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Anthony Stephens  
Foster, U.S.











Caroline Simcox

1794-

George B. Maske

September 1897

Wolford Lodge

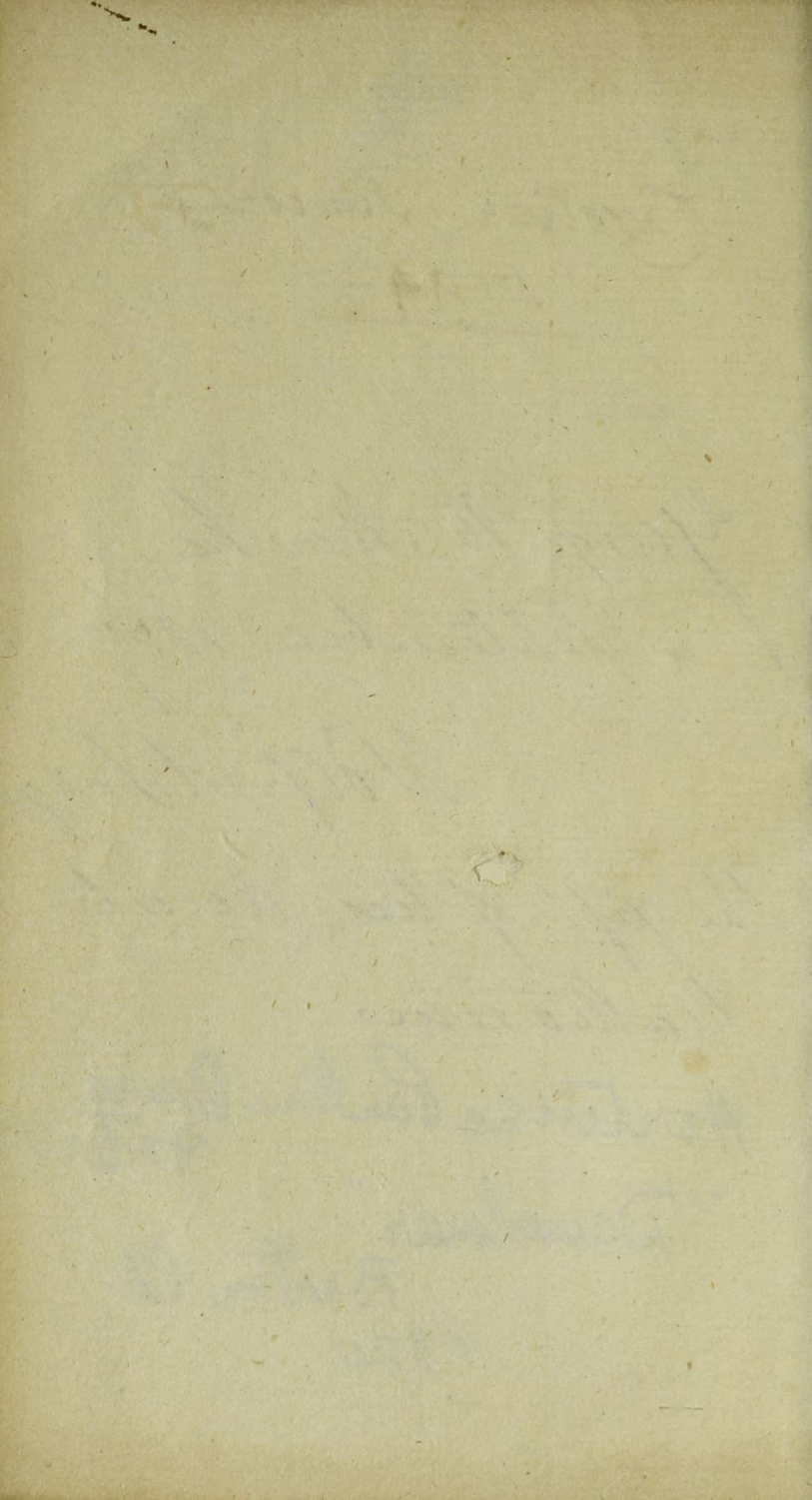
The gift of his Aunt  
Matharine

Hortense Pauline Davis  
Foster U.S.

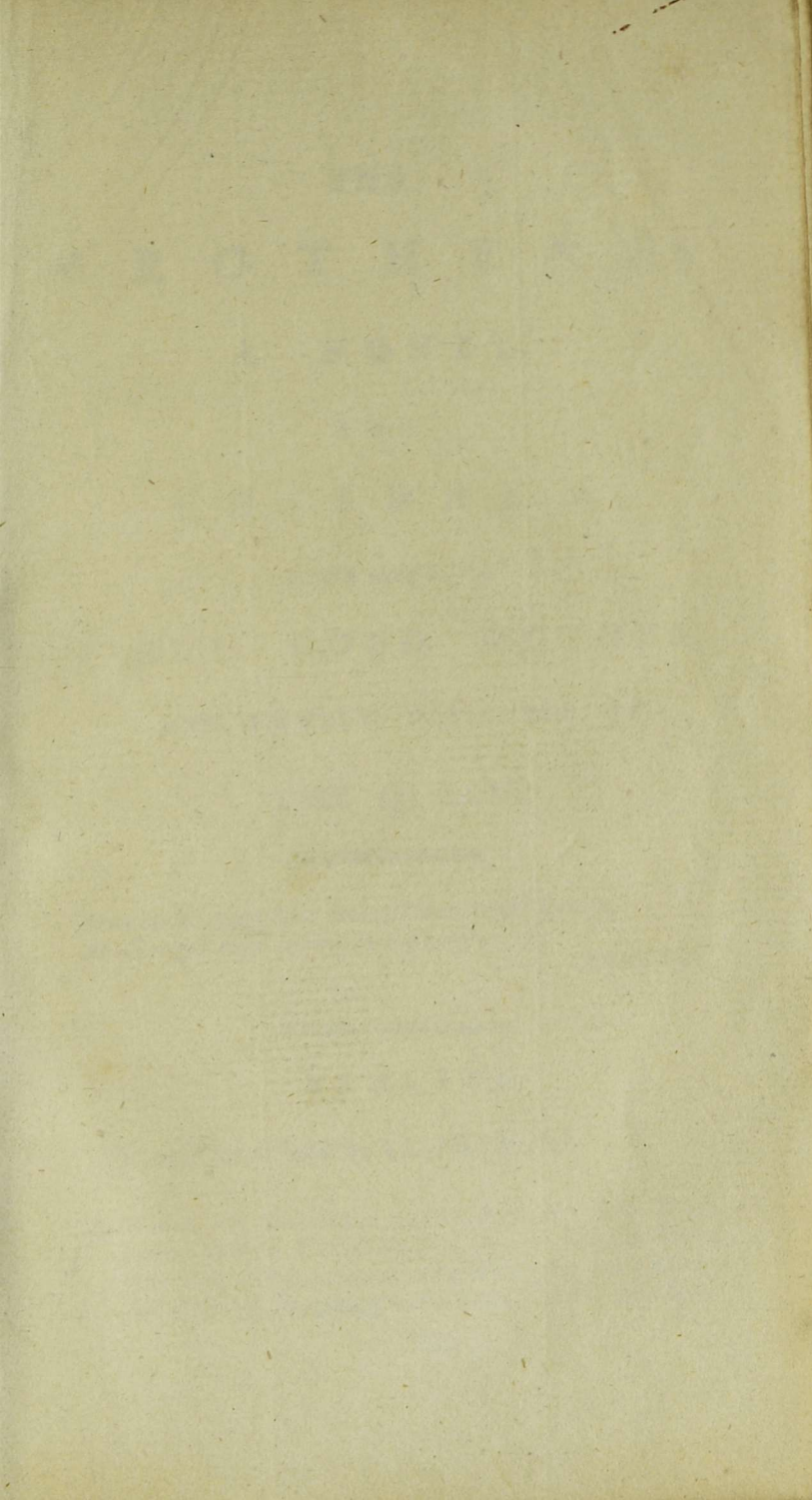
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THE

BROTHERS

A NOVEL

FOR

CHILDREN

ADAPTED TO

EVERY GOOD MOTHER,

AND DEDICATED TO

THE QUEEN.

It is a well known fact that the world is full of  
children who are neglected and unhappy.

Parents

REMARKS

Printed and Sold by G. BARTON,

Sold also by Houlston and Carpenter, New York;  
Frost, Owen, Pritchard, & Co., London; Gorton,  
New York; Chapman and White, New York;  
& Jackson, Swannell, & Alley, London.

1841



THE  
BROTHERS;  
A NOVEL,  
FOR  
CHILDREN.

ADDRESSED TO  
EVERY GOOD MOTHER,  
AND HUMBL Y DEDICATED TO  
THE QUEEN.

---

*From well-known tales such fictions would I raise,  
As all might hope to imitate with ease.*

FRANCIS.

---

HENLEY:

Printed and Sold by G. NORTON;

Sold also by Hookham and Carpenter, New Bond-  
street; Owen, Piccadilly; Laking, Curzon-street,  
May Fair; Champante and Whitrow, Jury-street,  
and Cheyne, Sweeting's Alley, Cornhill, London.

1794.

THE  
UNITED STATES

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18

ADDRESS OF  
THE  
BUREAU OF  
THE  
GOOD

AND  
THE  
QUEST

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To the QUEEN.

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I Presume to address this diminutive work to your Majesty, from my belief of your being a good mother ; and though I bear all possible respect and loyalty to your character as my Queen, I still more honour and esteem you for those private and domestic virtues, which will ensure you a crown incorruptible of never-fading glory. With fervent prayers for your happiness,

I am your Majesty's dutiful Subject,

THE AUTHOR.



Address to Parents  
of the QUEEN

It is to be presumed, no sensitive parent will permit a book in the hands of their children, which they have judged of its utility, and have themselves taken notice for it. I have therefore thought it proper to send you a list of books which I think it not improper that you should be acquainted with. I have also thought it proper to send you a list of books which I think it not improper that you should be acquainted with. I have also thought it proper to send you a list of books which I think it not improper that you should be acquainted with.

Yours  
THE QUEEN



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*Address to Parents.*

---

**I**T is to be presumed, no attentive parents will put a book into the hands of their children, till they have judged of its fitness, by first reviewing it themselves. I shall, I trust, engage their notice for a moment, and they will not perhaps despise advice, though offered by the weak efforts of a feeble pen. We will not bestow a thought upon the idle, the dissipated, the unfeeling, careless mother—from such we turn disgusted ! But, ye respected, pious, fond, and anxious parents ; ye whose hearts are busting for your children's welfare, ye will consent to be exhorted

horted not to defer, beyond the first and early dawn of reason, the business of instruction and improvement. It is less difficult to prevent ill habits than to conquer them after they have established their dominion. Neglect not then for a moment to fix in the infant breast, that sure and strong foundation of every solid virtue, EARLY PIETY; so shall you see your sons grow up as the young plants, and your daughters as the polished corners of the temple.

If in the following facts one useful hint can be found, my purpose is fully answered, and my trouble amply recompensed;

“For from the most minute and mean,  
 A virtuous mind will morals glean.”

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THE  
BROTHERS, &c.

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Women, says St. Paul, ensure their salvation by  
the care they take to educate their Children.

