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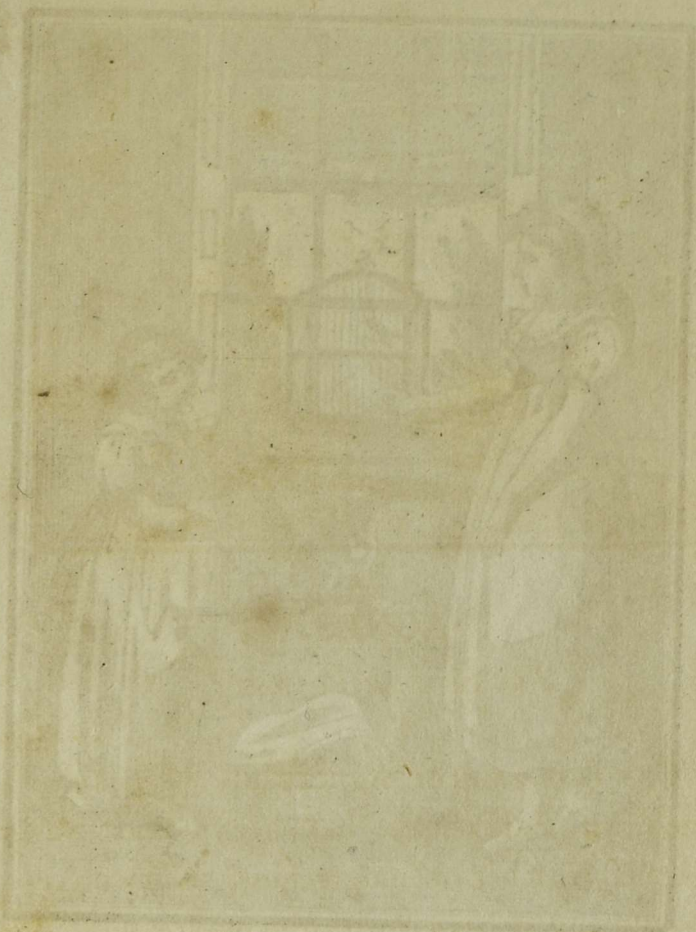
Luciola Pyralis











FRONTISPIECE.





*Extracted by her from*  
**ANGELINA;**  
*her* *Imagined*

OR,

# CONVERSATIONS

OF

A Little Girl with her Doll;

INTERSPERSED

WITH INTERESTING STORIES,

AND EMBELLISHED WITH ENGRAVINGS ON WOOD.



**EDINBURGH;**

**OLIVER & BOYD, HIGH-STREET:**

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CONVERSATIONS  
Or  
ANGELINA AND HER DOLL.

INTERSPERSED WITH  
INTERESTING STORIES.

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CONVERSATION THE FIRST.

ANGELINA was the daughter of Mr and Mrs Belmont, who were possessed of an ample fortune, and very much respected by all the neighbourhood. At the period our story



commences, the little Angelina was about five years of age. Nature had been liberal in her gifts to this little girl, for she was uncommonly beautiful, very tractable, and gentle as a lamb. The commands and requests of her mamma were attended to with the strictest punctuality; and she did not behave like some naughty children, who make unnecessary noise, but would contentedly retire to some corner, or place of seclusion, and divert herself with her doll. She acted the part of mamma to Emma, (for this was the doll's name); and it was truly gratifying, as well as amusing, to Mrs Belmont, to listen to the conversations carried on. Angelina, acting as mamma to her doll, imitated exactly the mode that her mother adopted with her; and she called Emma strictly to account, not only in the morning, but also after their afternoon's walk, and in the evening, before she retired to rest. One morning, after Angelina had breakfasted and was dressed for the day, she repaired to the Doll's chamber, where, after putting

on her morning-dress, she commenced a conversation in the following manner :

*Mamma.* Emma, did you cry when you were washed to-day ?

*Emma.* No, mamma.

*Mamma.* Are your hands clean ?

*Emma.* Yes, mamma.

*Mamma.* Have you said your prayers ?

*Emma.* Yes, mamma.

*Mamma.* He is a glorious and Almighty Being, my child, who has given you your papa and mamma. It is He who gives you food, and clothes you with raiment every day you live : for these things you ought to love Him well. Have you wished papa and mamma a good morning ?

*Emma.* Yes, mamma.

*Mamma.* Well, my dear child, I am pleased to hear so good an account of your behaviour. Jane, bring the beautiful robe of rose-coloured crape for Emma—the one which is ornamented with flowers—but how it is torn !—Was it you, Emma, who did that ?

*Emma.* Mamma, I will never do it again.

*Mamma.* As a punishment for your conduct, miss, you shall have nothing but dry bread to eat. It is indeed time for you to weep now.

*Emma.* My dear mamma, I will never tear my gown any more—never—never. It was a Holland tree which caught hold of it.

*Mamma.* How, Emma,—do I see correctly?—this dress is quite dirty. O fy!—how ugly it is to be slovenly!—Miss, you shan't put on a clean dress to-day. Go from my presence—I don't wish to see you any more. Turn your face to the wall, and remain there—O how abominable—yes—weep now.

*Emma.* It was the sweatmeats that spoiled all my dress.

*Mamma.* You are beginning to frame excuses—are you?—If it was the sweatmeats, you shall have no more of them. What! do you still weep the more!—Ah, miss, I perceive you are of a greedy disposition. I am glad at having observed this, for dry bread is the best fare for greedy little girls.



Come along here, and let me see how you have got your lesson. If you can say it well, I will pardon you. Begin with your letters.

*Emma.* A b c d e f g h i j k l m n o p q  
r s t u v w x y z.

*Mamma.* Well, spell now.

*Emma.* Ba, be, bi, bo, bu.

*Mamma.* you must not say bé, but bē.

*Emma.* Ca, ce, ci, co, cu.

*Mamma.* That ça is very bad. You must say ka, ce, ci, ko, ku. Do try to understand, Emma, and recollect again.

*Emma.* Da, de, di, do, du.

*Mamma.* Always the same fault ; you must not say dé, but dē. Pay attention to it.

*Emma.* Fa, fe, fi, fo, fu.

*Mamma.* You are quite incorrigible, Emma ; say fē, and not fé. But this is enough ; count to twenty.

*Emma.* One, two, three, four, five, six, seven eight, nine, ten, &c. up to twenty.

*Mamma.* How many vowels are there ?

*Emma.* Six ; a e i o u y.

*Mamma.* And consonants?

*Emma.* Nineteen; b c d f g h j k l m n  
p q r s t v x z.

*Mamma.* Now, my dear, I am exceedingly pleased with you—come and embrace me. If you knew how delightful it is to see a good child, you would never again be guilty of bad behaviour; besides, your interest is closely connected with your good conduct. I myself would give you good things, and fine clothes for your doll, as a reward; and you would be loved by every body; but, perhaps, you neither love sweet-meats nor toys?

*Emma.* Pardon me, mamma.

*Mamma.* You must learn to be good, and then you shall have them.

Angelina and Emma were now on very good terms, when Mrs Belmont called upon her daughter to walk with her nurse. She ran to her mamma; and in her haste overturned the Doll, which dragged along with it her box of play-things. Jane, the nurse, not being quite ready, Angelina returned to Emma, whom she

found extended on the ground, and all the toys scattered around her. She took her up, and asked her, in a passion, who had overturned them?

*Emma.* It was not I, mamma.

*Mamma.* You are not telling me the truth, Emma; not a creature has been in the room but yourself. You wished to see the gold flowers in my box; and, after committing this fault in attempting to gratify your foolish curiosity, you are endeavouring to hide it by telling a falsehood. This will never do;—you deserve to be punished, and that severely.

*Emma.* I'll never tell any more, mamma.

No sooner had Angelina reprimanded and chastised Emma, than her mother again called for her. After having arranged her playthings, and prepared herself to walk with Jane, she relented, and feeling anxious to pardon Emma, she took her along with her. While they were walking, she told her nurse the cause of the quarrel betwixt her and Emma; and Jane, who abhorred every thing like falsehood, related to her the following little story.





## THE LITTLE LIAR.

“ IN a delightful part of the country, far from the noise of crowded cities, there lived an honest peasant, whose name was James *Lovetruth*. He was, poor man, early left a widower, with three small children. Their names were Charles, Alexander, and John.



For want of the attention of an amiable mother, these little boys soon became subject to bad dispositions—Charles was given to covetousness, Alexander to lying, and John very disobedient—which caused their father great uneasiness. Honest James had a fine garden behind his cottage, and in it there grew a pear-tree, which yielded beautiful fruit; but as he found he had enough to do to support his family, he thought it an excellent plan to sell to the neighbouring gentry the produce of this tree, and, with the money, to purchase clothes for his boys, to make them look decent on Sundays.

“ One morning, before James went out to the labours of the day, he gave the strictest charges to his sons regarding their behaviour during his absence—appointing to each of them appropriate tasks, according to their several ability—while old Margaret, their grandmother, would of course manage the household affairs. He particularly discharged them from touching the beautiful fruit on the pear-tree; urging

this as a motive for abstinence, that if they did so, they would be deprived of the fine clothes which he had promised them. Charles, in name of his brothers, promised not to touch the pears, and his father went away.

“No sooner had their father departed, than these three boys, finding they were left alone, went to the garden, leaving their old grandmother in the house to manage her affairs. After some diversion among the bushes, Charles, the eldest of the three, thus accosted his brothers: ‘Come, and let us look at these fine pears, which our father means to sell to buy us new clothes.’ To this proposal they all agreed, and followed Charles to the tree; who, on seeing the pears, felt a strong desire to taste them. ‘I would like to eat one of them,’ said he, ‘they seem so nice; will you have one, Alexander?’—‘Oh, no, for father desired us not to touch them.’ ‘Poh, only one, which can never be missed; and will you eat one also, John.’ John returned the same answer as Alexander. ‘What fools you are,’ said

Charles, ‘not to taste such fine pears, when you have an opportunity without its being known.’ On saying this, he climbed the tree, and pulled three pears,—one for Alexander, one for John, and one for himself.

“ Their honest father, aware of the greedy disposition of his eldest son, and wishing to try how his children would behave in his absence, did not go to his labour, but had concealed himself in a secluded corner, not far from the pear-tree, where he heard the whole of their conversation, and saw them eat the pears. After observing the whole of their wicked conduct, he did not discover himself, but went away to follow his occupation at the plough. When he returned at dinner-time, he said to his children, ‘ We must have the pears gathered in to-night, that they may be ready for the market to-morrow.’ They all looked rather confused, while he continued, ‘ Charles, go and fetch a basket here, which you will find in the arbour.’ Charles soon returned with the basket ; and his father brought



a ladder, on which he mounted, and pulled the nice pears. This done, he counted them, and, with a significant look, said to his children, ‘Some one has been stealing my pears; there are three of them wanting. Who has been in the garden?’ ‘Nobody but grandmother,’ replied Alexander. ‘It could not be her,’ returned their father; ‘for she had no ladder, and the fruit was too high for her to reach it otherwise. I suspect it was some of you.’ On this they all began to look very confused. ‘Charles,’ said he, to his eldest son, ‘did you eat any of them?’ ‘Yes, father,’ replied he, ‘bursting into tears.’ ‘Since you have acted so wickedly in disobeying my commands,’ returned the good man, ‘you shall be deprived of the new coat; but, as you have been so candid as to tell the truth, I shall not punish you.—And, Alexander, have you ate one also?’—‘No, father.’—‘What! has Charles ate all the three large pears without giving you one?’ ‘Yes, father.’—‘What have you to say to this, Charles?’ He cast



his eyes to the ground, and answered not a word. ‘Come, John, tell me the truth, did *you* eat any of them?’ ‘Yes, father,’ said John, weeping profusely. ‘You ate them, though I strictly enjoined you not to touch them, and promised you a rich reward for obedience.’ ‘I will never be disobedient again, father.’ ‘That will be known in future; at present, however, none of you have been afraid of incurring my displeasure except Alexander; but I must insist on knowing which of you has ate the two pears.—How many have you ate, Charles?’ ‘Only one, father.’ ‘And you, John?’ ‘One also, father.’ ‘Three pears are missing—who then has ate the third? ah! ’tis your grandmother; but say nothing, I shall soon find her out. I will make a trial of the cock;’ and Charles was instantly despatched to fetch this favourite bird. When he had brought the cock, his father took it from him, and retired. In a few minutes, James returned with this wonderful bird under his

arm, and he then made his little family arrange themselves, with their grandmother at their head. ‘Now,’ said he, ‘you must each of you come in your turn, and pass your right hand along the back of the cock; by which means I will find out the culprit; for whenever the guilty person touches the cock it will crow.’ Grandmother, Charles, and John, one after the other, conscious of their innocence, stroked the back of the cock; but Alexander, who was afraid of its crowing, and his being detected, passed his hand along without touching it. ‘Now, shew all your hands,’ said the worthy father; and immediately all their hands were presented to him. ‘The secret is now disclosed; and the truth appears. Alexander has ate the pear. He has betrayed himself; for his hand, you see, is white, while yours are all black. I blackened the back of the cock; and he, knowing himself to be culpable, durst not touch it. This is a true method of finding out liars.’ Alexander, confound-

ed, began now to cry. ‘I have no pity for your tears,’ said his father to him; ‘you was not satisfied with being greedy and disobedient, but you must also be a liar;—for shame! it is frightful!’ and he immediately ordered his grandmother to give him a hearty whipping.

“On the same day, as James, surrounded by his children, was resting himself after his labours, he was accosted by a gentleman, who requested from him a little cider to refresh him. James went instantly into the house, and soon returned with the liquor, which he presented to the stranger with one of his best bows. Having refreshed himself, ‘I thank you,’ said he, ‘for your hospitality; for I was very warm, and I feel much benefit from it. Now, as you have done me a favour, you must permit me to render you one in return. Are these your children?’ ‘They are, sir.’ ‘They seem fine boys, indeed,’ said his Lordship; for he really was a nobleman. ‘Alas! they re-



call to my recollection my poor boy ; he was about the age of your eldest son, when it pleased the Almighty to take him from this world. He was so sweet and dutiful a child, that he never disobeyed me, and neither told lies nor was covetous, but when he saw me indisposed would weep with sorrow. I have preserved all his playthings, and I purposed never to part with any of them but to children who, like him, are neither covetous, disobedient, nor tell lies. It would afford me considerable pleasure did any of your children answer the very favourable description which I have given of my dear departed boy, and thus merit his toys ; for, I confess, I love the little creatures on your account—I doubt not but they add much to your sum of happiness.’ Honest James shook his head significantly ; and the gentleman, sighing, said, ‘ your appearance gives me pain ; for I apprehend your children are not so well-behaved as you would wish them. But let us make this agreement,

that if your children are neither covetous, disobedient, nor given to lying, for three months, I will give them the playthings of my son, and a new suit of clothes each. This arrangement I hope will please you.' The countryman gave such a suitable reply as so much kindness merited, and the gentleman requested him to bring them to his castle, where he would shew them all the fine things he had in store for them, which might prove a stimulus, and induce them to behave with propriety.

“James, who determined to lose no time in embracing this offer, took his children the very next day to the nobleman's castle. On their arrival, they were dazzled with the beauty and magnificence of the apartments, which shone brilliantly with a profusion of gold and silver, ornamented with rich embroidery and precious stones. After passing through many of these, they were taken to one more beautiful than all the rest, in the midst of which was a table covered with

gold gauze. The nobleman stepped forward and lifted the covering, when, under it, to their no small astonishment, the children beheld beautiful coaches, horses, chariots, and punchinellos, covered with silver and gold, with a thousand other fine toys, which they had never before seen,—besides sweatmeats and confections of every description; for the deceased little gentleman could not eat all the nice things that were given him. You would no doubt have been amused, to behold the countenances of Charles and Alexander, and, above all, of little John—‘O!’ said he, ‘if I could but get one stick of that nice sugar-candy!’ ‘That you cannot get at present,’ said the gentleman; ‘but all these will belong to you in three months, if you are neither lying, disobedient, nor covetous children;’ and, after giving them some refreshment, he sent them away.

“On returning to the cottage, the three children thought they still beheld all the riches they had seen at the castle, and they



could, in fact, think of nothing else. As their father, however, had promised to the nobleman to give them no advice in regard to their conduct till the expiry of the time agreed upon, he allowed them to take their own way.

