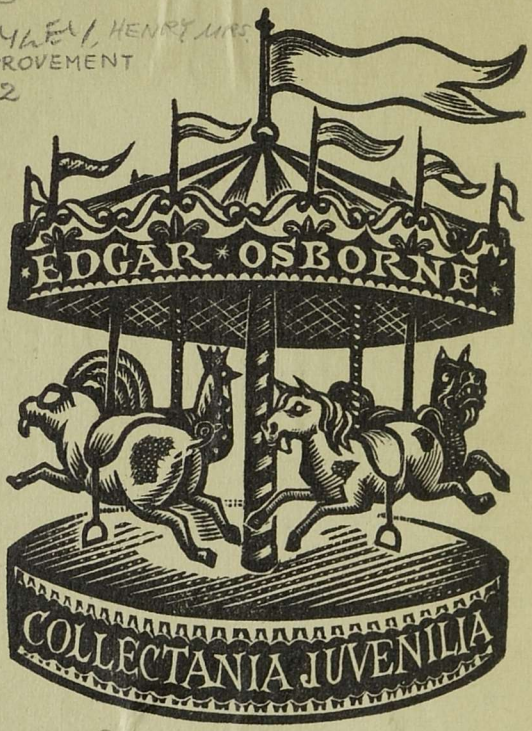


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The favourable reception the above work has met with (having passed through twenty-one editions) has induced several unprincipled persons to publish works under a similar title, against which the caution of the public is respectfully solicited.



Page 79.

THE ANT'S NEST.

IMPROVEMENT;

OR, A

VISIT TO GRANDMAMMA.

BY

MRS. HENRY BAYLEY,

AUTHOR OF "EMPLOYMENT, A TALE," AND "TALES OF THE HEATH."

The advantage of living does not consist in length of days, but in the right improvement of them. MONTAIGNE.

LONDON:

M. ARNOLD, TAVISTOCK STREET,

COVENT GARDEN.

1832.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY C. WHITTINGHAM, TOOKS COURT.

PREFACE.

IMPRESSED with grateful feelings for the kindness with which her former juvenile publications have been received, the author affectionately begs to submit to her young friends the following little work, entitled "Improvement, or a Visit to Grandmamma."

Throughout the tale the principal object has been to mark the happy consequences of virtue, which she has endeavoured to prove can be attained only by a

judicious employment of time, while the opposite results are to be dreaded from youth dissipated in indolence and useless frivolity.

It has also been an object with the author to combine amusement with instruction, as the most pleasing and easy mode of forming the young mind.

IMPROVEMENT;

OR, A.

VISIT TO GRANDMAMMA.

CHAPTER I.

"Industrious wisdom often prevents what lazy folly thinks inevitable, and as often accomplishes what the latter thinks impossible."

"INDEED, papa, I cannot bear the idea of passing the holidays with my grandmamma," said Charles Sandys to his father, as he was being conveyed in the carriage from school at Chelsea to London; "and I am sure sister Maria will not like it."

Maria. No, indeed, brother, I do not; and I hope we shall be able to persuade papa to let us remain in town, it is so dull in the country; besides, as we have not seen grandmamma so long, we shall scarcely know her.

Mr. Sandys. For which reason, my dear, you cannot judge of the advantage and pleasure you will derive in the society of that invaluable relative, whom you will find not only a most sensible, but a most indulgent friend; remember also, my children, that in Mrs. Agar you behold the revered parent of your ever lamented mother, the recollection of which will, I trust, be sufficient to call forth on your part the most respectful and endearing attentions; I intend to proceed early to-morrow on a journey into Devonshire, and in compliance with an invitation from your grandmamma,

shall leave you with her for the vacation. After remaining there a few days, you must write to me; and should you then feel impatient to return, I will fetch you to town sooner than I at present think of doing.

Maria. Indeed, papa, you may fetch us in three days, for we shall be quite tired by that time; and *I* would much rather stay at home than go at all.

Charles. And *I* would much rather remain at school all the holidays than go into the country, to be shut up with an old lady for a month.