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**I**N one of the western counties  
of England lived Mr. Sinclair,  
where his family had long posses-  
sed considerable estates. He had  
been some time united to an ami-  
able woman, without having been  
blest



( 3 )  
blest with children, and determined, therefore, to educate as his heir the youngest son of his sister, who was married to a gentleman of large property, in the same county, of the name of Clairville.

Besides Mr. Sinclair's wish for an adopted heir, he hoped to save, at least, one of his nephews, from the neglect he foresaw would take place in their education at home. Mrs. Clairville was too fine a lady, and too much taken up with herself and fashionable amusements, to spare any time upon her children; and Mr. Clairville had money for every expence but  
their



their education. George and Harry Clairville were both handsome, well formed boys, though as different in person, as in manners; George, the eldest, was by all his Mamma's visitors, most taken notice of, as a *fine boy*, which is the usual compliment paid to *size* in children; and, if indeed worth is to be estimated by the quantity of flesh, George Clairville without doubt, merited the praise, as he was very fat and large for his age, with a round ruddy countenance, and bold address. Harry, his brother, on the contrary, was pale, thin, and delicate, possessing

possessing that shyness which ever accompanies true merit. He often escaped notice, or if spoken to at all, it was by the humiliating appellation of poor fellow; so absurd, and unjust, is the indiscriminate praise of common observers. Mr. Sinclair easily prevailed upon his sister to resign Harry, at an early age, entirely to his care; and from that period dedicated the principal part of his thoughts and time to the performance of the duty he had imposed upon himself—the proper education of his nephew; and his intentions were fully assisted  
by



by his lady. Both Mr. and Mrs. Sinclair had themselves a proper sense of religion, and were, therefore, well qualified to instil the best principles into their adopted child; to instruct and improve him became their chief delight; and to do Harry justice, it must be acknowledged, he was eager for instruction. He was naturally good tempered and sensible; to cultivate that understanding which nature had given him, was the determined purpose of his kind relations. They were from the benevolence of their temper, extremely indulgent to  
their

their charge ; but it was not that weak misguided indulgence that deforms a human creature into a brute. A boy unfitly humoured or neglected, becomes a bear, who runs wild about your house, to the torment of others, and the ruin of himself.

Mr. and Mrs. Sinclair, in their own habits, held forth a bright example of proper conduct to their pupil ; they accustomed him to early hours, and plain food ; they were, however, social and cheerful, and promoted at all times elegant amusements ; but, as they were highly polished in



in their manners, they were nice in the choice of their company, and they never suffered their amusements to interfere with their attention to the serious and important duty they had undertaken—that of forming the human mind to the best purposes of its creator ;—a duty too lightly considered by some parents, and totally neglected by others. Harry soon discovered a capacity and talents which gave the most flattering hopes that they had only need of diligent cultivation. The first book that was given to Harry, after he had been taught his letters,

letters,

letters, was Mrs. Barbauld's, with which (as soon as he could read it) he was highly pleased; as indeed, who is not? He daily learnt by heart, one of those beautiful hymns, written by Dr. Watts, of pious memory; he repeated numberless things in an emphatic stile, particularly an extract from the admirable sermons of Dr. Blair, which I cannot help giving my readers, in hopes they will feel the force of it as Harry did, and act according to its dictates. Truth cannot be expressed in better or stronger language.

“ Let



“ Let not the season of youth  
 “ be barren of improvement, so  
 “ essential to your felicity and  
 “ honour. Your character is  
 “ now of your own forming ;  
 “ your fate is, in some measure,  
 “ put into your own hands.  
 “ Your nature is as yet pliant  
 “ and soft. Habits have not es-  
 “ tablished their dominion ; pre-  
 “ judices have not pre-occupied  
 “ your understanding ; the world  
 “ has not had time to contract  
 “ and debase your affections ;  
 “ all your powers are more vi-  
 “ gorous, disembarrassed, and  
 “ free, than they will be at any  
 “ future

“ future period. Whatever im-  
 “ pulse you now give to your  
 “ desires and passions, the direc-  
 “ tion is likely to continue ; it  
 “ will form the channel in which  
 “ your life is to run ; nay, it  
 “ may determine an everlasting  
 “ issue. Consider then the em-  
 “ ployment of this important  
 “ period, as the highest trust  
 “ which shall ever be committed  
 “ to you, as in a great measure  
 “ decisive of your happiness, in  
 “ time and in eternity. As in  
 “ the succession of the seasons,  
 “ each, by the invariable laws of  
 “ nature, affects the productions  
 “ of



of what is next in course ; so,  
 in human life, every period of  
 our age, according as it is well  
 or ill spent, influences the  
 happiness of that which is to  
 follow. Virtuous youth gra-  
 dually brings forward accom-  
 plished and flourishing man-  
 hood ; and such manhood pas-  
 ses of itself without uneasiness,  
 into respectable and tranquil  
 old age. But when nature is  
 turned out of its regular  
 course, disorder takes place in  
 the moral, just as in the vege-  
 table world. If the spring puts  
 forth no blossoms, in the sum-  
 mer

1<sup>st</sup> "In summer there will be no beauty,  
 2<sup>nd</sup> "and in autumn no fruit: so, if  
 3<sup>rd</sup> "youth be trifled away without  
 4<sup>th</sup> "improvement, manhood will be  
 5<sup>th</sup> "contemptible, and old age mi-  
 6<sup>th</sup> "serable."

Harry was soon perfect mas-  
 1<sup>st</sup> "ter of his Catechism, and was ne-  
 2<sup>nd</sup> "ver suffered to go to bed or to  
 3<sup>rd</sup> "breakfast, without having first  
 4<sup>th</sup> "said his prayers. He very soon  
 5<sup>th</sup> "learnt that God alone could pro-  
 6<sup>th</sup> "tect him from the perils of th.  
 7<sup>th</sup> "night, or guide him with his  
 8<sup>th</sup> "grace, through the duties of the  
 9<sup>th</sup> "day; thus, in his infant mind,  
 10<sup>th</sup> "was laid that foundation EARLY  
 PIETY.



PIETY, from which rock there is no falling. Due attention was also paid to his health and growth; at proper times, after his studies, he daily mounted his horse, and rode upon the lawn before the house, till the bell rang for dinner. A description of his favourite steed, may not be disagreeable to my readers; he was of no common mould; he possessed none of the vices or diseases incident to that race of animals; he scorned the gross qualities that belong to flesh and blood; he was slim, and delicately constructed; but, beyond

B a doubt,



a doubt, the safest nag a man of  
 Harry's age could ride; his body  
 being cane, and his head gold,  
 with a bridle of silk; for, to con-  
 fess the truth, this much admired  
 nag of our hero's, was no other  
 than his uncle's walking flick,  
 which Harry daily mounted, with  
 as much glee and pride, and with  
 a great deal more safety and pru-  
 dence, than the wise heroes of  
 the turf do their prancing steeds  
 of exalted pedigree. Nor could  
 any of their grooms be more at-  
 tached to, or more careful of their  
 coursers than Harry Clairville  
 was of his steady Palfrey: after  
 it

It had carried him safely, (and it never fell with him, for he was too good and too merciful to ride hard) it was his constant practice to put it up in what he called its stable; namely, a snug corner in his uncle's library. He never was careless in any thing, nor did he leave it out, as some boys would have done, to stray, or what was more likely, to be stolen. In bad or wet weather, he found amusement in a little study, which had been fitted up for him, by his own directions, and furnished according to his own taste. Besides well chosen books,



it contained dissected maps of every description, historical and religious. He had, in his apartment, also, recesses for every sort of toy for sport or exercise, tops, marbles, balls, bats, &c. though he was not fond of cricket, a little friend of his having received a blow on his eye, with a cricket ball; for the same reason, he was careful not to use his bow and arrow, except to shoot at a target when any of his companions were with him, (and he had a great many visitors, for every body loved his company) lest any of them should be hurt. It  
 must



must not be imagined from this, that Harry was too timid; he was only fearful where he could hurt or offend: Where he could protect or defend, he was brave, manly, and spirited to the highest degree, beyond his years. That he had a benevolent, generous disposition, was very soon discovered, whilst he was yet very young: He surprised Mrs. Clairville, one morning, as she was sitting at her dressing room window, by running across the lawn, naked, except his shirt: She flew to meet him, supposing some thief had got into the garden,

den, and robbed him of his cloaths; before she could express her agony at such an apprehension, he burst into a fit of laughing at himself, saying, "How odd I look! don't I look very comical?" "Odd, indeed, my dear child, what has happened to you?" "Nothing at all, aunt, only poor Tommy Jenkins had got such a dirty, ragged coat on, I would make him take mine; so pray send him my shirt, for you know I would not come in quite naked." Mrs. Clairville's eyes glistened with delight at this transaction, and, as soon as she had



had taken care to have her nephew dressed, she, with pleasure, obeyed his wishes, and dispatched her servant with a shirt to Tom Jenkins, suitable to the cloaths he now had got possession of by Harry's benevolence. Tom was not unworthy, as will appear hereafter, of the favour shewn him; from this event, he became a favourite in the family. Harry had shewn much judgment, in choosing this little peasant, above all others, for the object of his bounty. His parents were honest, industrious people, and had kept their son constantly



at school, and made him go regularly to church. Mr. Sinclair supported at his own expence, a Sunday School, and honest Tom was the master's favourite scholar, on account of his attention to his learning, and his obedience at all times, to the advice that was given him.

Though we quit the house of Sinclair with regret, it is time to turn our eyes to what George is doing. We feel no pain in leaving our favourite Harry, who is pursuing the path that leads to righteousness, and have no doubt of finding him much improved at our return.

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CHAPTER II.

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As righteousness tendeth to life, so he that pursueth evil pursueth it to his own death.

Proverbs, chap. xi. ver. 19.

MRS. Clairville, unhappily for her son, had not herself been properly educated. She possessed none of those elegant accomplishments, those various resources within herself, that could make a retired country life pleasant,



AT OUR SERVICE



fant, or even supportable to her. She had no knowledge of music, no skill in drawing, and very little taste for reading or working.