“When two months and a half of the time had elapsed, during which the children conducted themselves with the utmost propriety, the gentleman again invited them to the castle. This made them very happy, and during their stay there they did not fail to visit the fine toys of the nobleman’s son ; but, alas ! for poor Alexander ; he suffered himself to be tempted by a nice box of sweetmeats, which he put into his pocket without any one observing him.

“The three months had now expired, and James made his children dress themselves in their best clothes, and go with him to the castle. When they had reached it, the gentleman, who was waiting their arrival, said to them, ‘Come, my little friends, and re-

ceive the reward of your good behaviour; but, first of all, it is necessary that I should know what has become of a box, which is wanting here.' He then shewed them an exact inventory of every thing that was upon the table. Alexander's face flushed, and he seemed covered with confusion. His father, observing the tremour of his frame, looked on him with anger, and said, 'seek no farther, my lord, there is the robber!' pointing at his wicked son. He boldly denied the theft; but his father seized him, and, searching his pockets, found the empty box. 'Ah! this is too much,' said his Lordship; 'a liar and a thief! how I pity you, good James, in having a son who discovers such wicked propensities! Never bring him here again—I hate greedy boys; but I fear and detest liars and robbers. As for you, my good children,' addressing himself to Charles and John, 'who have made a successful effort to correct your faults, all that you see on the table is yours, and I give it to

you freely. You shall each of you have a suit of new clothes, and, for the future, I will take care of your fortune.' This said, his Lordship then told James, their father, that he would make him his farmer, and exhorted him to continue an honest man.

“James, with his two sons, Charles and John, returned home quite overjoyed at their good fortune; but Alexander, who was turned out of the castle for his bad behaviour, durst not go home to his father's house. The children of the village, when he made his appearance, pointed their fingers at him, and said, ‘There goes the robber of the castle!’ His father, however, brought him home, where he remained for the most part shut up, leading a very sorrowful life. But this he well deserved; for, why was he a thief and a liar?”





## CONVERSATION THE SECOND.

THE lady with whom Mrs Belmont dined that day was extremely partial to Angelina.— She insisted on her sitting next to her at table, and supplied her with all the dainties it afforded. Angelina had made a plentiful meal, when a dish of cakes, highly grateful to her palate, was served up. Her mother, who closely observed her, signified, by her looks,

that she was not to eat any of them ; but the greedy Angelina, feigning not to notice her signals, partook of the cakes, and even gorged herself with them till she was quite ill through her gluttony. Mrs Belmont returned home quickly with her daughter, undressed her, and gave her some tea, with the addition, no doubt, of a good scolding. As soon as Angelina felt herself better, while her mother was reading, she ran to get her Doll, and held the following conversation with her dear little Emma, as she called it.

“ Come hither, miss, that I may loosen your clothes. Jane, make tea for this little glutton, who has stuffed herself with cakes till she is nearly choked ; though her mamma strictly forbade her to eat any of them. Fie upon you, miss ! what naughty behaviour in a great girl at your age ! You ought to be ashamed of yourself ! and after having eaten abundantly too of macaroons, biscuits, grapes, almonds, and pears ! Fie upon you ! how unbecoming, to be so greedy and so disobedient to your mam-



ma. What's more, I am sure you ate your meat without bread." "No, mamma," answered Emma, or Angelina for her. "But you asked for some chicken, and that is very improper; a little girl should not ask for any thing at table, but wait till her mamma help her—and then I have to scold you for drinking without having emptied your mouth. You answered Mrs B——, too, with your mouth full, and that's very rude, indeed; you must not cram it so full, and take care to empty it before you drink, or give an answer.

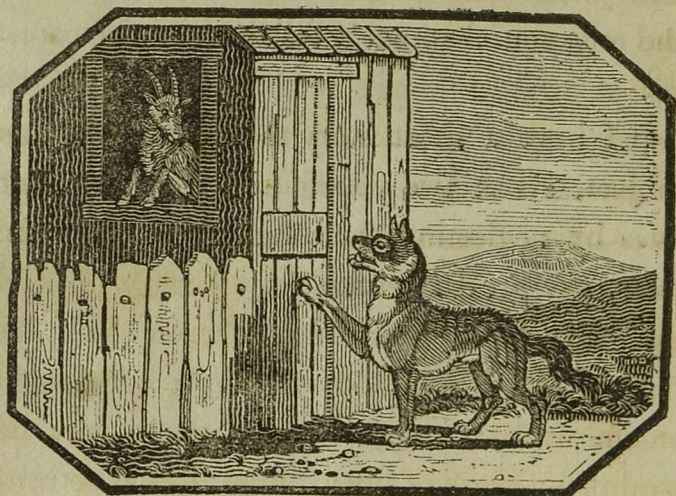
"On rising from table you made a noise, and spoke as loud as a grown-up person; you also disputed with Mrs B.'s daughters, which was quite contrary to good manners, and even snatched their playthings from them. Let me see your hands, miss; have you washed them, pray? I am certain you have not. Look how dirty your frock is! and you wish to accompany me to dinner, forsooth! but you must alter your behaviour beforehand, Miss, and mind a little more what mamma says to you. You are



such a careless child ; twenty times have I told you how improper it is to do so or so, and still you obstinately follow your own counsel.

“ I have a short story to tell you on this subject, about two young kids who lost their lives by neglecting their mother’s commands. Now, pay great attention.”

## D



## THE WHITE GOAT.

“ONCE there was a white Goat had two pretty kids, and she was obliged to leave home in quest of food for them; but before she left the house she addressed them thus: ‘Children, open not the door to any creature in my absence who does not first shew you a white foot; and be well on your guard, I entreat you, lest

you should be deceived. Now recollect this.' The little ones promised due attention, and the goat set off to get them food.

“ All the while master Wolf was behind the door ; and no sooner was the goat gone, than he knocked at it, counterfeiting her voice ; rat, tat, ‘ open, I am your mother,’ cried the artful devourer. ‘ Shew us a white paw then,’ said the young kids. This puzzled master Wolf, for his paw was of a grey complexion ; but the sly animal was not long without a stratagem ; he wrapped a piece of linen round it, and returned to the door. Again rat, tat, ‘ open, I am the goat, your mother.’ ‘ Shew a white foot,’ repeated the little ones, and instantly one of that colour was slipped under the door, which was too hastily opened by the thoughtless kids, before they were well assured of the token.— What happened in consequence ? The hungry merciless Wolf ate them all up ! Now, had those little foolish animals been more cautious, they would have discovered master Wolf’s trick,



and the poor goat would have found them safe on her return."

"Now, Miss Emma, if you always minded what I said, you would not be so frequently scolded. Well, be a good girl; I'll forgive you this time—come and kiss me. Do you see this fine book? the title of it is *Early Genius*—see the pretty pictures!—here are children at the statue of Wisdom, exciting each other to study.—Here's another one! it is little Gassendi, the astronomer; the next, Linnæus, the celebrated botanist; and this, Bossuet, the famous little orator."

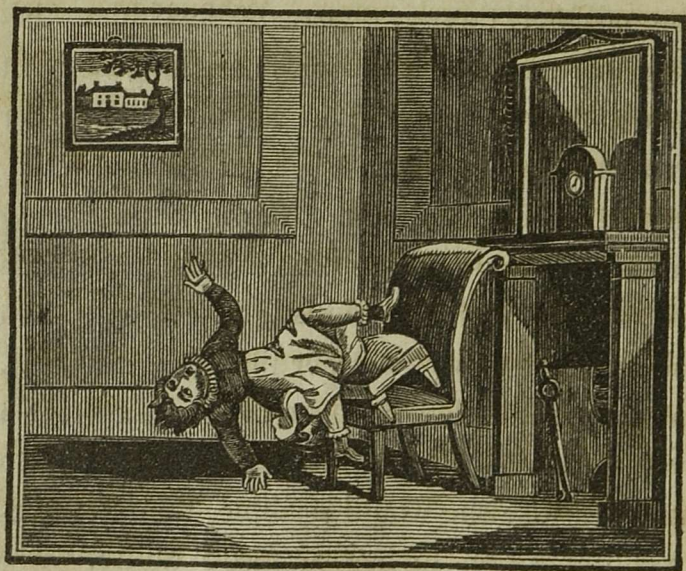
Angelina was proceeding with the pictures in the book, when Mrs Belmont, who had finished her reading, called her. "Come hither, Angelina," said she, "bring your doll with you, and sit down by me. You told Emma a story just now, shall I tell you one in my turn?" "Oh, my dear mamma, pray do." "Listen then."

## HISTORY OF THE DISOBEDIENT LITTLE GIRL.

“FORMERLY there lived a little girl called Ellen, who was very pretty, but very disobedient to her mother. This ugly failing drew many troubles on her. If her mother happened to be talking, though repeatedly forbidden, Ellen was sure to take up the scissars, and cut her fingers with them ; or she would open her mother’s case, and throw all her needles about. Sometimes she would amuse herself with drawing all the pins out of the pin-cushion, sometimes in playing with the thread. Now and then she would throw down her mother’s snuff-box, and strew the floor with its contents, or tear a valuable book. Her frocks were stained with ink, because she would scribble, though in direct opposition to her mother’s desire. She burned herself several times by playing with the fire, and yet did not take warning, and correct herself of this dangerous habit.

“ Among other adventures, this little per-

verse lady contrived occasionally to splash herself with sauce, broth, or milk, in climbing to peep into a dish or tureen. Falls, and consequent bumps and bruises, were no unfrequent occurrences : Being very desirous, one day, to see what was upon the chimney-piece, she mounted a chair, which she overturned,



and came to the ground with her head foremost. This unlucky accident confined her to her bed for some time ; but still she continued her practice of meddling with every thing that came in her way. She was distinguished from



her brothers and sisters by the grating name of *disobedient*. ‘Who did such a thing?’ ‘Disobedient did it,’ was the invariable reply. ‘Who said so?’ ‘’Twas Disobedient to a certainty.’ At five years of age Ellen remained unaltered; or if any difference was evident, it consisted in her beginning to feel the disgrace of her nick-name. Whenever it was used, she became cross and sulky with her young friends; and her mother allowed them to go on, not seeing her disposed to mend her manners.

“One day, Ellen’s mother desired the nurse, whose name was Louisa, to walk out with her daughter, when the weather was uncommonly fine, and the days very long. Ellen and Louisa strolled about together, till they came to a beautiful field of corn, when Ellen asked nurse’s leave to gather some wild flowers. ‘With all my heart,’ said Louisa; ‘but you are so unruly and disobedient! you’ll go amongst the corn and lose yourself, and then what shall I say to your mamma?’—‘Oh, no, nurse; I give you my word, I won’t! I’ll

keep the outside in sight of you, and you shall see me all the time.’ ‘Recollect, miss, that a number of insects and reptiles lodge in the corn, and that some of them might hurt you; and then, if the keeper of the field saw you, a prison would be your portion, believe me—Now decide.’ ‘Oh, you’ll see, nurse! I shall not go farther than this’—and here the little Rambler marked out a space of eight or ten steps as her boundary. Having carried her point, off she went, carelessly running about here and there, in search of the prettiest flowers, whilst the nurse was seated on the grass knitting. Ellen joyfully looked around, and saw a variety of flowers that pleased her; these she quickly gathered, and as rapidly threw them away to pick others more to her fancy; thus she went on, selecting and strolling, till she quite lost sight of Louisa, who was attentive to her work, and did not immediately miss the child, so that Ellen was out of hearing when she called her.

“The little stroller bewildered herself so completely amongst the corn, which was above her

height, that she could not find her way back. She called out to the nurse with all her might, but was not heard ;—tears now flowed apace, and not without cause. Had she been obedient, her embarrassment would not have taken place ; but let us follow her awhile, and we shall find her involved in still greater difficulties and alarms.

“ The anxious nurse walked round and round the field, calling loudly after the strayed Ellen, whom her voice could not reach ; nor was any one she met able to give her intelligence of the young wanderer. Deeply concerned, she went back to the house to inform her mistress of the accident. Ellen’s mother, on hearing how it happened, said to Louisa, ‘ I am not surprised at her being lost in the manner you describe ; she is so very disobedient ! No doubt she will be imprisoned ; but she well deserves it.’

“ While nurse was relating this, poor Ellen was striving to get from amongst the corn. She went to right and left, backward and for-



ward ; but all in vain, for she saw no way out. Overcome with fatigue and grief, the beautiful flowers were all thrown away, and she burst into a flood of tears.

“ At last, walking at random, she struck her foot against a bird’s nest, which startled her very much, and the more so, as at that instant the parent birds flew off, and skimmed her face in their flight. On this, the affrighted Ellen gave such a loud and shrill cry, that a dozen larks, if not more, sprung up from their nests, where they had been sitting upon their eggs. A little farther on, she trod on a large toad, and had nearly fainted with the dread it excited.

“ Besides these fears of the moment, the unfortunate little Ellen was tormented in another way ; her arms, face, and neck, were cruelly stung by the gnats, to whose attacks she was much exposed, as, in order to be more at liberty, she had taken off her hat, shawl, and gloves. The spiders, too, added to her torture, by crawling up her legs, on which they raised

great blisters—in short, she really suffered a martyrdom, and, to increase her sufferings, night approached. But how acute was Ellen's agony, on perceiving a huge snake raise its crest towards her, and hearing it hiss! She had unluckily trodden upon its tail. The sight of the reptile so terrified her, that it deprived her of all sensation, and she fell on the ground; but the snake did her no harm, not being of a venomous kind.

“The last accident took place on the edge of the corn field, from which Ellen still supposed herself distant. The keeper, who happened to be near the spot, heard the scream, and was at a loss to account for it; but thinking it was some beast of prey that had quitted the wood, and was lurking thereabouts, he pointed his gun towards the place whence the sound came. He had levelled at the unfortunate child, when he providentially perceived her feet and petticoats, on which he hastily threw down his piece, and ran up to her.

“Having brought her to herself, he asked her



name. ‘Ellen,’ replied the little trembling culprit. And your father, what is he called? ‘Rosenberg,’ answered the child. This gentleman was well-known to the keeper, who made other inquiries, to which Ellen gave the best answers she could.

“While conversing, they were observed by Louisa, who had returned to the field in order to renew her search. Nurse being instructed how to act, made a sign to the keeper, and



concealed herself from Ellen, whom he de-



sired to wait a moment. He then went to the nurse, who pointed out to him the line of conduct he was to pursue with this disobedient young girl.

“ On returning to Ellen, he addressed her thus:—‘ You will sleep in prison to-night, Miss, where you must remain two days, for having been found amongst the corn; and your father must pay all the damage you have done. If found here again, you will be confined eight days on bread and water : this is the regulation.’ Pardon was instantly implored ; her little hands clasped together, and one knee on the ground. ‘ Spare yourself this trouble, Miss,’ said the keeper ; ‘ all entreaties are useless ; I obey the orders of my superiors : I am not, like you, disobedient. Come, come along,’ cried he, with a thundering voice, that caused every limb of poor Ellen to shake ; ‘ you’ll not die of this, my little dame !’—She attempted, for an instant, to resist ; but he took her under his arm, and bore her off like a fly. By this time it was quite dark.

“ After walking for some time, the keeper stopped at the corner of a narrow street, and set her down : ‘ I pity you,’ said he ; ‘ and as you are so young, I will put a bandage over your eyes, to prevent you from seeing the robbers we must pass in going through the prison ; for their looks are so dreadful, that you would die with fear on beholding them.’ Her conductor’s countenance appearing less angry, she allowed herself to be blindfolded, but with deep sighs. He then took her up again, and walked on above half an hour, till at last he came up to an iron gate, which was opened with a loud creaking noise ; and a large bunch of keys, which hung from the porter’s side, made a horrid clanking. The porter led them to a door, which he shut after them, and fastened with enormous bolts ; then to a second, and then to a third door. On reaching a fourth, the keeper stooped very low to enter, exclaiming, ‘ thanks to God ! we are arrived. Unhappy little girl, how much I pity you ! but you have been disobedient, and you are se-

verely punished.' He then removed the bandage from her eyes, and Ellen wept so abundantly, that she could scarcely discern the objects about her. 'This room is not fine,' observed he, 'but you will find in it what is necessary, this being the first time you were found in the corn; should you transgress another time, take my word, you will be more harshly treated. My wife will come presently, give you supper, and see you to bed: you will not fare overwell here, for we are not rich.' Having said this, he retired, and his wife came in directly after; but such a woman! tall as the monument, and withal most shockingly ugly!—The child was afraid to look at her. This woman gave our little unfortunate a small portion of bread and cheese, and afterwards a glass of weak beverage, and as soon as supper was ended, put her to bed, without uttering a single word.