Mr. Sandys. Your remarks are now displeasing to me, my children; I therefore request that you will refrain from saying more on the subject: the chaise is ordered at ten to-morrow morning, and I shall expect your obedience, in being ready to attend me. I again re-

peat, that if you are not happy, after staying with your grandmamma a few days, you shall then return home.

The carriage now stopped at their father's house in Weymouth-street, and with a discontented air Maria and Charles entered, while Mr. Sandys proceeded to give directions to his housekeeper that the children's clothes might not be unpacked, and that they were to be fully prepared to leave town with him on the following day.

At this period of our narrative Maria had just entered her eleventh, and Charles his ninth year: they were the only children of Mr. Sandys, and were by nature endowed with good abilities and amiable dispositions; but unhappily, they had been deprived of their mother at the age when they most required her peculiar care and watchful attention. From a

prolonged state of declining health, under which Mrs. Sandys had been suffering, the education of her children had been neglected, and their indulgences had exceeded the proper medium, which error there had not yet been sufficient time to correct, although Mr. Sandys had placed them under proper tuition as soon as opportunity would allow after the death of his wife.

Those who are acquainted with the highly favored county of Devon, may remember (and if they do remember, I am sure it will be with feelings of delight and admiration) the varied and beautiful scenery commanded by the little village of M——; the imagination can hardly portray a more romantic, or the invalid desire a more salubrious spot: here it was that chance rather than design had pointed out a residence for the widowed

Mrs. Agar. Griefs of no ordinary nature had hurried her with her only daughter from the great metropolis, not to bury, but rather to seek in quiet and solitude the full indulgence of sorrow, which could only hope for alleviation from religious resignation and the mellowing hand of time.

Adversity had not been making rapid strides alone through the affairs of this ill-fated family, but it had joined with death to strike its fatal blow, and to deprive it of its main and dearest support. An accumulation of unavoidable evils, as unfortunate as they were unlooked for, had placed Mr. Agar's affairs in a hopeless and ruinous situation. Although not the smallest stigma or reproach could be attached to his character, yet that strength of mind which had hitherto supported him through many varied

trials, yielded to increased disappointments and multiplied misfortunes; disease followed, which in the space of a few short days terminated in death, leaving his dearest earthly ties to deplore their irreparable loss.

The solemn ceremony of interment passed, and it had now become the agonizing duty of Mrs. Agar to make the necessary inquiry into the real state of her husband's affairs. Upon investigation she found them to be even more involved than she had before dreaded; and a few moments' reflection convinced her that energy on her part could alone place them in a form for adjustment which was necessary, not only as regarded herself and child, but in justice also to her late husband's creditors. A few weeks terminated the arduous undertaking; every demand had been honourably acquitted, and after the disposal of

her house, carriage, and horses, with great part of her furniture, Mrs. Agar found her means reduced to an income of about one hundred pounds per annum. Alas! how fickle and uncertain are the gifts of fortune!—a few months only had elapsed since this amiable, this accomplished lady had been shining as a star of the first magnitude in that sphere which is denominated the 'fashionable world;' her rank in life had placed her in a circle in which she had universally been confessed one of its best ornaments; happiness seemed to be her portion: nor was she ungrateful for the fancied boon —fancied, indeed! for too soon did the dense clouds of affliction combine to darken the sunshine which had promised a lengthened season of blissful joy!

Mrs. Agar was no sooner known than she secured the esteem and friendship of all the worthy part of the community in

the village of M——. Among her most social neighbours were the inmates of the rectory, with whom their friendly attentions soon led her to form a strict intimacy. The worthy pastor had a son, who had just taken his degree at Oxford, and was then in expectation of an appointment to a living in the West Indies. The frequent intercourse of the families ultimately produced an attachment between the young people; and no sooner did the expected appointment arrive than the young divine solicited from Mrs. Agar the hand of her lovely daughter. One objection, and one only could be offered by the fond mother, which was the dreaded prospect of a long separation from her only child, whose happiness she so dearly prized, that she determined on removing the sole obstacle to their union by becoming a companion in their voyage.

