough to escape the present danger; my reflections were however of no long duration, for the noise the machine had made in falling, attracted an old domestic, who, without deliberation, pronounced sentence of death on me. A young housemaid was summoned for the purpose, and to her I was delivered to be drowned.—You shudder, my children; nothing indeed but a miracle could have saved me from death, and that miracle was, can you believe it? the maid was afraid of a mouse! and by that means I made my escape.

“Grown wise by experience, my first care was to correct the vice of gluttony, which had nearly brought me to destruction. I stole out with care, and never strayed beyond the kitchen, carefully avoiding the

empoisoned sweets which had before beguiled me. I must confess, that, at first, this deprivation cost me very dear, and I sometimes almost wished my sentence had been executed; but habit, which reconciles all things, soon made the deprivation not only easy, but pleasant; for I found that temperance and plain food strengthened my body and improved my health, so that at length I considered the misfortune I had undergone as a general good. Three generations of mice, born since myself, my dear children, have I seen perish before me; for few, alas! have lived the time allotted them by nature. Gluttony and intemperance having destroyed those whom cats and traps have spared.—But my strength decays—farewell—observe my counsels, fly the empoisoned closet, where death is concealed under so bewitching a form—I die content.—My advice will not be forgotten.”

“This wise mouse had scarcely drawn her last breath, before her young and thoughtless descendants began congratulating each other, that so troublesome a monitor was dead, who had kept them in continual subjection. They laughed at her counsel, de-

nominated her sobriety, avarice; her caution, weakness; and immediately proceeded to the forbidden apartment. The strong fortifications of paper, which secured a large pot of sweet-meats, were soon destroyed; and, as they devoured, they congratulated each other with leaping over the narrow rules prescribed them. Their pleasure was of short duration; a cat and two traps were left in the closet, and before the end of one short week, not a single mouse remained of those, who had so wantonly disregarded the advice of their aged and respectable friend."

"Ah, mamma!" said Caroline, "though Amelia and you have told only the story of a mouse, I comprehend it very well."

"I am glad to hear it; will you explain it to me?"

"Yes, mamma—The mouse's gluttony was the cause of its being caught, and she was better in health when she did not eat sweet-meats."

"Justly observed. The story also inculcates, that profusion brings a family to ruin, while a proper regulated house renders its owners happy and respectable. In a riotous

family, all the servants and dependants share and imitate the profusion of their master, while a virtuous one is equally known by the conduct of the servants. In the conversation between the cats, the necessity of exertion in youth is also pointed out by the elder, who says, had she been bred to labour, she should have found it no difficulty ; but that when the habit of idleness is fixed, it is impossible. The danger of theft is next pointed out, not only by the cat, but also by the mouse, whose appetite brings her into such imminent danger. 'Tis true, gluttony does not always bring us to public disgrace, but it brings on a train of evils that all prudent minds would shun, as bloated faces, weakened limbs, consumptions, fevers, and a long train of disorders that force a premature death. When these maladies attack people naturally healthy, in all probability the uncorrupted state of their constitutions may overcome them ; but when the constitution is already ruined, they immediately fall a prey. The advantage of keeping proper hours, is also noticed by the cat, who had no hope of her mistress's death, as she used exercise and rose early."

“My dear mamma,” said Frederic, “do not forget the miracle that saved the mouse from death: the maid was afraid of a mouse—ha, ha, ha.”

“That any human being can be so weak,” said Mrs. Thornhill, “may, indeed, be called a miracle. Fear, when encouraged in children, in their riper years becomes a real misfortune, the habit being fixed, cannot be removed. Gentle reasoning, and custom in infancy, will almost, without exception, conquer it. For example, when I was a child, the sight of a cat used to throw me into the most violent emotion; which, had it been given way to, would have made me enter every strange house with horror, lest I should meet this dreadful creature. My grandmother, in appearance, paid very little attention to this, but took care to have, usually, in her apartment, an old fat sleek cat, who lay and slept on her hearth, so that my love for that honoured relation, and the pleasure I took in her society, made me insensibly regardless of the hateful intruder; indeed, she usually lay so quiet, that I might as well have pretended to have been alarmed at one of the China figures on the chimney-

piece. Accustomed to this animal, my grandmother next declared a great inclination for a young kitten, and though I saw it at first with horror, I speedily became amused with its antics, which formed a striking contrast to the quiet of her sleeping comrade. But, to our story—The disregard the young mice shewed to the advice of their elder, was deservedly punished; for, if knowledge of the world is not to be found in age, what can be expected from the inexperience of youth?

“But Amelia’s long story has beguiled the time.—Good night.”

CONVERSATION XVIII.

The young Soldier, or Honour justly won—Wolves destroyed by a Tax imposed by King Edgar—Privilege of the Canons of Rouen to release a Murderer yearly.

“MY dear mamma,” said Caroline, “I wish *you* would tell us a story this evening.”

“Undoubtedly I have a right to contribute my part to the entertainment, and will do my best to oblige you. What shall it be?”

"Oh! that we leave to you, mamma," said Frederic.

"Well then, I will relate the tale of—"

The young Soldier, or Honour justly won.

"Many years ago, at about the distance of three leagues from the city of Metz, dwelt an honest farmer of the name of Douville. At the commencement of my story, his family consisted of a wife and an only son; but after a period of ten years, he became father to a daughter. Previous to this event, being invited to a christening at his sister's, who lived at Metz, he resolved to go thither and take his son with him; and for that purpose mounting his old horse, he placed the boy behind. Charles was at that time scarcely six, and had never before been a mile distant from his native village; every thing therefore he saw in the road was an object of wonder; but what most particularly attracted his attention, and awakened his fears, was an uncommon large Newfoundland-dog, which species he never having seen before, and having heard much of wolves, he immediately took for one of

that species—‘Oh, father!’ exclaimed he, trembling, ‘we are undone, do you see that great wolf that is coming to meet us? how is it possible to escape him?’

“Douville, smiling at his son’s fears, replied—‘’Tis a tremendous beast, but to escape him is impossible, we must therefore run the hazard.’

“‘Oh, father,’ answered he, ‘my mother, my poor mother, she must be lost if you are killed; do stop father, and put me down, and while the beast is devouring me, set spurs to your horse and escape; you will comfort her for the loss of me, and I shall be happy in heaven.’

“You may readily suppose the father instantly undeceived this affectionate child, and the merriment at Metz over, they returned home safe. I mention this proof of affection particularly, as it was but a prelude of the youth’s conduct at a more advanced age. When Charles was eleven, his mother presented him a sister, and pleased with the addition of the young stranger, all was industry, peace, and happiness, till Charles attained his eighteenth year, when the crops having failed for two seasons, the

elder Douville found himself pressed to make good a payment of an hundred crowns, a sum amounting to twelve guineas and a half (English money). The creditors of Douville were harsh and unfeeling; and, having obtained an order, caused the unhappy man to be arrested. The sorrow of his son at this event exceeded all bounds; he offered himself, in his father's stead, to go to prison, but the offer was rejected, and all he could obtain was a delay of a few hours, during which he remained in the hands of the officers. Young Douville seizing this opportunity, hastened to borrow a horse of one of his neighbours, and set off full speed for Metz. He immediately enquired for a gentleman he had heard mentioned, Monsieur d'Estival, colonel of the regiment of Rhosni Vinain, then destined for Bohemia. Being admitted, he requested to be enlisted among his men, entreating only the advance of an hundred crowns. As he was perfectly well made, and appeared a sensible, ingenious young man, the colonel paid him the money. He then informed him for what it was designed, and craved only time to take it to his father. The officer, moved with his filial

affection, instantly consented, and also informed him, that if he could, by any means, return the money in eight days, he should regard his engagement as void, though very much distressed to complete his regiment. Douville scarcely stayed to thank him, but flew to release his father. Alas ! the poor man's satisfaction was of short duration, for, the truth once known, willingly would he have preferred imprisonment, nay, death itself, to seeing so good a child sacrificed to liberate him. Grief was, however, of no avail ; he found it impossible to raise the money, and the time appointed for his departure arrived. It was conjectured that the campaign would be bloody ; Douville therefore, with agonizing grief, embraced his son, as he thought for the last time. His mother, in agony, rung her hands, and in despairing accents, exclaimed, ' alas ! alas ! is this the reward of eighteen years duty and tender affection ? ' The little Rosette, now eight years old, clasped his knees, ' Charles shall not go,' said she : ' who will fetch my mother water and wood ? who will help my father in the fields ; and who

will bring me home flowers ? No, no, he shall not go indeed.'

" 'My beloved parents,' said Charles, 'you make me suffer more than any thing I have to fear in the army. Where can I go, that God is not ? and never will he abandon me for having performed my duty.'

" Such was the parting between Charles Douville and his family, after which he hastened to join his regiment. God does not always wait until the next life to reward virtue ; even in this world, he sometimes shews his power by its especial protection. The regiment arrived at the place of its destination, a meeting with the enemy speedily took place. The engagement was bloody on both sides, and the regiment of Rhosni, in the heat of the contest, lost their colours. The colonel, distracted with the disgrace, exclaimed, ' We are for ever dishonoured, my friends ! let us retrieve our shame, or die ; for myself, I will not outlive it ;' so saying, he rushed among the thickest of the enemy, followed by his men, resolved on conquest or death. The enemy, though surprised by so bold an attack, made a vigo-

rous resistance, but the French, rendered furious by danger and dishonour, spread death wherever they came, until they cleared their way to the centre of the army, where the colours were placed. Douville was among the foremost, and instantly seized the prize, which the enemy so warmly defended, that the bodies of his less fortunate companions soon formed a rampart around him. To cut short an unpleasant picture, the honour of recovering the colours was dearly bought ; for, of two battalions of twelve hundred men, but sixty-two survived the battle, and these covered with wounds. The colonel had received four wounds, and Douville five ; which, however, did not prevent him carrying the colours to their own camp. ‘ Keep them my brave lad,’ said the colonel, ‘ they shall either be the reward of thy valour, or I myself will cease to be a soldier.’

“ Recovered of their wounds, the colonel was as good as his word, by giving so warm an account of the young man’s courage, that a commission was immediately sent him, in which rank he returned to his native village, at the conclusion of the cam-

paign, to dry the tears of an anxious father and of a tender mother. Though he had written to his parents, the letter had never reached them ; they therefore were totally unacquainted with his promotion, and hourly anticipated his death.

“ He arrived at home about seven o’clock one evening, the supper hour of Douville and his family ; they had been talking of their beloved son, and the food remained untouched.—‘ Father,’ said Rosette, ‘ you look so sad, that you make my mother worse. I am sure our dear Charles will return safe, for I dreamed last night that I saw him flying in the air, and he was dressed all in white, and looked so handsome, that I scarcely knew him.’

“ ‘ Alas !’ replied the good dame, ‘ his spirit is, I trust, fled to heaven, where indeed, Rosette, he will be cloathed with those garments, which piety and duty entitle him to wear.’

“ At the poor woman’s words they all wept, until Rosette suddenly wiping her eyes, said—‘ There is a little wine in the cellar ; to be sure it’s rather sour, but I will

warm it, and you shall both drink some; it will make you better.'

"Rosette did not wait for an answer, but flew to execute her purpose. At that moment a gentle rap was struck on the door.—'Come in,' cried Douville, scarcely raising his eyes from the ground: the door opened, and Charles, in his uniform, presented himself to their sight. Mute with astonishment, his father rose to meet him, while his mother, fixed in her chair, could only extend her arms towards him. He threw himself at their feet, and claiming their blessing, it at length found way from their lips. At that moment Rosette entered with the wine, but starting back with astonishment, she dropped the jug—'Oh, the goodness!' exclaimed she, 'what a fine gentleman asking blessing of my father and mother—Sure, it cannot be;—yes, it is my brother—my own dear dear Charles.'

"I must leave the meeting of this affectionate family to your own imagination, and conclude by telling you, that Douville rendered the old age of his parents peaceful and happy, and that himself afterwards rose to a distinguished rank in the French army."

"Oh, my dear mamma !" said Caroline, "I am so glad that poor Douville got safe out of that dreadful battle. I was frightened out of my wits, lest he should be killed."

"How happy he must feel when he had got the colours," observed Frederic.

"How happy he must be," added George, "when he had the means in his power to make the age of his parents easy."

"The satisfaction they enjoyed to see him safe was not more than a counter-balance to the anxiety they had suffered for his absence," said Amelia.

"There I differ from you," replied Mrs. Thornhill ; "by such a reverse of fortune, their former sorrow, I should suppose, left no more impression than that of a fearful dream. They saw their son safe, decked with honours he had bravely won, universally admired and caressed, and the pride and glory of their old age."

"I am glad, mamma, that we have no wolves in England," said Caroline.

"It is indeed a great blessing," replied Mrs. Thornhill : "great pains have been taken, for many centuries, to destroy them

in every country. In England, for example, so long ago as the time of King Edgar, a tax was imposed on the people to bring in yearly the heads of three hundred wolves. For three years it was executed, but, on the fourth, they were found to be extirpated, and the tax consequently was void."

"Now we are on the topic of wild beasts," said George, "though it is straying from the original subject, are you, my dear madam, acquainted with the privilege claimed by the Chapter of the Canons at Rouen, in Normandy?"

"I am," replied Mrs. Thornhill, "but your brother and sister are not, therefore relate it to them." George immediately obeyed.

Privilege of the Canons of Rouen, in Normandy, to release a Murderer yearly.

"Under the reign of what king I cannot particularize, but during the time an archbishop, dignified by the appellation of St. Romain, held the ecclesiastical rule in the city of Rouen, a dreadful wild beast deso-

lated the environs, and spread universal terror among the people. No one was found bold enough to attack this monster; and all the defence they made against him, was public prayers in the churches.

“ St. Romain, though he doubtless knew the efficacy of prayers, also knew that exertion and courage were necessary to destroy it; but counsel and entreaty were vain, until the archbishop requested of the city the lives of two criminals doomed to die, a thief and a murderer, promising them pardon, if they attacked and killed the monster. Glad of any chance to escape, however dangerous, they accepted the alternative, but at the sight of the beast the thief fled, while the murderer, more resolute, attacked him, and after a severe conflict, slew him. In commemoration of this act they made a public decree, to release every year, at the same period, a man in similar circumstances, if such happened to be in prison. Without allowing this tradition to be exactly true, the law must have taken place from some very extraordinary circumstance, as it really exists among the Chapters of the Canons. Kings of France have frequently recom-

mended criminals under particular circumstances, to obtain this favour, and never has the rule been abolished.

“ The Chapter of Canons of the Cathedral of Rouen select the criminal they think most worthy of favour ; to obtain mercy, his crime must neither be fighting a duel, footpad robbery and murder, or a murder followed by a theft. It must be a crime committed in the moment of passion, in an hour of drunkenness, or other palliative circumstance, that removes the odium of premeditation. The Canons choice made, the Parliament meet on Ascension Day, to ascertain if the criminal is really worthy of the mercy designed him. Witnesses are questioned, and nothing spared to examine into the truth of the fact, the trial sometimes lasting from seven in the morning till ten at night, the whole of which time the prisoner stands at the bar fasting. His fate decided, if it is favourable, he is conducted by various officers to the cathedral, where he returns public thanks, after which the priests lead him to a place called the Old Tower, where he receives his pardon. At the head of this procession is

carried the figure of the monster, which is represented as a dragon, with a fish or a lamb in his mouth. On reaching the Old Tower, the prisoner is placed upon an elevated spot, where he can be seen by all the people, and there holds up a golden casket enriched with jewels, which contains the remains of St. Romain. Silence is then called for the privilege and pardon to be read, but the acclamations of the multitude usually render it impossible to hear a word. This ceremony over, the procession returns as it came, except that the prisoner who went with his head uncovered, returns crowned. He is then conducted to the public hall, where a grand collation is prepared, and biscuits and wine are presented him. The refreshment taken, he is led to the acting magistrate, who receives this pardoned criminal in the most distinguished and honourable manner, providing an elegant entertainment, at which, if the prisoner is of rank, all the nobility of the city usually attend with naked swords, to grace his retinue. The following morning he is again conducted to the cathedral, where he receives a long and serious exhortation to live

uprightly in future, a small present if he is poor, and a new hat. After this he may retire where he pleases, and no one is suffered, under penalty of the law, to reproach him with his former guilt."