Mr. Clairville, who had more sense and information, found in his wife, from the deficiency in her attainments, a very uncongenial companion ; therefore, to avoid the languor of a family party, in such a case, but too readily fell into those habits, in which she delighted to pass her time, namely, in public places of amusement, balls, routs, cards, &c. To obtain these, except a very few months, when fashion compelled



compelled them to go to their country house, they lived in London; where the morning (if it can be called morning) is passed in plans of dress and amusement for the evening. The important and delightful task, to “rear the tender thought,” to improve and observe the opening mind of her infant son, was no part of Mrs. Clairville’s employment. He was placed in the highest part of the house, lest his infantine sports should disturb his mother or her company; and if, by any chance, he was permitted to make his appearance, he was let in

in much in the stile of a Newfoundland puppy, and generally treated as such ; for he was very soon thought noisy and troublesome, and after he had rumbled about for some time, got corrected, howled, and was then turned out. Thus passed, in total neglect, the first seven years of this unhappy boy's life ; without one kind friend to "pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind," no tender parent, with anxious care, to fix the "pious purpose in his soul" or guide his infant steps aright. Servants were his chief, indeed, his only companions,

companions. Destructive associates ! No wonder his expressions were gross, his ideas mean and fordid. As his attendants were too indolent and too ignorant, or perhaps had no direction to controul him, he became turbulent, arrogant, and overbearing. From the nursery he descended to the *stables*, where grooms and helpers gave a *finish* to an education so *prosperously* begun. He was frequently left in the country, for fear town air should injure his health ; this, at least, was the affectionate excuse his mother found for not  
being



being troubled or interrupted by his company; the servant, whose particular business it was to attend him, found it convenient to consider him now at an age to take care of himself, and permitted him to be alone in the pleasure ground, making him however promise he would neither eat fruit or climb trees; but as he had never been taught the necessity of truth, or the dishonour of a lie, he made no scruple to forfeit his word; and it was his constant custom to indulge in both these habits as appetite or fancy led him. God, however,

who

who abhors a *liar*, severely punished him for his breach of promise. He one day climbed a tree for the cruel purpose of taking a bird's nest, and as he was returning with the nest in one hand, the other slipped from the branch he held, and down almost from the top of the tree, he fell, and shattered one of his legs in a miserable manner, both bones being broken. His screams brought the servants to his assistance, who could not pity the sufferings he had so deservedly brought upon himself by the forfeiture of his word. Proper care

was



was taken of him, and an express sent to fetch his mother, whose regret for her son's misfortune was greatly encreased by her being obliged to give up Ranelagh for that evening, and in decency set off immediately for her country seat. Mr. Clairville, though shocked at the cause, was not so unwilling as his wife to leave London. They found George, in a state truly distressing. Not being accustomed to any restraint, he was impatient and ungovernable; he could not bear the confinement that was necessary to restore his  
limb;



limb; he refused to take any medicine, and by his obstinacy greatly encreased his malady, and in a few days he had a fever that endangered his life. His parents, particularly his father, began now, for the first time, to reflect upon their conduct, and to reproach themselves for their neglect of his education; and determined, if God should be pleased to permit him life, they would send him, as soon as he recovered, to school. It was indeed full time, or rather five years too late.

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### CHAPTER III.

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I have taught thee in the way of wisdom, I have led thee in right paths.—Proverbs, chap. iv. ver. 11.

**WE** have not any affection for this headstrong boy; we will not fet by his bedside all the time of his confinement, but conduct our readers to the abode of his brother, where upon the same day that George broke his leg, there

there was a scene of confusion and distress from a very different cause. When the dinner bell rang, and Mrs. Sinclair expected Harry to make his appearance, as usual, at the sound, the servants came in, pale and agitated, desiring their master and mistress not to be alarmed, but that they had searched every place in the house and garden, and Master Clairville was no where to be found. “Not to be found!” exclaimed his uncle and aunt, both in a breath, “How dare you bring me such cruel intelligence! fly this instant every one of you,  
different



different ways, to seek him. Not to be found ! it cannot, must not be !” Away flew the servants, jostling and tumbling over one another, to shew their readiness to obey the agonizing and impatient command of their master and mistress, though, to say the truth, they had searched diligently and with real anxiety before. There was not one of them, that did not doat upon their young master ; he was kind and civil to them, but never familiar, or conversed with them : they therefore loved and respected him. After they had a second time examined  
the

the house, garden, green-house, hothouse, pleasure ground, shrubbery, &c. in vain, they recollected, that sometimes he strolled into the village ; for there were but few houses, and the inhabitants were honest, clean, industrious people, supported chiefly by the bounty of their squire. Harry was frequently, the happy agent of various gifts to them ; indeed, when he had any money of his own, his first wish was to carry it to Goody Jenkins, mother to his favourite Tom. To every cottage in the village they ran with anxious speed, and every soul within



within them (that was not crippled) joined in the search, with heavy hearts and streaming eyes. But who will describe the state of mind of his uncle and aunt, during this interval, or their distraction, when all hope was fled by the return of this groupe of servants and villagers, without success. Where could he be? there was no water near, and if there had been, Harry, now eight years old, had too much sense not to know the danger of water; yet still, where can he be? enquired each eagerly of the other, though each was sure, nei-  
ther



ther knew. Oh sad! The dinner remained untouched upon the table; Mr. and Mrs. Sinclair sat pensive and silent, benumbed with grief. The numerous attendants, who crowded round to comfort, or to receive further orders, were not so dumb in their sorrow: each recounted some beauty, or some virtue, that their dear, sweet, young master possessed; each remembered something that he had said or done. The honest old coachman recollected how often he used to call out of the coach window to him not to whip the  
poor

poor horses. Sweet soul! he could not bear any poor beast should be hurt.—The butler declared, it was but two o'clock when he passed him in the passage, and said, as usual, “How do you do, James?” for he never was above speaking to any one. The housekeeper, the worthy Mrs. Steady, when she could articulate, which she hardly could for weeping, sobbed out, that he could not have been lost long, for at three o'clock he came to see if she had fed his parrot, that hung in her room: She should have been happy, if he had staid  
and

and eat some jelly that she was making, but, God bless him, he would never stop a minute: but now, she should never see him again, or know another happy hour.

The discourse of these good folks, though sincere and well meant, added to the deep sorrow of the dear child's affectionate relations; and Mrs. Sinclair had just raised her head from her hand to thank them for their kind concern, and to beg them to retire, when she perceived little Jenkins running out of breath, who, finding all the doors open,

E

pursued



pursued his way without ceremony into the dining parlour, where the family were all assembled, screaming out, all the way he came, " Pray come, come directly, and fetch Master Harry down.' In an instant Tom was so surrounded, and had so many questions, from so many lips put to him at the same time, that not knowing who to answer first, he stared, without uttering a word. Mr. Sinclair, at last, suppressed the inquisitive impatient tumult, by commanding silence, and insisting upon a clear answer to the question, " where is our dear child ?"

child ?”—Tom who was as anxious to inform him, as he was to know, took Mr. Sinclair by the skirt of his coat, and still out of breath, said, “ If you comes along with I, I’ll shew you, for he cannot come, he cannot get down, if you, or some of you, does’nt come to help’em. You must come over yon copse, and through that there gate, as goes to that there field as goes—”

Mr. Sinclair, finding the description Tom was about to give would take more time than going to the place itself, if it wa ever so far off, ordered him to  
lea

lead the way, without farther talk, and he and all the servants followed, leaving poor Mrs. Sinclair alone, to wait some time longer in painful expectation.

I will thank my young readers for a simile, and beg they will tell me, for I know not, who was ever so proud as Tom Jenkins, at the moment he set off as leader to this honourable cavalcade of master and men. He flew before them across the fields, up one lane, down another, across the piddle, through the copse, clearing in his way, gates, stiles, hedges, ditches, with so  
much



much agility and adroitness, that with no small difficulty the procession that followed could keep up with him. The old housekeeper, whose kind curiosity led her on in the pursuit, was left puffing and blowing very far behind : she thought it most prudent to wait the event upon a stile half-way, and join the procession again upon its return. Mr. Sinclair, naturally not very nimble himself, was almost exhausted, with the length of the way and Tom's speed, when happily he discovered the dear object of all his hopes and  
all

all his cares, seated very composedly, though not very safely, at the top of a large tree. Proper care, however, was taken, and proper means used to relieve and bring him down safe ; His uncle took him in his arms, and the tears that refused relief to his anxiety, joy made to flow plenteously. As soon as he was able to enquire, it was explained to him how Harry got into this perilous and extraordinary situation. My readers will, I dare say, be glad to be informed, as well as Mr. Sinclair ; you must know, then, that Tom has  
brought



brought his young master a bird's nest, though no one who knew Tom would suspect that he had taken it, as indeed he had not; he had given a halfpenny for it to another boy, and carried it as a present to Harry, thinking as he knew him to be fond of birds, that he would be pleased with it. Harry, who possessed a generous warmth of temper, required with impetuous haste, to be conducted to the boy from whom the nest was bought; he was soon found, and commanded by our hero to conduct him to the very place he had taken it from,



from, which was the tree above named. Harry, fearless of danger while he followed the impulse of humanity, climbed up to the top branch with great agility, to the astonishment of Tom and half a dozen dirty boys, who had followed with curiosity and wonder at Harry's earnest eagerness to replace the nest, which they, a little while before, had been as resolute in stealing; after he had, with the utmost caution and tenderness replaced it in the very spot they directed, and seated himself securely on a limb of the tree, he thus addressed

sed

sed himself to the idle plunderers beneath him :—“ Oh you cruel unthinking boys ! have you never been taught how inhuman an act it is to take a nest of eggs ? Have you never been made to observe and consider the construction of the nest ? (for all this I have been taught) that it is one among the many wonderful works of God, which cannot be imitated by the art of man ; that the poor little parent bird has been building it, with infinite labour, for many weeks, and all the reward she hopes for her toil, is bringing to life her little brood,

F

which



which she will, with the same  
 unremitting attention, nourish  
 and protect, in a manner that  
 holds forth a bright example to  
 every human mother; and, can  
 you, in wanton, thoughtless sport,  
 deprive an innocent bird of this  
 sweet reward, rob her of every  
 joy, and send her, a restless,  
 wretched wanderer, reduced to a  
 hopeless search, for her chirping,  
 harmless family? and this cruelty  
 you commit from the wanton  
 barbarous custom of blowing  
 eggs to string them upon your  
 heads, or in your houses, where  
 they hang as trophies of your ig-  
 norance



norance and inhumanity." Upon this inexhaustible subject would Harry have proceeded in his compassion for the enchanting warblers some time longer, if his honest friend Tom had not interrupted him, which nothing however, but fears for his safety, would have induced him to do; for he felt himself delighted and improved, by all he said, but it alarmed him to see his best and kind benefactor in so dangerous a situation, and, without any apology for the liberty he took in interrupting him in his discourse, called out, "Sir, do you see as  
how

how it is a getting almost dark? Do they know at home, where you bes comed? La! how they will look up and down for you, and I would not for all my life, as you should come down without Mr. James, or coachman, or some on'em to see as you gets down safe, and if so be as you should fall, it would be the death on'em at the castle. So (nodding his head, to enforce the strength of his argument,) you stop where you be, and I'll soon fetch 'em to you;" and without waiting for Harry's consent, away he flew with all the zeal and



and speed we have already described, for assistance. The pangs of Harry's absence were forgotten and forgiven in the joy of seeing him safe again. Young Jenkins was highly applauded for his conduct; the grateful affection he discovered for Harry, had endeared him to the whole family. Mr. and Mrs. Sinclair, now restored to peace and joy, sat down comfortably to the meal that had been delayed by Harry's absence; they viewed him with delight; tears of sensibility mingled with their smiles, when they reflected upon the  
generous



generous purpose that had detained him ; the domestics were eager to testify how sincerely they participated in their master's joy, at the dear child's return. The cook entreated the butler to give her leave to carry into the room a little pudding, of which she knew him to be particularly fond ; Mrs. Steady, the good old housekeeper, came to the parlour door, with all that decorum and respect for which she was truly eminent, humbly begging permission to present with her own hands, to young master, some India sweetmeats of  
her

her own, that had been sent her by a cousin of hers, who was a captain. The butler proposed to his master, fetching up a bottle of that old sack, that had been so long in the cellar, for Harry, for once, to have a glass of it warmed, as he had fasted so long. The rest had nothing indeed to offer, but they all peeped in to take a look at his sweet face, and departed with a prayer to God, to bless him for ever. So certainly do worthy actions merit and meet the praise of all.

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## CHAPTER IV.