Soon after their marriage they proceeded to the Antilles, where for some few years Mrs. Agar resided with them, until her health suffering from the climate, it was deemed necessary she should again breathe her native air: with reluctance she then quitted her daughter, and returned to her former residence in Devonshire.

At this period of our narrative Charles and Maria Sandys were too young to be able justly to appreciate the endearing qualities of their good grandmamma, or to retain a very lasting impression of her affection towards them.

The pernicious effects of a tropical climate soon began to spread its baneful influence, by destroying the constitution of the amiable wife: a lingering decline and subsequent death were the consequences.

Thus involved in dire affliction, Mr.

Sandys obtained permission from the bishop of the diocess to return to England, for the purpose of placing his children in some well established seminary; his clerical duties, which were numerous, precluded the possibility of his paying that attention to their education which they so much needed, and while he deeply deplored the lamentable cause of their neglected state, he saw the imperative duty of immediately placing them under judicious tuition.

Shortly after Mr. Sandys returned to England he found himself, by the death of a near relation, possessed of sufficient property to enable him to resign his living in the West Indies, for he had no desire to return to a climate which had proved so fatal to his happiness, and in which he had buried his best earthly treasure; he now felt consolation in

knowing, that after the arrangement of some affairs which would perhaps occupy him for a year, he should then be able to superintend the education of his children; for he well knew that his greatest happiness would be in watching the budding of their youthful minds, and in training the opening blossoms around the stem of honor and integrity.

The children had been six months at school, and were returning home for the first vacation, when their father proposed the visit to their grandmamma, whom they had not seen since they came to Europe.

On the following day, as arranged by Mr. Sandys, they commenced their journey into Devonshire, and were received by Mrs. Agar with every mark of parental affection; the gloom of dissatisfaction which visibly betrayed itself as

they approached the elegant, though small villa of Merton, was insensibly dispersed, as they met the benignant and placid countenance of their grandmother, and read the traits of excellence it so forcibly portrayed.



"Welcome, dearest children — welcome to Merton!" exclaimed that amiable lady, as they alighted from the

carriage; and as she fondly pressed them to her heart, the tear of tender remembrance trickled down her venerable cheek. For some moments she remained overcome with sensations too exquisite to be described.

Business of importance called Mr. Sandys from the party on the following morning. As he embraced Maria, previous to his departure, she whispered, "My dear papa, I think I shall be happy with grandmamma, she has received us so very kindly."

"You cannot fail to be happy, my love," replied her father, "provided you merit the kindness you undoubtedly will receive from that indulgent relative."

CHAP. II.

" But ever, after summer shower,
When the bright sun's returning power,
With laughing beam has chased the storm,
And cheer'd reviving nature's form,
By sweetbriar hedges, bath'd in dew,
Let me my wholesome path pursue;
There, issuing forth, the frequent snail
Wears the dank way with slimy tail;
While as I walk, from pearled bush
The sunny sparkling drop I brush,
And all the landscape fair I view,
Clad in a robe of fresher hue." WHARTON.

" It is a dreadful wet, dull day," said Charles, as he entered the breakfast-room.

Mrs. Agar. It certainly is wet, my love; yet I hope we shall not find it dull.

Maria. But, my dear madam, how

can it possibly be otherwise than dull? —we cannot go out this weather without a carriage, and here is nothing to amuse us in the house.

Mrs. Agar. If it be really essential to our amusement that we should go out, I am afraid, by the appearance of the atmosphere, there is but little chance this morning of our being gratified; but I hope, my dear children, we shall discover that it is quite possible to be well amused at home, and that a rainy day will not be wholly insupportable.

During this remark Charles continued sipping his coffee, with an expressive look of doubt on his countenance, as if he conceived it would be difficult to prove the truth of the observation made by his grandmamma; but recollecting himself, and feeling a desire to be amiable, he gave a turn to the conversation, which he saw Maria was a little disposed

to continue, by saying, "Is not this considered one of the finest counties in England?"