"Thank you, my dear George," said Frederic, "I am sure I shall remember what you have told us."

"I have no objection to the article of mercy," said Mrs. Thornhill, "but I think if it was bestowed without so much parade it would be more praise-worthy. Of all crimes that disgrace human nature, murder is the most atrocious: passion, drunkenness, nothing can excuse it, and I look upon it when men are convicted of committing it, even under such circumstances, they ought to be confined for life, for who can answer but they may be in a passion or drunk a second time, and do equal mischief."

"The procession and parade was, doubtless instituted," replied George, "by the pride of the priests, to shew their power."

"I have no doubt but you judge truly," answered Mrs. Thornhill; "but in that they do not imitate the example of their glorious leader, who commanded good to be done

in secret, and himself set the greatest example of temperance and simplicity in all things. On a public occasion like the pardon of a criminal, it assuredly cannot be private, but to make the guilty person the hero of an entertainment, I think at once ridiculous, and to himself, if he has any feeling, humiliating."

"Indeed," said Amelia. "I should consider it so; every eye I should think upon me, and while the roofs resounded with my pardon, how should I pardon myself?"

"My beloved girl," said Mrs. Thornhill, "you have anticipated my words. I think, in such a case, my eyes would turn inwards, and the guilt be ever before me. Shocking as theft is, some restitution might, perhaps, be made; but murder precludes all hope of restitution, and by whatever means committed, must leave an horror on the mind never to be effaced.—But we have extended our conversation beyond our usual bounds—Good night."

CONVERSATION XIX.

Boldness of two Friars, who endeavoured to dissuade King Henry the Eighth from a second Marriage—Account of the Bannian, or Indian Fig Tree—Dress in the Reign of King Henry the Fourth.

“WITHOUT staying to be asked to begin the conversation of to-night,” said George, “I volunteer in the service; for I read this morning an anecdote of two friars, in the reign of King Henry the Eighth, which charmed me.”

“Pray oblige us with it,” said Mrs. Thornhill.

Boldness of two Friars, who endeavoured to dissuade King Henry the Eighth from a second Marriage.

“King Henry the Eighth, forgetting what was due to his own honour, his duty to his wife Katharine, and his daughter Mary, resolved to divorce his queen, and marry Anne Boloigne, and for this purpose pleaded after twenty years marriage, that she was of too near affinity to him, being a relation in a distant degree.

“The first that had the courage to object to this marriage, was a poor friar named Peto, at Greenwich, who preached before the king, taking for his text the twenty-second chapter of the third book of Kings. He dwelt on the story of Ahab, saying, ‘Even where the dogs licked the blood of Naboth, there shall the dogs lick thy blood oh king.’—He then spoke largely of the lying prophets which abused the king’s ear. ‘I am,’ said he, ‘that Micaiah whom thou wilt hate, because I must tell thee truly, that this marriage is unlawful; and though it causeth me to eat the bitter food of affliction, and to drink the water of sorrow, yet what the Lord putteth into my mouth, I must and will speak.’ He then, in the strongest manner, inveighed against the king’s second marriage, adding,—‘There be many other preachers, yea, too many, that persuade thee otherwise, to feed thy folly and frail affections, upon hope of their own worldly promotion, and would sell thy soul, thy honour, and posterity, to obtain fat benefices, to become rich abbots, or gain other ecclesiastical dignities. These, oh king, I liken unto the four hundred ly-

ing prophets, who, in the spirit of deceit, seek to betray thee. Take, therefore, good heed, lest, being seduced by them, thou findest Ahab's punishment, which was to have his blood licked by dogs. Beware of this, I repeat, and also beware of the greatest curse of princes, that of being abused by flatterers.'

"King Henry apparently bore this reproof patiently, but on the ensuing Sunday, being the 8th of May, he ordered Doctor Curwin to preach in the same place. This minister, willing to obtain favour, in his sermon sharply reprehended Peto, and even forgot his own dignity so far, as to say the friar was a slanderer, a liar, a rebel, and a base traitor; adding, that no subject should dare speak so audaciously to princes. He afterwards said much in commendation of the king's marriage, and, supposing his eloquence to have silenced Peto and his brethren for ever, he raised his voice and added, — 'I call upon thee, friar Peto, thou that makest thyself Micaiah, that thou mayest speak evil of kings, but now thou art not to be found, being fled for fear and shame, unable to answer my arguments.'

“ As he concluded, he looked around, as conscious of triumph, when a friar of the name of Elstow, belonging to the same order as Peto, standing forward, with an undaunted voice, but great modesty, replied—

“ ‘ Know you not, good sir, that my brother Peto is gone to the council at Canterbury, as he was commanded, and not fled for fear of you, for to-morrow he will return again. In the mean time, behold I am here, as another Micaiah, and will lay down my life to prove all these things true, which he hath uttered out of the holy scriptures, and to this combat I challenge thee, before God and all impartial judges. Yes, Curwin, *thou*, even *thou*, art one of the four hundred prophets into whom the spirit of lying is entered, for thou seekest to betray the king into endless perdition, more for thine own gain, and hope of promotion, than to discharge thine own clogged conscience, and the king’s salvation.’ ”

“ Elstow spoke so long and so boldly, that no one could silence him ; till the king himself, standing up, commanded him to hold his peace, ordering at the same time,

that he and Peto should be convened before the council, which was done the following day. At this meeting the lords, slaves to the king's pleasure, bitterly rebuked them, the Earl of Essex particularly saying, that they deserved to be put alive into a sack, and thrown into the Thames. To this Elstow replied, smiling, ' threaten these things to the rich and great, who are cloathed in purple, and fare upon all the dainties of the earth, and have their heaven in this world ; for us, we esteem them not, but are joyful, if, in the discharge of our duties, we are driven hence ; and, with thanks to God, we know the way to heaven to be as ready by water as by land, and therefore we care not which way we go.' These friars, and all the rest of their order, were banished soon after, and the religious houses universally suppressed. Doctor Curwin was made Dean of Hereford, and afterwards Archbishop of Dublin."

" I do not wonder the anecdote pleased you," said Mrs. Thornhill ; " the champions of truth and virtue are always interesting.

The Franciscans acted nobly, they spoke truth, and left the rest to heaven. That King Henry's divorce from Queen Katharine was a gross deviation from all honour and common justice, cannot be denied, but as it made way for the glorious reformation, we can only regard it, as I observed in a former conversation, as one of those small evils, from which great good was to arise. But come, Frederic, we must call on you for a fresh subject."

"If you please, mamma, I will give you an account of the Bannian tree; I read it yesterday."

"You will oblige us."

"The Bannian, or Indian fig-tree, is a native of several parts of the East Indies, and has a woody stem branching to a great height and vast extent. It is universally considered as one of the most beautiful of nature's productions, and, contrary to most other things in animal and vegetable nature, appears exempted from decay. Every branch from the main body, throws out its own roots, at first in small tender fibres, several yards from the ground, but which thicken considerably before they reach the

surface, and there striking in, they increase to large trunks, and become parent trees, shooting out new branches from the top; these in time suspend their roots, which, swelling into trunks, produce other branches, thus continuing in a progressive state as long as the earth, the common parent of them all, continues her sustenance. The Hindoos are peculiarly fond of the Bannian tree; they regard it as an emblem of the Deity, from its long duration, and overshadowing beneficence, and almost pay it divine honours. Near these trees their most esteemed pagodas are generally erected, and under their shade the Brahmins spend their days in religious solitude, wandering among the cool recesses and beautiful walks of this umbrageous canopy, impervious to the hottest beams of a tropical sun.

“A remarkable large tree of this kind grows on an island in the river Narbedda in the province of Guzerat; it is distinguished from others of the same species, by the name of Cubbeer Bur, which was given it in honour of a famous saint. It was once much larger than it is at present, high floods having carried away the banks of the

island on which it grew, and with them such parts of the tree as had thus far extended its roots. What remains is two thousand feet in circumference, measured round the principal stems; the overhanging branches, which have not yet struck down, cover a much larger space. The chief trunks of this single tree, each of which, in size, greatly exceeds our English oaks or elms, amount to three hundred and fifty, the smaller stems to more than three thousand, all casting out new branches, and hanging roots, in time to form parent trunks. Cub-beer Bur is famed through India for its amazing extent and beauty. The Indian armies frequently encamp around it, and at stated periods solemn festivals are held under its branches, where thousands of votaries repair from various parts of the empire. It is said that seven thousand persons find ample room under its shade.

“The English gentlemen sometimes form elegant and extensive encampments, where they spend whole weeks together, under this delightful pavillion, which is inhabited with green wood pigeons, doves, peacocks, and also a variety of feathered

songsters ; families of monkies are also in every quarter playing their antic tricks, and bats, to the astonishing size of six feet, from the extremity of one wing to the other. This tree not only shelters, but finds sustenance to these numerous inhabitants, being covered, amidst its bright leaves, with small figs of a rich scarlet, on which they all regale."

" My good Frederic, you have agreeably surprised me ; I am convinced you must have taken great pains, to be able to give so accurate an account."

" My dear mamma, your praises make me both proud and happy. I hope I shall deserve them."

" I have no doubt but you will," replied Mrs. Thornhill.

" Indeed," said George, " Frederic's account does him so much credit, that I wish, to recompence him, he had a Bannian tree in the centre of his new plantations."

" I join in that wish," added Amelia, " provided we had not these enormous bats, whose size must make them hideous companions."

"Recollect," answered George, "that they are harmless, and only appear at night."

"True," said Amelia; "those advantages considered, I think I could overcome my fears. But come, Caroline, I know you have something to add to the entertainment of the evening."

"I read to Amelia yesterday," said Caroline, "an account of the strange fashions used in dress many years ago. In the reign of Henry the Fourth it was the custom in England for all ranks of people to wear large loose sleeves to their clothes; they were called poke sleeves, and hung from the elbows to the ground, so that they were turned into a common jest, some saying they were made to sweep the streets, and others that they were made to conceal things that were stolen."

"Very well, indeed, Caroline," said Mrs. Thornhill.

"Ah, mamma, Amelia made me observe very much, or I should not have remembered so well. In the reign of Edward the Fourth people wore such strange peaked shoes and boots, that it was proclaimed throughout the kingdom, that no one should wear the beaks or pikes (as they were called) more

than eleven inches long, under a penalty of twenty shillings, and being excommunicated by the clergy. The points before this were so preposterous, that they were forced to be tied up to the knees with chains of gold and silver by the rich, and with silk laces by those of inferior degree."

"Had I lived in those days," said George, "I should have been seriously alarmed for my legs, for two such beaks meeting, must sometimes have been productive of unpleasant consequences."

"Indeed I think so," replied Amelia. "But Caroline can give you yet further information."

"There were no brass pins made until the reign of Henry the Eighth," continued Caroline; "before that period the ladies fastened on their clothes with wooden skewers."

"The fashions you have mentioned, my dear girl," said Mrs. Thornhill, "were, indeed, very ridiculous; yet, I think, if historians hereafter descend to such puerilities, those of the present day will more than counterbalance them. A conformance to the modes of our country is undoubtedly

right and necessary, but where they grossly disfigure nature, or are not strictly proper in regard to that decorum that particularly ought to distinguish both men and women, they should be carefully avoided, as every one who thinks justly would rather have it said that their dress was old fashioned, than that it was indecent. But enough for this evening, it is time for you to retire. Good night."

CONVERSATION XX.

The Clocks of the City of Basil, always an Hour faster than elsewhere—Anecdotes of Henry the Fourth of France—Of King Charles the Second, and the Earl of Portland—History of Robert Bruce, King of Scotland.

"We are early to-day," said George; "we shall therefore, I hope, have a long conversation."

"We dined an hour sooner than usual," answered Mrs. Thornhill, "by a mistake in the great clock."

"In that case," observed Amelia, "I should almost be tempted to do as the ar-

tist is said to have done four centuries since at Basil."

"Do tell us, sister, what he did," said Caroline.

"Willingly. Basil is the largest city in all Switzerland, and well deserves a nice investigation by all travellers; what I particularly allude to, is only a trivial circumstance. The clocks of this city go an hour faster than any where else, except at Constance, which some ascribe to the famous councils held there, when it was thought the best expedient to bring the fathers earlier to the assembly, for the quicker dispatch of business; others say, that at Basil it was owing to an assault being defeated by that means. According to the story, four hundred years ago the city was threatened with an assault by surprise. The enemy was to begin the attack when the large clock of the town, at the end of the bridge, should strike one after midnight. The artist who had the care of the clock, by some means being informed that this was the expected signal, caused the clock to be altered, so that it struck two instead of one, which the enemy hearing, concluded they were an hour too late, and so gave up the

attempt ; and, in commemoration of this deliverance, all the clocks in Basil have ever since been put forward an hour. By way of confirmation to this account, they shew you a head which is placed near this patriotic clock, with the face turned towards the road by which the enemy was to have entered. This head is a piece of mechanical wit of the famous clock-maker who saved the town ; he formed it in derision of the enemy whom he had so dexterously deceived ; its gestures are meant to express contempt, and it has been constantly repaired there four hundred years, lest the jest should be lost."

"Indeed, mamma," said Caroline, "I am like Amelia ; "I wish our clocks were always an hour too fast."

"Well, then, let them be so," replied Mrs. Thornhill ; "you will certainly gain an hour in the morning, but you will recollect you must lose one at night."

"True, mamma ; I did not remember that. So that they are better as they are, for I always think that evening comes too soon."

"Amelia," said Mrs. Thornhill, "will you oblige us with the first subject to night."

“Certainly madam. I think some time since George gave us a short account of Henry the Fourth, of France; if you please I will add to it two short anecdotes, that I think do him honour.”

“You will oblige us; pray begin.”

“After the city of Paris was reduced to obedience, under Henry the Fourth, some of the nobles who attended him observed it was done with small loss, only two or three of the citizens being killed. ‘And to restore the lives of these two or three,’ said the king, ‘I would willingly give fifty thousand crowns, in order to enjoy the gratification of handing down to posterity, that Henry the Fourth took Paris without bloodshed.’”

“When firmly established on the throne of France, this prince never forgot the attachment that had been shewn him by his Protestant subjects, though himself had been necessitated to embrace the Romish faith; and when their deputies attended him, never failed to style them his good friends. In the year 1599, he issued an edict in their favour, which met with great difficulty and opposition, both from the parliament and the priesthood, who remon-

strated warmly against it. After affording them a patient hearing, he answered, calmly, 'I have received you, gentlemen, in my closet; not like a king giving audience in royal robes, and with a crown and sceptre, but clad like the father of a family in my doublet, to speak familiarly to my children. I have listened to your remonstrances; not only to those you have spoken, but also to those which were delivered to me in writing, for I take in good part the advice of my faithful people. When I consider their opinion better than my own, I yield willingly, but when otherwise, I am firm to my purpose. The distinction between Catholics and Protestants must be lost; we all serve God, and, instead of persecution for opinion, let the Catholics convert the Protestants by the example of a pious life. I am a shepherd king, and wish not to shed the blood of my sheep, but desire to gather them together by mildness and affection.' "

"What a charming anecdote," said George; "I think I remember, upon some occasion, being incommoded by the artifices of his enemies, he said, 'Let them, if they

please, make war upon us like foxes, we will return it like lions.'"

"Henry the Fourth," said Mrs. Thornhill, "to the qualities of being noble, humane, and just, added a thorough knowledge of the world, and a fixed contempt for foolish parade and unmeaning flattery. I will endeavour to recollect the answers he gave to some tedious speakers, who complimented him on different occasions."

"Do, my dear madam," said Amelia.

"The king, marching in great haste to relieve Cambray, passed through Amiens, where a body of citizens, regardless of his fatigue, came out to meet and compliment him in a long and tedious speech, beginning with—'*Most mighty, most clement, most magnanimous*'—'Add too, I pray you,' said Henry, good humouredly interrupting the speaker, '*and most weary*; then you will express the truth. I am going to rest myself, and will attend to the remainder of your kind speech another time.'"

"I pity the poor citizens," said Amelia; "they complimented him from a good motive, and must be severely humiliated."

"That must be granted," replied Mrs.

Thornhill; “but surely nothing can be worse timed than compliments, when a person is fatigued, at least you should permit them to sit down and refresh themselves. Indeed” added she, “Henry appears to have had a fixed aversion for these complimentary addresses, which are commonly offered to kings, for he turned another into ridicule, who had prepared an oration in honour of him.”