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A foolish son is a grief to his father, and bitterness to her that bare him.—Proverbs, chap. xvii. ver. 25.

**W**HILST Harry inspired every breast with love and admiration, his unhappy brother created disgust, and was equally disliked by his attendants and neighbours. His uncontroled temper and boisterous manners rendered



rendered him troublesome to the one and offensive to the other; they rather rejoiced than grieved at the accident which occasioned his confinement. The lads in the village were overheard to say, "So, Master Clairville is very bad with a broken leg; well, I can't say as I be sorry, he can't set the great dog at us now."—"No," says another, "and what's more, he ban't able to put Jacky Smith's t'other eye out with gunpowder. I never saw such a huge stone in my life as he threw in at neighbour Pope's window; it frightened the deadly,

as she sat a spinning. Poor boy as I be, I would not have such tricks as he has for all the world! Why, it was but the week before he tumbled out of the tree that he killed poor Dame Winny's cat, as pretty a cat she was as need be seen. He'll never come to no good, father says he wont, he's sure, for his wickedness and cruelty to poor dumb beasts as can't help themselves."

We perfectly agree with these lads in their just censure; for true it is that *a righteous man regardeth the life of his beast.*

Miserable



Miserable George! His attendants thought no better of him than his neighbours; he was to them surly, impatient, and impertinent; from their pernicious counsels many, indeed most, of his faults arose; yet they were the first to despise him. If a young man has any spark of proper pride within his breast, this reflection will preserve him from the society of mean persons, namely, that they are the first to contemn and despise those whom they have by their bad example and advice corrupted.

His



His parents then were the only persons that felt for George's sufferings, and their feelings were of the strongest nature—self-reproach. They were now conscious of their neglect, and lamented they had not by proper care in his infancy, avoided those ills which were likely to bring evil upon their child, and deep sorrow upon themselves; they perceived, too late, that as the scriptures emphatically express it, *they had built their house upon the sands.*

There are a few instances, where children have had so much  
 natural

natural sense, and to whom God has imparted so large a portion of his grace, that they have taken care and pains to improve themselves in piety and learning; but, I believe this does not often happen, nor, indeed, can it be supposed. Is there a plant in our garden that does not require the fostering aid of culture to assist its growth and produce its beauty? How would the gentle rose preserve its blooming sweetness amidst intrusive and contaminating weeds! Would they not render it in its nature, corrupt and degenerate? How then  
shall



shall the human mind expand, rude and uncultivated, without an anxious parental guide to bend its course aright! Without the instruction of the experienced, how will the unsuspecting youth be able to shun the storms and quicksands he will find in bad examples, of which there are too many in the world, ready to draw him into the path of destruction! But if EARLY PIETY be implanted in him, then will he be as the house built on a rock, and will see evil only to avoid it.

A fine lady, like Mrs. Clairville, taken from the height of  
town



town dissipation, and confined, as common decency required, to her son's chamber, without company, and without cards, will, no doubt, find time hang very heavy upon her hands. She determined, therefore, to take off the *ennui* of a family party, by inviting her brother, Mrs. Sinclair, and Harry, to pass some time with her, thinking their society preferable to being alone. The family of Sinclair, were somewhat surpris'd at the invitation, as Mrs. Clairville had never shewn any inclination, till now, for their company, and no wonder, as they  
never

never played at cards, and her brother was too apt to put her in mind how necessary and proper it was to give up more time to the care and education of her son than suited her inclination; Mr. Sinclair, however, in the tenderness of his heart, forgot her faults, whilst he pitied her for the misfortune that had befallen George; and, though at any other time, he would have refused her invitation, he was now determined to comply with her request; he would have objected strongly to Harry's passing any time with his brother, if he had  
been



been in health ; but when his temper was softened by illness, he thought there might be some chance of Harry's being of service to him ; at least, George would be unable to draw him into scrapes and danger. After a consultation, therefore, with his amiable wife, (for her good sense and good conduct had made her worthy to be consulted on all occasions) it was resolved to prepare for a visit to Clairville Lodge. The first fine morning was fixed upon to set out. Mr. and Mrs. Sinclair in a neat travelling chaise, and our hero on horseback ;



horseback; he had, as may be supposed, for some time, laid aside his gold-headed nag, and now mounted a beautiful long-tailed poney, quite as gentle and safe as his cane one.

Picture to yourself, my dear readers, Harry Clairville, at the moment of his departure, and you will see a youth, elegant in his person, neat in his dress, with that bloom of health with which regularity of life paints the cheek, with that chearful serenity that a pure and uncorrupted heart gives to the countenance: and if you can figure to yourselves, strongly,

strongly, the resemblance of a soul replete with every noble virtue, and seeing, can admire it, you will, I hope, imitate my hero, and be as amiable as he was.

“God bless you, Sir,” said the old butler, as he lifted him on his horse, “I wish you a good journey; you will do your brother good, if any body can.” The good old Mrs. Steady smiled across the court yard, and placed a basket in the carriage, with a few refreshments for her dear young gentleman; which few refreshments, as she termed them, seemed more calculated as a supply for an  
East



East India voyage, than provision for half a day's journey; but that was the only way she had to testify her regard. His departure was seen with pain by all. Honest Tom Jenkins, however, was most to be pitied. I believe I have not mentioned that Tom, from the time he had shewn so much zeal in Harry's service, had been a constant inmate in the family; shared with Harry in all the advantages of bright example and good education. Credit is due to his parents, honest Jenkins and his wife, who had, from his infancy, laid the best foundation



tion for good morals, TRUTH and PIETY. Mr. Sinclair very soon discovered that he was totally free from the mean tricks and low arts, so common in boys that are not well taught. Tom possessed an open, ingenuous temper, and very soon, by the privilege of being present at the hours of study, with Harry and his uncle, became superior to his birth; indeed what is birth but an empty sound? how many disgrace it, by unworthy conduct, and how often, for want of some fostering hand to bring it forth, does humble merit droop,

“ And waste its fragrance in the desert air.”

Jenkins

Jenkins possessed sentiments and an integrity of soul, that would have done honour to the breast of a duke. When the last park gate closed on his dear friends and benefactors, he burst into tears. "Alas!" said he to himself, "what will become of me now? who shall I have to speak to? who will hear me read? who will tell me when I do wrong, or applaud me if I am right? Mrs. Steady is a very good woman, but her conversation is very different from that I hear in the parlour or the study. But how wicked I am to be discontented, when



when I cannot be thankful enough for the blessings I enjoy. Was not Master Harry chearful and happy when he set out? did he not smile, when he shook hands with me? who is it then that I am grieving for?—myself. Away selfish sorrow! God forgive me! let me turn my thoughts to consider how I can serve my master best, in his absence. I will help the gardener to water his plants; I will feed his birds, and I will comfort little Florio, who is as sorrowful as a poor dog can be.” These reflections Tom made as he walked towards the house, where



where he met Mrs. Steady coming to seek him. We are very partial to this good woman, but in strict truth we are obliged to confess, that if she had a fault, it was being rather too loquacious; and as talkers must have hearers, she grew impatient for Tom's return, not being quite so refined as to know the luxury of silent grief.

“ So, Mr. Jenkins, I wondered what was become of you. Dear me, thought I to myself, as sure as can be, they've popped him into the chariot, and taken him with them;—then again, I thought, that could not be neither; for  
what

what would they do with my dear young gentleman, if he should be tired of riding ; or, if it should rain ; but here you stand between hawk and buzzard, shilly shally ! Ah ! you puts me in mind of myself ; just so I used to stand, mum chance, whenever my papa and mamma went out and left me at home."

The words "papa and mamma," from the aged lips of the corpulent Steady, had a sudden effect on Tom's risibility, and he more than smiled through his tears, which had not yet ceased flowing. "Lord love you," con-

H

tinued

tinued she, “ your very eyes is swelled out of your head. My lady would never forgive me, if she knew I let you take on so ; almost the last words she said to me, was, “ Take care of Tom.” Come, come into my room, and let us chat a bit ; though, to be sure, I have seldom time to speak a word. What with minding the maids and the under-servants, and what with attending the sick folks in the village and making shirts and shifts for the Sunday scholars, linen for the poor little innocent babies, and one thing and another, I have no time for nothing.



nothing. But come, set with me in my room; you will find something to say, if I cannot." *set*

Tom knew how respectable Mrs. Steady was for her affection and integrity, and was fearful to offend her; but he wished to be permitted to spend most of his time in Harry's study, who had not only given him permission so to do, but had desired him to amuse and improve himself with his books. However he indulged her the first day of the family's absence, as he knew her chief

discourse

discourse would be on the subject  
 most pleasing to him, the merits  
 of his benefactor.

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## CHAPTER V.

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He that delicately bringeth up his servant from a child, shall have him become his son at length.—Proverbs, chap. xxix. ver. 25.

**W**E must now leave Tommy, in this worthy housekeeper's room, while we attend the travellers, who arrived after a short and pleasant journey at Clairville Lodge, the magnificent seat of Harry's father; too late, however,



ever, in the evening, for him to be admitted into his brother's room that night, or for his parents to make any observation upon his manners and improvement. But when they had passed the next day with him, his polished manners, his elegant deportment, his sensible and well-bred answers to all their questions, struck them at once with admiration and self-condemnation; they experienced the deepest mortification by the comparison they drew between him and his rude awkward, ill-bred brother. What indeed can be so severe as  
the

the feelings of a parent, if they have any sense or judgment, at finding, too late, their child destitute of those attainments which lead to distinction and esteem; but if they were distressed at only marking the difference in the external manners of these two boys, how would they have been cut to the heart if they had known Harry's intrinsic worth! At present they had only time to observe the fair outside of the casket, and knew not the inestimable gem it contained within.

Harry, when permitted to attend in his brother's chamber, addressed

addressed him in gentle affectionate terms of sorrow for the cause of his confinement. George's reception was coarse and vulgar, and such as might be expected from a boy of no education ; he could not converse, for he had no ideas ; at least, not any that suited the elegant turn of his brother's mind ; he could not discourse of books, for he had never read any ; he had no memory, for it had never been exercised ; a short surly no, or yes, comprised the whole of his conversation.

We cannot wonder that the fortnight which Mr. Sinclair had promised



promised to pass at his sister's, dragged very heavily away, as the evenings were spent in cards, and poor Harry left without any of his accustomed amusements, or any companion that was at all congenial to him. He began to sigh for home, and to wonder that Tom Jenkins had not, as he desired, written to him within a few mornings of their departure; however, the wished-for letter arrived, and was brought in while the family were at breakfast, in George's chamber. Harry opened it with eagerness, and his uncle desired him to read it out.

“ What,

“What! can Harry read writing?” said George. “I can but just read print hand, and have not learnt to write yet.” “I should be very sorry,” said Harry, “if I could not both read letters, and write them; I should lose the pleasure of corresponding with my friends; and then, to convince his brother, he began to read aloud the following epistle from honest Tom.