“Ellen, no doubt, shed many tears, but sleep at length hushed her sorrows. The ugly woman called her up next morning, and gave her



some warm milk for breakfast, muttering something at same time, as if she grudged the meal.

“ Our little prisoner was left alone till the dinner hour. She was very melancholy, and much regretted the want of her spelling-book, out of which she learned to read ; for, though she had often neglected it at home, she now felt the loss of it in her solitary state.

“ In pensive mood she sat on the bed-side till three o'clock, when the keeper's wife brought her dinner, and broke silence :—‘ Do you pass your time pleasantly, Miss,’ said she ? ‘ By no means,’ answered the captive Ellen. ‘ If you knew how to read and sew, I would supply you with books and work ; but you are so ignorant !’—‘ I can read tolerably well, and am beginning to hem and stitch.’ ‘ Can you indeed ? we'll soon see that ;’ and the good woman left the room : She returned quickly, with a book, a needle and thread, a thimble, and two handkerchiefs to be hemmed. ‘ These will amuse you a little, Miss.’—On say-

ing this, she retired, and Ellen was again left to herself until eight in the evening. On her reappearance, the handkerchiefs were neatly hemmed. ‘Well done,’ said the woman, significantly, ‘confining young misses now and then is a good plan, I see—this is clever; I am satisfied; and to prove that I am so, you shall not sleep here to-night.’ While she was speaking, a door was heard to open which Ellen had not observed, and, to her great surprise, she saw her father and mother enter. Who can describe her transports on beholding them! Bursting into tears of joy, she rushed into their fond arms. ‘Will you ever be disobedient again, daughter?’ said the one; ‘Never, never, mother!’ replied the other—‘but why, tell me, did you forsake your Ellen?’—‘I did not forsake you, love; I loved you still, in spite of your failings, because I always hoped to see you corrected of them; and to shew you how far my affection for you extends, know that we paid money to prevent your going to prison, and caused you to be

brought home.' Ellen viewed her mother with the utmost astonishment. ' You seem to doubt what I say,' added Mrs Rosenberg ; ' follow me then ;' and immediately the door was unfolded, at which she had entered, and the child fully recognized her father's house. Her eyes were covered by the keeper, that she might not know where she was on entering it. The huge iron gates, she was led to think opened to receive her, were a mere deception, to persuade her she was going into prison. The room in which she was confined, was an unfrequented upper apartment, unknown to Ellen. In this judicious manner did Mrs Rosenberg correct her daughter, while she watched over her with maternal tenderness.

" Ellen, overjoyed, loaded her worthy parents with caresses for all their goodness, promised to disobey them no more, and faithfully kept her word."





### CONVERSATION THE THIRD.

MRS BELMONT one day took Angelina along with her to pay several visits. Miss behaved herself with tolerable propriety ; her mamma, however, noticed, that she invariably answered, yes, or no, abruptly. After they came home, Mrs Belmont reprimanded her for this abruptness. Angelina cried awhile, but soon dried up her tears ; then, as usual, took her doll, and pointed out to her the proprieties and improprieties of her behaviour during

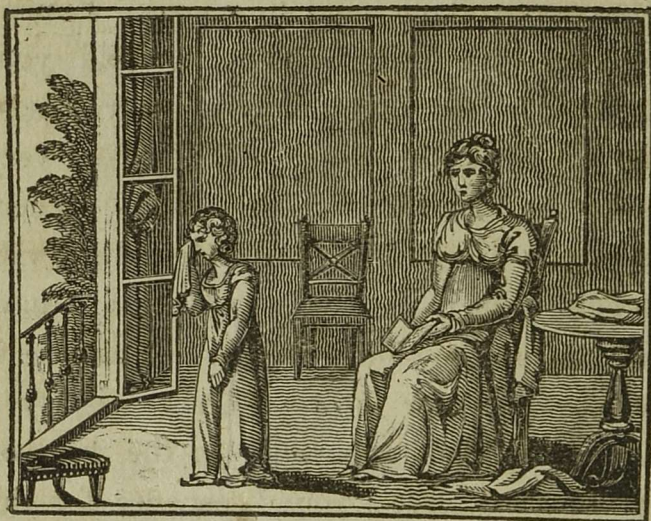
their visits ; never failing to scold her well for the latter.

“ Come to me, Emma ; I have a great deal to say to you. You have been good ; and you have been naughty ; do you know in what respects ? ” — “ No, mamma. ” “ Well, I’ll tell you. On approaching Mrs L——, you dropped a courtesy ; perfectly right. When she wished you good day, you returned the compliment like a pretty girl ; you used your handkerchief properly, and conducted yourself correctly throughout that visit. When that lady presented you sugar-plumbs, you returned her thanks very becomingly. So far right : but you didn’t see how I looked at you, when you asked for something to drink, saying, ‘ I am so thirsty ! ’ You ought to have waited, or told me in a low voice. And then, on Mrs L—— offering you sweetmeats, you said you were hungry—wasn’t this greediness ? You may well be afraid to answer me. You held yourself, too, very awkwardly, though I gave you several taps

on the neck to make you alter your position. I have one thing more to remark, Emma; whenever you sneeze, mind to hold your handkerchief or your hands to your face—this you neglected to do, and I looked very angrily at you for the inattention. Then, again, you yawned, as if you found my visit too long—this is extremely rude, and I have told you so a hundred times. Yawning is not allowed; nor is it proper to signify a desire to quit the company, in the way you did. You deserve a round penance for this—really, you are far from polite. You know I have scolded you frequently for the same offence. When asked a question, your answer is, yes, or no, quite short: nothing can be more uncivil—you should always say in reply, yes, or no, Sir, or Madam.

“While undressing you, I shall relate a story, that will shew how dangerous it is to be constantly disobeying parents. It is worth your close attention:”—





## HISTORY OF LITTLE FRANCES.

“ A LITTLE girl lived some time ago, who always answered yes, or no, and nothing farther. Her parents saw very genteel company, and were ashamed at the rudeness of their young daughter. ‘ Frances,’ once said mamma to her, ‘ if you do not bid good day, make your courtesy, and answer politely when spoken to, I will call the black man to you.’ ”

“Finding she paid no attention to the menace, it was executed, and the grim man called in, who instantly came down the chimney, with a large bag as black as himself, into which he thrust little Frances, and carried her off to teach her good manners. The same will happen to you, Emma, if you continue your rudeness.”

Mrs Belmont had listened attentively to Angelina's admonitions to her doll, and wished to avail herself of the happy disposition her daughter was in, to tell her a story that would instruct as well as amuse. “Angelina,” said she to her, “shall I tell you a pretty story?” “Oh yes! pray do, mother!” “Fetch your work-bag, then, begin working, and above all, do not interrupt me. If you have any questions to put, wait till my story be ended. And do not keep gossiping with Emma; for, in the first place, that is contrary to good breeding, and in the next, you would put me out. Now you are warned; attend to me.”





## THE LITTLE RUDE GIRL.

“DOCTOR Campbell had a little daughter called Calista, who was of rare beauty, but she was rude and disdainful. Her father and mother, who were kind and polite to all, strove to correct these defects, which caused her to be disliked; but their best efforts were fruitless.



When six years of age, the perverse Calista never dropped a courtesy without being told to do it. She scarcely deigned to turn her eyes towards those she was speaking to. When the persons she addressed happened to be poorly dressed, her indifference was still greater : She examined them a moment with her little contemptuous air, and then abruptly left them. If, in walking out, she was accosted by any little damsel, who obligingly gave her hand and invited her to play, Calista at once eyed her dress, and if she found it inferior to her own, left her play-mate with scorn.

“ Although she acted thus, it was not from want of advice ; the doctor and his lady had often told her, that merit did not consist in fine clothes ; and that a little girl, in humble attire, might be good, gentle, obedient, and well-informed ; but the vain minx, naturally rude and uncouth, still treated with contempt all who were beneath her in point of appearance.

“ Her pride, however, was occasionally mortifi-

fied, in overhearing those children she had ill-treated say, that pretty girl certainly belongs to very common people ; it is easy to see it, notwithstanding her fine frock, trimmed with fur, and her elegant hat ; she is too vulgar to be the daughter of well-bred parents ; most likely the grand clothes she has on are only borrowed. On hearing such remarks, the proud Calista would turn red as fire, and hasten to her mother ; yet she was not sincere enough to tell the cause of her vexation.

“ One day, as she was amusing herself in a favourite public walk, she fell into a company highly pleasing to her ; and it was in the following manner :

“ All the young ladies of a neighbouring boarding-school, having begun to play at blind-man’s-buff, the mistress, seated on the grass, entertained herself looking at them, and listening to their joyful shouts. Calista, who was standing near her, expressed by looks her inclination to join the amiable party ; but she was rather timid in advancing.—‘ Come, come

my little dear,' said the mistress to her; 'you are too pretty to remain alone without any amusement.' A polite little girl would have thanked the lady with a low courtesy; but this was not done; the rude Calista followed one of the youngladies, who took her by the hand, and joined the rest, without answering or noticing the lady who had shewn her so much civility. 'That little Miss is very ill-bred,' said the mistress to one of her pupils; 'what a pity! She is really handsome.'

"The game having lasted half an hour, the children were disposed to rest awhile. During this space, the kind mistress of the school called Calista, and thus addressed her:—'My dear, what is your age?' 'Six.' 'Is your mamma here?' 'Yes.' 'Do you often come to this garden?' 'Yes.' 'Is your residence distant?' 'No.' 'You are, no doubt, well instructed?' 'I read Latin and French.' 'Can you repeat any thing?' 'Some verses my father taught me, the fabulous deities, and the kings of France. I can also reckon up to



one hundred.’—‘ This is a great deal ! Do you learn drawing and music ? ’ ‘ I am learning music.’

“ Their dialogue had proceeded so far, when Mrs Campbell, meaning to go home, came up to her daughter. Having politely thanked and taken leave of the schoolmistress, she withdrew.”

“ Angelina,” said Mrs Belmont, stopping her narrative, “ what think you of Calista’s behaviour on the occasion just mentioned ? ” “ Very bad indeed, mother ! She never answered more than yes, no, and that quite rudely—she never said *Madam* to the lady, did she, mother ? How naughty that was ! ” “ You are in the right, my dear child ! Now, listen to the remainder of the story.”

“ As soon as Calista was gone, the mistress of the school began to speak of her. ‘ It is impossible,’ said she to her pupils, ‘ the little girl who played with you can belong to the lady whom she calls her mother, and who took her away. Did you observe the gross

rudeness of the child? what a contrast between her vulgarity and the courteous manners of the lady! Probably she is a little uneducated orphan, whom she has taken out of charity.' This was the general opinion of Calista and her mother. Had the former been ugly and meanly clad, less notice would have been taken of her; but a well dressed person, with vulgar habits, must be ever strikingly disgusting.

“ Now and then Calista received severe lessons from strangers. Bad compliments were frequently paid her, which she had policy enough to keep to herself. She was compared with other children, whose apparel was plain, but who were polite and agreeable: I need not say, they were always preferred to her. ‘ These children,’ people would say, ‘ do credit to their parents, while you, beauteous damsel, do nothing but vainly strut in your fine clothes, and seem fit for little else.’ How humiliating are such observations! yet she remained uncorrected.

“ But she was not only rude, as already mentioned, she was equally vain, and fancied she surpassed every one, because her parents had handsome apartments, kept a servant, and dressed fashionably, according to the season. Calista had not much frequented those who were in better circumstances, and therefore foolishly thought she was right, in despising persons that appeared her inferiors.

“ Being one day in a public garden with her father and mother, who seated themselves, she began to run round them at random. Her frolic was interrupted by a lady seated upon an adjoining bench; the lady was very old and short-sighted, and but indifferently clad; on this account, our little arrogant measured her with her eyes, from head to foot, in consequence of the lady offering her hand, and beginning to converse with her. ‘ Where are your parents, my little dear?’ was the first inquiry—‘ Upon those chairs,’ was the answer. ‘ You don’t know me, surely?’ ‘ No,’ was the reply. ‘ True, you were so very



young when I last saw you. How much taller and prettier you are grown, Miss !' This compliment was returned, by her snatching away her hand roughly, and running up to her mother, whom she briefly informed, that a poor woman (pointing at her with her finger) had just been speaking to her, and taken her hand :—' I was afraid,' added she, ' the woman might steal my ear-rings.'—' Daughter,' said Mrs Campbell, poor women are not admitted into this garden :' Saying this, she directed her looks towards the place pointed at, and saw a lady indifferently dressed, but of respectable mien, whose features she retraced, yet whom she did not immediately recollect. She rebuked Calista severely for her unjust antipathy against meanly habited persons, and apprised her, that transcendent desert is often disguised under the humble coverings of poverty ; whilst gold and silk, so fascinating to the sight, sometimes deceitfully adorn the most worthless characters. She then rose to depart, and purposely passed near to the ill-dressed

lady. Her husband at one glance recognized her, and exclaimed—‘ It is the Dutchess of L——!’ and, approaching her respectfully, made a very low bow. Her Grace inquired particularly as to their fortune and family, and embraced Calista, who, having heard the lady’s title, thought proper not to withdraw her hand again.

“ On quitting the dutchess, her mother pointed out to her the fallacy of appearances. ‘ You have just beheld, child,’ said she, ‘ a lady of high rank, and of the greatest merit, who has had equipage, servants, a splendid dwelling, rich attire, and a large fortune, and who is actually reduced to distress by a succession of disasters. Is she to be despised for this reverse?’ ‘ I was unacquainted with her title,’ said Calista. ‘ Her title is of small import,’ replied her mother; ‘ the worth of the character is to be chiefly considered. Ah! daughter, beware of contemning the poor, if you look for the blessing of the Almighty. Be, moreover, civil to all with whom you have

intercourse, and whose qualities you are yet too young to judge of. Besides, if now and then you happen to meet with one unworthy of your courtesy, even in that case you will have the advantage of passing for a little amiable well-bred girl.'

"Calista promised her mother to be more polite in future, and, in fact, her adventure with the Dutchess left a strong impression upon her mind.

"Sometime after the above occurrence, that lady gained a considerable law-suit, and thereby resumed all her former magnificence. The doctor and his family renewed their visits, and she loaded them with valuable presents. Calista quite reformed her conduct, grew extremely amiable and courteous, and soon became the favourite of the distinguished personage of whom she had once formed so erroneous an opinion."





## CONVERSATION THE FOURTH.

ONE very fine day, Mrs Belmont and Angelina walked out together, and pleurably strayed along the verdant plains. Emma was also of the party. On their return, Angelina took her doll, and thus addressed her:—

“ Emma, I shall put on your night-cap; you have displeased me very much. Why come back without your hat, Miss? and your

frock all torn ! Do you know, I am at great expense on your account ? I have no money left for my house-keeping through your extravagance—you little naughty girl ! (gives the doll a tap)—what will your father say when I ask him to buy you a hat ? he'll scold, no doubt. See how dirty you are ! You made a fine figure of yourself in our walk—are your hands black enough ? don't touch me, you little sloven ! Pray, Miss, why did you leave mother when we were out ? Why, contrary to her order, play with little girls who were quite strangers to you ?—Disobedient child ! you shall be whipped—(she whips Emma)—there's for you ; you have well deserved it. A hat lost, mother's parasol broken, frock rent ! really children are ruinous ! Then, your rude manner of asking for drink on coming in—Jane, give me some drink ; without saying, if you please, or I pray you. Is that the education you receive from me ? Poor Jane, who is so kind to you ! you speak to her sometimes in a very unbecoming tone. Yet, I have re-

quested her not to give you any thing which you do not ask for with politeness ; but you abuse her goodness. I must examine you a little in mythology ; it is a long time since I questioned you on that subject.

“ Who is Saturn ? ”

“ The son of Heaven, and brother of Titan.”

“ And Jupiter ? ”

“ The son of Saturn and Cybele.”

“ Who are the brothers and sisters of Jupiter ? ”

“ His sisters are Ceres and Juno ; Neptune and Pluto his brothers.”

“ Who is Ceres ? ”

“ The goddess of corn.”

“ And Jupiter ? ”

“ The chief of the gods.”

“ Who is the god of the sea ? ”

“ Neptune.”

“ And of hell ? ”

“ Pluto.”

“ Who is Juno ? ”

“ The sister and wife of Jupiter.”