“Do relate it, mamma,” said Frederic.

“Willingly. The orator, approaching the king, and placing himself in the proper attitude, began thus:—‘*Hannibal departing from Carthage: Sire*’ — ‘My good freind,’ said Henry, interrupting him, ‘Hannibal dined before he left Carthage; therefore, if you mean to compare me to him, the resemblance will be stronger when I have done the same.’

“Nay now, dear mamma,” replied Amelia, “I am downright angry with him; if he did not chuse to listen to the poor orator, he had no occasion to give him such an affront.”

“Kings, you know, have a licence of greater liberty than other men,” answered

Mrs. Thornhill; "but I must confess, that, in the same situation, I think I should have had as great an aversion to fulsome compliments as Henry shewed. To me they appear an insult to the understanding, for a man must possess an uncommon share of vanity to appreciate them. Had the king told him so in simple terms, he would, perhaps, not have been credited, but have brought more flattery upon himself for his forbearance and modesty. Now, though I am a declared enemy to all ridicule, yet I must confess that he took the most effectual means of silencing such folly in future. The elegance and beauty of conversation and address, in my opinion, consists in their being concise, simple, and energetic; all far fetched similies and embellishments, that are foreign to the purpose, tend only to load and make the subject weak and uninteresting, therefore ought to be carefully avoided."

"My dear Amelia," said George, laughing, "since you are the champion of the orator, will you be kind enough to tell me, what the departure of Hannibal from Carthage had to do with Henry the Fourth, and

you may, perhaps, bring me over to your opinion."

"He did not give the poor fellow time to tell him," replied Amelia, joining his mirth.

"The king appears," said Mrs. Thornhill, "to have expected some far-fetched, ridiculous simile, and saved himself the mortification of listening to it, at the expence of the orator; but his reply had more of wit than of ill-nature. For example, Amelia, suppose some one was to tell you that you possessed all the great qualities and beauties that dignify and embellish nature, how should you receive it?"

"Indeed I should feel very silly, as I should know they spoke falsely."

"And might not Henry think the same? Suppose also that such fulsome adulation was paid you before a multitude, would that increase or lessen your disgust?"

"It would doubtless increase it, as it would make me the object of universal observation; and the world, knowing me destitute of the qualities ascribed, must think me very weak to listen to it."

“You give up the cause of the orator, then,” said George.

“Not entirely,” replied she; “I cannot bear to punish any one, and Henry’s rebuke exceeded the offence, for it must make him the jest of the court.”

“My dear Amelia,” said her mother, “is so much on the side of good nature, that if we go much further I shall espouse her side of the question. I think I recollect one more instance of Henry’s love of brevity, and will relate it to you; then we shall see whether you maintain your opinion. A deputy from some of the provinces, having waited upon the king, was very prolix and wearisome in the preliminary to his discourse. ‘I pray you to come to the point at once,’ said the king, repeatedly, but in vain; the man could only tell the story his own way, from which he was not to be moved, till, the tedious introduction over, the king at length obtained a knowledge of the business on which he came. This gained, Henry, rising from his seat, said, ‘Farewell good deputy; I shall do my best to serve your province; for the rest of the discourse, you may repeat it,

at leisure, to master William,' which was the court fool."

"Oh, how ill-natured!" said Amelia.

"Oh, how tedious!" echoed George; "to listen to a subject that might be discussed in two minutes, lasting two hours. The king had great patience; he repeatedly pressed him to declare his business at once; and I think condescended greatly to listen so long."

"I must now," said Mrs. Thornhill, "espouse Amelia's side of the question. The deputy was, perhaps, naturally prolix, and a bad orator; not accustomed to the presence of a king, that also might assist to confuse him; and there are many people who are dreadfully tedious in relating a story, whom, if you interrupt, can say nothing at all. In matters of business, therefore, I think it necessary to bear with this fault, lest, for want of patience, you might do injury; in matters of less moment, as compliments, I leave you to act as you please."

"My mother's observation is just," answered Amela; "you might as well be angry with a man for stammering, as for not possessing the graces of speech."

“I yield to this last observation,” said George, “for I am convinced it is just; and, by way of retribution for my fault, will relate to you a story where the minister was honest enough to dissent from his king, and the king wise enough to take his counsel. In the reign of Charles the First, when the Duke of Buckingham was stabbed by Felton, the king, to manifest his affection for him, ordered the Earl of Portland, who was then treasurer, to issue out of the exchequer thirty thousand pounds, for the celebration of a solemn and magnificent funeral for the duke.—The earl, unwilling that the nation should be at so enormous an expence, during the time it was at war with France and Spain, remonstrated to his majesty, that the sum laid out in a stately monument for the duke, would be a more lasting memorial of his royal favour than a funeral expence, which would be but the work of a day, and speedily forgotten. The king found the reason just, and ordered several patterns of monuments to be brought, but what the king liked, the minister disapproved, till at last the king fixed upon one, which he was on the point of ordering, when

the earl, who had no subterfuge left, said boldly, ‘ My liege, pardon me, but what will the world say, if you should be at such an expence for a favourite, when your royal father hath not even a stone to mark where he lies ?’ This rebuke so struck the king, that he immediately gave up the design.”

“ The earl acted as a faithful minister,” replied Mrs. Thornhill, “ and saved his master from a great disgrace ; had he not been truly attached to the king’s interest and honour, he would not have taken the trouble to make remonstrances that might have been ill received.”

“ Among the instances which history gives us of the attachment of nobles to their king,” said George, “ I think few can equal that which Sir James Douglas, and some few more, shewed to the cause of Robert Bruce, king of Scotland. Sharers in all his dangers, they devoted their lives and fortunes to him ; even death was not able to shake the affection borne him by his friend Douglas, who was slain as he was bearing the king’s heart to Jerusalem.”

“ Oh dear George ! do relate it to us,” said Frederic.

“ You will find it at large in the history of Scotland, and I shall be puzzled to reduce it to a short state, the whole is so interesting ; however, as you are fond of heroes, I will do my best to recollect the most material events, and relate them to you, if my mother is willing.”

“ Undoubtedly,” answered Mrs. Thornhill ? “ Pray begin.”

George immediately obeyed.

The History of Robert Bruce, King of Scotland.

“ A contention for the crown of Scotland taking place between John Baliol and Robert Bruce, the dispute was referred to King Edward the First, of England, who gave it in favour of Baliol, on condition that he should pay him allegiance, an offer which was refused with contempt by Robert. Little regarding the interest of his country, Baliol was, however, expelled and banished four years after, and King Edward seized upon the whole power of the kingdom, and for some years the unhappy coun-

try was one continued scene of contention, war, and bloodshed.

“ By the removal of Baliol, John Comyn was next in blood. He had for many years maintained the contest against Edward, but at last laid down his arms, and swore fealty to the conqueror. Another rival in power and pretensions was Bruce, Earl of Carrick; his grandfather, the competitor to Baliol, had patiently submitted to the award of Edward, and his father, yielding to the times, had served under the English banner. Young Bruce had more ambition, and a more restless spirit, though in his earlier years he acted upon no regular plan; for, by turns, the partizan of Edward and the vicegerent of Baliol, he appeared to have forgotten, or at least to have stifled, his pretension to the crown. But his character developed itself by degrees, and in maturer age became firm and consistent. At a meeting he is said to have had with Comyn, he is reported to have made the following proposal. ‘ Support my title to the crown, and I will give you my estate; or give me your estate, and I will support your’s.’ These conditions were agreed to by both

parties, but Comyn, either through fear or treachery, revealed the whole soon after to King Edward. The king shewed Bruce, who was in London, the letter of his accuser, and though he appeared pacified by his answers, yet he resolved to delay his revenge only till he could make it more certain, and having drank freely one evening, declared to his lords that he had resolved to put Bruce to death on the ensuing day. The Earl of Gloucester, who was present, and between whom and Bruce there was apparently a good understanding, immediately dispatched a messenger, with twelve-pence and a pair of spurs, to Bruce, as if he had only meant to restore what he borrowed ; but the real purport was at once understood by Robert, who prepared for instant flight.—The ground was covered with snow, and, that his track might not be discovered, he caused the farrier to invert the shoes of his horses, and took the road to Scotland, accompanied only by his secretary and groom. In their way, meeting a foot passenger who gave them some suspicion, they questioned him closely, and soon discovered he was the bearer of letters from

Comyn to the King of England, urging him either to put Bruce to death, or to immediately secure him in prison. Filled with resentment, they beheaded the messenger, and using their utmost speed, in seven days after they left London reached Bruce's castle of Lochmaben. Soon after this he removed to Dumfries, where Comyn resided, and requested an interview with him at the convent of the Minorites. He there bitterly reproached him with his treachery; Comyn gave him the lie, and both fiery spirited, and haughty rivals, a quarrel ensued, in which Bruce stabbed his antagonist. Alarmed at what he had done, he rushed from the convent, calling to horse. His attendants, Lindesay and Kirkpatrick, observing his agitation, enquired the cause, to which he replied, 'I doubt I have slain Comyn.'—'You doubt!' repeated Kirkpatrick; and rushing into the place where Comyn lay, he instantly dispatched him. Sir Robert Comyn, a relation, who attempted to defend him, shared his fate.

"Robert Bruce had now gone too far to think of receding, for the relations of Comyn joined with Edward in schemes of

revenge. Some, who wished to preserve peace in their country, thought it better to submit to the government of the English than to attempt a revolution, which could not be effected without great bloodshed; on the other hand, the friends of Bruce, alarmed at his danger, saw the necessity they were under of taking a decided part in his favour, and without loss of time resolved on his coronation. The ceremony was performed at Scone, on the 25th of March, 1306, in the presence of two earls, two bishops, the Abbot of Scone, John de Athol, and John de Menteith. It had been customary, since the days of Macbeth, for one of the family of Fife to put the crown on the king's head, and Bruce found the prepossession of the Scots so strong in favour of this custom, that he was obliged to endeavour to satisfy them. Macduff, Earl of Fife, was at that period in England, where he had married, and his sister was wife to the Earl of Buchan, one of the heads of the family of Comyn, and consequently the determined enemy of Bruce. By an uncommon effort of female patriotism, she however postponed all private

quarrels for the good of her country, and in her husband's absence repaired with all his warlike accoutrements to Bruce, to whom she delivered them, and placed the crown upon his head.

“The King of England heard of these proceedings with astonishment, and without delay sent a body of troops to suppress the rebellion. Bruce omitted nothing in his power for his defence, and soon found himself at the head of a small army, but they were inexperienced soldiers, and being attacked by surprise, were totally defeated. Bruce behaved with the greatest valour, and had three horses killed under him. Being distinguished by the desperation with which he fought, John Mowbray, one of the enemy, a man of great resolution, rushed upon him, and catching his horse by the bridle, cried out—‘I have hold of the new made king,’ but he was immediately delivered by Christopher Seaton.

“This defeat was a severe blow to Robert, who soon found his army reduced to five hundred. With these he retired to Aberdeen, where he was joined by his brother, Sir Neil Bruce, his wife the Queen,

and a number of others of his family, all of whom offered to follow his fortune.

“Reduced to the greatest inconvenience even for food, he persuaded the ladies to retire to his castle of Kildrommey, under the protection of Sir Neil Bruce and the Earl of Athol. In the mean time the desertion of his men increased, so that he soon found himself at the head of no more than two hundred.—As the winter was coming on, he resolved to go into Argyleshire to Sir Neil Cambell, who had gone before to make ready for his reception. In his way thither he encountered incredible difficulties, and some of his followers being cut off at a place called Dalry, the remainder were so disheartened that they all forsook him, except his firm friends Sir Gilbert Hay and Sir James Douglas, who, with a few domestics, still resolved to share his fortune.

“On crossing Lochlomond, in a crazy boat, he was recognized by his friend the Earl of Lenox, who having been proscribed in England, lived in exile on his own estate. The affection of this meeting drew tears from all present, for Lenox was before unacquainted with Bruce’s misfortunes. He

immediately furnished the half-famished party with plenty of provision, but being sensible of the danger of their remaining where they were, they mutually agreed to seek a safer asylum. Sir Neil Cambell had already provided shipping, but the adventurers had scarcely set sail, when they were pursued by a squadron of the English fleet. The vessel which carried the Earl of Lenox escaped with difficulty to Cantire, where Bruce had already landed, and at this meeting it was agreed that they never again should separate.

“ In the mean time the King of England resumed his project of entirely subduing Scotland, and for this purpose the most active and expensive preparations were made. The army was divided into two parts, one commanded by the king himself, and the other by the Prince of Wales, and, under him the Earls of Lancaster and Hereford, with orders to proceed into the countries where Bruce was strongest, and to put all to the sword whom they suspected of favouring his party.

“ The Prince of Wales continuing his march northward, Bruce's queen began to

be alarmed for her own safety, and therefore took sanctuary with her daughter at the shrine of St. Duthac in Rossshire, but was there made prisoner by the Earl of Ross, who was of the English party. The queen was sent to London, and her daughter shut up in a religious house.

“The castle of Kildrommey was besieged by the Earls of Lancaster and Hereford, and the magazine being burnt by treachery, was obliged to surrender at discretion. The common men were hanged, and Sir Neil Bruce and the Earl of Athol sent prisoners to King Edward, who caused them to be hanged on a gallows fifty feet high, and then beheaded and burnt. The Countess of Buchan, who had crowned King Robert, was also taken, as was Lady Mary Bruce, the king’s sister. Some historians say that Edward caused these ladies to be shut up in wooden cages, and the one hung over the walls of Roxburgh Castle, and the other over those of Berwick.

“Many other of Bruce’s party were put to death, among whom were two of his brothers, and Bruce himself was in so distressed a state that it was even reported he

was dead. His misfortunes could not however intimidate him, or prevent him meditating a severe revenge against the destroyers of his family. Having remained concealed some time among the islands, during which he gathered together three hundred men, he resolved to surprise a fort belonging to the English on the Isle of Arran. This was performed with success, under the command of his friends the valiant Douglas and Sir Robert Boyde. King Robert immediately passed over into Arran, where, elated with this success, he increased the number of his men to four hundred, and instantly resolved to surprise his own castle in Carrick, which had been given by King Edward to Henry Percy. He soon drove out the intruders, and obtained possession, but, to his great vexation, met with but little support from the neighbouring country.

“Soon after this a lady of considerable fortune joined him, bringing with her forty warriors. From her he first learnt the particulars of his family misfortunes, which, instead of disheartening him, animated him with a double thirst of vengeance. As the

king had recovered his castle at Carrick, Douglas resolved to attempt the recovery of his at Douglas-dale, and for that purpose, on Palm-Sunday, repaired to St. Bride's Church, where with his men he surprised and overpowered the English, and at length obliged them to yield. Douglas then, without farther resistance, took possession of his own castle, which he found well stored with provisions and money, all of which he devoted to the king's use ; he next destroyed what he could not carry with him, as also the castle, which he knew it would be impossible to preserve.

“ In the next year, 1307, Robert twice defeated the English in two pitched battles. Edward, however, still resolved on conquest, though he was weakened by disease, proceeded towards Solway, but was so reduced that he could only advance six miles in four days, and at length expired in sight of that country which he had so often devoted to destruction. With his dying breath he gave orders that his body should accompany the army into Scotland, and remain unburied till that country was subdued ; but his son, perhaps more wisely, ordered it to be

conveyed to London, where it was laid in Westminster Abbey."

"My dear son," said Mrs. Thornhill, "I am sorry to interrupt you, but your brother Frederic, and Caroline, have far exceeded their hour; we must postpone the remainder until to-morrow evening."

"Oh, mamma," answered Frederic, "I am curious to hear how Bruce succeeded after King Edward's death."

"You will hear to-morrow; in the mean time think on what you have already heard, and give me your opinion respecting the characters before we enter on the story again.—For the present good night."

CONVERSATION XXI.

Comments on the Life of Robert Bruce—Continuation of the History—The Battle of Bannock-burn—Valour of Douglas and Randolph—Remarks on the History.

THE usual party assembled, George was preparing to satisfy the curiosity of his brother, when Mrs. Thornhill said, "I think, Frederic, you were, before we entered on

the story this evening, to give me your opinion on the subject."