*Dear*

*Dear Master Harry,*

Mrs. Steady says I ought to begin *Honoured Sir*, but I think I like *Dear*, better, and you told me to write my thoughts. I heard your uncle say, (and I mind every thing he says) that a letter was worth nothing, that did not come from the heart; that fine people make fine speeches, that mean nothing; but that an honest man should scorn this. Now, if I was to say, the house looked dull without you, and did not think so, how mean I should  
be;



be; but it really does, and I am not the only one that wishes you back. Poor Florio looks quite sorrowful, and would not touch a bit of supper the day you went away. I have read a chapter in the Testament, every day, to Mrs. Steady, since you have been gone, and yesterday she got me to teach Nanny House's little girl, Watts's hymn about liars; for she broke a China cup, and then was so wicked as to say she did not do it, not considering

“ That he who does one fault at first,

“ And lies to hide it, makes it two.”

Poor

Poor Nanny House cried bitterly about it, as she is afraid your Aunt will not let her stay, when she knows it. For what can be worse than a liar? Your parrot called out yesterday, "Come back, come back." Mrs. Steady thinks he has learnt it of the Guinea fowls, but I think he knows you are gone. The flowers you left in the study, are all dead, and I think I should be dead too, if I was to sit there without you, the things all look so dismal. If they could speak, they would say how unhappy they are. Mrs. Steady talks of  
you

you all day long. She told me she left one family, because her young master was so mischievous and rude, and the house was like Bedlam ; but now she is happy, and prays for your happiness. She has been sadly fretted these two days ; she has lost the key of the medicine chest, Poor Geoffry has got the toothache, and she wanted to give him some phyfic for it ; if he is not better soon, she will get a new lock put to it. The canary birds that hang in the hall, never sing now. What's very odd, James Harris (the boy I bought the  
bird's



bird's nest of,) has had one of his eyes put out by an owl, while he was looking for the young ones. If he had minded what you said to him, Master Harry, God Almighty would have saved his eye. Parson Roberts would not believe it, when Mrs. Steady told him how you sat in the tree, and what you said; she was very angry with him, I never saw her in such a rage. She told him, though he was a very charming good man, you had been brought up so well, that you was able to give as good advice as he was; and to be sure she

the said very true. So, Sir, pray  
God send you home again.

I am your faithful Servant,

THOMAS JENKINS.

P. S. Mrs. Steady and all the  
servants desire their duty. The  
poor dumb creatures look as if  
they would say something, if they  
knew how.

“ Pray, brother,” said Mrs.  
Clairville, as soon as Harry had  
finished his letter, “ Who is this  
Tom Jenkins that makes so free,  
and writes such stuff to Harry,  
the

the poor boy you have taken from charity into your service?"-- "His conduct," replied Mr. Sinclair, "makes him a rich boy, and I hope Harry will always know the true distinction between false and proper pride, and that he will choose his friends and companions according to their character, and not according to their rank. When I advise him, as I do every one, to avoid low company, I mean low in mind. A prince, without proper education, may be vain, ignorant, selfish, and unprincipled; a peasant, with good and early information, may possess



self every virtue. Tom is an excellent boy, and will, I trust, reward me amply for my care of him, by giving Harry the blessing of an attendant who will serve him with fidelity and affection through life. I desire, Harry, you will answer his letter, and let us see what you say to him; I think every line of his letter breathes strong regard for you, and he is, I am well assured, perfectly artless.

Harry waited only for this permission from his uncle, wishing for nothing so much as the pleasure of writing to Tom. He  
obtained

obtained leave to go into his father's dressing-room, where he was told he would find all materials for writing; but to his great surprise, a servant, who was in the room, prevented his going in. "You shall not come here, indeed, Sir."—"Why not," demanded Harry, "I have my father's leave to come here to write."—"Ah, may be so; my master did not know, I am sure, that all his things lay about. Besides, a fine thing indeed, your coming here! here be fruit and cakes, and all sorts of things in his closet."—"What then," cried  
Harry

Harry, blushing with indignation.—“What then! why I knows well enough, what then. You’ll stuff till you are sick, and you’ll ink the table all over, and make the room I have just been cleaning, not fit to be seen, in a short time, I’ll warrant me. So say no more, for here you sha’n’t come. Has’n’t my lady charged me fifty times never to let Master George into any of the best apartments, and now he never thinks of going into any of the rooms, except the housekeeper’s and the servant’s Hall.

Harry



Harry, though his temper was calm and unruffled on most occasions, could not keep up his spirits, under this unjust and insulting suspicion, but burst into tears. Mrs. Sinclair, passing near that part of the house at the time, heard him, and as she well knew he never wept on trivial or frivolous occasions, was much alarmed, and flew to know the cause of his distress ; which, when explained, hurt her as much as it had done Harry, and she severely reprimanded the servant, who, in excuse for her offence, said, that master George had so often done mischief,

mischief, when he had been left in a room by himself, and then denied it, that she had been frequently brought into blame by him.

“ I am sure master George never comes no where, but what he’s as rude as a bear.” Mrs. Sinclair did not condescend to explain to this woman the difference between the two brothers, especially as she found her absurd enough to suppose all boys alike. She thought it more to the purpose to cheer and revive Harry’s spirits, whose heart had been wounded to the quick, not so much at the unworthy treatment offered to himself,

as

as at the shocking character given of his brother. If, indeed, as this woman declared, he was a *liar*, he must be obliged to consider him as the meanest, and most despicable being upon earth. To be obliged to think thus of one bound to him by the near and tender tie of brotherhood, cut him to the soul; and his aunt perceiving he was in no fit mood for writing, told him, upon consideration, there would be no occasion for it, as his uncle had fixed on the next day for their departure.

This intelligence quickly restored Harry's cheerfulness; he  
 longed



longed to go back ; neither the amusements, the hours, or the society, of Clairville Lodge, suited his taste or genius : Harry was not the only one who thought of parting, with inward satisfaction. The Sinclairs sighed to return to their own house and neighbourhood, where they lived in elegant retirement.

The Clairvilles, especially Mrs<sup>e</sup> Clairville, were not sorry to lose the sight of those, whose conduct, particularly in their mode of bringing up a child, was so strong a reproach upon their own.

George was now sufficiently recovered

covered for his mother to propose taking him to town, where she languished to be herself; so that it required very little ceremony on the part of her brother to take his leave. When the day of departure came, Harry's little poney seemed to partake in the general satisfaction, and to be sensible, when his master mounted him, that his face was turned towards home. He pranced, neighed, frisked his long tail, and a person less adroit than our hero, would have found some difficulty in keeping his seat. The morning was uncommonly beautiful; if

if a poet had been to describe it, he would have had a great deal to say about Aurora, and Phœbus, and other great personages ; but it will best suit both our purpose and our genius, to inform our readers, in plain words, that the sun shone in fullest lustre, on this amiable family. When they were within a few miles of their own house, a servant was dispatched to announce their arrival : The domestics received the intelligence with unfeigned joy. Mrs. Steady bustled up stairs, unfolded her best muslin apron, and placed herself in the hall, to be ready with  
her



her smiles and courtseys. The parrot screamed—Florio wagged his tail—the canary birds made the hall resound with their song; but how shall I describe the sensations of Tommy Jenkins upon this occasion! He looked at himself to see if he was respectfully dressed; he flew to wash his hands and comb his hair, though both hands and hair were in perfect order before; he ran to the gate to look if they were yet in sight, then back to Mrs. Steady, to ask if she saw the carriage out of the window; he began to think whether any thing was left.

left undone, that he had been bid to do; in short, Tom was not an instant still in mind or body. The cottagers who saw the servant gallop up the avenue, begged to know how long it would be before his honour and madam came; and being told they were expected every minute, they got ready to ring the bells at the adjoining church.

Again I apply to my intelligent readers to paint for me Harry's return, blushing like a new blown rose at the blessings he received as he passed through the village. Observe how upright he

he sits on his horse, who curvets and prances as if conscious of the inestimable burthen he had the honour to bear. The bells ringing, servants flying, each wishing to be first to receive him. Mrs. Steady advancing, nodding, smiling, and courtfeying all the way she went.—Tom Jenkins wild with joy.—Such is the reception of the benevolent man, who being good himself, makes all around him glad and happy.



CHAPTER VI.

I have taught thee in the way of wisdom, I  
have led thee in right paths.—Proverbs,  
chap. iv. ver. 11.

**I**T was now the month of June,  
the weather settled and serene,  
the charming gardens of Sinclair  
Castle were in their highest bloom  
and beauty. The myrtle and  
orange grove sent forth its strong-  
est perfume; the carnation and  
the

the rose contended in adding fragrance to the month that gave birth to Harry. It had been determined that his birth-day should be celebrated with more than common splendor, because in a short time after this auspicious day he was to leave home for school. It was the custom of this family to give an annual dinner to the children of the Sunday school, which was supported solely by the bounty of Mr. Clairville. To cloathe the naked, feed the hungry, and instruct the ignorant, was the chief purpose of this good man's life and fortune ;

fortune ; and we lament it is not in our power to say the same of every other man of splendid property. This year, as Harry was now of an age to enjoy the heartfelt satisfaction of seeing so many human creatures happy, and to assist himself in planning the manner of the entertainment, it was resolved that this feast should be held on his birth-day, and that it should consequently be as brilliant as possible. Numerous consultations were held with Mrs. Steady, whose business it was to look to the baked meats. She was ordered to prepare an ample



ple quantity of pyes, puddings, plumb cakes, &c. in short, sufficient substantial food for the scholars, as well as to employ her skill in the finer branches of cookery for the ornamental decorations intended for the neighbouring gentry, who were invited to a ball and supper, which were to conclude the evening of this happy day. As it will not afford my readers any entertainment to be in the bustle of preparation, or to run backwards and forwards with Mrs. Steady, to enquire whether the soups shall be all white or some brown; whe-

[ 108 ]

the jellies shall stand at this  
corner of the table, or the other,  
whether the puddings for the  
dinner shall be all plumb, or by  
way of variety, some plain; nor  
will it amuse them much more to  
see Harry and Tom Jenkins se-  
lecting and sorting the flowers  
which Mrs. Sinclair had ordered  
to be hung in festoons round the  
ball room and supper room. We  
will then, suppose, if you please,  
gentle readers, all things in the  
best and highest stile possible,  
ready prepared, and enter at once  
upon the happy morn that gave  
birth to the best of boys. The  
sun



sun shone upon it, a finer sky was never seen. Harry, who arose with the lark, returned thanks to God for the blessings he was born to; and his friends at the same time offered their praises for the grace and goodness God had been pleased to bestow on him.

We have, I believe, mentioned before, that this family were accustomed to early rising, but on this day the whole house awoke with the day. The servants appeared in new liveries. Mrs. Steady, who had left nothing undone, put on a new silk gown,



gown, which would, to use her own expression, stand alone. At nine o'clock the bells rang, and bands of music judiciously disposed in different parts of the house and gardens, began to perform several pieces of music, selected and adapted to the occasion, with infinite taste, by Mrs. Sinclair. At eleven o'clock arrived the procession of children, preceded by a venerable pair, master and mistress of the school. There were twenty boys and as many girls, all in new and neat apparel. At the first entrance of the avenue, the servants were directed

to

to place on the breast of each, a cockade of white ribbon, embroidered by Mrs. Sinclair, with this emphatic motto, "Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth." After they had passed in procession, round the lawn, they were conducted into the great hall, where they were properly arranged; the boys on one side and the girls on the other. The family attended, and by Mr. Sinclair's desire, Mr. Roberts, the clergyman of the parish, read morning prayers, with a very excellent additional prayer, which he had composed for the occasion.



tion. After prayers Mrs. Sinclair sung and played the 104th Psalm, on a very fine organ, which stood in the hall, in which the children joined in heart and voice. The persons who taught them to know, to fear, to love their God, heard them thus join their voices to their Maker's praise, with inexpressible delight. Several times during the performance, both Harry and honest Tom were observed to wipe the tear of sensibility from their eyes. Upon the conclusion of this ceremony they were reconducted to the gardens, and at one o'clock, under



der the shade of a double row of well grown trees, they had two tables prepared for them, one for the girls; with the mistress at the head, and the other for the boys, where the master presided; a band of wind instruments played alternately at each table. Here they found a profusion of plain food; they had no occasion for the luxuries and incentives that depraved and indulged appetites require. Mrs. Steady, however, had dealt out the pies and plumb puddings with no sparing hand, well knowing the generosity of the donors.