“Very well—enough for the present. Now, take up your work—if you be a good girl, I’ll buy you a hat to-morrow. Hem that straight, and with small stitches.”

During this dialogue, Mrs Belmont had undressed herself. She began to work, called her daughter, and desired her to sit down by her. “Angelina,” said she, “before you go to bed, I must give you the interesting history of a little girl I saw to-day while I was out shopping. You shall likewise see this amiable child; she is charming, angelically pretty, and good.”



## THE LITTLE SHOPKEEPER.

“MRS Drummond was left a widow in early life, with a daughter six years old. This lady opened a shop for the sale of thread, ribbands, and such like articles, and her little daughter, Bridget, became the shopkeeper.—‘That surprises you, Angelina,’ said Mrs Belmont, di-

gressing from her story, ‘ and your surprise is natural. Six is a tender age; but Bridget was not a child of ordinary capacity. Young as she was, she read well, and soon acquired the art of shopkeeping. Whenever her mother was otherwise engaged, she attended to customers, and, with a native grace, served them with thread, pins, ribbands, &c. Her civility and readiness to oblige all were quite attractive. Her vivacity, address, and amiable manners, gained her the love of every one. Persons came from all parts of the town to behold this extraordinary shopkeeper; so that, in a short time, customers abounded, and Bridget had the credit of attracting them. Not that her mother was ignorant of the business, or inattentive; on the contrary, she was gentle, engaging, kind; to her instruction Bridget was indebted; but the youth of the latter more strongly interested beholders. Besides, it is so uncommon to see a child, at her age, freely and closely attach herself to busi-



ness. No wonder, then, that all talked of the little shopkeeper.'

“ ‘ You must not imagine, Angelina, that Bridget made any vain display of her talents ; quite the reverse ; she was extremely modest, and seemed ignorant of the general admiration she excited. When her mother attended the shop, she took her little chair, and sat near the door with her work, and did not lose her time staring at passengers. She hemmed pocket handkerchiefs, napkins, cravats, and made up childrens linen, not only to improve herself in sewing, but also for sale, as her mother kept ready-made linen. Mrs Drummond, by way of encouragement, paid her for her work ; so much for hemming, making a child's shirt, &c. Bridget kept this money in a box, which she had recourse to twice a-year, (at the beginning of summer and of winter,) for the prudent purpose of purchasing the different articles she then wanted.’

“ With all her employments, Bridget still found time to study. She daily read twice to

her mother, and farther, attended to a master, who taught her writing and accounts. With her application, she was not long of acquiring sufficient knowledge both to draw out bills, and set down the names and prices of the articles sold in the shop.

“ As she grew up, she became more and more a comfort and help to her mother, who was passionately fond of her. She soon had an opportunity of displaying her early reason to a great extent. Mrs Drummond, falling dangerously ill, the skilful and industrious little Bridget carried on the business with the sagacity of a grown-up person. She even exercised discretion so far, as not to mention that her mother kept her bed, and thus did not appear to be without her assistance. The servant had the management of all domestic concerns, while Bridget constantly attended to customers ; so that the mother, on her recovery, found the shop in as prosperous a state as she had left it. The good parent felt how much she was indebted to her dear little girl.

“ But Bridget was to have her troubles ; no one is exempt from them. She had the misfortune to lose her mother in her eleventh year, and deeply lamented the loss : reason at length moderated her grief ; the business was to be kept up. She appeared in mourning, and with a countenance of unaffected sorrow ; but was, as ever, mild, polite, and affable. An aunt came to live with her, in order to look after household affairs. The loss Bridget had sustained rendered her more reasonable, and enabled her to manage alone the whole business of the shop. Her name was on the sign, and this was an advantage, as the reputation of the little shopkeeper was so well established. In a short time she made a decent fortune, which she owed to her amiable temper and prudent conduct.”

Angelina was greatly entertained with the foregoing history, and in listening to the recital the evening had elapsed faster than she wished. Her usual hour of rest came on, and by her mother's desire she retired to bed.



Next morning Mrs Belmont was indisposed, and kept her room. Angelina, who tenderly loved her mother, would not quit her to take her usual morning's walk; some occupation therefore became requisite for Miss : She dressed herself fancifully, scolded her doll, took up and laid down her play-things, twenty times or more in less than two hours. At her wit's end for some fresh amusement, she took up the cat, and put one of Emma's caps on her head. Puss made so comical a figure in her new head dress, that her little mistress laughed till she cried, looking at the animal. As Angelina was highly pleased with the sport, she determined to go through the whole ceremony of the toilet with puss, and dress her out completely as a lady. A neck-lace and handkerchief were fitted on with some difficulty; but when the frock was to be adjusted, puss strove to run off; Angelina, however, was resolved to accomplish her purpose. In this resolution, she took hold of one of the cat's paws, and forced it into one of the sleeves

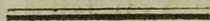
with much trouble ; but when she attempted to slip on the other, puss mewed and growled dreadfully, as she found the experiment rather painful. Her mistress, displeased with puss for not yielding more readily to her inclinations, strove to enforce her will by repeated blows ; but all in vain. Seeing at last that to get Emma's frock on the cat was impracticable, she contented herself with fastening it about her neck. The tormented animal, weary of such treatment, and watchful to escape from it, availed itself of a favourable moment, and took refuge under the bed, but was soon forcibly dragged out to fresh torture. Puss, already irritated, now became furious, turned upon its tormentor, scratched her face, hands, and arms, and got clear off. Angelina cried and screamed, as much from disappointment as from the hurt she had received.

Mrs Belmont, who was no stranger to her daughter's tricks, suspected what had occurred, on seeing puss with her long training robe and handsome head-dress. " What are you cry-

ing about?" said she to Angelina. "The cat has scratched me," answered Miss. "I am surprised at that, the animal is so gentle,—you have been teasing puss?" "No, indeed, mother!" "You tell a falsehood, Angelina?" "I only just pulled her by the tail, to prevent her running away from me." At this instant, puss made her appearance in her new dress, and Mrs Belmont couldn't refrain from smiling. She called the cat to her, and undressed puss, and, being somewhat recovered from her indisposition, she took a chair, sat down by her daughter, and began the ensuing narrative:—



## HISTORY OF JANE.



“ A LITTLE girl, called Jane, discovered a badness of heart, when very young, in her propensity to plague and hurt animals. Her mother used to say to her, ‘ My good friend, the poor creatures which you take so much delight in tormenting, like you, consist of flesh and blood—like you, have their feelings. Some of them are very small, but they are not on that account less susceptible of pain. A little dog, whose foot is broken, suffers equally with the largest of its species. A fly, whose wings are torn off, endures no less anguish in its way: its complaints are not heard, because the insect’s voice is too feeble to strike the ear.

“ ‘ What would be said of a man, (or rather a monster in human shape), who, for his diversion, could thrust out the eye of a jack-ass, cut

off a horse's head, break all the paws of a dog, and commit many similar cruelties, for mere pastime? Would he not be shunned as a formidable wretch? The terror and disgrace of his species? Inasmuch, as one would conclude that he could not act thus barbarously towards the brute creation, if his heart were not flint, and his temper merciless. This applies to you, Jane,' continued the mother. 'What will those say, who see you frequently catching flies, for the cruel pleasure of sticking pins in them, breaking their tender limbs, tearing off their wings, or beheading them? I see the ease with which you separate different parts of their bodies, that induces you to think the little creatures do not suffer? If you suppose this, my dear, you are grossly mistaken. Observe what caution is used with a young child to avoid breaking or bruising its little bones. Were it allowed to fall before the attainment of some strength, its arms or legs might be broken, and the child subjected to acute sufferings. Every living being has its degree of

feeling—and it is barbarous to sport with the life of even the smallest insect.’

“ These excellent lessons made but slight impression on Jane, who still delighted in wanton cruelties, and played with a cat, dog, or bird, as she would have done with a piece of pasteboard.

Her indulgent mother procured her, in one instance, a beautiful he-cat, with a coat of smooth long fur, as white as snow. The intention was to attach her to such animals, by the daily observation of their playful tricks. At first she much caressed puss, and named him Toby—her capriciousness, however, soon prevailing, she compelled him to perform his exercise, and do many things to which grimalkin was by no means partial: he became refractory, and then Miss proceeded to blows, and so freely, that if her mother had not been there to protect poor Toby, his paws would have been well twisted, his fur dragged off by handfuls, and his sides soundly thumped.



Jane did not spare him when he displeased her.

“ A favourite dog was treated in a similar way. The amiable qualities of this faithful creature did not touch her heart. The handsome Pompey, who was liked by all the family, grew particularly fond of this perverse girl, though often used unkindly by her.

“ It happened, one day, that her father and mother were with her in a public walk, crowded with respectable company. By some accident, she lost them, and of course gave her worthy parents great uneasiness; they also missed Pompey. They inquired after their giddy daughter in all directions, and, unable to get any intelligence of her, returned home much afflicted. Jane had reached the house before them. Instantly, on the separation, the sagacious dog, which she held by a string, carefully reconducted his little mistress.

“ If Jane was heartily embraced, the intelligent and faithful dog had also his share of ca-

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resses : the little ingrate alone was insensible of the service he had rendered her.

“ This good-natured animal’s attachment to the child daily increased, but met with no return on her part ; she even seemed insensible of it : she never played with nor fed it. Whenever Pompey came to her, shaking his tail, stretching out his paw, and licking her hands, the unfeeling Jane returned these tokens of affection with a brutal kick, or by striking the kind creature with any thing she happened to have in her hand ; and sometimes hard enough to make the poor dog cry and howl loudly in consequence of the blows.

“ Yet the obduracy of the child did not discourage the faithful Pompey, who seemed to say—thou art the daughter of my master whom I love—it is my duty to love thee likewise.

“ Jane grew up without increasing in kindness towards the brute creation. Notwithstanding the vigilance of her mother, some of them were daily sacrificed to gratify her cruel propensities. Once, among other instances,

(the very thought of it causes me to shudder) a person, unacquainted with her barbarous temper, gave her a young sparrow. She immediately fastened a string to its foot, and made it flutter about at her pleasure, till the tortured bird became giddy, and fell to the ground, when the cat seized and devoured it. The little torturer was more surprised than grieved at this accident; but her mother unexpectedly coming in, and hearing what had just taken place, soundly whipped the young lady for her wanton barbarity; and never surely was a whipping bestowed more opportunely!—‘Did she not well deserve correction, my dear Angelina?’ ‘Oh! certainly mother. What a wicked girl. I hope she will not come to take away our pretty canary bird—but I’d strive to prevent her.’

“From this time the pitiless Jane was forbidden to catch flies or other insects, to play with cockchaffers, touch birds, or meddle with cats and dogs; with threats of severe punishment if she transgressed these injunctions.



“When six years old, Jane’s cruel disposition towards animals remained unaltered, when, through an accident, she all at once became as kind as she had been hard-hearted.

“I have remarked, that Pompey, ever good-tempered and faithful, shewed her the most lively attachment, in spite of her indifference and unkindness: one might say he had an evident predilection for her, whether it resulted from a natural interest excited in favour of childhood, even in the brute species, or from their having been brought up as it were together.

“In consequence of some occurrences, the family removed eighteen miles from its usual residence; and as it was inconvenient to take the dog, he was left behind, with strict charge to the servants not to neglect him. On the departure of the family, the affectionate animal betrayed strong tokens of grief.

“Deprived of his friends, Pompey refused his food; he howled day and night, and lay

constantly on one of Jane's frocks, which had been casually thrown on an arm-chair.

“For eight days, water was his only sustenance; he was seized with a burning fever, and died shortly after. On the return of the family, the kind little animal collected all its remaining strength to welcome the dear members of it, and testify his joy on seeing them again: he then placed himself at Jane's feet—lavished caresses on her—looked earnestly at her, as if bidding her adieu—and expired.

“His young mistress shed tears of regret for the loss of her Pompey, by which she was really affected; and the impression it made on her mind produced a total change of character. From that time, she treated animals with gentleness and good nature, and often felt keen remorse for the cruelty towards them she had till then exercised.”

The story being ended, “Mother,” said Angelina, “are dogs as good as you have described them to be?” “Far better, my dear child; A dog has often saved the life of his master,

or lost his own in displaying his fidelity and affection,—pinning himself to death over the corpse of his late owner, or perishing with want rather than forsake it.”

“ But cats have less attachment than dogs, I presume, mother?” “ They are attached in their way ; their attachment, however, is less disinterested, less engaging than that of the dog. A cat is a useful animal, has great instinct, and is now and then pleasingly playful.—Without specifying the animals which specially claim our notice and regard, I will repeat that, speaking generally, all of them ought to be treated with gentleness, as our humble dependents, and never harshly, without a provocation on their part.” “ But then, mother, we must kill some of them to eat?” “ True, we are under that painful necessity ; yet it is not less barbarous on that account to torture them before they are killed for our use : whoever beats them unmercifully is guilty of much cruelty.—This reminds me of the short history of a worthless little boy, which I will relate to you.” “ Oh ! pray tell it now, mother !”





## THE MISCHIEVOUS LITTLE BOY.

“RICHARD was a quarrelsome and wicked youth, whose bad qualities excited the aversion of all who knew him. He delighted in torturing every animal that fell in his way : if he saw a dog in the street, he was sure to throw stones at the inoffensive creature; frightening cats, so

as to urge them to jump out of a window from a considerable height, was a favourite pastime with him; and now and then, he extended his cruelty to cutting off their ears and tail: for him, feats of this description were no more than playfulness.

“ One day, he fastened a dog to his cart, which he had loaded with stones: ‘ come, my brave horse,’ said he, and savagely applied his whip to the poor animal, because it had not sufficient strength to haul it along.

“ Whilst he was indulging in this barbarous amusement, his father came up, took him by the arms, and tied him to the shafts of a waggon, which he harshly ordered him to draw. Richard, unable even to move the heavy weight, pleaded the impossibility to his father, Nicholas; who, deaf to his assertion, seized a whip, and flogged him severely. The little tyrant, as you may think, roared out lustily. ‘ How dost like this fun, boy,’ sarcastically asked the father—Richard’s cries and tears spoke for him. ‘ Well then,’ added Ni-

cholas, ‘dost thou suppose the dog, that thou wast torturing when I luckily surprised thee just now, is less susceptible of pain than thyself? that the animal felt less the strokes it received from thee? Hurt no creature, since thou dost not wish to be hurt thyself: recollect, son, this injunction, and be feeling and merciful.’

“ Richard soon forgot this lesson. A few weeks after, a swallow fell into his rude clutches; he stripped the innocent bird of all its feathers. His father discovered this fresh cruelty—‘ Alas!’ said he, heaving a deep sigh, ‘ how unfortunate I am, to be the father of a child that may be one day a shame and disgrace to his family!’ Full of anger, he went up to Richard, and said to him:—‘ Base, wicked boy! did I not admonish and tell thee, that as often as thou hurted’st any living creature, I would not less severely punish thee? Thou hast torn off this bird’s feathers, and its plaintive cries did not move thy flinty heart!—I will give thee some idea of the extreme suffer-



ing thou so wantonly inflictedst on the harmless creature.' Saying this, Nicholas seized the wicked Richard by his hair, and dragged off a lock of it: the worthless boy screamed out, but no one pitied him, because his obduracy was known.

“ One day, on his commission of some gross barbarity, a respectable man, who witnessed it, foretold him that his end would be disastrous.—‘Beassured,’ said he, ‘you will ultimately be punished for your cruel treatment of animals, which God gave to man for his enjoyment and use. The time is approaching, when you will endure acute pangs;—in that awful hour of just retribution, remember what I now tell you.’

“ Richard laughed to scorn the remonstrances and predictions of the good man—persevered in his wickedness towards the brute creation, till he became equally unfeeling with his own species; and so hardened was he in his crimes, that he was once on the point of killing a friend for reproaching him with his guilt.

“ When grown up, Richard enlisted for a soldier. What was the result ? The first battle he was in, a cannon ball carried away both his legs, and he was taken up for dead. The unutterable pain he suffered in consequence of this terrible accident, drew from him loud groans and lamentations. On the application of the first dressings to his wounds, the chaplain of the regiment, a pious and zealous clergyman, strove to incite fortitude and patience in the unhappy sufferer ; but intolerable anguish rendered these humane efforts wholly useless. When somewhat more calm, he recollected his youthful cruelties to animals : he recalled also the prediction of his father’s friend :—‘ Ah ! ’ exclaimed he, ‘ what have I done ! I now feel the greatness of my fault—God is just ; he punishes me as I deserve.’ ”

“ In this lame, helpless, wretched state, Richard lingered out ten years, begging his bread from town to town. Miserable as this existence was, his remorse of self-reproach were far more dreadful : for the most insupportable of all

evils, is the full consciousness of having merited our sufferings."