"I think, mamma, Bruce was a great man, and did right to support his claim. The king of England had no business to seize on his country, and for Bruce's friends, I do not wonder he loved them, when they gave up all to share his fate."

"I thank you, Frederic," replied Mrs. Thornhill; "I think with you, that Robert Bruce was a valiant man, and that King Edward's desire of conquest was unpardonable, as the thirst of power involved two kingdoms in long and bloody wars. Bruce's offer to Comyn was also noble; but are not the greatest heroes most liable to commit the worst deeds? for such you must allow the murder of Comyn, though he had acted falsely. Bruce's flight from the court of Edward, and his causing his horses to be shod backwards, was commendable prudence; but the beheading of the poor fellow they met with on the road, appears gross injustice, for in all probability he was ignorant of the purport of his dispatches, being scarcely of consequence enough to be trusted. The coronation of Robert by the Coun-

tess of Buchan, is a proof how far the spirit of patriotism can carry all characters, when it made even a woman forget that the man she crowned had slain her near relation, and that she was acting in direct opposition to the will of her husband, who afterwards pursued Bruce with great inveteracy. There is no part of the history that I admire more than the courage with which Bruce bore his evil fortune; common minds sink in distress; great ones rise above it; and when bereft of his wife and daughter, that he should redouble his ardour, was to be expected from his character."

"Don't forget, mamma," said Frederic, "that King Edward caused Sir Neil Bruce and the Earl of Athol to be hanged, and behaved so ill to the poor Countess of Buchan, and Lady Mary Bruce.—It was very natural Sir Neil and Lady Mary should take the part of their brother."

"It was, and equally natural that Edward should be exasperated against them; but had he been truly great, he would not have stooped to such means of revenge. Historians differ in their opinion respecting these ladies—some say the Earl of Buchan

sought to kill his wife for her treason, but that Edward restrained him, and ordered her to be confined in a wooden cage. Another historian tells us, that she was only closely confined in Berwick castle; but the opinion most to be depended on is, from a letter under the privy seal to the chamberlain of Scotland, in which a cage is ordered to be constructed to confine the countess, as he, the chamberlain, or his deputy at Berwick, should be responsible with their lives, should she escape.

“You are not, my children, by this, to suppose a cage in which she could not stir, as in the same letter she was ordered to have two English women to attend her, and the convenience of a decent chamber. The place of her confinement, for the greater security, was ordered to be erected in one of the turrets of the castle, to be strongly latticed with wood, and cross-barred with iron.”

“Poor woman,” said Caroline, “I am glad she was not so shockingly treated as I at first thought, though, as you describe it, mamma, it must be very dreadful.”

“It doubtless was,” resumed Mrs. Thorn-

hill; “but to proceed, I have already remarked the effect of patriotism upon Lady Buchan; another example shewed itself in the lady who brought the forty warriors to assist Bruce. We will next notice the death of King Edward; what think you of that Frederic?”

“I think, mamma, if I was so near death as he was, I should not have thought of killing any one.”

“I hope you would not; poor man, even the weakness and pains of death could not overcome his desire of revenge and conquest. He could not die in charity with all men to breathe such a wish; and all we can hope is, that he met with more mercy than he was inclined to shew. If ever disobedience was excusable, it was in the case of Edward the Second, for sending the body to its proper receptacle; for, had it fallen into the hands of his enemies, which was possible, it could only have afforded them food for triumph.—But come, George, will you oblige us by continuing your relation.”

*Continuation of the History of Robert Bruce, King of
Scotland.*

“The death of so inveterate an enemy could not fail of raising the spirits of Bruce and his party ; and the new king of England, Edward the Second, having retreated into his own kingdom, Bruce immediately invaded Galloway, where the inhabitants refusing to acknowledge him, he laid waste their country ; but in a battle that followed, was himself defeated, and obliged to retire northward. Having recruited his army, he returned southward to retrieve his disgrace, and being attacked by the Earl of Buchan with a large army, he was fortunate enough to gain a complete victory. The successes Robert had met with, and the universal boldness of his character, now began to raise him many friends, and several great families of the Scots, who had adhered to the English cause, came over to him. His brother Edward Bruce defeated the inhabitants of Galloway ; and Douglas, roving among the mountains of Tweeddale, made prisoners of Thomas Randolph, King Robert’s ne-

phew, and Alexander Steward, of Bonk-hill, who had hitherto continued inimical to his interest. Randolph was brought before Bruce, but haughtily refused submission, and was therefore committed to prison.

“ The next exploit of Robert was against the Lord of Lorn, in which he was accompanied by Sir James Douglas, and obtained a complete victory. While Robert and his associates were thus gaining the admiration of their country, by the boldness of their exploits, the king of England, by the means of the bishop of St. Andrew’s, published against them a sentence of excommunication. This was, however, disregarded, and after a short truce the war was again renewed.

“ In the year 1310, Edward again invaded Scotland, but Robert carefully avoided a battle, well knowing that an invasion undertaken in autumn, would of itself destroy the heavy armed cavalry of the English ; a scarcity also prevailed, which soon reduced them to the greatest straits. The spirit of enterprise now communicated itself to all ranks of people in Scotland. In the year 1311, a poor peasant, named William Bin-

noch, surprised the castle of Linlithgow. The English garrison was secure, and kept but a slight guard, of which Binnoch being informed, concealed eight resolute men in a load of hay which he had been employed to drive into the castle. With only these, as soon as he got within the gates, he fell upon the guard, and became master of the place, which was immediately destroyed by Robert.

“ Bold with success, not content with defending his own country, Robert next invaded England, ravaged the bishoprick of Durham, and returned loaded with spoils and laid siege to Perth ; not succeeding in a regular siege, he, one dark night, procured scaling ladders, and approached the works with a chosen body of infantry ; at the head of his soldiers he waded through the ditch, though the water reached his throat, and was the second man who gained the top of the walls.

“ The town was then taken, plundered, and burnt, and the fortifications destroyed.

“ He then again invaded England, spreading universal devastation ; took the castle of Roxburgh, while the garrison were revel-

ling in the time of Lent, and slew the governor.

“In the mean time, Randolph, the king’s nephew, having made submission, was received into favour, and speedily distinguished himself in the cause of his country. With only thirty men he scaled the walls of the castle of Edinburgh, and reduced it to the command of his uncle.

“Robert’s friends increasing with his successes, he laid waste the county of Cumberland, and passing over into the Isle of Man, entirely subdued it.

“King Edward, harrassed with so troublesome an enemy, resolved again to attack him, and for that purpose raised a mighty army, collected his ships for the invasion, and engaged to his assistance O’Connor, chief of the Irish of Connaught, and twenty-six other Irish chiefs, the command of whom he bestowed on the Earl of Ulster. His barons also were summoned to attend him at Berwick, on the eleventh of June, and twenty-two thousand foot soldiers were required by proclamation, from the different counties.

“In the mean time Robert’s successes

still continued ; he reduced several strong castles, and at last laid siege to that of Sterling. The governor agreed to surrender, if he was not relieved before the 24th of June, 1314, to which Edward Bruce agreed, without consulting his brother, who was highly displeased at this rash treaty, which allowed the English time to assemble their utmost force, and obliged him to put all to the hazard of a single battle. Resolved, however, to abide by the agreement, and to meet the English on the appointed day, he collected his forces between Falkirk and Sterling ; they amounted to thirty thousand soldiers, besides fifteen thousand of an undisciplined rabble, who followed the camp eager to enlist under his standard. He determined to wait the English in a field, which had the brook or *burn* of Bannock on the right, and Sterling on the left. His chief dread was the English cavalry, and these he took every method to oppose. The banks of the brook were steep in many places, and the ground between it and Sterling was partly covered with wood ; the king therefore commanded many pits, of about a foot in breadth, and two or three feet deep, to be

dug in all parts where the calvary could pass; these were carefully covered with brush wood and sod, so that they might be easily overlooked by a rash and impetuous army.

“ On the 23d of June, the Scots received intelligence of the approach of the English army, which historians say consisted, horse and foot, of three hundred thousand warriors of different nations. Robert’s soldiers all fought on foot. He gave the command of the centre to Sir James Douglas, and Walter, the young steward of Scotland. His brother, Edward Bruce, commanded the right wing, and Randolph, the king’s nephew, the left, the king himself taking charge of the reserve. In a valley he placed the baggage and useless attendants of his army. Randolph having inadvertently suffered eight hundred men to pass him, to throw succours into Sterling, the king chid him for his imprudence, on which, eager to retrieve his disgrace, he hastily pursued them. As he advanced, the English wheeled to attack him; Randolph drew up his men in a circular form, holding out their spears on every side. At the first onset, the English commander was killed, but Ran-

dolph, who had only a small party, was surrounded on all sides. Douglas perceived his danger, and requested the king to let him go to his assistance, which the king consented to with reluctance. As Douglas approached, he saw the English falling into disorder, on which he called his men to stop, saying, 'Do not let us diminish the glory of Randolph, by sharing a victory which I see will be nobly won.'

"Robert was in the front of the line when the van guard of the English appeared; he was plainly dressed with a crown above his helmet, and a battle-axe in his hand. Henry de Bohun, an English knight completely armed, made forward, to encounter him; Robert did not decline the combat, and struck his antagonist so violently with his battle-axe, that he cleft him to the chin, after which the van guard retreated in confusion. When the Scottish generals blamed the king for his rashness in encountering Bohun, he replied, bluntly, 'Have I not enough without your chiding? see, I have broken my good battle-axe.'

"On the ensuing day (the 24th of June) the whole English army moved on to the

attack; King Edward himself commanding in chief. Maurice, abbot of Inchaffray, placed on an eminence, celebrated mass to the Scottish army, which, having performed, he passed along the front ranks barefoot, with a crucifix in his hand, exhorting the Scots to fight for their king, their rights, and liberty. The Scots received the exhortation on their knees, which being perceived at a distance by King Edward, he exclaimed, 'They yield—they yield:—see, they implore mercy.'—'They do,' answered Umfraville, one of his commanders, 'but they implore mercy of heaven, not of us—On that field they will conquer or die.'

“As both parties fought with the utmost rancour, the battle was sustained with great fury, until the Scots having defeated the archers, the English army was put into the utmost confusion, and the young and gallant Earl of Gloucester, endeavouring to rally the forces, was slain. At this critical moment, the rabble who attended the Scottish army, prompted by curiosity or a love of plunder, rushed forward, and completed the discomfiture of the English, who, taking them for a body of fresh troops, fled in all directions, by which means the battle was

irretrievably lost, and the king forced to quit the field. Sir James Douglas, with sixty horsemen, pursued King Edward closely; he however, with great difficulty, got safe to Dunbar, where he was received by the Earl of March, who protected him till he could be got safe to England.

“Such was the memorable battle of Bannock-burn, the greatest defeat the English ever sustained from the Scots. On the side of the latter, no persons of note were slain, except Sir William Vipont, and Sir Walter Ross, the most respected friend of Edward Bruce, who was so grievously afflicted at the loss, that he exclaimed—‘Oh, that this day’s work were undone, so Ross had not died!’ On the English side were slain twenty-seven barons and bannerets, and twenty-two taken prisoners; of knights were killed forty-two, and sixty taken prisoners; of esquires there fell seven hundred, and the number of common men, who were killed or taken prisoners, could never be estimated. The Welch who had served in the English army were scattered over the country, and cruelly butchered by the Scottish peasants. The English who had taken re-

fuge among the rocks, surrendered at discretion. The castle of Sterling was given up, and the privy seal of England fell into the hands of the King of Scotland. The spoils of the English camp were immense, and, joined with the ransom of the noble prisoners, enriched the conquerors. Robert shewed great generosity to the prisoners that fell to his share, releasing some without ransom, and greatly alleviating the distress of all; the dead bodies of the Earl of Gloucester and Lord Clifford were sent to England. A Carmelite priest, who was a poet, and whom King Edward had brought with him to record his triumphs, was taken prisoner, and obliged to celebrate the victory of Robert over the English, by which he obtained his pardon. After the battle, the Earl of Hereford retreated to the castle of Bothwell, but was obliged to surrender to Edward Bruce. This nobleman was afterwards exchanged for the wife, sister, and daughter of the king, who had suffered an imprisonment of seven years.

“Determined to pursue the fortune which was so favourable to them, Edward Bruce and Douglas entered England, spreading

desolation wherever they came, and enriching their men with plunder.

“Unable to stop these ravages, King Edward sent ambassadors to treat for peace, but the Scots were too much elated with success to make concessions, and the English were not sufficiently humbled to yield to their demands; the ravages were therefore renewed, and the Scots continued their devastations.

“In the year 1315, the Scots were not so prosperous; they plundered Durham and Hartlepool, but were repulsed from Carlisle and Berwick. The Irish of Ulster, oppressed by the English government, called in the assistance of King Robert, offering to acknowledge his brother Edward as their sovereign. The offer of a crown inflamed the ambition of Edward, whose valour made no account of difficulties: and, assisted by his brother with six thousand men, he passed over to Ireland; the event proved unfortunate; Edward, after performing and suffering more than could have been expected from human nature, was at last defeated and slain, his body quartered, and his head presented to King Edward. Ro-

bert himself went to Ireland to assist his brother, when the English, taking advantage of his absence, sent the Earl of Arundel with a powerful army to disturb the public tranquillity, but the valiant Douglas attacked and defeated him with great loss. The governor of Berwick next wasted Tweeddale, and was returning home loaded with spoil, but was pursued by Douglas, defeated, and killed. Soon after this, intelligence was conveyed to Douglas, that Robert Neville boasted that he would encounter him wherever he saw his banner displayed. Douglas did not long delay to give him an opportunity; he advanced toward Berwick, displayed his banner, and burnt some villages. Neville, in consequence, took the field, encountered Douglas, and was defeated and killed. In the mean time the English invaded Scotland, and landed in the Frith of Forth. Five hundred Scots attempted to oppose them; but, intimidated at their numbers, fled, until the bishop of Sinclair, who happened to meet the fugitives, by his reproaches, obliged them to rally: he led them up to the charge, and drove the English back to their vessels.

For this exploit Robert conferred on him the title of the *King's Bishop*.

“ In the year 1317, by the machinations of King Edward, a bull was issued by the pope, commanding a two years truce between the English and Scots. Robert allowed the cardinals, who were the messengers, to declare his holiness's commands, but refused to read the sealed letters, as they were addressed to the *governor*, not to the *king* of Scotland.—‘ I am in possession of the kingdom of Scotland,’ said he, ‘ my people call me king, and foreign princes address me as such. Had you presumed to present such letters to any other sovereign, you might perhaps have been answered in a harsher style, but, though offended, I regard you as messengers of the holy see.’

“ Though abashed by this reply, the cardinals determined to proclaim the papal truce in Scotland, and for that purpose employed a monk at Berwick, to convey letters to the bishops of Scotland. The monk found the king at the borders, preparing to attack Berwick; and in obedience to his orders proclaimed the truce, but was soon glad to desist without delivering his letters, only

craving a safe conduct back to Berwick, or to be suffered to pass into Scotland. Both were refused, and he set out alone; but in his return to Berwick was attacked by robbers, or some who pretended to be so, and was robbed of all his parchments and instructions and the pope's bull torn without any regard to its sacredness.

"Robert, with Randolph and Douglas, soon after took the town and castle of Berwick, penetrated into Yorkshire, and burnt and destroyed all the principal places.

"Determined to intimidate the Scottish nation, Edward obtained from the pope an excommunication against *Robert Bruce and his adherents*. Having succeeded in this, he endeavoured to prejudice other powers against them, but failing in that attempt, he once more resolved on war. Collecting a strong power, with the most murderous engines that human invention could devise, Edward then attacked Berwick, but, after an ineffectual siege, was obliged to retire with great loss.

"This defeat forced the King of England to think of peace, and a truce was accordingly agreed on.

“The pope, finding that Robert would not be terrified into submission, advised Edward to make the best terms he could. A negotiation accordingly took place, but terminated ineffectually, and all the horrors of war were renewed. The English invaded Scotland, and the Scots invaded England; each party striving which could commit the most devastation, until, after a considerable time, Edward’s army returned to England. In their retreat, they were pursued by the Scots, when Douglas undertook to force their camp, in which bold undertaking he succeeded, seconded by Randolph: the English were driven to the very gates of York, and abandoned all their baggage and treasure to the enemy. Disheartened by such repeated losses, Edward agreed to a cessation of arms, but wished in the treaty to avoid giving Robert the title of king. This agreement was to hold for three years, but Robert would not consent to it unless in full form, and it was accordingly ratified in the treaty under the title of Robert, king of Scotland.