To

To a man of Mr. Sinclair's feelings, there could not be a more pleasing sight than this party of innocent children, trained by him *in the way they should go*, and now rewarded for their good behaviour, by his notice and indulgence.

To the glutton, the gamester, or the selfish man this would be a *dry* observation.

After dinner these young visitors were permitted to range the pleasure grounds, and to amuse themselves, each according to his fancy till evening, when benches were placed for them in the ball-room,

room, that they might be still further indulged with a sight of the decorations and the company that assembled in honour of the day. At nine o'clock the ball opened with a minuet by Harry Clairville and Fanny Fairfax, an elegant little girl about our hero's age ; she deserved the highest praise, but we cannot speak higher of her than to say she was worthy to be his partner. They danced in a stile that made older people blush, and very unwilling to dance after them. Mrs. Sinclair was so much charmed with this graceful, animated, little pair, whom



whom she knew to be as amiable as they were beautiful, that she was affected to tears, and wept aloud to the surprise of all unfeeling souls, or rather to the wonder of those who had no souls at all. Soon after country dances commenced, the Sunday scholars were permitted to retire, each with a plumb cake and a piece of silver. They departed, each with a full resolution to behave well, as the only return they could make their kind, indulgent benefactor, and indeed, the only one he wished or desired.

“ For blessings ever wait on virtuous deeds,

“ And, tho’ a late, a sure reward succeeds.”

When

When the supper room was opened, which was early, for neither Harry nor Miss Fairfax were accustomed to sit up late, it exhibited a scene equally elegant and magnificent. Mrs. Steady had exerted all her skill, and with wonderful ingenuity had preserved the idea of the day. The splendid ornaments down the centre of the table, represented every species and every implement of industry; nor was the substantial forgot, (as we have seen at some tables) in the ornamental. There was  
well

sufficient to satisfy the appetite, as  
 well as to gratify the taste of the  
 numerous guests who attended  
 this benevolent feast, which pro-  
 moted chaste delight, nor left  
 regret behind.

" This place for social hours design'd,  
 May care or anguish never find !  
 Come, every muse, without restraint,  
 Let genius prompt, and fancy paint ;  
 Let wit and mirth with friendly strife,  
 Cheer the dull gloom, which saddens life ;  
 True wit, that firm to virtue's cause,  
 Respects religion and the laws ;  
 True mirth that cheerfulness supplies,  
 To modest ears and decent eyes ;

Let



Let these indulge their liveliest fallies,  
Both scorn the canker'd help of malice  
True to their country and their friend,  
Both scorn to flatter or offend."

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CHAPTER VII.

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Take fast hold of instruction, let her not go,  
keep her, for she is thy life.—Proverbs,  
chap. iv. ver. 13.

**H**ARRY, who was now of an age to require farther instruction, and higher attainments than his uncle was able to bestow, was in a few days after his birth-day, to quit home. In the choice of a tutor Mr. Clairville had not been  
led

led as many are, by fashion, or by the mean pride of placing his nephew where dukes and lords were to be his companions; he had been guided solely by the character of a man, who would, he was sure, pay as much attention to the moral as to the scholastic part of his pupil's character; who was, in the deep sense of the word, a gentleman, a scholar, and above all, a man of piety, and strict morality.

When the morning of Harry's departure came, not a person in the house was to be seen without tears in their eyes. Our young hero,



hero, however, who had as much sensibility as any one, set them an example of firmness. He could not, indeed, quit such dear relations, who had watched over his infancy, with such tender, unremitting care, and who had studied to make every moment of his life honourable and happy, without severe pain at heart. But he knew that whatever they ordained, was intended for his benefit, and any unwillingness on his part, to comply with their wishes, would be improper, and highly distressing to them. He considered their feelings of more consequence

sequence than his own, and he obeyed their commands with apparent chearfulness, and a serenity of temper that proved his gratitude, his sense, and his regard for their peace. When the carriage came to the door, that was to convey him away, he flew into it, without daring to trust himself with that heart-rending word farewell ! nor did he hear the numerous voices that were raised in prayers to God to bless him. Tom Jenkins alone was silent ; for he was unable to speak. Mr. Sinclair, who accompanied him, gave him that praise

so due to him, for his manly proper conduct, assured him, the persons with whom he was going to place him, were such, as, in all respects, he would be most happy with, and that they would take the best care of him; put him in mind, that the distance between them, was so short, that they should hear from each other often, and that there were three vacations in the year.

At parting, he presented him with a beautiful little watch, and the following lines with it, which Harry, as soon as he was settled, got by heart.

Little



Little monitor, by thee  
 Let me learn what I should be  
 Learn the round of life to fill,  
 Useful and progressive still,  
 Thou can'st gentle hints impart  
 How to regulate the heart,  
 When I wind thee up at night,  
 Mark each fault, and set thee right,  
 Let me search my bosom too,  
 And my daily thoughts review;  
 Mark the movements of my mind,  
 Nor be easy, when I find  
 Latent errors rise to view  
 Till all be regular and true.

As the distance to the private  
 seminary was only twenty miles  
 from Sinclair Castle, Mr. Sinclair  
 only staid to introduce his dear  
 charge.

charge, and returned the same evening, knowing his lady would be impatient to hear how her dear Harry had supported his spirits. She was much delighted with the account his uncle gave of his behaviour; all the comfort she knew in his absence, was in the society of Miss Fairfax.

The lovely Fanny was the orphan daughter of a gentleman, nearly related to Mrs. Sinclair, who, since the death of her parents had adopted her entirely. She was uncommonly clever, sensible, and beautiful, and no one  
knew

knew better how to improve her talents than Mrs. Sinclair, who now turned all her thoughts to her education.



## CHAPTER VIII

Poverty and shame shall be to him that refuseth instruction; but he that regardeth reproof shall be honoured.—Proverbs, chap. xiii. ver. 18.

**A**BOUT the same time that Harry was sent from home, Mr. and Mrs. Clairville sent George, with all his faults upon his head, to a public school. It is well if a boy, who has been carefully trained in the paths of virtue,

can

can pass uncontaminated through the fiery ordeal of a public school; but to a boy like George, miserably prepared, they could not have given a finer finish, or devised a plan more sure to fix his habits of vice, folly, and extravagance. To prevail upon him however, to set out, was no easy task; he possessed not the fine feelings and keen sensibility of his amiable brother upon the same occasion. No! all his motions and actions were guided by the love he had for himself, and the pain of leaving his parents occupied no part of his thoughts,

thoughts, when he stamped, roared  
 and declared he would not  
 stir. He considered only, that  
 he should probably have some-  
 thing to do, and that he should  
 not pass his time, quite so much  
 in ease and indolence as in the  
 stable or the servants-hall at  
 home. With a great deal of  
 persuasion, and an assurance  
 which was too true, that he  
 would have a great deal of time  
 to pass according to his own fan-  
 dancy, he at last, in a very ungracious  
 manner consented to the day be-  
 ing fixed for his departure; so he  
 was encouraged also, by his ill-  
 judging



judging mother with a promise  
of as much money as he wished  
and more grievous and destructive  
indulgence than she had yet, in  
her folly bestowed on him!  
Thus prepared, and thus sent  
forth, what can be expected to  
follow, but increasing crimes,  
with increasing age, and that the  
conduct, which in his childhood  
could only be termed folly, would  
in his riper years become vice.  
I will not disgust my readers by  
following his steps through the  
middle path he pursued in the course  
of his scholastic life, or open to  
their view scenes of riot and dis-  
order;

order: nor will they be better pleased by attending him home at his vacation, where he was now admitted one of his mother's party in the drawing room. Shall we be enlightened, instructed, or even amused, with modern fashionable conversation? Alas! no. We find it frivolous, absurd, and too often improper, for the chaste ear of youth.

Let us turn from this dark side, and look towards the light which Harry diffuses over our history, in whose breast every virtue was growing stronger, as well by the precept, as by the example



ample of his tutor, the worthy Mr. Hampton. By diligence in his studies, and decency and decorum in his whole conduct and deportment, he endeared himself to every one. He never omitted any duty enjoined him, but performed every part of his business with obedience and alacrity, and that not only from a sense of advantage to himself, but with a desire of shewing his gratitude and affection to him who was labouring in his service.

He felt and knew the use and value of education, and how much is due to those who take pains to impart



impart and instil into us those qualities which are necessary to form the character of a scholar and a Christian. Harry was totally free from any of those vile tricks which often convert a boy into a brute; he had too much humanity to torment animals, much less to tyrannize over boys younger than himself. It cannot be necessary to say that he abhorred an untruth, or that he had a proper contempt for those whom he found mean enough, at any time, to shelter their faults under the shallow artifice of evasion; he excelled also in the lighter

lighter and less material branches of his education; he obeyed and respected all masters; whatever they undertook to teach, he considered it his duty to learn; he danced elegantly. Nature, as if determined to make him quite perfect, had given him a melodious voice and an admirable ear for music; and he discovered infinite taste and skill in drawing. With application joined to abilities, and, at the same time, a strict observance of every religious and moral duty, who will doubt, that a youth, under the care of a pious, conscientious tutor,

tor, must become all that is good, and all that is amiable. Such every young man ought to be, and such every young man may be, if parents neglect not their part or duty, and are sufficiently attentive to the character of those to whom they give up the task of instruction. But what evil is there not to be looked for from trifling and idle habits, indolently allowed in childhood, and too strongly confirmed by vicious example and bad company !



## CHAPTER IX.

Who can find a virtuous woman? for her price  
is far above rubies.—Proverbs, chap. xxxi;  
ver. 10.

SEVERAL years passed over  
the heads of these brothers, with-  
out any event worthy my read-  
er's notice; the one regularly  
pursued the path that leads to  
happiness, the other still blindly  
followed

followed the way to destruction. Their different characters are strongly marked in their style of writing. A reader, if he has any taste or delicacy, will be struck with the natural elegance that prevails in the style of Harry, and the vulgarity and gross selfishness that discovers itself in that of his brother. They are not altered in a word from the original. At the time of writing them, Harry was sixteen, and George seventeen.

Harry

Harry Clairville to his Aunt.

*My dear Madam,*

Time does not fly quite so fast here as it did at Sinclair Castle during the holidays; though I hope to make the hours appear less tedious between this and the next vacation, by industry. I thank you for the books I found in my trunk; but I thought, my dear madam, you understood better the usage of books here, than to have them so elegantly bound; they are better suited to the library of Miss

M

Fairfax.