Mrs Belmont, having finished this awful narrative, she dismissed Angelina to go to play with her toys ; and, as usual, Miss began to talk to her doll in a whispering tone. " Emma, said she, I have not examined you for a long time—let me see what progress you have made—How many days are there in the year ?"

" Three hundred and sixty-five, of course, was answered by the promptress. '

" In a month ?"

" Thirty, or thirty-one."

" In a week ?"

" Seven."

" Name them."

" Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday."

" How many months in the year ? "

" Twelve."

" Name them."

" January, February, March, April, May,



June, July, August, September, October, November, December.”

“ Very well indeed ! I am satisfied with you. Take this new pattern as a reward. Come to me, dear Emma, I must give you a kiss, too, for your diligence.”

Angelina and Emma generally repeated the same phrases : they consisted of reading lessons, and instructions for good behaviour, in which the former was invariably the echo of her mother.

Mrs Belmont, to remunerate her daughter for having performed her tasks, and behaved herself with uncommon propriety throughout the day, called her to hear a story, a practice that excellent parent was very partial to.

“ Come hither, my good friend,” said she ; “ I have a curious history to relate.” Angelina took her knitting with her, and sat down by her mother, like a sensible child ; and Mrs Belmont thus commenced her relation :—



## THE APPARITION.

“ THERE once lived a little girl, whose name was Lavinia, and who trembled at her own shadow. When night came on, she would not be alone, without a light, for all the world.

“ When ten years of age, she slept in a room, the door of which opened into that of the ser-

vant, who had been her nurse. Lavinia enjoyed good health, and was old enough to be left by herself a-bed. A year had elapsed since she quitted her mother's bed-chamber, and without any untoward incident.

“ But one night she awoke suddenly, startled by a loud noise—she all at once fancied that some one was deliberately dashing to pieces her mother's favourite breakfast set of porcelain. Her head, of course, was instantly thrust under the bed-clothes; and, half dead with fear, she scarcely ventured to breathe.

“ The first noise was quickly succeeded by a second alarm, not less extraordinary.—She distinctly heard a chair, and several other articles, fall, and one or two of them so forcibly as to be quite smashed. The little timorous maiden now imagined the house was falling about her ears, and that she was going to be buried in the ruins. Shuddering, as she was in every limb, she mustered sufficient resolution to look around her—when (wonderful to relate !) she beheld a monster, large as any elephant, ma-



king the most hideous grimaces, and seeming to approach the bed, as if to strangle her.

“The fear of instant death gave Lavinia momentary courage—and she leaped out of bed, in order to conceal herself behind or under it. Her senses were nearly gone. On reaching the floor, her progress was checked by something catching hold of her night dress—and now she deemed herself lost, inevitably lost!—Concluding she was under the spell of some supernatural being, she screamed out violently, and fainted away.

“Her shrill cry roused the servant in the adjoining room. She hastened to Lavinia with a light, and found her senseless, suspended by her chamise, from a nail in the bed furniture—and every thing in the apartment topsy-turvy. The good woman yielded for a moment to her astonishment; she then removed the child, whose countenance wore a death-like paleness, and called up her parents. As soon as Lavinia recovered, the cause of the surrounding devastation was inquired into. The girl insisted on

her having seen a ghost, which had attempted to drag her out of bed; and this she maintained as fact.

“ Reasonable people, who know that ghosts are imaginary phantoms, look for the natural cause of any strange sound they may hear. Children, on the contrary, who delight in the wonderful, give way to imagination. Lavinia’s mother was not satisfied with her marvellous account.

“ When her daughter was completely restored, the following dialogue took place between them:—‘ Tell me then, my dear, what has happened?’—‘ Really, mother, I am at a loss to explain it.’ ‘ Did you see any one?’ ‘ No living person.’ ‘ Then why did you call out and faint?’ ‘ Oh! I was so afraid mother!—a ghastly spectre dragged me out of bed!’ ‘ Ridiculous, child, you dont know what you say.’ ‘ A ghost, mother, I assure you, entered my room, broke your porcelain, knocked down the chair, the glass and decanter.’ ‘ I am aware, daughter, that something unusual

has occurred to-night, but you will never persuade me that ghosts were the agents. Reserve such idle tales for your little schoolmates.

—I see the mystery ; you had a troublesome dream ; wasn't it so my dear ?' ‘ Oh ! I was not asleep, mother, believe me ! I was but just got into bed, when I heard all the cups and saucers on the tea-tray broken. Overcome with fear, I buried myself under the clothes. Upon hearing the second noise, louder than the first, I peeped through the curtains, and saw a huge animal vomiting flames from its mouth and nostrils ; its large staring eyes filled the room with light. Scarcely able to breathe, I looked again, but all was utter darkness. I heard the window-shutters shake, and something heavy strike against the wall, and fall down with weight.—What could this be but a ghost ? Nay, I heard its chains rattle.’ ‘ But why did you not immediately call out to the family ?’ ‘ I wanted power to do so ; my tongue refused its services. For a few moments, all was quiet and hushed ;



but ere long, I discovered, by the light of the moon, a frightful spectre close to my window-curtains, which appeared sometimes big, sometimes littler. I covered my face with my hands to avoid the sight of it; I even strove to raise myself in bed, in order to hide myself under the blankets; but I was entirely overpowered when the apparition moved towards me. It roughly grasped my waist, and threw me out of bed—oh! I am still chilled when I think of it. Never, never will I sleep again in a room haunted by spirits!

“ Lavinia was not required to sleep in the haunted room the following night; the family was desirous to ascertain what had caused all the confusion. In accounting for it, the first idea of her father and mother was, that she had got up in a dream, and frightened herself by oversetting the night-table, on which the tumbler and decanter stood. This notion which, once adopted, seemed very probable,—all the rest was easily explained. Lavinia was found suspend-

ed by her garment—and this accident doubtless took place on her jumping out of bed; the whole therefore, was little or nothing, a downright Canterbury tale.

“The father, willing to convince his daughter that nothing happens without a simple and natural cause, determined upon her sleeping near her mother, and that he would take Lavinia’s bed the following night. This measure was the more adviseable, as it would tend to prove whether the girl was in the habit of getting up in her sleep—and this was very possible. On the other hand, her father, by sleeping in the room where she was so alarmed, shewed her fear was groundless; for, as he gave her to understand, if any real danger were to be apprehended, he would not unnecessarily expose himself to it.

“The next night, as had been resolved on, Lavinia slept with her mother, and rested well. As to her father, it was not long before he was roused by a noise that surprised and caused him to sit up in the bed: a pane of glass was

broken. Just out of his first sleep, and somewhat confused, he supposed a robber was striving to get into the apartment. Moonlight afforded him a full view of the sash, as well as of every thing in the room. In vain he kept his eyes fixed upon the window; he could not perceive that any one was attempting to enter the house. On a little farther reflection, he laughed at himself for his apprehension, recollecting the room was on the third story, and such an attempt nearly impracticable; and the more so, as the adjoining building did not offer any immediate communication with his.

“ Such were his reflections, when another strange sound was heard. Looking steadfastly around him in every direction, all his doubts were at length removed, and the thief stood full in his view. This thief, or *elephant*, or *spectre*, as you may please to call it, was no other than a cat, endeavouring to get away with a piece of stolen meat, which he held in his mouth.



“As the chief object was to correct Lavinia’s error, and cure her vain fears, her father sprung out of bed, and secured the window. The child was called up, saw the cat, and witnessed the theft he had committed, and which he still held fast in his mouth. She was moreover informed, that the servant had found the window open the preceding evening, a circumstance she had forgotten to mention.

“From that juncture, Lavinia was completely divested of her prejudices and fears about ghosts; and ever after, when she heard a noise, she examined the cause of it, and satisfied herself by feeling any object that caused a momentary uneasiness in her mind: thus she was persuaded, that to feel alarm on the occasion, would be unnecessary and foolish; and thus, from having been a trembling coward, she became courageous and intrepid, even in the dark.”

“Oh!” said Angelina, when her mother had concluded, “I am, like Lavinia, fearless!”  
“I take you at your word, my dear—go and

get me my handkerchief which I have left on the elbow chair, near my bed." The child went for it directly, laughing heartily, opened the door, and boldly advanced, but unfortunately too quick, so as to strike against a stool in crossing the room, over which she fell, and screamed out. Mrs Belmont ran to her with a light, and found her bathed in tears.

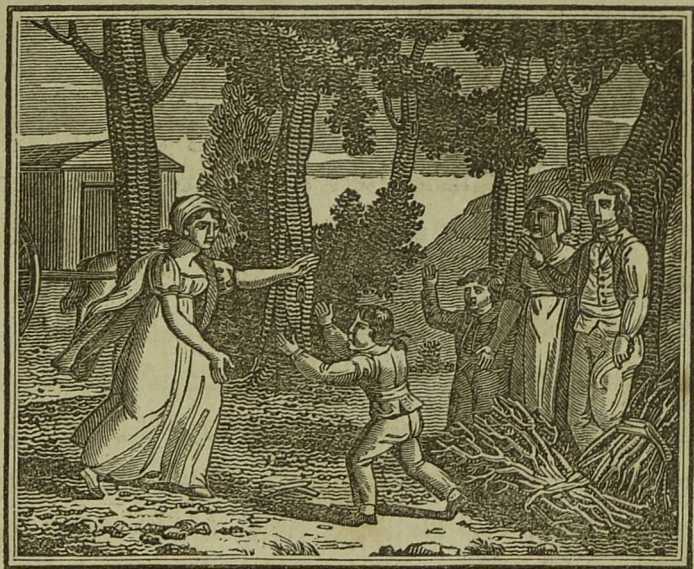
"Have you hurt yourself, child?" asked the tender parent—"No, mother."—"Then why shed tears?"—"I was afraid!"—"Of what, pray?"—"I cannot tell."—"Then you have forgotten in what manner Lavinia overcame her idle fears? In the first place, if you had walked cautiously, and, on striking the stool with your foot, had you felt it with your hand, you would have known there was nothing to apprehend. Well, well, I find you are still too much a child to profit by the lesson I have just given you; the good effect of it is to come."

Mortified at being called a child, Angelina availed herself of various pretexts in the course of the evening to go without a light into the

drawing-room, the parlour, and closets. Mrs Belmont seemed not to take notice of her. She took care, however, that nothing should be left in her way to hurt her. Angelina was so proud of this victory over herself, that it became requisite to restrain her ardour, lest she should knock her head against something in her numerous excursions.

Overjoyed to have behaved so bravely, the little heroine requested her mother to tell her another story.—“ It is not eight o'clock yet, my dear mamma,” said she; “ that is my bed time. Another little story, I entreat you.” Mrs Belmont, wishing to reward her triumph over timidity, consented to the proposal, and desired her to listen with due attention:—





## THE HISTORY OF AURELIAN,

*The Amiable and Good.*

HE who wishes to be happy himself, and contribute to the happiness of others, must strenuously endeavour to practise this plain but noble maxim, “*Do unto others as you desire they should do unto you.*”

I have read somewhere what I am going to

relate. It will teach you, Angelina, that God ever rewards the pious and beneficent; those who love their neighbour as themselves.

“The ancient castle of Colberg in Germany, was formerly inhabited by a wealthy count, who had an only son, the object of his dearest affection.

“Aurelian was the name of this beloved child; he was lively, amiable, active, industrious; his greatest felicity consisted in study, doing good to the poor, pleasing his parents: his filial piety, more especially, excited admiration; for he seemed only to live to love and obey those who had given him existence.

“He delighted, as we have said, in mental improvement; and voyages and travels were his favourite reading. Whenever the count spoke to him of foreign countries, of the manners and customs of different and distant nations, spread on the face of the globe, joy sparkled in the eyes, and beamed from the countenance of this promising child; and he



expressed his earnest wish to see the world, when at a proper age.

“ The count, having some business to transact in Paris, resolved to take his son with him, and the declaration of this intention filled the boy’s heart with gladness. Happy in the imagination, he looked impatiently for the moment of departure:—that moment, so anxiously expected, came at last.

“ As soon as Aurelian had lost sight of the castle, and reached the first town on their road, his rapture was not to be restrained; his vivid fancy painted to him, in the most glowing colours, the delightful countries he was to pass through.

“ The following day they struck into a cross road, that led them into a thick wood, in traversing which they lost their way just as night was coming on.

“ In the midst of this gloomy forest they were surrounded by a band of robbers, who instantly fired at the coachman—he fell from his box, and the horses stopped.



“ At the same instant six men, well armed, took possession of the carriage, and murdered the count, who, like a brave old soldier, sold his life dearly—he severely wounded two of them. Aurelian, slightly injured, was dragged out of the carriage, into which they put the two bodies, in order to leave no trace of their crime, and immediately after one of them mounted the coach-box, drove off, and all were soon out of sight.

“ The unfortunate youth, transfixed with astonishment and grief, wandered about, loudly beseeching the Almighty to deliver him from the imminent peril he was in.

“ Providentially a poor collier, who lived in the forest, heard his plaintive tones. The maxim of this good man was, to behave to others as he wished them to act with him: he, therefore, quickly directed his steps to the spot from which the groans issued, and found the calamitous boy wounded, and almost unable to support himself. The humane collier dressed his wounds, lifted him upon his shoul-

ders, and conveyed him to his cottage, near two miles off, and in the thickest part of the wood.

“The collier, named Thomas, had six children, to maintain whom he had no other support than his own daily labour; but he had early learned to be satisfied with little, and thank God for the smallest blessing granted him.

“His children, brought up in his principles, were always cheerful. Fed with coarse bread, and a scanty portion of milk, they were happier than kings. Envy, ambition, and the other vices which are the bane of mankind, had not reached their hearts.

“Having got to his cottage, Thomas placed the young Aurelian on a bench, and said to his children, ‘I bring you a brother, my good friends! this child is extremely unfortunate! robbers have just murdered his father, and the dear boy himself might have perished this night, if chance, or rather Providence, had not directed me to the place where

he was. Join me in thanking God for having made me the instrument to save him. I mean to restore him to his relatives, if I can discover them; if not, to keep and bring him up with you. Tell me, friends, will you love him as a brother?' All of them eagerly answered yes, we will love him with all our hearts; and in uttering this sincere assurance, they loaded him with caresses, and thus addressed him:—'Little brother, do not grieve—we will love you, tenderly love you. Our father already loves you as much as us—do not weep any more.' The worthy little Aurelian strove to withhold his tears, that he might not afflict the generous Thomas and his new brothers, but within himself he was inconsolable for the dreadful death of his venerable father.

“Whilst the collier's virtuous offspring were endeavouring to mitigate the young count's sorrow, Gertrude, their mother, and wife of Thomas, came in with a load of wood. Her husband, clasping her hand with affection, repeated the sorrowful adventure of the child,



to which she listened with artless sympathy. ‘Thou seest, wife, that my duty as well as feeling did not permit me to leave him in such danger. He shall be our seventh ; God will bless us for his sake.’ Gertrude had a kind heart ; ‘I should have acted,’ said she, ‘as thou did’st, Thomas ;’ and saying this, she embraced the amiable boy with motherly kindness, that inspired him with soothing confidence. Encouraged by such a reception, the grateful Aurelian familiarized himself with his new friends, and his acute affliction was gradually diminished by his affection and gratitude towards the respectable family, into whose generous bosom he had been so cordially received.

“The benevolent collier often questioned the child about his native home, and strove to find out his name, with the laudable design of restoring him to his mother ; but Aurelian, who had never heard his father called by any other name than count, could not give the least intimation of his family, or of its residence : all

immediate hope of discovery was therefore resigned, and the unravelling of the secret wholly left to tell-tale time.

“Aurelian was happy under the humble roof of the collier. At the castle he had not been spoiled with delicacies, and soon inured himself to the coarse fare and plain habits of his associates. Tractable and good, he shared, to the utmost of his little powers, the labours of his foster-father, and of his adopted brothers ; and well beloved was he by all of them. Gertrude blessed the day and hour he entered their house. Though so young, he was far more informed than his brothers ; when the day’s toil was over, he amused and instructed them with the recital of stories and passages which he had retained from the time his dear and lost father used to read to him ; these little histories generally referred to good and orderly children, who, born in indigence, grew rich through prudence and industry. The collier admired Aurelian’s sense, and was enchanted with his early understanding.