“In the year 1327, Edward the Second was deposed, and succeeded by his son Ed-

ward the Third, then in his fifteenth year; he renewed the negociations for peace with the Scots, but these failing, Douglas and Randolph again invaded England with an army of twenty thousand horsemen, against which Edward led an army of at least thirty thousand men, assembled at Durham. The Scots proceeded with the utmost cruelty, the English tracing their progress by the smoke and flames of the burning towns and villages they passed through. Missing, however, of the Scots, they resolved to post themselves on the north bank of the river Tyne, and intercept them on their return; here again they were disappointed, and at length it was resolved for them to proceed southward, which they did for some days, without any tidings of the enemy; at length they learnt where they were, and hastened to meet them. The Scots were advantageously posted upon a rising ground, having the river Were in front, and the flank of their army secured by rocks and precipices. The English having in vain endeavoured to allure the Scots from their strong hold, King Edward at length sent a message to Douglas and Randolph—‘Either,’ said he, ‘suf-

fer me to pass the river, and leave me room for ranging my forces; or do you pass the river, and I will leave you room to range your's, and thus we shall fight on equal terms.'

"To this the Scottish commanders answered, 'We will do neither—On our road hither, we have burnt and spoiled the country, and now we are here fixed, while to us it seems good; if the king of England is offended, let *him* come over and chastise us; we are ready to receive him.'

"The armies had continued in sight of each other for two days, when the Scots decamped at midnight, and posted themselves two miles further in a spot yet more difficult of access. The English followed and encamped opposite to them. Here at midnight Douglas undertook a most desperate enterprize, somewhat resembling those of the ancient heroes. With only two hundred horsemen he reached the English camp, and entered it disguised as a commander calling the rounds. Having thus eluded the centinels, he passed into the royal quarters, overthrew all that opposed him, and furiously assaulted the king's tent. The do-

mestics of Edward desperately defended their master, and his chaplain, with many more of his household, were slain, during which conflict the king himself escaped, and Douglas, disappointed of his purpose, which was to take the king prisoner, rushed through the enemy, and effected a retreat with inconsiderable loss.

“The following morning the English learnt, from a prisoner, that orders had been issued through the Scottish camp, for all the men to be ready to follow the banner of Douglas; on which, apprehending an attack in the night, they prepared for battle, keeping a strict watch, but in the morning they were informed the Scots had decamped during the darkness of the night, and totally destroyed their camp. When the young king of England was assured of the truth of this information, he burst into tears; for the enterprize, which had thus terminated in disappointment and dishonour, had cost an immense sum, and taking his way to York, he there disbanded his army.

“Wearied with these perpetual losses and disappointments, King Edward, in the year 1328, consented to a perpetual truce be-

tween the kingdoms, a mutual indemnification taking place; and, to make the whole more secure and amicable, it was agreed, that the king's sister Johanna should be contracted to David, the infant son and heir of Robert. Their marriage was celebrated the same year.

“ On the seventh of June, 1329, died Robert Bruce, unquestionably the greatest of all the Scottish monarchs. His death appears to have been occasioned by the excessive fatigues of military service, which brought on an inveterate scurvy, which terminated his life at the age of fifty-five.

“ It now remains only to tell you of the fate of the king's long-tried and sincere friends, Randolph and Douglas. King Robert, just before his death, requested that his heart might be deposited in our Saviour's Sepulchre, at Jerusalem. On this errand the great commander Douglas was employed, and in June, 1330, sailed with a numerous and splendid retinue. He anchored at Sluys, in Flanders, where he expected to find companions in his pilgrimage, but learning that the king of Castile was engaged in a war with the Moors, he could not resist

the opportunity of signalizing himself against the enemies of christianity.

“ He met with an honourable reception at the court of Spain, and readily obtained leave to fight in the cause of christianity. The Spaniards first came in sight of the enemy on the frontiers of Andalusia, and a battle ensued, in which the Moors were defeated. Douglas, with his usual impetuous valour, pursued them, and throwing among them the casket which contained the heart of his sovereign, he cried aloud—‘ Now pass thou onward as thou wert wont, thou noble heart, Douglas will follow thee or die.’—The fugitives at that moment rallied and surrounded Douglas, who, with a few of his followers, was killed in attempting to rescue Sir Walter Sinclair, of Roslin. With great reverence his body was brought back to Scotland, and solemnly interred in the church of Douglas. His countrymen perpetuated his memory by the epithet of the good Sir James Douglas. He was one of the greatest commanders of the age, and is said to have been engaged in seventy battles, fifty-seven of which he gained, and was defeated in thirteen. Of him it is re-

ported, that meeting with an officer at the court of Spain, who had his face quite disfigured with scars, the latter said to him—‘It astonishes me, that you, who are said to have seen so much service, should have no marks or wounds on your face.’ Douglas replied, ‘Thank heaven, I had always an arm to protect my face.’

“Now to speak of Randolph.—After the death of King Robert, in consequence of an act passed for that purpose, he assumed the regency during the minority of the king. In his new character he behaved in the most exemplary manner, and worthy of the trust reposed in him by his uncle Robert. He secured the public tranquillity in the most perfect manner: a severe exercise of justice was now rendered not only necessary, but indispensable; for the common people, accustomed to plunder and bloodshed, having now no foreign enemies, robbed and plundered one another. Randolph punished these crimes with the greatest severity, he made the most salutary laws, and, had his life been prolonged, would, no doubt, have nobly supported the honour and interest of the young king.

“Three years after King Robert’s death some of the Scottish barons, who had lost their estates in the controversy, resolved to invade Scotland, and for this purpose, with the private consent of King Edward, raised an army. Randolph marched to receive them, but fell sick and died at Musselburgh, on the twentieth of July, 1332. The bravery of his character, and the justice with which he acted during his regency, made him universally regretted throughout his country, of which he was a distinguished honour.”

“Such, my dear Frederic, is the history of Robert Bruce and his friends Douglas and Randolph. You are fond of heroes, and I know not where you can select three that more truly deserve the name.”

“Well, Frederic,” said Mrs. Thornhill, “what think you of the life of King Robert? Consider of the most material events, and give me your opinion.”

“I am glad he overcame his enemies, mamma,” replied Frederic. “At the battle of Bannock-burn he was very courageous, and among the foremost of his army;

and was not the behaviour of Douglas very great when he drew back to let Randolph gain the glory?"

"Before you proceed further," answered Mrs. Thornhill, "I will reply, lest we should forget the circumstances, if we embrace too many at once.—The conduct of Robert, at Bannock-burn, was such as we naturally expect from great and distinguished characters. He scorned to screen himself from danger more than the meanest of his men, and even jested on breaking his battle-axe—could you have done so, Frederick?"

"Dear mamma, I hope I shall never kill any one."

"You must then relinquish all thoughts of being a warrior. The conduct of Douglas I think, with yourself, truly great and worthy the friendship that apparently subsisted between him and Randolph.—For Edward Bruce, his affection for Ross must indeed be great, when it could induce him to wish the victory undone, so that his friend had not fallen; for the strong passion of heroism usually deadens the gentler ones of the heart."

“Now, mamma,” said Frederic, “I know you will be pleased at the behaviour of Robert after the battle ; he was so humane to the prisoners, and his even causing the bodies of the Earl of Gloucester and Lord Clifford to be sent to England, was very good—and how pleased he must be to see his queen, daughter, and sister, return to Scotland, after so long an absence.”

“You judge truly, my son,” replied Mrs. Thornhill ; “mercy, I think the greatest glory of a conqueror ; and justly does our great poet Shakespear liken that quality to ‘the gentle dew of heaven.’—Robert’s happiness in meeting his family must indeed be great, but think you not that it met with some drawback, when he remembered the sufferings his ambition had made them encounter, during so long an imprisonment ?”

“Ah, mamma, it must indeed ; had it been you and my sisters, I think it would have broken my heart. For Edward Bruce, it was very natural he should wish to be a king, particularly as the sovereignty was offered him ; I was quite sorry when he was killed, and the more so, as his head was sent to his enemy, King Edward.”

“The paths of ambition, my dear child, howsoever to the sight they may appear flowery, are full of danger, and a warrior, according to my opinion, should always expect death, as one of the natural consequences of his profession. That the head of Edward Bruce should be sent to the king of England, was indeed mortifying to the pride of his relatives ; but his poor senseless clay was insensible of the insult, and such acts of unfeeling cruelty are a greater disgrace to those who perform them, than to the object they mean to degrade.”

“What think you, mamma, of the bishop that forced the flying troops to rally, and led them on to drive back the enemy to their ships ?”

“To defend ourselves and country when attacked, is the natural duty of all men,” answered she, “and as there was no other person present, equal or willing to undertake the task, I think he acted right and nobly.”

“And did not Robert act properly by the pope, mamma ? And also by the king of England, in making them acknowledge his title ?” said Frederic.

“He acted worthy the rank he assumed, but he did not long enjoy the sweets of peace.”

“Only one short year; I was quite sorry for that.”

“He reigned, I think,” said Mrs. Thornhill, “twenty-three years, during the whole of which time, the last year excepted, the nation was torn with contentions, and deluged with blood, the dearest ties of consanguinity were broken, and husbands went to the wars never to return. That Robert was unquestionably one of the greatest men of his time, must be allowed, and a most experienced warrior: he gained the end he sought—a crown—but surely his might be denominated a painful weight, for his life was one continual series of vexation and fatigue, and which in all probability ended his days before the common course of nature.—Now, Frederic, consider a moment, whether you think Robert, graced with all the honours that he had so bravely won, was in reality as happy as he might have been in a more humble station, blessed with a sufficiency, and surrounded by his family and those friends so justly dear to him.”

“Indeed he could not. But what, mamma, do you think of Douglas and Randolph?”

“I leave them to your brother; he will give us his opinion respecting them.”

“Every objection you have brought against King Robert, my dear madam,” said George, “will hold good against Douglas and Randolph; but as they are my heroes, particularly the first, I shall not give them up easily.—Randolph had the ties of blood to bind him to the fortunes of Robert; but a stronger proof of disinterested friendship than Douglas shewed, cannot, I think, be produced. He had no crown to obtain, and devoted even his private fortune to the cause of his friend, and gave up all the comforts of social life to follow his fortune. That he was a brave warrior, as well as a skilful commander, must be allowed, and as to the devastation that he and Randolph spread over the north of England, I think, if you consider the barbarity of the times, they are not to be wondered at, when, even in this age of civilization, war is equally carried on by fire and sword. That Douglas fought from principle is plain,

or he had not engaged after the king's death against the Moors, in that fatal battle in which he lost his life. His attachment to the king is even there visible, for, in the enthusiasm of the moment, he wished *his* heart to be the leader to honour and conquest ; in short, to sum up the character of Douglas, he will in all ages be handed down to posterity, as an example of valour and friendship."

"Now for your other hero," said Mrs. Thornhill.

"Randolph," resumed George, "when taken prisoner and brought before his uncle, replied with a haughtiness, which, added to his future attachment to him, shewed that, in the latter case, he acted from a conviction of the justice of his cause, rather than from any selfish motive to himself.—The partner and friend of Douglas, they esteemed each other without those mean fears of superiority that dwell in little minds; and, great in peace as well as in war, his regency was conducted with such skill and justice, that it gave general satisfaction; he protected the poor and punished the op-

pressor, and his death was a severe loss to his country."

"As I cannot controvert what you have advanced in favour of your heroes, we must close our observations," answered Mrs. Thornhill, kissing her younger children, and bidding them good night.

CONVERSATION XXII.

Virtuous Simplicity, or the generous Domestic.

"MY dear mother," said Amelia, "have I not heard you say there is some remarkable events in the 1st of Doctor Burnet and his sister?"

"You have, and as they are such as they would not hesitate to tell you themselves, I will relate them to you, as they will inculcate the useful lesson of cultivating the affection of those, heaven may, for a time, have placed in subjection to you."

"Oh, pray tell us, mamma," said Caroline.

"Doctor Burnet, though still a young man, is high in the church," said George.

“Mr. Pennant speaks of him as uncommonly pious, and learned. I have never seen him since I was of an age to form any opinion of his merits.”

“He has promised me a visit the ensuing summer,” replied Mrs Thornhill, “when I hope to make you acquainted: Mr. Pennant, who well knew him some years ago, informed you truly, and though it is supposed he will, on the first vacancy, be made a bishop, he is not ashamed to own he received the first rudiments of his education from an old woman, whose pious example gave his young mind the bent of religion, from which it has never swerved.—But to begin.

Virtuous Simplicity, or the generous Domestic.

“You already know I was brought up with my grandmother, Mrs. Boston; her constant custom was to go always to prayers at church, not only on Sunday, but on the days of the week on which there was divine service. Our parish was not large, and every individual in it, when I was twelve

years old, was known to me, except the inhabitants of a very poor cottage that stood on a common, about half a mile from Heath house. These consisted of a respectable looking woman, of between sixty and seventy, and two children, a boy and girl, the first of the age of six, the second, two years younger. This family first attracted my grandmother's notice, by their regular attendance at church, and also by their dress, which was deep mourning. The old woman's cloaths were nothing superior, either in materials or shape, to those of the villagers; but the children's, though by no means fine, were made in a better form, and put on with peccet neatness, and their linen as white as snow. My curiosity was also excited by my usual, if I walked on an evening, seeing this family seated round a turf grave in the church yard, sometimes in conversation, and sometimes the lad reading psalms to the old woman, whom I could hear he called Trueman. My grandmother, to gratify my wishes, at length questioned the curate respecting them, but he knew but little more than ourselves, except that they came into the neighbourhood

about a year and a half before, at which period there was with them a young genteel woman, but apparently sickly, and who had been dead about six months. The old woman, he said, knit, spun, and made lace, by which means he supposed she gained a livelihood.

“ Though my curiosity still remained respecting this family, I know not whether it would not have sunk into forgetfulness, had I not been one evening passing the churchyard, when I heard Trueman speaking uncommonly severe to the children. The hedge that separated us, and concealed me from them, was of yew, but, broken in places, I could both hear and see all that passed. Listening, I confess, was a pitiful subterfuge, and had they been in a place less public, I should not have stooped to it, but I conjectured there could be no secrets discussed, in a spot which was occasionally a common thoroughfare.

“ The old woman was seated on a rise by the turf-made grave, and by her side, the little girl, who by her gestures appeared entreating for her brother, whom the dame was severely lecturing on some account.

The boy sobbed as if his heart was breaking, but the old woman appeared regardless of his tears, and continued her reproof.—
 ‘To get over farmer Blackburn’s stile, and pick up a pocket full of his apples,’ said she, ‘is being a thief:—Sidney Burnet, a robber!’ added she, with increased acrimony—
 ‘But your dear mother is happy; she cannot now blush for your wickedness.’

“The boy’s heart appeared too much oppressed for speech; he threw himself on the turf, and absolutely groaned with anguish, but the old woman spared none of her well-timed severity; in the most simple but energetic terms, she pointed out the sin of taking the smallest part of another’s property, and at length concluded with saying—‘You are orphan children, and God has left you no friend but a poor old woman; yet remember your father, though not rich, was a worthy gentleman, and your mother as good a lady as ever trod the earth.’ As the dame continued, the lad became sufficiently composed to throw himself into her arms; he clung round her neck, and repeatedly promised to give her no future cause of complaint. I had no sooner witnessed

their apparent reconciliation, than I took the way homeward, where I did not conceal from my grandmother the scene I had observed : she chid me slightly for my curiosity, but concluded with saying, that the good woman's constant attendance at church had prepossessed her in her favour, and what I had heard confirmed her opinion.

“ The ensuing morning, as we were walking through the village, we met the dame and her young pupils ; my grandmother immediately stopped and said—‘ Though I am unacquainted with you, you will excuse my addressing you. My grand-daughter is so anxious to know your young people, that I should consider it as a favour, if you will suffer them to pass a day with us when convenient.’