Fairfax. No boys make better use, I believe, of the inside of every author, than we do, but we are very apt to disfigure, and pay very little regard to the outside. However, as your gift, I will take all possible care of them. Pray tell Miss Fairfax that I will not fail to study and improve myself in Italian, that I may be better able to converse with her, next time I return. She did me the honour to desire I would recommend some books to her; she is weary, she tells me, of history, which is an enumeration only of crimes and follies, but

but it is fit to know the evil with which the world abounds, that we may avoid it. Any recommendation of books to one who lives with you, dear madam, would be presumption in me ; for all the knowledge I have is derived from you. To your taste, to your judgement, then, I refer her ; though I am not insensible to the compliment she has paid me. I beg you will tell her, I should be obliged to her for the notes of that duet I attempted to sing with her, that I may practice it, and perform better the next time I have the happiness to be  
with

with you. I have no occasion for money, and what you gave me when I came away, was quite sufficient. We have every thing here we can wish. I must bid you adieu ! a few ol ! Grecians are waiting for me. Tell Miss Fairfax, they are not such entertaining companions as Metastasio, and some others we were talking of.

With affectionate compliments to Miss Fairfax, and duty to my uncle and yourself, I am,

My dear Madam,

Gratefully & affectionately yours,

HENRY CLAIRVILLE.

P.S. I send



P. S. I send you some lines  
enclosed, which, as they are my  
first essay in poetry, I beg may be  
seen by no one but yourself.

I.

I would not change my cheerful peace of mind,  
For all the wealth the world has to bestow ;  
The pure reflections of a heart refin'd,  
Yield the first bliss we can enjoy below.

II.

Hail, sovereign virtue ! thou, whose mighty  
power  
Can blunt the sharpest grief affliction bears ;  
Can yield relief in misery's darkest hour,  
And raise the heart deprest by heaviest cares.

III.

Ah say, what pleasure can that bosom know  
Whose inmost folds the pangs of vice per-  
vades ?

Each

Each flower she bears, conceals a thorn below,  
And e'en those flowers in a moment fade. A

## IV.

As when on dreary Lybia's burning sand,  
The cheerless traveller pursues his way,  
Where pathless deserts, stretch'd on either hand,  
Reflect with tenfold force the Solar ray, A

## V.

If chance the furious whirlwind sudden rise,  
Mighty as Boreas, when he shakes the main,  
Lifting huge clouds of sand into the skies,  
Which threat'ning death, o'erhang the dark-  
en'd plain ;

## VI.

In vain, with fruitless search, and needless care,  
He seeks from certain death a near retreat ;  
Worn by fatigue, and breathless with despair,  
He waits in silent agony his fate.

## VII.

So vice, from pleasure seeks in vain relief,  
In vain, joins the gay crowd, in fashion's  
train ;

A guilty conscience fills the mind with grief,  
 And tinges every gaudy scene with pain ;

## VIII.

Whilst virtue, though by penury deprest,  
 Pursu'd by malice, perfidy, and strife,  
 Finds calm content in her own peaceful breast,  
 And rises far above the ills of life.

George Clairville to his Mother.

*Dear Mother,*

I got all your letters,  
 but have had no time to answer  
 none of them. I shall be obliged  
 to you to send me some new  
 pocket-handkerchiefs, and some  
 new-fashion waistcoats, with three  
 or four capes, of different co-  
 lours,



yours, and pray put as much  
 money as you can into the par-  
 cel, for I am very poor. My fa-  
 ther thought twenty guineas was  
 a great deal to bring to school,  
 but it is not half so much as Lord  
 Squander and Sir Harry Harpy  
 bring with them. Breakfasting  
 at the coffee house, as we do,  
 costs a good deal, and you don't  
 like I should be in debt. Tell  
 the butler he is very clear sighted  
 with his old eyes, but it was not  
 me he saw at Ascot races, it was  
 another boy very like me. I  
 have lost the watch you gave me;  
 you had better send me another,  
 and

and say nothing of it to my father.  
 I have hurt my thumb in a battle with Lord Squander, who bragged of having more money than you could afford to give me, so you must excuse the bad writing. Send the things directly, and don't forget the money. I don't think there is any occasion to learn French, or dancing; the dancing master is such a queer fellow, we always quiz him.

I am

Your dutiful Son,

GEORGE CLAIRVILLE.

We

We shall make no comment on these letters; it requires very little discernment to mark the contrast of character, so strongly delineated.

Mrs. Sinclair had employed her whole time in embellishing with every brilliant accomplishment, the natural elegant mind of her favourite Fanny. We wish to present a picture of her to our readers, at the age of fifteen; but where shall we find language to do justice to a form, possessing every grace and beauty, and a mind replete with every virtue? Her countenance, the  
true.



true emblem of her heart, evidently displayed the mildness and serenity of her temper. Truth, honour, integrity, piety, delicacy, purity, in a word every solid virtue was implanted in her soul; and highly adorned with every ornamental part of education, she excelled in dancing, drawing, music, &c. She had acquired a sufficient taste for the real beauties of literature to deter her from perusing the trash that is so liberally bestowed on the public, under the name of novels; if any Yuch had fallen in her way, she dreamed not of knights in armour

mour; she had no fancied fe-  
 male friend to scribble to, nor  
 had she ever heard of heroines,  
 who, urged on by "the thorny  
 point of bare distress," embroider  
 in garrets to support themselves.  
 It will be needless to add, that she  
 was totally free from that great  
 deformer of the female character,  
*affectation*; her modest diffidence  
 often kept her silent, in a circle  
 of loquacious females, where, if  
 sense and information had been  
 considered as necessary ingre-  
 dients in conversation, she would  
 have been the only speaker. She  
 could converse without having  
 recourse



recourse to such topics as fashionable places of amusement, dress, or the more pernicious and disgusting subject of flirts and beaux. *Scandal*, base talk ! fell not from her lips, nor indeed ever came to her ears ; the sense and judgment of Mrs. Sinclair made her nice in the choice of her company, especially while she had such dear persons under her care, who, on account of their youth, were open to every impression.

We do not wonder that the lovely Fanny was the delight and comfort of her life ; she endeared



deared herself by her condescension, her obedience, her affectionate and attentive disposition, and her turn for the domestic enjoyments of life. She could be happy without seeking for amusement in assemblies, cards, &c. In a word, she was what every young woman ought to be, and presents us another instance of the happy effects that never fail to reward early and unremitting care and attention.

~~dear'd herself by her conduct~~  
 tion, her obedience, her affection-  
 she and at length CHAPTER XIX.  
 her turn for the domestic enjoy-  
 ments of life. ~~She~~ could be  
 happy without seeking for amuse-

Forwardness is in his heart, he desireth mischief continually, he soweth discord.—Proverbs, chap. vi. ver. 14.

**E**ACH returning vacation that brought Harry home, was anxiously expected at Sinclair Castle; he added to the brilliancy of their society, and conversation gladdened every hour and cheered every heart. At one of these periods,

periods, upon the day on which he was to arrive, to their great surprize, some hours before him, George Clairville made his appearance ; he had very seldom visited his uncle, never without invitation, and his conduct had given sufficient occasion for that invitation to have ceased for some time ; they now felt therefore, how much his presence would take from the pleasure they had proposed to themselves during his brother's stay with them ; politeness, however, forced them to conceal their chagrin, but with what mingled pity and contempt, did



did they behold him, when by a letter from his father, the cause of his visit was explained. His father entreated Mr. Sinclair to receive him, as he was obliged to attend Mrs. Clairville to Lisbon, on account of the dangerous state of health to which her son's conduct had reduced her, and as it would be only a few weeks before he was to go to the university, hoped, for that interval, they would, in pity to her, protect him. Mr. Sinclair beheld his nephew with more disgust than ever, after he had read this letter, but respect to his sister's request, added to

his

his natural good breeding and hospitality, made him dissemble his feelings ; and with the best grace he could, he bid George welcome to his house, where he had not been long, before the gloom which he had occasioned was dispelled by Harry's arrival. The silent solemnity that reigned in the house a minute before, was changed to a tumult of joy. Mrs Sinclair and Miss Fairfax laid aside their work ; Mr. Sinclair's countenance brightened again ; honest Tom came blushing in, to ask his friend and master how he did ; the old butler and Mrs.

Steady



Steady jostled each other at the door, striving which should get in first to make the same enquiry; Mrs. Steady very shrewdly observed there was no need to ask Mr. Harry how he did, he looked so charming. Her master smiled — Miss Fairfax blushed. Why Miss Fairfax blushed we cannot exactly say, probably at finding her thoughts agree with an old housekeeper's. George, who did not want natural understanding, though it was lost in idleness and neglect, could not but perceive the different reception given to him and to his brother, and determined



terminated in his heart to take revenge. To do him justice, however, it was more to indulge a habit of wanton sport, than from any malice, that he formed this resolution. Harry's happiness was for some time considerably broken in upon by the news of his mother's illness; for though he had not lived much with them, nor ever received from them any strong marks of regard, he had a great natural affection for his parents; a principle which Mr. Sinclair took care to inculcate and nourish in him. Accounts however having been received of

Mrs.

Mrs. Clairville's being rather better, and the highest hopes being entertained from her voyage to Lisbon, the family at Sinclair Castle gave way freely to all the mirth and joy that Harry's company naturally diffused, and not even George's presence could dispel. Reading, working, walking, or riding, alternately employed the morning ; in music, singing, or dancing, gaily passed the evening. All was love and harmony, except in the mind of George, who envied happiness he had not taste to enjoy. He hated music, because he did not understand



stand it; for the same reason he disliked dancing, because he had not learnt to excel in it. Books were his aversion for they told him truths he could not bear to hear. In the midst of the finest piece of music, he generally left the room, and would prefer seeing the groom rub down the horses to hearing Miss Fairfax play or sing, though she did both in the highest stile. At other times he found amusement in frightening poor Steady and the maids by throwing squibs and crackers amongst them. One evening with more ill humour than wit, he  
went.



went into the room where a desert was set out with more than common care, for an entertainment the next day, and overturned the whole ; displaced and jumbled all things together, put vinegar to the creams, pepper and salt to the ices, and mustard and oil to the preserves. Fortunately for poor Mrs. Steady she found out the mischief in time to prepare again for the table, or it would have been the old lady's death. As it was, she declared, if Mr. George was to stay there much longer, dear as she loved her lady, she must go away. " He  
does

does not," said she, "know what to do with himself, so he is always in mischief."—A very shrewd observation of Mrs. Steady's, for there is nothing which leads more certainly to crimes and follies than not knowing how to pass our vacant hours ; and you might as well let a bear loose about your house, as an uneducated ignorant boy. They were sitting one evening, a family party, all however employed in some way or other, but George, who was fast asleep, when the butler came in with the parrot's cage empty in his hand, "Oh ! Mr. Harry," said



he, "somebody has been wicked enough to let poor Poll out; nobody has been in the room since she was fed, they all declare, but Mr. George; sure he would never do such a cruel thing, though, (I beg your pardon, Sir,) I do think he is bad enough, and what's worse, (but I thought it proper to tell you, Sir,) Tom Jenkins has been gone several hours, nobody knows where; it's pitch dark, and rains as hard as it can pour. As soon as he heard the poor bird was gone, he said he knew how much you loved it, and that you had taught it to call Miss Fanny,