“This lovely boy was even remarkable in his childish sports, and improved his play-mates in the midst of their diversions. Sometimes he taught them instructive songs, suited to their age ; at length he procured some books, instructed himself in reading and writing, and ere long had the pleasure of instructing his brothers in both.

“The young count soon became the favourite child of this poor but exemplary family, which joyfully divided its humble meal with him, earned with indefatigable industry, that yielded only a scanty subsistence—but Heaven, we shall find, compensates such goodness.

“Naturalized to his benefactors, Aurelian lost sight of his former condition, but did not forget his father nor his mother. When alone, the murdered count ever rose to his view, and scalding tears ran abundantly down his tender cheeks ; he would then raise his eyes and hands towards heaven, and devoutly hope eternal felicity was the portion of his dear father’s virtues. Whenever Thomas found him en-



gaged in this pious duty, he prayed with him, and did his best to console him, by raising his drooping spirits, and exciting his confidence in the Almighty ; that confidence which is the sovereign balm in all afflictions.

“ All this time Aurelian’s mother remained without any intelligence from her husband or her son, and became more and more inconsolable for their absence. A journey, she thought, might tend to divert her extreme concern, and perhaps lead on to the discovery of those whose loss she deplored. She left the castle, and chance directed her to the same forest in which her husband had been assassinated.

“ The day was excessively hot, and the countess got out of her carriage to rest awhile. The first object that appeared was a pretty boy sleeping in the shade ; she viewed him with attention and tenderness ; the recollection of her dear son rushed on her agitated mind, and she burst into a flood of tears.

“ The child she saw was the youngest son of the collier’s family ; the worthy father was

just by, binding faggots. Little Henry awoke, and was surprised to see a grand lady close to him. The countess took him in her arms, warmly caressed him, and gave him a piece of gold. Thomas, coming up at this juncture, she addressed him thus ;—‘ I am rich,’ said she, ‘ I have no child ; spare me this one ; I will have him brought up with care, and secure his happiness ; in a word, I will adopt him for my own.’ ‘ What you propose, madam,’ answered Thomas, ‘ claims my gratitude ; but, thanks to God, my children have in me a father who can give them bread, though with the sweat of his brow. While I live they shall not be separated from me, and I will strive to make them honest laborious husbandmen ; allow me then, madam, to keep my Henry : but, in conformity with your wish, I can shew you a charming youth, who is not my son, yet whom I love as much as if he belonged to me. He has lost his father, was born in affluence, and nursed in the lap of abundance, and well may I say, he deserves

a brighter lot than I can bestow. Take him with you—the Lord will requite your generous deed with every blessing.’ ‘Where is this child?’ said the countess, ‘let me see him.’ Thomas replied, by telling the lady the boy was coming up to them, and he had scarcely said so, when his wife and Aurelian made their appearance. The countess no sooner beheld the latter than nature spoke within her; she instantly recognized him for her son, and was on the point of fainting with joy and astonishment. Aurelian rushed into the arms of his mother, threw his arms round her neck, most tenderly embraced her, and bedewed her cheeks with tears of purest transport.

“The mother and her son continued long in each other’s arms; joy had overpowered them; yet that joy was damped with tears shed to the memory of the departed count, whose tragical end was unavoidably noticed. The good collier and his wife, who witnessed this affecting scene, this conflict of grief and delight, were moved to their very souls.



“As soon as the Countess could speak, she exclaimed, ‘Supreme Being! Source of all mercy and goodness! I offer thee my heartfelt thanks for having deigned to restore my beloved son to me, and I shall now die in peace. May he, through thy bounty, O Lord! increase in strength and wisdom, and grow up to be a good and happy man!’

“Having finished this short but fervent prayer, she addressed herself to Thomas and his wife; and, thanking them for their care of her son, engaged them and their family to pass the remainder of their days at the castle.

“The noble-minded collier gave his cottage to a poor woodman, who till then had been his inveterate foe, following this grand maxim—*Never avenge yourself of any wrongs done you, but always return them by acts of beneficence greater even than those wrongs.\**

“When this good man and his family were settled in the castle, they did not live in indo-

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\* To confer benefits on an enemy, is the highest satisfaction of a true Christian.

lence, but rendered themselves useful to their kind and grateful benefactress. The Countess carefully attended to the education of these children; and, without losing sight of their original condition, had them properly qualified to become, what their father so much desired them to be, intelligent husbandmen. To see them in any other station would not have accorded with the collier's plain honest feelings, and he wisely declined the offer of Aurelian, who proposed an equal division of his fortune amongst those whom he still considered as his brothers.

“ The young count never forgot the good collier; he tenderly loved him, and, to the last, fulfilled all the duties of an excellent son. Soon after this, the robbers who had plundered and assassinated the old count were discovered, and they all suffered on the scaffold. Most of them had been men of respectable families, who in early life had been slothful, disobedient, addicted to falsehood, constantly wanting in respect to their parents, and not

dreading to offend the Almighty—and their end was that of the wicked. They began their iniquitous career by indulging in gluttony, and this vice was succeeded by a passion for gambling: at length, abhorred by their parents, they plunged deeper and deeper into wickedness, and, having left their homes, they associated with banditti.”

Here Mrs Belmont concluded, and informed Angelina that it was her bed-time; but she seemed very unwilling to retire. “Go to bed,” said her Mamma, “and I promise to give you a far longer history to-morrow, and all about your Emma.” “Emma’s history, Mamma! is there a history of my little Emma? Oh! it must be very comical; do tell it me, my dear Mamma.” “You must know, that before your beautiful doll made her appearance here, she belonged to several young ladies; and I will acquaint you why and how she happened to pass through various hands.”

“Now, I see what it is,” said Angelina;



“you mean to relate the histories of these young ladies, and not a particular account of my Emma.”

“You have too much sense, my dear girl, to think otherwise,” said Mrs Belmont; “to-morrow, then; but don’t let this expectation prevent you from sleeping.”

Angelina failed not, the following day, to solicit the performance of her mother’s promise. “Willingly, my dear,” was her reply; “but we must first go through our reading—then take up our work, and I will tell you Emma’s adventures while we are engaged.”—Angelina, having finished her reading, began to her sewing without delay, and her kind mother immediately entered upon the promised tale.



## ADVENTURES OF A DOLL.

“ THIS extraordinary doll, my dear Angelina, was made at ———, by order of a lady of distinction, who spared no expense to render it a first-rate present of the kind. A complete wardrobe was prepared, a spacious bed fitted up, and an elegant chest of drawers to contain the various articles of dress destined

for it. This, you will acknowledge, was a very handsome gift to a little miss; for you must know that, besides all the fine things just mentioned, Emma (as you please to call your doll) was also decked with ear-rings of valuable pearl, a similar necklace, a dress frock of rich stuff, and every other necessary for the toilet, of equal quality. The kind lady who bespoke this beautiful present, intended that the apparel and other ornaments should be worn by the little favourite on whom she bestowed it, and on this account Emma was made of a size to correspond.

“All the time this fine doll remained at the shop, persons came from all parts of the town to see it; for this costly plaything became a matter of curiosity. Although they viewed it with surprise, yet they did not know it was designed to reward the merit of a little girl called Sophia, who was a model of filial piety; but my Angelina shall hear her instructive history.”





## SOPHIA,

*The first Possessor of Emma.*

“ A GENTLEMAN of great merit was persecuted unjustly, and thrown into prison, where he was visited by his family. To shun suspicion, their visits were not so frequent as they wished ; but his daughter, only five years of age, resolved to amuse her afflicted father

whilst he was waiting, in awful suspense, the decision of his fate, and attended him every morning and evening. Being lively, tender, ready-witted, and uncommonly pretty, she never failed in her pious task. In vain the keepers of the prison opposed her zeal; for her earnest entreaties ultimately overcame their obduracy. When (as it now and then happened) she was denied admittance by one more stern and inflexible than the rest, this exemplary child patiently waited for a propitious opportunity, and contrived to slip in unperceived.

“Once within the precincts, away she ran as fast as she was able, till she reached her father’s chamber, and then embraced, caressed, laughed, or cried with him, by turns.

“This lovely child seemed to enter into all her father’s afflictions; and the more overwhelming they appeared to her, the more she tried to delight and divert his imagination, and to sooth and dispel his cares. She imparted to him all the little news of the day, and every



pleasing anecdote of his family that came within her knowledge. Her peculiar merit soon spread throughout the gloomy prison, and endeared her to all its unfortunate inmates; they hailed her approach as an expected cherub, whose presence cheered their hearts, and gave a respite to their sufferings.

“ Every time she left the prison, she kindly offered her services out of doors, and as faithfully executed her engagements; and she never departed without all expressing their admiration of her goodness, and more especially her filial tenderness, which, however premature, displayed itself in all the charming features of this most noble virtue.

“ The Princess of ——— employed her influence in behalf of Sophia’s father, and obtained justice for him. She loaded the child with the most affectionate caresses, and sent her the beautiful and richly-attired doll, which I have described, as a tribute due to such exalted attachment at so early an age. But scarcely had this amiable child received



this distinguished present, when fresh persecutions forced her beloved parents to quit their country, and the dear little girl left her handsome doll to a young relative, of whom I shall speak presently.

“But, Angelina, what think you of Emma’s first owner?” “Oh! a very good girl, indeed, mamma; I would wish to be like her—how fond she was of her father! I love mine, too, exceedingly. But then she had so much sense! there I must yield to her.” “You would not fall very short in this respect, Angelina, were your parents in similar danger, if you love us as sincerely as you profess to do.” “Oh, mother! why say, if I love you? can you doubt me?” “No, my daughter, I am sure of your affection for us—the dear child of our hearts, for whom we would sacrifice so much, cannot be ungrateful. But let us examine into what hands your Emma has fallen.”



## CAROLINE,

*The Second Possessor of Emma.*

“CAROLINE was the daughter of a man of title and fortune ; and had completed her seventh year. To early prudence and sensibility she united a charming person, an excellent heart, great feeling, and a peculiar sweetness of temper, which captivated all who knew her. It

was impossible not to love one so replete with affection and tenderness; but what rendered her most worthy of praise was, her transcendent love for her mother, which she carried to the utmost length, till it brought her to the silent tomb. Her father, whose disposition and conduct were alike bad, shut up her mother in a tower of his castle, the windows of which were closely barricadoed, the room hung with black, and a lamp suspended in the centre. This unfortunate lady had no other sustenance than bread, watered with her tears; and to aggravate her misfortunes, she was deprived of her daughter, the only being who still attached her to life.

“Caroline, who was passionately fond of her mother, thus addressed her cruel father:—  
‘I no longer consider you as a father! tormenting, as you do, my dear mother, and separating me from her; I am resolved to forget that I am your daughter.’

“Enraged at this frank and artless declaration, this cruel parent almost murdered her;



but she patiently endured all his barbarities, and said to him, ‘if you persevere in keeping me from my injured mother, I prefer instant death.’

“Such firmness in a child astonished him; he refrained from using her ill, and strove to gain her by gentle means. However, she neither yielded to caresses nor threats; but cried continually for her dear mother, and passed two days without food.

“This relentless husband, who loved his daughter, and dreaded to lose her, restored her to the agonized mother. The sight of her beloved child reanimated the unfortunate lady; she pressed Caroline to her fond bosom, while they shed mutual tears. The wounds which the rash father had inflicted on the head of this little heroine, the balmy kisses of a mother soon healed; but her heart sickened at the very name of the author of their sufferings. In vain her mother told her that a daughter should not hate her father, whatever his crimes may be; for the moving sight of a mother bathed

in tears, and plunged in sorrow, affected her too forcibly for the dictates of reason to obey. The wicked are never happy, and this base husband did not transgress with impunity, for he was fully conscious of his guilt, and his wife's just hatred, and his daughter's aversion, added to his punishment. With the view of being less odious in her sight, he sent her a beautiful doll, with all its appendages ; but Caroline's attention was too nobly engaged to look at them. She lived wholly on bread and water, with scarcely clothes to cover her, and had no other pillow to rest on than the withered knee or arm of her emaciated heart-broken parent.

“ As soon as Caroline felt assured of remaining with her mother, she forgot the horrors of a prison, and no longer missed the common necessities of which she was deprived. Although confined day and night, she resumed, in some degree, her native cheerfulness, and studied every thing that could console or please her suffering parent, who be-

came dearer and dearer to her every day. She frequently threw her arms round her neck with fond emotion, and closely embraced her, exclaiming, with joy and rapture, ‘Mother! we are together! I am at length restored to you! what a blessing!’

“How consolatory to a good mother to have a child possessing such sympathy and tenderness, so calculated to return her ardent affection! Persecuted as she was, the sense of her calamitous situation was diminished by the presence of the lovely, virtuous Caroline, whose artless caresses were a restorative balsam to her wounded heart, and gave her new life and spirits to contend with adversity. Determined to prolong her existence for the sake of preserving her beloved daughter’s, she did every thing in her power to solace and amuse her.

“Inactivity adds poignancy to grief. The worthy lady prevented the one, and moderated the other, by filling up Caroline’s hours with needle-work and reading.



“ The child’s mind had not been much improved previous to her voluntary confinement ; but when the friend of her heart became her instructress, every lesson increased her information, and her progress was surprising.

“ ‘ My dear,’ said her mother to her one day, ‘ as you now read tolerably well, I should wish you to learn writing ; when you have learned this, you shall write a very moving letter to your father, which may induce him to relent.’

“ This was more than sufficient to call forth the charming girl’s utmost exertions ; the hope of shortening a mother’s sufferings, rendered her application indefatigable ; day and night the pen was in her hand ; she soon formed letters and words, and wrote a letter, which her mother dictated, unstudied, submissive, but extremely affecting. This letter was directly sent to the father ; no answer was returned to it, or even to several others.

“ This attempt, on which the unhappy wife had rested her last hope, having proved of no

avail, she yielded to dejection ; a deep melancholy took full possession of her soul, and her intense sorrow was, ere long, transmitted by sympathy to her affectionate daughter.

“ Caroline had been confined with her mother about two years when she wrote to her father, during which she retained all her sprightliness and vivacity ; and the satisfaction of being near her dear parent, with a natural flow of spirits attendant on youth, had preserved her health, notwithstanding the want of wholesome air and food. But when this admirable child perceived the languishing state of her mother, and saw her tears flowing incessantly, and her rest wholly destroyed, she was also seized with melancholy ; her appetite left her ; she became rapidly emaciated ; sleep quite forsook her ; and she grew indifferent to every thing about her, except the unfortunate being from whom she derived her existence—in whose calamities she so tenderly sympathized, and of which she courageously bore so great a share.

“ One night, after feeling herself nearly ex-

hausted, she had a dream that violently agitated her whole frame. Her disturbed imagination had presented a shocking spectacle, that of executioners entering the tower to put her mother to death, and she awoke in a fright, crying out, ‘do not execute the barbarous sentence! spare, oh spare her!’ Tears flowed down her cheeks, and she was in a burning fever.

“When completely awake, she anxiously drew her little hands across her mother’s face, felt her attentively, and not hearing her move or breathe, she exclaimed loudly, and in a desponding tone, ‘Mother! my dear mother! are you living?’

“The fond parent folded her in her arms, and covered her with kisses; ‘calm your feelings, my dear child,’ said she; ‘I am alive and well.’

“‘Oh!’ answered Caroline, ‘they were here; I saw them; and they were going to put you to death. What a terrible dream!’ She then related what had passed in her sleep.—



She was at length somewhat appeased, when her mother told her that dreams were mere phantoms of the night, proceeding from a perturbed imagination, and that they ought not to alarm her. The tender Caroline was alarmed for her mother, and, with a heart overwhelmed, she fetched deep sighs, and pressed the victim of cruelty close to her bosom, as if to defend her from the menaced danger. ‘Hear me,’ said she to her mother. ‘Speak, my dearest girl,’ was the answer.—‘I wish to die,’ replied the child.—‘Ah! why are you desirous to leave me?’—‘Because I can no longer endure to see you in such distress. Would not death be a happy termination of our woes?’ ‘You are in the right,’ said her mother, and, bursting into tears, was going to proceed, when the child exclaimed, ‘give me your hand—my heart sinks within me—kiss me again—and let us die together.’ These words were the last she uttered, and then, leaning her head on her mother’s breast, resigned her pure innocent spirit into the hands of the Almighty.