“ My grandmother had a friendly kindness in her manner, that could scarcely fail of interesting, and Trueman immediately accepted the offer with thanks. Two days after the children passed the day with us, when if we admired the gentleness of their disposition, we yet more admired the foundation of probity that the simple lessons of

Trueman had already fixed in their minds. The boy read correctly for his age, the girl could spell and read short sentences; they knew their prayers and catechism tolerably, and repeated several psalms.

"These proofs of early-implanted piety so charmed my grandmother, that she declared she should be happy to be acquainted with Trueman, who, in whatever station fortune might have placed her, was a worthy servant to her Creator, and an honour to human nature.

"In the course of the afternoon, conversing with the boy, I said, 'you usually sit in the church yard, when the evenings are fine; I think I have seen you there?'

"'Yes,' answered Sidney, which was the child's name, 'Trueman takes us there, and if nobody is walking about, hears us our psalms and catechism, and if we are naughty,' continued he, casting down his eyes, 'she tells us of it there; and though mamma cannot now hear, because she is in heaven, it is very dreadful; if Trueman were to be angry with us at home, it would not make me half so sorry, but when I am naughty, to be told of it over my dear mam-

ma's grave, is ready to break my heart, for I then remember how grieved she would have been to see me wicked.'

"Much more discourse of the same kind passed during the day, and so entirely interested my grandmother in Trueman's favour, that she insisted on her dining with us every Sunday, a favour the poor woman with great difficulty accepted. As more known she became doubly estimable; though without education, she was polite and modest, and her unembellished precepts of virtue, such as might have dignified the highest rank.

"In a manner peculiar to good minds, my grandmother contrived to do this family many little acts of kindness. She regularly sent them milk, eggs, butter, and fruit, and all the flax and wool which Trueman spun was disposed of to the best advantage.

"Thus treated, the good woman had no concealments, but, with many tears, one day informed us how she came to be our neighbour.

" 'From the age of twelve years,' said she, 'I lived servant with Mr. Johnson, a clergyman, and father to my honoured mis-

tréss, Captain Burnet's lady. At the time of their marriage, they were both orphans, and their whole fortune his commission; but surely, if goodness of heart and sweetness of temper could have secured worldly happiness, theirs would not have been broken; but God disposes all for the best, and though we cannot avoid grieving, it is sinful and vain to repine. My beloved mistress was an excellent oeconomist, and I loved her interest dearer than my own; so that not only a respectable house was supported by the captain's pay, but also an appearance proper to maintain his honour.

“ At length the fatal war with America broke out, and the captain was ordered to join his regiment; Sidney was then three years old, and Betsey near two. My mistress, alas! never received but one letter from him; he was ordered to make some very particular observations respecting the enemy, and passing a wood with only a few of his men, was beset and cut off by a body of Indians.

“ My mistress's sorrow at this intelligence was very severe, and the grief with which she used to look at her children might have

pierced the hardest heart: she had no resource but her pension as a captain's widow, and though we redoubled our oeconomy, we could not help being involved in debt. What grieved me worse than all, was to see her daily decline, and the doctors, a year after the captain's death, declared that her native air could alone save her from a consumption. She was born about twenty miles from this place, and appeared to approve the idea of settling in the country, but the debts that had unavoidably been contracted delayed the execution.

“The creditors became pressing, and she had no means to satisfy them but the sale of her furniture, and that would deprive her and the dear children of a home. To consult her in a scheme I had formed, I knew was unavailing; she would never have consented; I therefore resolved to act as my heart prompted, and when I had completed my purpose, to acquaint her with it.

“I had saved, in near fifty years servitude, an hundred pounds; I had no relations, and die when I would, I meant it for the dear babes, who were as natural to me as if they were my own. It was in the bank; I

sold it out, went round and paid the debts in her name, and took receipts, and when she had dined, with the lightest heart I ever felt in my life, I said, 'Dear madam, there is nothing now to hinder your going into the country; the furniture sold will supply us with money, and though I am old, I can knit and spin, the produce of which, added to your annuity, will support us in the north with comfort.'

"Oh, madam! she wept so bitterly that I thought her heart would have broken; she said she had a thousand times rather have gone to prison with her children, than have robbed me, as she called it, of the labour of my whole life. God knows, I answered her sincerely, that I would rather share poverty with her, than riches with any one else; that she had loved me as a child, and that I loved her better than any other creature upon earth. At length I succeeded in making her more composed, and we lost no time; the furniture was sold, and near a year and a half since we came into Cumberland, when not finding a place so well suited to our finances as this cottage, we hired it. Alas! I had flattered myself with vain hopes;

the air had no effect on my beloved mistress; she grew daily worse, and eight months since resigned her gentle spirit to her Creator.—Oh, madam ! at first I was as one without hope ; when I looked on her inanimate clay, my brain burnt and I shed no tears, but when the dear infants clung round me, I wept for hours, my head cooled, and I said to myself—‘ Repining woman ! remember the promises made to thee by the holy psalmist—*Never shall the righteous man be forsaken, nor his children beg their bread.*’

“ I must pass over the funeral of my dear mistress ; it was the heaviest duty she ever claimed from me, and had not God supported me I must have sunk under it. I wrote to the agent in town the news of her death, and inclosed some few lines she had written, ordering him to pay what arrears were due to me. He remitted the exact amount, which was eight pounds, and which I paid for laying her beloved remains in the earth ; and now, in spite of my utmost industry, poverty began to threaten us, yet I know not how, but my heart did not sink as formerly. I need not say my forebodings

were not deceived; God did send us a friend, and that friend is yourself."

"Such, my children, was Trueman's narrative; time, however, has erased her simple but energetic language from my remembrance, and obliged me to substitute my own. Yet her person, even now, memory brings before me, as on a Sunday she came to dinner. Tall and thin, her figure bent, her features prominent, but soft and unassuming, her complexion pale, her air pensive, her dress a grey camblet gown, which my grandmother had presented her with, a white cloth apron, and a black silk handkerchief. On her head a velvet hood, and under it a muslin coif, as white as snow, the border of which fell over a few grey hairs, which shaded her temples, both equally a foil to set off the blackness of the velvet-hood.

"A similarity of disposition attached my grandmother and Trueman to each other, so that the young people passed a great deal of their time at our house, where they soon became my pupils, and, to my great pride and satisfaction, improved rapidly.

"I had known this family about fifteen

months, when one morning I walked to the cottage to fetch them to dine with us. Having an inclination to prolong my walk with the young people, Trueman left us to go to my grandmother, while we crossed the common, and continued our way along the road. Sidney jumped briskly before us, and Betsey kept hold of my hand, when a horseman, who was on the point of passing, suddenly stopped, and asked the way to the village. I pointed to the white steeple for his direction, and he moved his hat, but again checking his horse, he added,—‘Par-
don me, Miss, but can you tell me if an aged woman, of the name of Trueman, lives in the village?’
“‘She does,’ replied I, ‘but she is not now at home; she is with my grandmother; if you wish to see her, any one will direct you to Heath House.’
“‘My dear young lady,’ answered he, ‘your gentleness will excuse the trouble I give; you appear to know her, has she any children with her?’
“‘These two belong to her,’ replied I.
“‘To her—to her!’ repeated he, in a

quick voice, and as if he gasped for breath,
 ‘what are their names?’

“‘Sidney and Elizabeth Burnet.’

“I know not how he got off his horse, for the action was so swift that he alarmed me; he caught Sidney in his arms, and burst into a flood of tears. For some moments he remained silent, but at length exclaimed — ‘They are my own; all that remains of my beloved wife! Oh, my children! my children! Grief and joy at once overpower me; after all my misfortunes, to find two such beautiful blossoms. Yet, oh misery of thought, the parent tree is reduced to dust.’

“Young Sidney hung about his father; for such it was, and wept he knew not why, unless that the caresses of the stranger won his young heart to sympathy.

“For myself I was so overpowered with surprise that I could not speak, for never at that period had I experienced such a flow of delight as I felt at that moment.

“‘And you, my little cherub,’ continued he, snatching Betsey, who shrunk from him, to his bosom, ‘you have the features of your excellent mother. Oh!’ added he, ‘may

heaven enable me to bring you up in a manner which, living, she would have approved.'

"In the mingled sensations of satisfaction and bitter remembrances, Mr. Burnet never missed his horse, which, let loose, had set forward to the village, and for myself I was so lost in surprise, that it was equally unnoticed by me; but somewhat more collected, I entreated him to accompany us to Heath House, where he would find Trueman.

"He looked at me a moment without reply; he confessed afterwards he scarcely thought himself authorised to intrude on the invitation of one so young as myself; he however yielded to it, and we walked forward; a countryman we met was employed to seek the horse, and we reached home.

"Fortunately Trueman was engaged with my grandmother when we entered. I was too happy to be prudent; Mr. Burnet however remarked, that seeing him suddenly might alarm the good old woman, as she thought him dead, and entreated permission to speak first to my grandmother.

“I immediately fetched her; he informed her, that, in the skirmish in which he had been supposed to lose his life, he had been severely wounded in the leg, and taken prisoner; had been driven to the back settlements, where his wound, improperly treated, added to want of necessary food, had made him so lame, that, for more than two years he had been unable to endeavour to make his escape. When sufficiently recovered, though he constantly watched for an opportunity, none offered that was feasible for many months, during which time he had been driven further up the country. At length an occasion presented, and though he feared being retaken and slain, he resolved to embrace it; and after a wearisome journey of five weeks, during which he suffered innumerable difficulties, he reached an encampment of the English, at which time he was almost reduced to the last extremity. Barely staying to recruit his strength, he obtained leave to return to England, where he immediately, by his agent, learnt the death of his wife, also where Trueman resided, and departed in pursuit of her.—Such was the substance of his account, after

which, and many congratulations, my grandmother entreated him to take comfort, and receive the good with the evil of this life, as became a christian; she then left him with the children, and again joined Trueman. My grandmother seating herself, and taking up her work, said calmly—‘I have just received a visitor from America; he is an officer of the same regiment in which Captain Burnet served, was in the same skirmish with the Indians, but being wounded in the leg, was taken a prisoner, and, after severe sufferings, at length made his escape.’

“Trueman laid down her knitting—‘Ah, madam,’ said she, ‘perhaps he saw my master fall—Good man, his honoured remains were left a prey to wild beasts.’

“‘My friend did not see Captain Burnet fall,’ answered my grandmother, ‘it is more than probably he also escaped.’

“‘To die among barbarians!’ said Trueman,—‘dear virtuous pair,’ added she, raising her eyes, ‘they are joined in that country, where war shall never more part them.’

“‘At your age and mine, Trueman, strong surprises of joy may be more fatal than grief.—You have borne sorrow like a chris-

tion, bear joy with equal moderation.—
Your beloved master lives, and will speedily express his gratitude for all your kindness.

“Trueman was then informed of the whole truth: this virtuous domestic, or, more properly, sincere friend, felt the return of Mr. Burnet with the most heartfelt joy, and though they mingled their sorrows over the grave of Mrs. Burnet, the affection both felt for the children of that lamented lady, softened the bitterness of their affliction.

“My grandmother would take no denial, and Mr. Burnet was our visitor for two months, at the end of which period he went to London, leaving his family still in the country. His leg was at times painful, and he obtained leave to retire on his half pay. Anxious, lest by his death his children should again be without resource, he engaged as first clerk in a mercantile house, in the city of York; where, when he had remained ten years, he was admitted a partner, and two years after, the principal dying a bachelor, left him a fortune of twenty-two thousand pounds. His son and daughter had received every advantage which edu-

cation can bestow, and by their improvement and duty, rewarded his cares; the first you know is high in the church, the latter is happily settled in life. Mr. Burnet is still living—For Trueman, she has been dead many years, but, to the time of her death, Mr. Burnet considered her as a parent, and in every degree treated her as such, both in her life and after death, for she is placed by the side of her beloved mistress, where, by his own desire, his dust is also hereafter to be laid.”

“Thank you, my dear mother,” said Amelia, “I am already prepared to respect Mr. Burnet and his sister.”

“Now,” said Caroline, “I love poor Trueman dearly; she was a good creature to take such care of the children.”

“True,” replied Mrs. Thornhill, “but the reason is obvious; she had lived many years with Mrs. Burnet and her family. Good treatment begets affection; had they been harsh and unfeeling to her, she would never have loved them as she did.”

“No, certainly,” answered Frederic, “but it was very dreadful to be chid for their faults over their mother’s grave.”

“I have heard Mr. Burnet say,” replied Mrs. Thornhill, “that it made an impression never to be erased from his mind, in which case, however painful, it was salutary. Trueman loved them sincerely, and used to tremble at the smallest idea of danger to them, yet she never let any of their errors pass unnoticed, and severely rebuked whatever she thought amiss. Real affection for children does not consist in gratifying their inclinations, but in endeavouring to eradicate every propensity to evil, and to carefully cultivate every bud of virtue. Trueman had not the advantage of education, and naturally pursued the lesson of rectitude implanted in her own heart. If Mr. Burnet had never returned, and God had prolonged her life to a period to bring up his children, she would, doubtless, never have made them learned, but I have no doubt she would have made them pious, and consequently worthy members of society. All the faculties bestowed on her, she exercised in their behalf, and consequently may be compared to the good steward, in the scripture, who doubled the talent he had received in trust from his lord.—But it grows late—Good night my dear children.”

CONVERSATION XXIII.

*The Life of Castruccio Castracani, the Italian General—
Anecdotes of young Biron—The Doctor and the Mimic.*

"MY dear madam," said George, addressing Mrs. Thornhill, "Frederic, some days since, gave us so accurate an account of the Bannian tree, that we have every right to call upon him regularly."

"True, it has not escaped my memory. What, Frederic, can you favour us with to-day?"

"I have been reading the life of a celebrated Italian General; if you please I will relate it."

"Do so; you will oblige us all."

The Life of Castruccio Castracani.

"This great man's parents were unknown, for he was left when an infant in a vineyard, at Lucca in Florence, in the year 1284. A widow lady, named Dianora, walking, discovered him concealed among a heap of vine leaves, and, prompted by humanity, immediately took charge of him. Dianora,

was sister to Antonio, a canon of St. Michael, in Lucca. They were of the illustrious family of Castracani, and having no children, resolved to bring up the infant as their own, and therefore gave him their family name. They intended him for a priest, but he was scarcely fourteen years old when he shewed such a decided preference for military sports and strong exercise, that they give up their intention. Two factions, named the *Guelphs* and *Gibelines*, then shared all Italy between them, and in these struggles he so eminently distinguished himself, as the champion of the latter, that they at length considered him as the chief of their party. Those who were banished their country fled to him for protection, and unanimously promised, that if he would restore them to their estates, the sovereignty of their country should be his reward. Flattered by their promises, he entered into a league with the Prince of Milan, and kept his army constantly on foot, employing it as best suited his designs. For service done the pope, he was made a senator of Rome. At length the Florentines entered into a war with him, but Castracani fought his way

through them, and the supreme authority of Tuscany was ready to fall into his hands, when a period was put to his life. In May, 1328, he gained a complete victory over the Florentines, whose army amounted to thirty thousand foot and ten thousand horse, of which twenty-two thousand were slain. Of his own men he lost sixteen thousand. As he was returning from the battle, tired with the action, and covered with perspiration, he halted, to thank and commend the conduct of his men as they passed before him, when the north wind blowing upon him, he was immediately seized with an ague, which he at first neglected, but it terminated his life in a few days, in the 44th year of his age.

“Historians who have written the life of Castruccio say, that he was not only an extraordinary man in his own age, but would have been so in any other. He was of a noble and commanding aspect, and of a most winning address. He possessed all the qualities that constitute a great man, was sincerely grateful to his friends, just to those beneath him, and terrible to his enemies. No man was more forward to en-

counter dangers, no man more capable of extricating himself from them. He possessed an uncommon presence of mind, and was lively in conversation: some of his repartees are recorded, and discover a singular turn of humour. Passing one day through a street where there was a noted gambling house, he surprised a young man he knew, who was just coming out, and who, upon seeing him, was covered with blushes and confusion. 'My friend,' said Castruccio, 'you should not be ashamed of coming out of that house, but of going into it.'

"Indeed, George," said Mrs. Thornhill, as Frederic concluded, "I am entirely of your opinion, that your brother has a right to contribute regularly to our amusement."