Fanny, and vowed he would not come back till he had found it; for my part I don't know which to be most sorry for, poor Poll, or Tom; I greatly fear he will come to some harm, for he is not used to be out in the night." Mr. Sinclair awoke his nephew George, with no gentle touch, and demanded in a stern accent, "did you, sir, let loose the bird which you knew your brother valued?" George rubbed his eyes, and muttered out, "Hang the Parrot, I did not know any thing about its being a favourite; it made a horrid noise, so I put it up

up in a tree, and I should have fetched it in again if I had not forgot it; but its very foolish to be so fond of birds, and make such a fuss about them." "I wish, Sir," said his uncle, "you were fond of things as innocent." What more he might have said on the occasion was prevented by Tom's coming in, dripping wet, and Poll chattering and biting his fingers all the way he came. "Oh, my good friend Tom," said Harry, "I am glad to see you; where did you find my poor parrot?" "Why, Sir," replied Tom, "I was directed by some boys, who saw her fly towards



towards Farmer Cartwright's, and after going some way I began to despair, as it grew dark, of ever finding her, when fortunately I knocked at the door of a cottage to beg shelter from the rain, which then fell in torrents. I was answered by an old woman, who cried out, " Ah! stop a little ; I would not let you in if you were a king, till I have killed this devil. You toad you, do you think you shall spoil my garden and bite my fingers for nothing? I'll roast you for supper, that I will. Ah! you may fly, I'll fetch you down, I warrant me." If it had not been  
for



Or the word fly, and Poll being uppermost in my imagination, I believe I should have flown myself, at the sound of intended murder, in such a lonely place, and in such a dismal night; but convinced in my own mind, that her enemy was no other than your parrot, Sir, and thinking there was no time to be lost, I put my foot to the door, which I found it required no great force to burst open, when I beheld, as I had suspected, poor Poll seated upon a cupboard's head, and defending herself very skilfully against the old woman and her broom; the moment

ment I appeared, the bird called out, as I had taught her, "How do you do, Tom." Upon hearing so clear a sentence, so aptly applied from the voice of a bird, the old woman fell into an agony of surprise and horror, and knelt first to Poll and then to me, beseeching us not to kill her; for she concluded one to be a witch and the other a wizard; and it was with no small difficulty, I convinced her that we intended her no harm. Finding that Mrs. Poll had made great depredation on her garden and her fingers, I repaid the damage as well as I was able,



able, and supplied her with the means of procuring a better supper, than if, as she designed, she had killed and roasted our poor bird here. We parted good friends, and to her lanthorn I am indebted for finding my way home."

This story of Tom's, restored peace and good humour again to all. George, at Harry's request, was forgiven. Mrs. Poll was caressed and fed; and her kind defender, Tom, amply rewarded for his trouble, by the thanks and praises of a master who was dearer to him than his life. Mr. Sinclair, who



who saw much malice in this act of George's, determined to hasten his departure, in which resolution he was confirmed by a circumstance which happened soon after Poll's adventure. We mention indeed, only a few of the many transactions of this idle youth, which rendered his abode uneasy to this regular and delightful family. To tell all his exploits would disgust and tire. Jenkins came in one morning during breakfast, with a message from a farmer in the neighbourhood, who desired to return two guineas to Mr. Harry Clairville. He was  
very

very angry with his wife when he came home, for taking more than three out of the five he had been so good as to send. Harry, deeply blushing, with much hesitation and impatience in his manner, exclaimed, "No! no! no! tell him to take the whole; it is not too much; but why did you bring it here? Foolish man! why did he or you say any thing about it?" "Nay," said Mr. and Mrs. Sinclair both in a breath, "now, my dear Harry, you have raised a curiosity that must be satisfied."

Miss Fairfax, who had risen from breakfast, to finish a painting which



He was about, made the leaves  
 blue and the flowers green, and  
 George now thought it his turn  
 to triumph. "Oh! oh!" said he,  
 "the demure, the peerless Harry,  
 is not without his schemes, his se-  
 crets, and his private expences.  
 Pray tell us Harry, what makes  
 you blush so?" Nothing but a sneer  
 like this, would have provoked  
 him to say, "You, brother! it is  
 for you I blush!" More than this,  
 not all his aunt's persuasion, his  
 uncle's commands, or the lovely  
 Fanny's inquisitive looks, would  
 force from him. But Tom Jen-  
 kins, not quite so refined as his  
 master,



master, at least insensible to every  
 sensation but that of resentment,  
 for the suspicion cast on Harry's  
 honour, with some warmth de-  
 clared, heedless of Harry's nods  
 and signs to keep him silent, that  
 the money was sent to the Far-  
 mer, to make him amends for the  
 damage Mr. George had done to  
 his corn, and the injury done to  
 his man, by beating him, for en-  
 deavouring to prevent his riding  
 over it. "I was sent, Sir," said he to  
 Mr. Sinclair, "for fear the know-  
 ledge of it should give you any  
 uneasiness."—"I thought indeed,"  
 said Mr. Sinclair,—“I thought!”  
 interrupted

interrupted his aunt, and “ I thought ! ” fell like gentle echo from the lips of Fanny, and like echo might have died away, if Harry had not turned round, and in the softest accents, demanded “ What did my sweetest Fanny condescend to think ? ” Whether the dear maid could answer this, or whether she would have disclosed her thoughts to him, innocent as they were, remains a doubt ; for George, in coarse and loud language, accompanied by a sneer, answered for her, “ think ! why she thinks you all perfection I suppose. ” <sup>11</sup> “ Nephew Clairville, ”

said



said Mr. Sinclair, with a more stern countenance than we thought him able to put on, " retire to your dressing room ; deep resentment, like deep grief, is dumb. The time is now come for your departure ; my carriage shall be ready in half an hour, to convey you to the university. Remember when you are there, that your mother's life or death is in your power. If such a conviction has no influence on your conduct, all I can say will have no avail. If I hear that you live a regular, proper life, with due attention to your studies, I will recieve you  
again,



again, and all that has past shall be forgotten."

His aunt and Harry felt more for him on this humiliating occasion, much more, it must be confessed, than he felt for himself. Even Fanny, in her compassion, pardoned his having encreased the roses on her cheeks. The misguided youth, unfeeling as he was unprincipled, quitted these amiable relations without regret, and without mortification at knowing he was not regretted. His departure restored the castle to its wonted charm of peace and order. Harry could read, sing, or walk

walk with Fanny, free from coarse jokes, or noisy interruptions. Fanny could enjoy the company of her tame birds and animals, without fear of their being tormented or destroyed. Tom Jenkins rejoiced, for the sake of the dogs and horses. Mrs. Steady prayed God to forgive her, but she wished she might never see his face again. Prophetic wish! when George left his uncle's, he left it for ever.

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CHAPTER XI.

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As righteouſneſs tendeth unto life, ſo he that  
purueth evil, purueth it to his own death.—

Proverbs, chap. xvii. ver. 17.

**T**OO faſt fly the moments that  
bring on the day of ſepara-  
tion from thoſe we love; and  
time, who drags a heavy chain  
amidſt the worthleſs and the idle,  
with the virtuous, and, of courſe,  
the happy, fleets imperceptibly  
away. It had been determined  
that



that Harry should follow his brother to the university in six months; alas! the moment came, when they thought a very few weeks had passed. His stay, however, was for some time prolonged, from a fatal cause. A letter from his father informed him, that his mother had died of a broken heart, that he himself had determined to end his days in a foreign country, his own being rendered miserable to him by the loss of his wife, and the conduct of his eldest son, who was equally lost to him, to the world, and to himself; that he had in  
vain,

vain, tried every art to reclaim him, but he neither regarded his advice, nor answered his letters ; and that he was well informed, his mother's unhappy death had made no impresson on, or alteration in him. That he had taken care to make a provision for him, sufficient for the necessaries of life, and after reserving enough for the purposes of retirement, had made over his whole estate to Harry. This information, to a sordid man, might have been a consolation, but he had not been trained in the school of selfishness; and the latter part of the letter, pained

pained him equally with the rest. But in the same moment that he received the intelligence, he resolved, (though his father had taken proper care that he should not resign the estate,) that his brother should enjoy the profits of it. It was not to be expected, estranged as he had been from his parents, from his earliest infancy, that he should feel for them the strong affection which was due to his uncle and aunt; yet he possessed a sensibility of heart, that made him suffer the severest sorrow for the misfortunes of his family; and it was a long



long time after this grievous account, before he had health or spirits to quit his friends, or encounter a meeting with his brother. It was a comfort to him that he was not to be of the same college; for, as if unworthy bodies had the power of attracting each other, George was placed where slender discipline and bad society encreased his failings, and added to them the destructive vice of drinking. Harry was sent to a college of a very different cast, the head of it was a man of a very superior nature; in him were united every quality that  
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can enrich the soul, and all the polished elegance that can adorn the man. No wonder that the society under such a master, should be superior to any other in the university, and there our hero found himself as happy as he could be any where from home. He had a tutor, almost as young as himself, whom we would attempt to praise, if new words could be coined for the purpose, but language fails ; the common epithets, to common merit, will not convey an adequate idea of his worth ; and we must imitate the painter, who draws a curtain,  
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to conceal the feelings he found his art unable to express.

Harry seldom saw his brother, as George carefully avoided the society of one so uncongenial to himself; but poor Harry was often deeply mortified to find that in every drunken riot in the street, or what too often disgraces the university, noisy tumults at public places, George Clairville was always at the head. This uneasiness, however, was of short duration; as every crime brings its own punishment, George, by his folly and intemperance, soon put an end to his wretched life. In  
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the first half year of Harry's residence at Oxford, and in a twelvemonth after the death of his mother, at a midnight revel, where he had boasted that he could drink even more than his companions, he was seized with a fever, and in three days, without one hope to sooth the bed of death, or one friend to shed for him a pitying tear, he died.

Mr. Sinclair, as soon as he heard the melancholy news, hastened to bring his nephew home, knowing that was the place most likely to sooth his sorrow, and recruit his strength: He could not  
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be supposed to regret his brother, as one who had endeared himself by virtuous deeds and friendly intercourse; the sorrow for such a youth as George, must be transitory, for he was dead to his family, even while he lived, and they had only to regret, that longer time was not allowed him for repentance.

In a few months, Harry returned to college, where his uncle wished him to remain somewhat longer, in a society so honourable, to encrease the number of his friends, and enlarge the circle of his acquaintance. To improve  
him

him it was needless ; he was a brilliant scholar, and in the fullest and best sense of the word, a gentleman, of strict integrity and polished manners ; in a word, he was a good Christian. Adored by his relations, respected by his domestics, and truly valued by his friends, at the age of twenty-one, he took possession of a splendid estate. After this, his first care was to seek the retreat of his father, whom he succeeded in persuading to return to England with him, and had the satisfaction to smooth, and soften the remainder of a life, endangered by  
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the profligacy of his brother. On his return, he was blest with the hand of the beautiful and amiable Miss Fairfax; that he had long possessed her heart will be guessed; indeed the strongest affection, founded on mutual esteem, had long subsisted between them.

“ What is the world to such,  
 Its pomp, its pleasures, and its nonsense all!  
 Who in each other clasp whatever fair  
 High fancy forms, and lavish hearts can wish;  
 Something than beauty dearer, should they look  
 Or on the mind, or mind illumin'd face;  
 Truth, goodness, honour, harmony, and love,  
 The richest bounty of approving heaven.”

THE END.