“ At the moment of separation, the mother, quite overcome by the heart-rending scene, and the last expression of her Caroline’s love, fainted away. When she recovered a little, she strove to revive the clay-cold corpse of her daughter, and repeatedly called to her in a voice big with despair ; but, alas ! her young and delightful companion was no more ! She was gone to receive the reward of her early virtues.

“ After she had bathed the dear girl in her tears, and lavished her last caresses on the breathless body, this disconsolate mother tore off a breadth of the dress she wore, and wrapped the remains of her darling child into it. Thus closed the life of this most interesting little girl, who seemed to be sent from Heaven, for a short time, to offer a bright example of youthful, yet exalted filial piety.”

Throughout this affecting recital, Angelina was unable to work, and the streams of sensibility frequently ran down her face. The death of Caroline drew from her many heavy

sighs, and the motherly Mrs Belmont almost repented having related a history somewhat too tragical for the age of childhood ; yet how could she resist the desire of informing her daughter, that good children should always have the most impassioned tenderness for their parents ! The little Angelina, having wiped her eyes, inquired of her mother whether Caroline's unfortunate parent still lived. “ No, my sweet girl ; that very affectionate and most afflicted woman died of grief for the loss of her child. Maternal fondness, be assured, naturally surpasses the utmost filial affection—but let us quit this melancholy subject, and pass on to the description of Emma's third proprietress. The inhuman husband of this victim of his cruelty, unwilling to possess any thing that belonged to his lost child, whom he sincerely lamented, sent her wardrobe and play-things to one of his nieces, who lived at some distance.”





ELIZA,

*Third Possessor of Emma.*

“THE parents of Caroline’s cousin, Eliza, knew the value of education, gave her the best masters, and she learned to read, by means of alphabetical characters, formed separately on small pieces of pasteboard, the numbers corresponding with the letters of the alphabet. By this easy and ingenious method, Eliza,

in three years, read well, and spelled words in common use. When four years old, this charming little girl had a moderate knowledge of the French tongue, of mythology, geography, and the leading facts of general history. Her modesty and mildness kept pace with her other good qualities ; she spoke little, and invariably waited till called upon ; she offered her sentiments without ostentation, though her memory was stored with the finest pieces in prose and in verse.

“ Notwithstanding her turn for study, she had the liveliness suited to her age ; her repartees were sprightly and witty ; but her most endearing quality was, an acuteness of sensibility, which she possessed in an eminent degree, far beyond her years.

“ It was on account of the universal praise bestowed on his niece, that Caroline’s father presented her elegant doll to Eliza, in preference to any other of his young relatives. Eliza was greatly delighted with the doll, and returned her uncle the thanks such a fine present

deserved ;—but her pleasure was of short duration, for she was attacked with a long and severe illness.

“ Her sufferings were acute, yet she stifled her groans and restrained her tears, to avoid giving pain to those who attended her ; and the amiable little creature always tried to console her mother. ‘ Weep not, dear mother,’ said she, ‘ I shall pray for you when I go to heaven, where there is no suffering.’ Happily this captivating child recovered, and, by her gentleness and sagacity, constituted the chief felicity of her tender mother, who removed into the country for her more speedy recovery, just as the summer was commencing. The child took no play-things along with her, as her mother wished her to enjoy the free air in the fields, to recruit her debilitated frame.

“ After passing several years in the country, Eliza, being too old for doll-playing, her mother gave it to Margaret, a rich shop-keeper’s daughter, who was only five years of age.”





## MARGARET,

### *The Fourth Possessor of Emma.*

“ You see, my dear Angelina, that as your favourite Emma has hitherto been in the possession of very reasonable children, who have never once undressed her, the whole wardrobe remained in the best order, and her bed was as neat and white as ever ; but, under the rough treatment of Miss Margaret, she was to be exposed to some vicissitudes.

“ The beauty of the doll at first delighted the little girl, and she examined it minutely more than once ; she then took off its hat, and frock, and put it to bed. After this, the drawers that contained the doll’s dresses and other ornaments were all ransacked ; every article in them turned topsy-turvy, unfolded, cut, or hacked, and more or less injured ; and all this disorder was the result of a quarter of an hour’s caprice. In the very rapid manner this young girl was proceeding, it is certain poor Emma would have been utterly demolished, had she continued under such management ; but I must introduce this whimsical Miss to you, and give a brief sketch of her character. Margaret was self-willed, greedy, talkative, teasing, proud, and passionate in the extreme. She raved, stamped with her feet, and was dancing mad when any thing she asked for was denied her ; besides, she often struck the servant who had the care of her, and replied to her mother in unbecoming language—in few words, she was a spoiled child. Her infatuated mother excus-



ed her glaring faults, and treated them as childishness, which made her still more obstinate and untractable, and, at length, incorrigible.

“ The grand object of this thoughtless parent was to see her daughter shine ; and for this purpose she employed the first masters to teach her music and dancing, previous to her learning to read. At six years of age, Margaret danced with grace, and fingered the piano with delicacy and effect, although she scarcely knew the alphabet. This, my dear Angelina, was a shameful neglect in those who directed her education.

“ Encouraged by the praises incessantly lavished on her, (praises which were more destructive than judicious,) Miss became a very expert musician. She appeared at court, and excited admiration, which, however, proved injurious to her, for her vanity was so great, that she considered herself as a prodigy ; and unbounded applause swelled her pride to such a degree, that in a short time she became intolerable even to those who had applauded her.



As ignorant in matters of real utility, as she was intelligent in dancing or playing off a piece of music, Margaret had no idea of those acquirements which form the ground-work of education ; and her needle was as little used as her books—such was the character of this unamiable girl.

“ Her ridiculous mother, whose grand ambition was to bring her forward in high life, neglected her business, and spent large sums in dressing out her daughter and herself with the richest and most elegant apparel. Such wanton extravagance soon diminished her means, and soon ended in reducing her to abject poverty.

“ When little Margaret had no longer the means of keeping up her gaudy shew, and displaying her dear-bought accomplishments, which were trifling when compared with the solid embellishments of an improved mind and of industrious habits, she dwindled into insignificance, and was soon forgotten. She lived with her impoverished parent, who was forced

to work for a livelihood, and keenly regretted not having given her daughter, instead of music and dancing, acquirements that would have procured her a comfortable subsistence. ‘Fatal omission!’ she often exclaimed, ‘may it operate as a lesson to all fathers and mothers!’

“Margaret was of little use to her mother in the various occupations necessary for their support, and her bad qualities aggravated their distress. Her pride was sorely wounded in being obliged to perform domestic offices, for all the servants were dismissed. This fashionable damsel still sighed after balls, assemblies, and the public praise, so often bestowed on her in the season of prosperity, and she was morose and rude to her mother, to whom she imputed all their reverse of fortune; this ungenerous reproach added ingratitude to her numerous faults.

“Her mother, grieved at having so unnatural a daughter, and deeply regretting her own folly, if not criminal error in the education she had given her, while nothing was done to form

her heart and mind to virtue and wisdom, soon hurried to an untimely grave. Margaret, ignorant and helpless, fell into extreme wretchedness, which was heightened by the indifference and contempt of all who knew her—and the doors of pity were shut against her.”

These, beloved Angelina, are the fatal consequences of neglecting the acquisition of useful talents in early life ; it is then the youthful soul should be stored with the precious gifts of goodness, piety, and knowledge.

“As to Emma’s lot, Margaret, as I have told you, was, at first, enchanted with the present, but it did not last long, and the doll was forsaken for balls and concerts, where she made a conspicuous figure, and gratified her vanity. When her mother sold off the household furniture and stock in trade to pay her debts, a rich lady purchased Emma for her daughter, and a milliner and dress-maker being ordered to equip the doll afresh, your Emma, more beauteous than ever, passed into the possession of her new owner.”



Here Mrs Belmont concluded, and turning to Angelina, said, “ I think the story of our little wayward musician has not pleased you.” “ How can I be pleased with such a naughty thing as Margaret, who could neither read nor work ; I know more, for I can read my Bible and every book I see, and still I am not puffed up with vanity.—Dear Mother, were you without money, I would, like Bridget, the little shopwoman, hem handkerchiefs, and earn something.” “ Your earnings would not go far towards our support,” said Mrs Belmont ; “ but I approve of your industrious inclination. Come, my darling, and let me kiss you for it, and I strenuously advise you to profit by Margaret’s unhappy fate, by increase in diligence and in the virtuous employment of your time, and humbly thanking the Supreme Being for having blessed you with parents, whose delight is to educate you properly, and to correct your faults. But now listen to the history of Urania, Emma’s fifth possessor.”



## HISTORY OF URANIA.

### *The Fifth Possessor of Emma.*

“URANIA was the daughter of a distinguished nobleman, who himself superintended her education with the nicest care. She had a most prepossessing exterior; but even her beauty and fine shape were the least of her endowments. She was blessed by nature with the sweetest temper; with docility, the love



of study, generosity, exquisite sensibility, discretion, filial piety, heroic patience under suffering, and elevation of mind; in few words, this astonishing child concentrated in herself a union of all the noblest qualities of the heart and soul—she was a rare assemblage of all human perfections.

“ The family passed a great part of the year in the country, as it was best suited to the delicate constitution of Urania’s mother. This seclusion enabled her father, who was an accomplished gentleman, to assist an excellent tutor, whom he had selected for his children, by giving them valuable instructions of his own.

“ Urania had two brothers, much younger than herself, whose minds she cultivated with all the assiduity of a tender mother. When seated with her doll, she would watch over them, or occasionally join in their pastimes.

“ Endued with the happiest of dispositions, Urania could not fail to acquire every information under such a preceptor as her father. She learned music and drawing as a recreation,



but not with the view of perfecting herself in them ; for, young as she was, all her hours were wisely laid out, and she could not devote much time to light and secondary pursuits.

“ Having also the good fortune to be placed under the direction of a prudent, industrious, and skilful governess, Urania made rapid progress in every kind of needle work, suitable to her sex and capacity ; and, in a short time, she worked several pieces of beautiful embroidery for her parents and herself.

“ Unaffected and humble, Urania, although she had a maid to attend her, constantly dressed herself, observing, that nature had furnished her with hands and feet for useful purposes, and not to remain unemployed. Indeed, instead of giving unnecessary trouble to the servants, she attended more than any of them to her young brothers, acted as their governess, and almost fell a victim to her attachment for them.

“ Urania used to walk out every day with them and the governess to a little distance ;

and the children usually amused themselves on the grass gathering flowers, which she formed into garlands, whilst the governess perused some book, when her attention was not drawn away to admire the innocent play of the children.

“ It once happened, during her father’s absence, that Urania proposed to the governess and her brothers that they should take some refreshment along with them, and go to an extensive wood, about a mile and a half from the castle, and take their collation there. This party of pleasure was soon arranged, and, the day being delightful, the lovely group undertook their journey with all the transport of youthful hearts.

“ On reaching the wished-for spot, they formed themselves into a circle, and sat down to a delicious rural repast, under the boughs of a venerable oak. In the midst of their innocent pastime, the sky suddenly overcast, and the thunder was heard to roll.

“ They instantly left their sports, and fled in search of shelter ; but were hardly out of the

forest, when a tremendous storm came on ; the wind tore up the trees by their roots ; and leaves and dust so darkened the atmosphere, that the affrighted children could scarcely see before them. Driven to and fro by the hurricane, their little courage was put to a severe trial ; but it quite forsook them, when they heard the cottages of the poor peasants falling, and saw the forked lightning darting almost under their feet.

“ Overpowered with fear and dismay, their trembling knees with difficulty sustained them, and they could not proceed ; yet expedition was highly requisite, for the rain, which had not yet fallen, pressed down the heavy clouds, and seemed to threaten a deluge. The distressed governess took the eldest boy, and Urania had the youngest in their arms, and hurried on towards the castle. Immediately the rain fell in such abundance as to overflow the plains, and swelled them into a lake : Urania and the governess, wet to the skin, waded through the water, at a loss how to di-



rect their steps, the country being completely inundated.

“ To add to their fears, a moat lay betwixt them and the castle, which the rain had deepened; but, seeing the necessity of passing it before the flood increased, they collected all their remaining fortitude, and plunged in, struggling against the waves, and losing sight of the danger, in their concern for the terrified children, who filled the air with their piteous shrieks.

“ Although nearly overwhelmed by the stream, Urania did not lose her presence of mind; much fatigued and drenched, she got through it, and reached home with her two brothers—but in what a state! A violent fever was the consequence, and, in her fits of delirium, she repeatedly cried, ‘ dear Father and Mother! do not be uneasy, for I have rescued them—I am getting better too.’ An inflammation of the lungs, however, followed, which nearly brought her to the grave.

“ What an affliction for her parents! a daughter so justly beloved, whom they looked

upon as the ornament and comfort of their declining life, was going, they feared, to be snatched from them in the dawn of her rising virtues, when her merit was but beginning to open its lustre on their enraptured view. However, by degrees, the health of this dear child was re-established, and she devoted herself more than ever to the management of her brothers. She taught them to read; and, until they were eight years old, she was their sole teacher. How edifying it was to observe her patience, mildness, and urbanity, towards her pupils! the spectacle was truly enchanting.

“The boys were kind-hearted; they became tenderly attached to their amiable sister, and their docility amply compensated the pains she bestowed on their education. They must have been ungrateful indeed, not to have loved and revered such goodness, particularly in a sister ever ready to excuse their faults, anticipate their wishes, and ward off, by her unremitting attention and tenderness, the numerous little troubles which might otherwise have assailed them.

“ In the ordinary course of human affairs, good conduct meets with its reward sooner or later ; and Urania had in her brothers two firm friends, who never abandoned her. Happy in possession of her parents’ and her brothers’ most ardent affection, and in the love and esteem of the wise and good, a precious acquisition to persons of sensibility and refined understanding, this excellent girl was superlatively blessed.

“ Urania gave up doll-playing a considerable time previous to her illness ; her brothers occupied her attention a great part of the day ; and the remainder was appropriated to her studies. When she had any time to spare, this kind sister employed it with her dear pupils, partaking of their recreation, and accommodated herself to their years, in order to enhance the pleasure.”

“ Have you concluded, mother ?” said Angelina to Mrs Belmont. “ Yes, my dear—now, what do you think of Urania ?” “ Oh ! what an amiable being ! I wish she was about



my age, that I might choose her for my bosom friend." "Were that the case, you would be without your doll."—"Oh, never mind that; I could get another."—"But, perhaps, not so fine a one, as I am not partial to expending much on such articles."—"Well, Mother, I could amuse myself almost as much with a common doll; and then I should have a friend, who would teach me to be as good as herself; and then you would be always pleased with me." "Come and kiss me, my good child! Your answer convinces me that my labour is not lost, and that your heart is excellent.—You are an amiable little girl."

"She made a present of her doll to the daughter of the collector in the town where she resided, as a token of friendship, and as a small remuneration for her good behaviour."



LUCINDA,  
*The Sixth Possessor of Emma.*

“LUCINDA’S father had no fortune, but being a worthy man, he gave her a good education. Finding that his daughter had a very decided character, with a good understanding, he therefore judiciously employed mildness, caresses, and sentiment, in bringing her up to his mind. His plan was successful, and he

had the satisfaction of seeing himself respected and beloved by her. Lucinda's mother, no doubt, loved her, but then she loved without judgment, sometimes scolding her severely for trifles, and overlooking serious faults. This capricious mother often caressed her without reason or motive, and sometimes roughly checked the child's affectionate emotions. This variable disposition tended to sour the little girl, and vexed the father, who found his system somewhat counteracted by it.

“ The father of Lucinda, although a good man, was very weak-minded ; sorrow lurked in his bosom, and his vexations and misfortunes shortened his days : he died in the flower of his age, and his wife soon after, and Lucinda was left an orphan in her tenth year, with a brother only eighteen months old.

“ Their only inheritance left was some old furniture, and a cottage, situated on the skirts of a wood, to which Lucinda retired with her little charge. The unfortunate, alas, have no friends ! there she found herself totally



forsaken, and soon became a prey to indigence. Some of the neighbouring farmers wanted her to tend their flocks, but she declined their offer, and resolved to endure every suffering, rather than abandon her little brother, whose helpless infancy called for her generous care.

“ Now, as Lucinda’s dear little brother had not yet begun to speak, how were they to subsist, and what course ought she to pursue?— She sold the furniture, and bought flax and cotton with the money : with these she made stockings, and other articles, the sale of which afforded them a support. Her early habits of industry were of signal advantage to her in this distress ; she spun, wove, and sewed in succession ; and being industrious, careful, and expert, her wants were supplied, while she preserved her independence.