"Ah, mamma! though I love your praises, I don't deserve them; for George takes great pains to point out subjects to me."

"You surely do not deserve praise the less on that account; your relation of Castruccio does you credit."

"Whatever the birth of this general

might be," said George, "he rose above the stigma attending it, and he must feel very much gratified that he was no disgrace to the great name he had been honoured with, but to which he added additional lustre."

"His cruel parents, who exposed him when an infant," said Amelia, "if they witnessed his exaltation, were properly punished, for they could not own him."

"Mamma," said Frederic, "if you please I will relate you another little anecdote, that Amelia made me read yesterday."

"You will oblige me. My thanks are at once due to your brother and sister, whose attentive affection is thus studious to improve you, and to gratify me."

Anecdote of young Biron.

"The Duke of Courland, justly hated by the Russians for his insufferable arrogance, was at length, with his whole family, banished to Siberia. For many years he had ruled the state with almost unlimited power, but his disgrace once completed, the people

openly triumphed in his fall, and followed him with reproaches and maledictions. From this contempt his second son was alone excepted, for his gentleness and humanity had made him so beloved, even from his most early infancy, that when he left the city the multitude wept his departure, and called down blessings on his head, when even the moment before they had rent the air with cries of satisfaction at the disgrace of the rest of his family.

“During the time that the Duke of Courland was at the height of his power, young Biron being one day in a public garden, the orphan son of a Russian officer accosted him, disclosed his distress, and entreated his protection. ‘My friend,’ replied Biron, ‘I am almost as poor as yourself; but, as a brother Russian, will do all in my power to serve you. In my own hand I will draw up two petitions for you, one to the Empress, the other to the council, and on the first favourable opportunity present them.’”

“Biron was true to his word; he obtained a commission for the orphan, who, when his patron departed into banishment,

was among the most sincere mourners for *his* unmerited punishment."

As Frederic concluded, Mrs. Thornhill said, "Your story illustrates the certain effect of virtue on the most common minds. A century ago the Russians were grossly ignorant, yet they justly discriminated between young Biron and the rest of his family."

"Biron himself," replied George, "also carefully discriminated between the objects of his benevolence, as I will relate to you."

"The son of a merchant presented a petition to young Biron, requesting his recommendation to be admitted among the buffoons of the court. The young nobleman received the paper with his usual affability, but having perused it, returned it contemptuously to the petitioner. 'I am sorry,' said he, 'that you have selected *me* as a proper person to apply to on this occasion; my interest is entirely devoted to men of merit, for the court is already too much overstocked with fools.'"

"All men must live," said Mrs. Thornhill; "but surely buffoonery is a very hu-

miliating way of gaining an existence. We laugh at such follies for the moment they are before our eyes, but they leave no impression on the mind beyond that of a ridiculous dream. But of all buffooneries I detest the pitiful one of mimicry ; it is a talent befitting nothing higher in the creation than a monkey or a parrot, as it reflects only the imperfections, without the virtues that accompany them. The mimic, flattered by the general mirth he excites, frequently mistakes the laughter of the multitude for approbation, when in reality it is only an involuntary emotion, the real one for such characters being only contempt ; for what man or woman can answer that their own turn may not come next to be turned into derision."

"My dear madam," said George, "if you please, I will relate a story that I recollect, where gratitude overpowered ridicule."

"Pray do, I shall be pleased to hear how it came to be replaced by so estimable a sentiment."

*The Doctor and the Mimic, or, Gratitude stronger than
Ridicule.*

“About the beginning of the last century, Mr. Griffin, an actor celebrated for his talent of mimicry, had a part allotted him in which he was to personify, under a feigned character, a well known physician of the name of Woodward. In order to obtain his manner with the most perfect accuracy, Griffin disguised himself as a countryman, and waited on the doctor, as he pretended, to consult him respecting an illness under which his wife laboured. The physician heard with amazement diseases and pains of the most opposite nature, repeated and redoubled, on the supposed patient, for the actor's greatest wish was to hold him in conversation as long as possible, in order to observe his words and gestures. At length, having exhausted the whole catalogue of complaints of his imaginary spouse, and completely gained the manner of the doctor, he, with an awkward bow, prepared to depart, presenting a guinea.—‘Poor fellow!’ said the physician, declining the fee: ‘put up thy money, thou hast need of

all thy cash, patience and humanity, to support the weight laid on thee in the person of thy wife, whom I sincerely wish better, or at peace from her worldly toil.'

"The actor immediately returned to his employer, related his errand, and the reply of the doctor, in so natural a manner, that his hearer burst into the most unbounded applause; his raptures were, however, soon checked, for Griffin, throwing aside the buffoonery of his manner, declared, with the utmost sensibility, that he would sooner die than prostitute his talents in rendering such genuine humanity as the doctor possessed a public laughing stock."

"Your story, George," said Mrs. Thornhill, "does honour to both the doctor and the mimic; but it is time for us to break up for the evening."

"Mamma," said Caroline, "I wish to ask you a question, lest I should forget it to-morrow. In the story which Frederic related of Castruccio, pray who were the *Guelphs* and *Gibelines*?"

"My good child, your attention charms

me; but why did you not ask at the time of the relation?"

"Because, mamma, I did not like to interrupt the discourse."

"The reason is so proper and satisfactory, that it is equally pleasing to me as your request, which George will immediately satisfy."

"The Guelphs and Gibelines, my dear sister," said George, "were two factions which ravaged Italy by their different pretensions for the space of two hundred years. They rose, historians say, about the year 1240, on account of the Emperor Frederic the Second being excommunicated by Pope Gregory the Ninth. Other authors say that the quarrel arose between two ancient and illustrious houses on the confines of Germany, that of the Henries of Gibeline, and that of the Guelphs of Adof."

"Thank you, brother; we will now go to supper."

"Do so, my love," said Mrs. Thornhill, affectionately saluting her.

CONVERSATION XXIV.

Account of the Gentoos—The Respectability procured by Virtue—The Philosopher Epictetus—The Necessity of supporting Misfortunes with Patience, and abstaining from Evil.

“MY dear mamma,” said Amelia, “I have been reading a history of the Gentoos, and am quite delighted with the simplicity of some of their laws and manners.”

“It will form a good subject for this evening,” replied Mrs. Thornhill; “oblige us therefore with a recital of what you recollect.”

Account of the Gentoos.

“Gentoos, according to the common acceptance of the term, denote the professors of the religion of the Bramins, who inhabit the country called Hindostan, in the East Indies. They are divided into four great tribes, each of which has its own separate appellation, and are, according to the Gentoo theology, proceeded from the four different members of Brahima, the supposed agent of

the creation under the spirit of the Almighty. The first rank, or the *Bramins*, which are said to proceed from his mouth, and whose office it is to pray, read, and instruct. The *Chehteree*, which proceed from his arms, whose office it is to draw the bow, to fight, and to govern. The *Biers*, proceeding from the body, who are to provide the necessities of life, by agriculture and traffic; and the *Sooders* from the feet, which are ordained to labour, serve and travel.

“ No Gentoo is allowed to quit the cast in which he was born on any account. All of them are very scrupulous in regard to their diet; they eat no flesh, nor shed blood, their ordinary food being rice and other vegetables; but what they most esteem is milk, as coming from the cow, an animal for which they have the most extravagant veneration, insomuch that it is enacted, in the code of Gentoo laws, that any one who exacts labour from a bullock that is hungry or thirsty, or shall oblige him to work when fatigued, is liable to be fined by the magistrates. They will not eat any food provided by those of an inferior class, nor by per-

sons of a different religion, and scrupulously abstain from all intoxicating liquors.

“The religion of the Gentoos, though involved in superstition and idolatry, appears to be originally pure, inculcating the belief of an eternal and omnipotent being, whom they call Brahima, but whose divine attributes they represent, and worship, in the form of various ridiculous idols.

“The doctrine of transmigration is one of their distinguished tenets ; those souls which have attained a certain degree of perfection, either by the innocence of their manners, or by the mortification of their worldly inclinations, they believe are immediately removed to the regions of bliss, but those who sink under the prevalence of ill example, or lead degenerate lives, are condemned to undergo continual punishment, under the form of different animals, till their crimes are expiated.

“Charity and hospitality are inculcated in the strongest terms, and exist among them not only in theory but practice. Hospitality, they say, should be exercised to an enemy when he enters your house, for the tree doth not withdraw its shade even from

the wood-cutter. Good men extend their charity even to the vilest animals. The moon doth not refuse her light even to the *Chandalah*, which is one of the outcasts of their tribes.

“ There are various devotees among them, who perform austerities at once contrary to reason, and painful to humanity to witness, as putting fire on their bodies, keeping their limbs so long in one position till they lose the power of moving them, wearing heavy chains that eat into their flesh, and keeping perpetual silence.

“ Notwithstanding these and various other singularities in the Gentoo religion, they are so far from persecuting those of a different persuasion, that they absolutely refuse even to admit a proselyte. They say all religions that are pure are acceptable to the Almighty, or they would not exist when his breath could in a moment destroy them.

“ Boys are taught to read and write by the Bramins. They use leaves instead of books, and write with a pointed iron instrument. The leaves are usually those of the palm tree, which being thick, smooth, and

hard, retain the letters, and may be preserved for almost any length of time. Their books consist of a number of these tied together by means of a hole at one end. When they write upon paper they make use of a small reed.—Sometimes they are taught writing by making letters upon sand, strewed upon the floor, and arithmetic by means of a number of small pebbles. The education of the girls is more limited, seldom extending further than the articles of their religion.

“The custom of burning the dead prevails universally among them, but the horrid practice of the wives burning themselves with their deceased husbands is less common than formerly. It is totally prohibited in the British dominions, but is still used in the country of the Rajahs, and among women of high rank.

“Gentoo families are always governed by the eldest male, to whom great respect is shewn. Filial veneration is carried to such a height among them, that children will not set down in the presence of their father, until ordered to do so; and Europeans, who have resided for many years in the country,

say, that they never witnessed a direct instance of undutifulness to parents."

"I thank you, my dear Amelia, for this short account. The manners of the Gentooes, and their charity to others, render them interesting, and we cannot but feel a sentiment of pity that men so right in some instances should be weak enough to pay their adoration to idols, or suppose that self-inflicted torments of body can expiate guilt, when the only sacrifice agreeable to God is a sincere and contrite heart."

"I should be strongly tempted to believe," replied George, "that many of these self-punished devotees were hypocrites."

"Some I fear are so, but many I truly believe are enthusiasts, whose minds being too highly wrought, it leads them to commit extravagances. True religion needs no forced actions to recommend it; even the wicked admire, though they do not practice it, for were you to ask a dissolute man whether he would trust his life and property with one like himself, or with a good man, he would not hesitate to choose the latter,

which is a plain proof that vice is hateful, even to those who practice it."

"The beauty of morality is appreciated in all enlightened nations," said George ; "even what we read of the stoic philosopher Epictetus proves that truth."

"Repeat what you recollect concerning him, brother," returned Amelia.

"Willingly, but my account will be short. Epictetus was born in the first century ; he was a native of Phrygia, and the slave of Epaphroditus. Domitian banishing all philosophers from Rome, Epictetus retired to Nicopolis in Epirus, where he died at a very advanced age, and so great was the reverence entertained for his memory, that after his death the earthen lamp he made use of sold for three thousand drachmas. Of all the ancient philosophers he appears to have made the nearest approaches to the Christian morality, and to have had the most just idea of providence. He not only recommended meekness and modesty, but in his own life gave a striking example of those virtues. One of his sayings was—
'There is no need of adorning a man's house with rich hangings and paintings,

since the most graceful furniture is temperance and modesty, which are the most lasting ornaments, and will strengthen instead of wearing out by time and use.' His mind was superior to anger or passion, for moral philosophy, he said, was included in two words, *support* and *abstain*. As a proof of this, his master one day, in a brutal jest, struck him violently on the leg, to which Epictetus calmly said, 'If you strike thus heavily you will break my leg.' Epaphroditus, however, continued his blows, till at length he broke the bone, Epictetus only observing, without emotion, 'Did I not tell you that you would break my leg?' This philosopher waged continual war with fancy and fortune; he vindicated the immortality of the soul, and declared openly against the sin of suicide, which in that period of Heathenism was held lawful by many other wise men."

"I thank you for this short character of the philosopher Epictetus," said Mrs. Thornhill. "To *support* evil with fortitude argues a truly great mind, while, on the contrary, to sink beneath it redoubles every pang that ill fortune can inflict. Mildness and resignation enables us to bear bodily

pain, which is redoubled if accompanied with impatience and ill humour. Indeed I have witnessed in bad dispositions those unhappy propensities irritating a weak frame, until they have turned a common cold into a violent fever. To *abstain* from whatever we consider inimical to our health, wordly welfare, or more particularly our eternal good, is another great duty, and, though perhaps for the hour painful, is a certain source of happiness; for however flowery the paths of pleasure, and grateful the cup of self gratification, the thorns of disappointment lurk under foot in the first, and the dregs of bitterness in the latter. I am sorry to shorten the conversation of this evening, but I have business which cannot be delayed. Good night."

CONVERSATION XXV.

History of Joan of Flanders—The Princess of Sparta—The Ephori or Spartan Magistrates—Account of the City of Jerusalem, and the Church of the Holy Sepulchre—True Devotion superior to Pageantry and Shew.

"MY dear mamma," said Caroline, "I am glad we are met early, I hope we shall have a long entertainment."

"I join in that wish," replied Mrs. Thornhill. "To whom are we to apply for the first subject?"

"To me, if you please, madam, answered George. "We have in our conversations brought forward many heroes; to-night I will select a heroine, who, I think, equalled most of them, not only in valour, but in the great qualities of the mind."

History of Joan of Flanders, Countess de Mountford.

"This remarkable lady appears to have united in her own person all the great qualities of both sexes; she was the wife of John de Mountford, a competitor for the dukedom of Britany, upon the death of John the Third, who, dying without children, bequeathed his dominions to his niece, who was married to Charles de Blois, nephew to the king of France. John de Mountford, brother to the late duke, though by a second marriage, claimed a prior right, and was acknowledged as lawful heir by the people of Nantz, but the greater part of the nobility swore fealty to Charles de Blois, thinking him best supported, and a civil war ensued, in which John de Mountford

was taken prisoner, and sent to Paris. This misfortune would have entirely ruined his party, had not his interest been supported by the uncommon exertions of his wife Joan of Flanders. Bold, daring, and intrepid, she fought like a warrior in the field; shrewd, sensible, and sagacious, she spoke like a politician in the council; and, endowed with the most amiable manners, and winning address, she was able to move the minds of her subjects by the force of her eloquence, and mould them to her wishes. She was at Rennes when she received the news of her husband's captivity, but that disaster, instead of depressing her spirits, appeared only to call forth her courage and fortitude; and, deprived of her natural protector, she shewed the people how able she was to support his interest and honour. Ordering the citizens to be assembled, she met them with her infant son in her arms. 'Friends and citizens,' said she, 'to your protection I give my child, the male descendant of your ancient dukes; they governed you with lenity and indulgence, and you swore to them the most zealous attachment; prove it now, by defending the lawful heir from the usurp-

ation of Charles de Blois, who, himself a slave to the court of France, must sacrifice the liberties of Britany to his protector. For myself, though a woman, I fear no danger. One vigorous effort will free us from our enemies, or should we prove too weak to repel them, do we not daily expect such succours from the King of England as cannot fail to drive them from our land, with shame, loss, and dishonour? I am a wife and a mother, but in this cause I will forget the weakness of my sex, and live or die defending the rights of my country, my husband, and my child! The people of Rennes, moved by her exhortation, and the affecting appearance of the smiling infant, which she clasped in her arms, vowed to support the right of John de Mountford, an example which was speedily followed by almost all the Bretons. The countess went from place to place, encouraging the garrisons of the several fortresses, and providing them with every thing necessary for their subsistence, after which she shut herself up with her son in Hennebon, where she resolved to wait for the succours which the King of England (Edward the Third) had

promised to send to her assistance. In the mean time Charles de Blois, accompanied by the dukes of Burgundy and Bourbon, and many other noblemen, took the field with a numerous army, and having reduced Rennes, laid siege to Hennebon, which was defended by the Countess in person. This heroine repulsed the assailants in all their attacks with the most undaunted courage, and observing, one day, that the whole army had left the camp to join the general storm, she rushed forth, at a postern gate, with three hundred horsemen, set fire to their tents and baggage, killed their suttlers and servants, and raised such a horror and consternation through all their quarters, that the enemy gave over the assault, and, getting betwixt her and the walls, endeavoured to cut off her retreat into the city. Thus intercepted, she put the spurs to her horse, and, without halting, galloped to Brest, which lay at the distance of two and twenty miles from the scene of action. There procuring a supply of five hundred horsemen, she immediately returned, and fighting her way through one part of the French camp, was received into Hennebon

amidst the acclamations of the people. Soon after this the English succours arrived, and obliged the enemy to raise the siege."

"Poor Joan of Flanders, I pity her," said Mrs. Thornhill, as George concluded; "with all her talents and accomplishments, to be necessitated to rush into the rough and turbulent duties of the opposite sex was dreadful. The affection of a wife and mother overcame every other feeling, and enabled her to perform deeds, which in a calmer state she would perhaps have shuddered to hear related."

"When I read in history circumstances of this kind," said Amelia, "I feel grateful to heaven for having placed me in a situation where such exertions can never be necessary."

"I think you are perfectly in the right," answered Mrs. Thornhill; "for I know not who would accept power upon such terms; but of all the heroines of antiquity, I know of none for whom I am so much interested as for the Spartan princess Cheloniada; her duties were so divided, that her

heart must have been cruelly torn with conflicting passions."

"Do, mamma, tell us something respecting her," said Caroline.

"Willingly, my love."

The Princess of Sparta.

"Leonidas, King of Sparta, gave his daughter Chelonida in marriage to Cleombrotus, who, after some time, borne away by ambition, resolved to usurp the crown of his father-in-law. To effect this purpose, he accused him before the Ephori with having violated the laws of Sparta, by marrying a woman of a different country. Unable to refute this accusation, Leonidas was banished, and his unworthy son-in-law took his place on the throne. Chelonida possessed too great a mind to be dazzled by power unjustly acquired, and throwing by her usual ornaments, she cloathed herself in mourning weeds (which was the custom of the country in cases of great calamity) and seeking out her father, shared his exile; and, by the most attentive duties, endeavoured to meliorate his situation, and make him forget his disgrace,

“Some time after a revolution restored Leonidas to his throne, and Cleombrotus was, in his turn, driven to the same extremities to which he had before reduced his father-in-law, and necessitated to take refuge in the temple of the gods. Chelonida, with grateful joy, saw her father resume his right, but declining to share his greatness, she joined her husband, and became the partner of his sorrow and disgrace.

“Leonidas, instigated by a desire of revenge, hastened to the temple, where he in the most bitter terms reproached Cleombrotus with his ingratitude and perfidy. His accusations were too just to be refuted, and Cleombrotus heard them with shame, and in silence, unable to crave a pardon, which he so little deserved. Chelonida attempted no palliative till she saw the anger of Leonidas was almost exhausted, then throwing herself at his feet, she said; ‘Oh, my father, behold these mourning weeds! I put them not on to deplore the disgrace of Cleombrotus, but to testify to the whole world my sorrow for yours.—Unhappy daughter, and yet more unhappy wife that I am, will my sorrows never terminate! For scarcely have I ceased

to tremble for a father, whose life is dearer to me than my own, but I shudder at the danger of a husband equally dear. Yes, my father, doubly dear, because he was the gift of your hand, and you commanded me to love and to obey him. He has been cruel and ungrateful, but the vengeance befitting Leonidas will be to pardon him, as mercy will make him feel the enormity of his guilt, while a more heavy revenge would justify to himself his conduct toward you.'

"Leonidas, moved by the words and tears of his daughter, consented to pardon his son-in-law, upon condition that he should be banished from Sparta. 'For you, my child,' said he, addressing Chelonida, 'you shall dignify the thorne which your conduct has so nobly deserved. Sharer in all my sorrow and disgrace, you shall now partake my honour and happiness.'

"Leonidas did not properly estimate the merits of his heroic daughter; the unhappy situation of her husband redoubled all her attention to him, and, modestly declining her father's offer, she only entreated permission to accompany her husband in his exile. This request was with some difficulty ob-

tained, and without a sigh for her former greatness, Chelonida hastened to the temple to return thanks to the goddess; then taking one of her children in her arms, and giving another to Cleombrotus, she took leave of Sparta, and became a voluntary wanderer. Some author has remarked, that, possessed of such a wife, Cleombrotus was a far richer man than Leonidas, though seated on a throne, and surrounded with wealth and honour."

"Though that observation may be just," said George, "I know not how a man who had acted as Cleombrotus had done, could support the eye of so perfect a character as that of Chelonida. I think I should have fled not only from her, but, if possible, from myself. To have been in any manner worthy of her, he should have left her to the honour she so justly deserved, and have encountered his disgrace and banishment alone."

"Had I been Leonidas," said Amelia, "I would have pardoned him for the sake of my daughter."

"That would have been the best," replied

Frederic ; “ and then if Cleombrotus was in reality sorry, he could have shewn the king his repentance by his conduct.”

“ Frederic is right,” answered Mrs. Thornhill ; “ but it appears that neither Leonidas nor Cleombrotus were equal in greatness of mind to Chelonida.”

“ Pray, mamma,” said Caroline, “ what were the Ephori to whom Cleombrotus complained of the king ?”

“ The Ephori, my love,” answered Mrs. Thornhill, “ were magistrates established in ancient Sparta to balance the regal power. Their authority was very great ; they called kings to account at pleasure, and sometimes expelled, and even put them to death ; they presided over all festivals, had the care of the public treasure, and made war and peace according to their liking. This assembly consisted of five persons, some historians say nine, and was first established by Lycurgus.”

“ My dear George,” said Frederic, “ when you were instructing me this morning in my lesson of geography upon the map of Asia, you promised me some further account of

the City of Jerusalem, of which I have read so much in the scripture."

"With my mother's permission, I will keep my word," answered George.

"I shall be much gratified to hear it," said Mrs. Thornhill.

George immediately began.

Account of the City of Jerusalem, and the Church of the Holy Sepulchre.

"Jerusalem is one hundred and twelve miles south-west of the city of Damascus, and forty-five from the Mediterranean sea. It was formerly the capital of Judea, after David had conquered the Jebusites, and was taken by Nebuchadnezzar in the eleventh year of the reign of Zedekiah, when the Jews were led captives to Babylon. Seventy years after the birth of Christ it was taken and sacked by the Romans, as was also the temple, and underwent one of the most remarkable sieges in history. Near the ruins of the ancient Jerusalem, the Emperor Adrian built a new city, but it was taken by the Persians in 614, and by the Saracens, in 636. In 1099, it was taken by the Crusaders, who founded a new kingdom

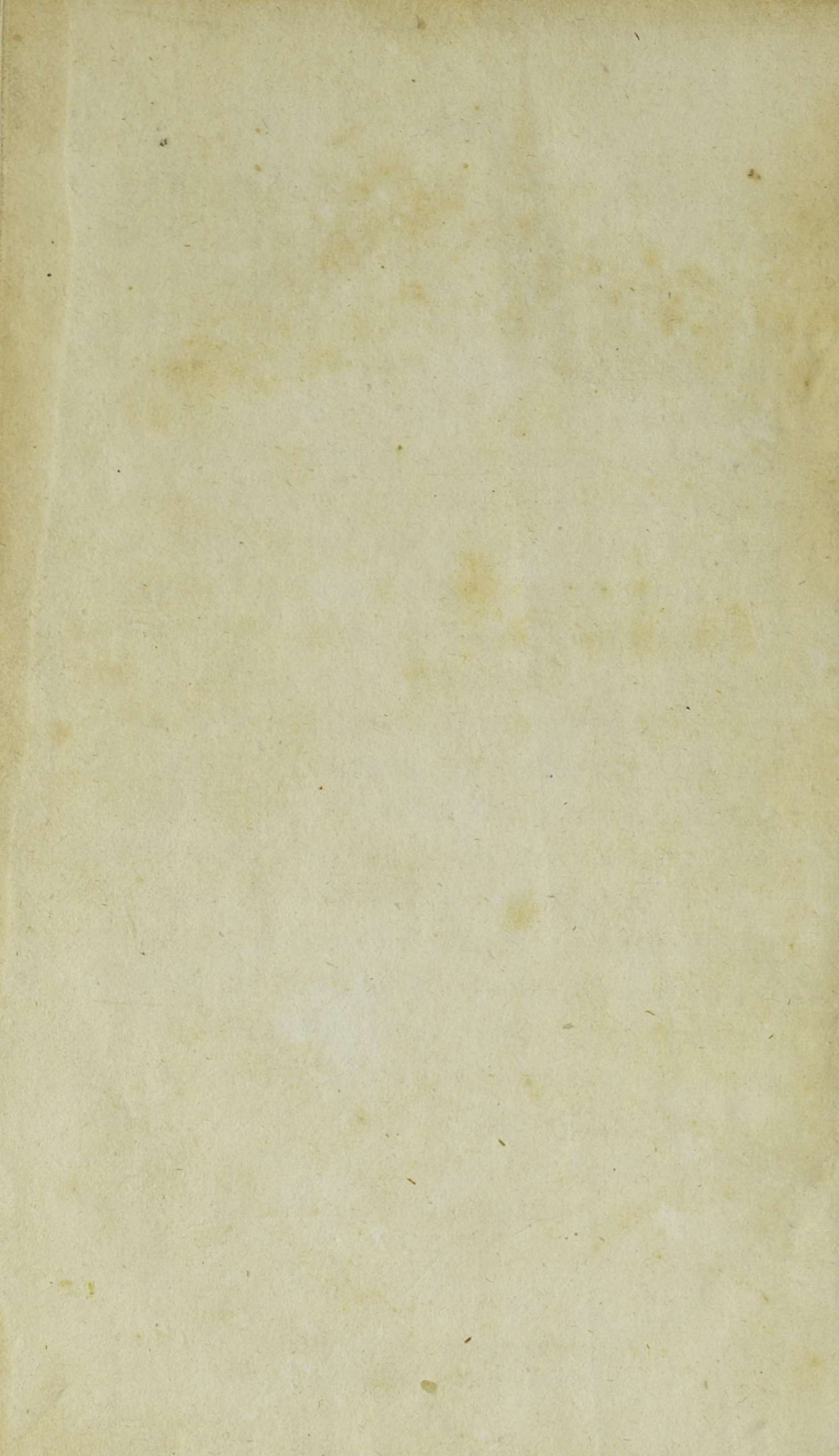
which lasted eighty-eight years, under nine kings. Saladin, king of Egypt and Syria, gained possession of it in 1187. The Turks drove out the Saracens, in 1217, and have kept possession of it ever since; they call it *Helcods*, which means the holy city. It is now inhabited by Turks, Arabs, Jews, and Christians. It is situated on a high rock, with steep ascents on every side, except to the north. It is almost surrounded by valleys, encompassed with mountains, so that it appears to stand in an amphitheatre. It is about three miles in circumference, and includes mount Calvary, which was formerly without the walls. The only thing that now renders it considerable, is the great resort of pilgrims, for the inhabitants accommodate them with board and lodgings, which is their chief business. A Bashaw, with a guard of Janizaries, always resides on the spot, to protect them from the insults of the Arabs—The church of the holy sepulchre, which the pilgrims chiefly come to visit, is a large structure with a round nave, enlightened only from the top. The dome is covered on the outside with lead, and within with cedar wood. The opening

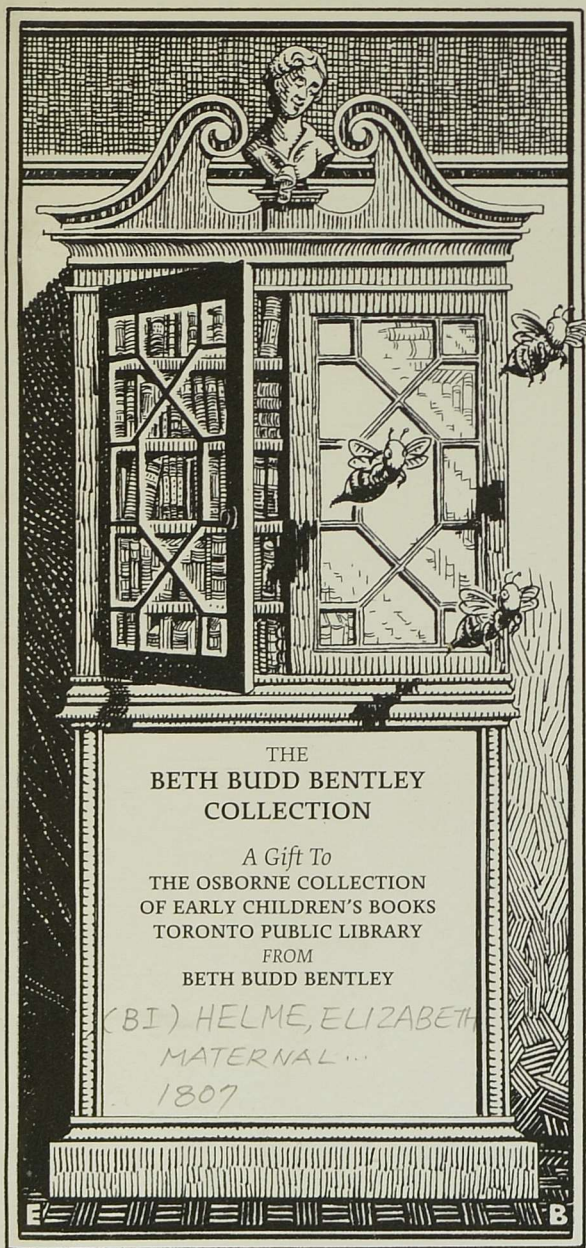
of the dome is closed with a net of wire, to prevent the birds from coming into the church. In the middle of the nave, and directly under the opening of the dome, is the holy sepulchre, which is placed in a chapel, whose door is three feet high and two broad. It is so small that it will contain but three persons at a time on their knees. At the entrance, on the right hand, is the place where our Saviour's body is said to have been laid. The table on which they relate he was first placed, is two feet and a half high from the pavement, which is now covered with white marble, because the christians, who came to visit it, were all for carrying away a small bit. This chapel is cut out of the rock, and there are three holes in the roof to let out the smoke of the lamps, which are forty-four in number, and kept perpetually burning. The whole is covered with white marble, both within and without, and on the outside are ten columns of the same. It is covered with a platform, the centre of which is exactly above the three holes, and forms a small dome six feet in height, covered with lead, and supported by twelve columns of porphyry, placed by

pairs on the platform, forming arches, having three lamps under each. Before the gate of the sepulchre is a silver lamp, so large, that two men cannot fathom it. Every year, on Good Friday, all the parts of our Saviour's passion is solemnized and acted here. They have first a sermon, after which every one takes a lighted taper in his hand with crucifixes, &c. to begin the procession; among the crucifixes, is one with a figure as large as life, crowned with thorns and stained with blood. They visit first the pillar where our Saviour is said to have been scourged; next the prison, then the altar of the division of Christ's garments; next they advance to the chapel of derision, and from thence to mount Calvary, which they ascend barefooted. Here are two altars, one where our Saviour is supposed to have been nailed to the cross, the other where it was erected, and where they set up the crucified image, which concludes the ceremony, except drawing out the nails, and taking down the body, which they wrap in a winding-sheet. Such is the superstitious ceremony used, even till this time, to commemorate the death of Christ."

“Though,” said Mrs. Thornhill, when George concluded, “I think I could not visit places reputed to have been so sacred, without a sentiment of reverence ; yet my heart revolts against rendering them into a pompous shew, and I am convinced that any one truly religious, would visit the spot with redoubled devotion, if it more nearly resembled, in its original state, the humble receptacle that received the sacred body ; for however splendour and shew may attract weak minds, true devotion soars beyond them, and instead of turning the attention on pictures, images, or uselessly applied wealth, fixes them on the reality, not the shadow of holiness.—For us,” added she, looking affectionately around her, “blest with the comforts of affluence, may we, my children, be worthy the trust reposed in us, so that when the hour shall come that we exchange time for eternity, we may not have lived in vain, but, laying down wordly wealth, receive, in return, the incorruptible treasure of everlasting happiness.

THE END.





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