“ Virtue commands the esteem of mankind—a girl only ten years of age, dwelling in a cottage with an infant brother, her only companion ; providing for herself and him, and acting part of a mother to him : this was a

very interesting sight, and it is no wonder that all around flocked to behold it. Every one tried to get her work, and good mothers used to take their children to see Lucinda, in order to impress their young minds with her noble example.

“ In a short time Lucinda reaped the fruits of her labours ; her cottage displayed ease and comfort ; and her circumstances were so much improved, that she got an elderly person to manage the house and look after her brother, while she went to the neighbouring villages with the work she had finished.

“ Thus her days passed in rural felicity, peace, and innocence; and nothing was wanting to her happiness, but the presence of her dear parents. This truly amiable girl was unusually tall and stout at her age, and her beauty equalled her qualities of heart and mind.

“ A lady in the neighbourhood, hearing of Lucinda’s virtues, and great merit, engaged the lovely girl to live with her, and promised to supply the want of a fortune. Lucinda, by

her good behaviour, grew such a favourite, that the lady, being childless, adopted this amiable creature on the same principles and conduct. Thus the conspicuous virtues of our amiable orphan were rewarded; and she amply provided for a brother, who continued the object of her exalted affection.

“ I forgot to mention to you, that, at the death of Lucinda’s mother—the doll was purchased by Mrs Vincent, for her daughter Agnes.”





AGNES,  
*The Seventh Possessor.*

“ THE first years of Agnes’s life bespoke so much wit and sense, that her mother was charmed with her opening genius, and resolved to cultivate it herself with the most assiduous pains.

“ Delightful task ! to rear the tender thought !  
To teach the young idea how to shoot,” &c.

“ Mrs Vincent’s excessive tenderness, however, was prejudicial to her daughter. By yielding too readily to all her inclinations, and accomplishing her wishes before they were well formed, she made the child unreasonable, fastidious, and pettish, and opened a source of future troubles to her. How seldom parents take the happy medium, which alone is the path to their own happiness, and to the prosperity of their offspring.

“ A sincere friend addressed her mother in the following terms:—‘ Madam, permit me to express myself with candour—from your never having brought up a child, I greatly fear you will hurt your daughter, through want of due management. You ought to educate her for others, for the world; whereas, madam, you really appear to be bringing her up entirely for yourself.’

“ The lady received this friendly reproof as it was intended, and said she would attend to it; but it was soon forgotten, and she persevered in spoiling her daughter.

“ Meanwhile, as Agnes grew up, her complexion was like the new-blown rose; wit sparkled in her eyes; her form, full of grace and expression, captivated every beholder; and her happy disposition only required a skilful hand to bind and direct it to advantage. Her mother, who unfortunately laughed at her failings, gave way to her in every thing, and if a servant was dilatory in complying with her whims, he was either scolded or dismissed.

“ Under such unpropitious auspices, Agnes did not pass a day without committing numerous improprieties; the slightest opposition provoked her rage, her features became distorted, and her silly mother, dreading some bad consequence, granted whatever she asked. Confident of implicit submission to her will, this obstreperous damsel was refractory on every trivial occasion, till at length she grew headstrong and unmanageable

“ This little spoiled girl used to climb on the chairs, roll about on the floor, go out by



herself, spoil the furniture, tear her clothes, and dash her playthings to pieces, yet all this extravagance was patiently submitted to.

“ One day she took a knife and went into the garden to lop a small branch, but her foot slipped, and she was dangerously wounded in the thigh. She paid so little regard to the remonstrances of her governess, that this wayward child would say arrogantly—surely, I may divert myself, as my mother insists on my taking plenty of exercise.

“ This indocile creature met with several serious accidents. Once, when she was attempting to seize a golden fish, she stooped too far, and fell into the water ; but, fortunately the gardener being near, caught hold of her, and saved her life. The terror that this accident occasioned brought on a serious illness ; but even this did not serve to correct this obstinate self-willed child. Not knowing how to dispose of her time, she lay long in bed, changed her dress ten times a day, had a thousand caprices to satisfy, crammed herself with

dainties, plagued the cat, teased the dog, treated her maid imperiously, and got the servants scolded by deranging, according to her fancy, the tablecloth, knives, forks, and spoons, or any thing else.

“ Her silly mother, less displeased at her harsh, capricious, ignorant, coquettish, and impertinent behaviour, than at her want of inclination to improve herself in any of the agreeable arts, reproached her occasionally, with ‘ What will become of you, daughter? you will know neither music, nor dancing, nor drawing; you will be considered as a young person void of education, and contempt will attend you.’—It would have been more judicious, had she addressed her thus:—‘ How will you ever be able to write a letter, when you are so ignorant of spelling? How will you be able to converse with persons of information, when you know nothing of geography, history, and the sciences at large? Who will serve you, that knows your caprice and fastidiousness? Who will bear the society of a

girl who neglects every one but herself?" But, alas! Mrs Vincent had too little solidity of mind to make these reflections.

"About this period, an unpropitious event compelled the parents of Agnes to quit the country. Having hastily collected their money and jewels, they left the rest of their property behind them, and departed for Germany, to wait the return of happier times.

"Notwithstanding they were at a distance from their native country, Agnes still continued the same perverse creature. One day, in blowing into a pan full of hot embers, which she had taken by stealth, a piece of lighted coal fell upon her, and in less than a minute, her legs, thighs, arms, and even her face, were dreadfully burned. She was above a month under surgical treatment, during which, her sufferings were very acute, but she got better, although she was much disfigured. When almost grown up, she possessed little learning; for even when proper teachers were employed, the little termagant, being incapable of application,



soon grew weary and disgusted. Agnes had so little relish for information of any kind, that it was only after several years and considerable expense to her parents, that she acquired a smattering of knowledge. We may justly assert, that instruction of every sort was thrown away upon her.

“ Mrs Vincent procured a music and a dancing master to Agnes ; and, being lively and gay, she had no objection to dancing ; but the music master was frequently sent away without giving his lesson ; the headach, colic, or some other indisposition, served as a pretext for his dismissal. If the mother insisted on her taking a lesson, Agnes grew sulky, ungracefully sat at her piano, yawned, made continual blunders, and usually ended by exhausting the patience of her master, however complaisant and forbearing.

“ What with the expense of travelling and living at a distance from home, the money that Agnes’s parents had brought with them was soon spent, and they felt all the miseries

of poverty, as neither the mother nor daughter could earn any thing by their own industry. They were indeed poor helpless beings.

“ On Mr Vincent’s death, their situation became truly deplorable ; and it was now that her mother saw her bad conduct in the education of her daughter, who was frightfully ugly in consequence of the accident she had brought on herself in childhood, and hardly knew how to thread a needle. The thought of what would become of her, and other mournful reflections, added to extreme misery, soon carried this unfortunate mother to her grave, and Agnes was left an orphan in a strange country. Being left without the means of subsisting, to avoid starving, she was forced to work in a vineyard near her wretched dwelling.

“ You see, my dear child,” continued Mrs Belmont, “ by the conclusion of this tale, how requisite and important it is to attend to your education when you are young ; for fortune may vanish, but a good education is a never-failing treasure. You cannot love the un-

amiable Agnes, but her faults may afford you a striking and useful lesson—and teach you to shun such behaviour.” “ I think there is no danger,” said Angelina; “ besides, my dear Mother differs greatly from Mrs Vincent.” Here Mrs Belmont kissed her daughter, and then proceeded.

“ Emma’s condition with her late untoward possessor, was not very enviable. The doll was in a very mutilated state when Mr Vincent’s family went abroad, and it was left with the governess of Agnes, who gave it to a lady to whom she engaged herself.

“ This lady got Emma again repaired and beautified, and then gave the doll to her friend, Mrs Hamilton, as a present, who presented it to her daughter, a little girl, who will form the subject of the ensuing history.”





## LEONORA,

*Emma's Eighth and last Possessor, previous  
to Angelina.*

“ MRS HAMILTON accepted the doll with many thanks, but requested her friend not to mention the gift to her daughter Leonora, for whom it was intended ; ‘ as I hope,’ said she, ‘ to make this handsome present the means of correcting a very glaring defect in my girl.

So she packed up the doll carefully in a basket, covered with rose-coloured cloth, and tied with ribbands. This basket was placed in Leonora's bed-chamber, on a chest of drawers, with paper fastened upon each end of it, and sealed.

“ Leonora no sooner discovered the large basket, than her curiosity was afloat, and she asked a thousand questions about its contents; but the servants, who were all in the secret, answered, that they knew nothing about it. This perplexed the inquisitive young lady, and the more so, as she durst not make any inquiry of her mother, who had often told her that such questions were highly improper.

“ Thus Leonora, whose predominant passion was curiosity, was kept some time on the rack, till her mother one day said to her, ‘ In three months hence, Leonora, I will allow you to open this mysterious basket, if, in the interval, you correct your idle curiosity. From this day, I will keep an exact account of the improprieties it may lead you into; and when I shew you my book, you shall be judged



from it.’—‘ Three months, mother ! what a long time !’ ‘ No more than is necessary, my dear, to teach you some command over yourself ; so the decree is passed, and three months from this day, you either open the basket, or it will be removed for ever from your sight.’—What ! without my knowing what it contains ?’

“ We must be candid enough to acknowledge, that the period of three months was a very long trial for a young damsel, who was the quintessence of curiosity, to which she had ever given the fullest scope. Education had not controlled this prevailing passion, and she stopped at nothing to gratify it. Wherever she was, drawers were indiscreetly opened and ransacked ; even at a stranger’s house, she would not scruple to examine any thing that fell in her way ; and the more concealed the articles happened to be, the stronger was her desire to inspect them ; and neither box nor trunk escaped her researches.—Hitherto the representations, remonstrances, and admonitions of her mother, had made no impression ;



the defect increased daily, and often led her into the commission of the most unpardonable errors. Sometimes, too, the consequences were rather serious, for Leonora did not always restrict her curiosity to ocular survey; it extended now and then to the dishonourable act of listening, and by this means found out secrets that would by no means have been revealed to her. One vice begets another in due progression, and so she acquired the shameful, treacherous practice, of stopping at doors to hearken and collect what was said within, and thus basely, she got hold of all her neighbours' private concerns, till, like a thief, she was suspected and despised; in short, she would creep into every hole and corner, meanly secreting herself, for the sake of indulging her idle and criminal curiosity. When she was caught in the fact, tears and entreaties were generally successful in preventing the offended persons from complaining to her parents; and their forgiveness once obtained, the repetition of the ignoble proceeding immediately followed.

“ But Leonora was not only curious, but equally talkative, and could keep no secret ; moreover, she was addicted to slander. Her mother abhorred detraction, and whenever Miss began tale-telling, or speaking to the disadvantage of any one, she immediately checked her ; however, Leonora indemnified herself for this interruption, by gossiping with the servants, to whom she told every thing she heard ; and this little backbiter generated hatred, malice, dissensions, and useless quarrels, that banished peace from the house. When explanations took place, Leonora was invariably brought forward as the chief promoter of the disturbance.

“ Mrs Hamilton had earnestly insisted on the servants treating her with indifference, and even contempt, whenever she made her appearance in any part of the house appropriated to them ; and indeed, she did every thing in her power to make the child feel the folly and disgrace of her conduct. In short, whenever she transgressed by improper association, or

gave rise to any mischief, her judicious mother never failed to punish herself.

“ This vigilance was extremely irksome to Leonora, but it kept her under some restraint, and prevented many improprieties ; still her disposition remained unaltered, for she made no effort to correct herself.

“ This happily occurred to her mother, and it produced the above resolution ; for the doll afforded a good opportunity, of which she determined to avail herself, in the hope of reforming her daughter, whose failings were of a vulgar, base description : Such propensities are subversive of harmony and peace in society, and productive of more evils than many are aware of ; therefore, they could not be conquered too soon in the young lady who is the subject of this history.

“ The three months experiment began, and Leonora flattered herself that she would not commit any indiscretion or fault to prevent her from seeing the contents of the basket ; yet, ardently as she wished and hoped



not to be deprived of this satisfaction, she sometimes forgot herself, and was on the brink of giving way to her darling propensity. Her governess, who loved her, watched over her weakness, and more than once rescued her at the very moment she was yielding to it, by reminding the child of the basket. For instance, if Leonora happened to meddle with any thing which did not belong to her, or attempted to throw a glance into a work bag, drawer, or elsewhere, her kind monitress said, ‘ Miss, recollect the basket !’—and on receiving this admonition, the little rogue withdrew her hand as rapidly as if she had burned it; and in this manner was she preserved many times from the temptation, or at least saved from yielding to it; for habit is a second nature.

“ For two long months of the trial, Leonora behaved so well, that Mrs Hamilton had not written down any very censurable fault. Delighted with the success of her scheme, and discerning from it that her daughter was not

incorrigible, this worthy mother resolved to reward the strenuous endeavours of the child, by abridging the time allotted for the essay.

“ So, taking Lconora triumphantly by the hand, she led her into the mysterious room, and said,—‘ Two months have now elapsed, my dear, since the basket was placed here. You have fulfilled the engagement as well as could be expected, your childhood and late bad habits considered; and the command over yourself which you have already evinced, leads me to hope and trust, that henceforward you will most cautiously shun the vicious habits you have been addicted to. In this confidence, I shorten the fixed period of three months, and you may now open the basket, but on one condition, that, should you ever relapse into your past errors, especially curiosity, which has been fatal to so many, I shall make you return me the contents, that I may present them to some more discreet and amiable young lady.

“ The condition being readily accepted,

Leonora sprang to her mother, and rapturously embraced her, with many thanks for her goodness. She then seized the basket; the seals were quickly broken, and the ribbands untied—curiosity itself was aroused for the moment, and on this occasion was agreeably surprised; she beheld the beautiful doll, your lovely Emma, in the basket! Her joy was unbounded. ‘What a beauty it is, Mother!’ exclaimed the enraptured child. ‘How elegantly dressed! It is as tall as I am!—How happy am I! I will always be good.’ ‘You see,’ said her equally overjoyed mother, ‘your efforts are rewarded beyond your expectation; therefore, labour my dear child, to perfect the good work you have so successfully begun, and I promise you still more agreeable surprises.’ What can delight a fond parent more than to see her daughter advance in virtue and knowledge, esteemed and beloved by all who know her?

“Leonora now became very good, and gave every satisfaction to her mother. When she



grew up, and was put under the tuition of proper masters, she cheerfully resigned her doll, in order to apply more unremittingly to her studies. Mrs Hamilton, whom I was then intimate with, presented me with Emma for my Angelina; but at that time you were too young to play with it, so I put it by till you were of a fit age to amuse yourself with it, without spoiling it.

“ You are now, my dearest girl, in possession of all your Emma’s history. Hereafter, perhaps, your narrative will be added to those of the young ladies who have possessed her; therefore, consider in which class of them you are desirous to be ranked; recollecting that she had good and bad owners. However, your future conduct will not only best decide this, but it will constitute the happiness or unhappiness of parents, who have ever testified the utmost solicitude for your welfare.”

FINIS.









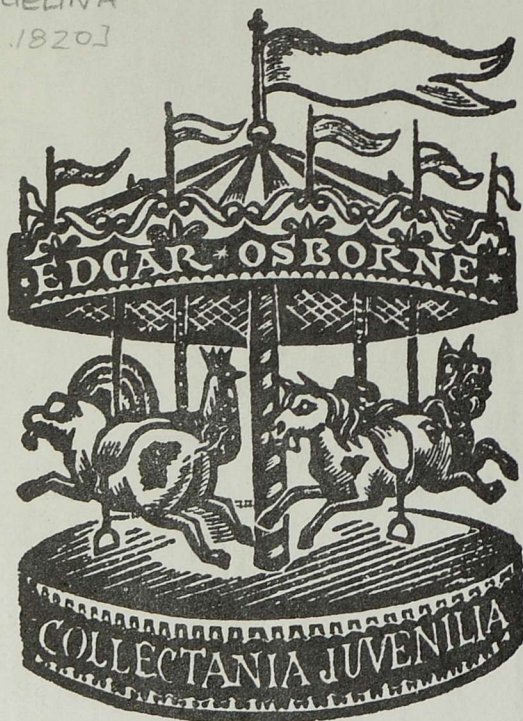








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ANGELINA"  
[ca. 1820]



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