Mrs. Agar. The county of Devon, my dear, is not only one of the finest, but it is the second in size of all the English shires, being exceeded by that of York only; the climate is much milder than the other English counties, and is proverbially favorable to the cure of pulmonary complaints; it is strikingly diversified in scenery. In many parts the views are beautifully picturesque, and will afford a fine scope for your pencil, for I am told, Charles, that you already draw with taste.

Maria. You say, grandmamma, that Devonshire is a large county, what is the extent of it?

Mrs. Agar. Its extent from north to south is about seventy-one miles, and

from east to west about seventy-two. It returns twenty-six members to parliament, two for the county, and two for each of the principal towns.

Maria. Is Devon a great manufacturing county?

Mrs. Agar. No, it is not; yet at Exeter the lower classes find much employment in the woollen trade, and many also are occupied in the manufactory of cotton. We have at Bideford a manufactory for common brown earthenware.

Charles. I should like very much to see the manufactories, grandmamma, are there any in this neighbourhood?

Mrs. Agar. Yes, my dear, I will take you to Bideford, to see the process of making earthenware; it is within a morning drive, but we must postpone our visit until your papa's return, as you know I have no carriage.

The conversation was now interrupted by the servant coming in to remove the breakfast things, and at the same time informed her mistress, that a little girl was waiting below to show her a collection of shells.

" Is it Patty?" inquired Mrs. Agar.

" It is, madam," replied the servant.

Mrs. Agar. Desire her to walk up. I shall have pleasure, my children, in introducing to you this good little girl, with whose history I am sure you will be much interested; though young, she is an example worthy of imitation.

The sound of the last word had scarcely died away, when a very pretty, round-faced, modest-looking child, with a basket on her arm, entered curtsying; as she caught sight of Maria and Charles she was about to retire. " Come in, Patty," said Mrs. Agar; " these are my grandchildren, who will be very happy to see

your collection of shells; but first tell me how is your mother to-day?

"Much better, I thank you, madam," replied the little girl, again dropping a low curtsy, at the same time removing a clean white napkin from off her basket.



"These are very pretty shells," exclaimed Charles; "where did you get them from?"

"I picked them up on the beach, sir," was the reply.

"Observe, Maria," said Mrs. Agar, "how well they are sorted, and with what taste arranged; indeed, Patty," continued that lady, smiling, "you are quite a little conchologist."

Charles. What is conchology, grandmamma?

Mrs. Agar. It is a certain branch of natural history, my dear, which makes us acquainted with the structure and formation of shells, and enables us to classify them according to their various characters.

Maria. They are certainly very pretty, but of what use are they?

Mrs. Agar. Very few, my dear Maria, have taken the trouble to enumerate the different purposes to which they may be applied; but I will endeavour to point

out to you in some degree their usefulness, and I think you will allow with me that they are not unworthy our consideration. The savage, who is denied many of the conveniences of life which are familiar to us, converts the shell into some of his most useful and important instruments; they frequently answer all the purposes of a knife, and are often used as a substitute for iron in the construction of his fishing tackle, upon which probably depends the support of himself and family: in more civilized society, we see those large scollop shells, used by the dairymaid to skim her milk and to slice her butter, and even in our kitchen the cook finds them useful to scollop oysters, which are considered a very nice dish; and you can bear testimony, Maria, that from the mother-of-pearl shell many ornamental as well as useful articles are

manufactured. Calcined shells were formerly esteemed by physicians as a valuable medicine, and are still regarded by the agriculturist as furnishing a rich manure, so that if we would take the trouble to reflect we should find that our obligation to the shell is very great, and which deserves to be highly appreciated among the many gifts which nature has been pleased to bestow for our convenience and use.

Charles. As you have shown, grandmamma, that shells are of great importance to us, are not the fish contained in those shells of far greater value ?

Mrs. Agar. As articles of food, shell fish are extensively beneficial to the poor, and not unfrequently do they hold a place of high estimation at the tables of the rich ; in a great degree they support the children of our maritime population,

and I have been informed, that in the western and northern islands of Scotland they have, in years of scarcity, prevented the starvation of hundreds.

Maria. Pray which do you esteem the most useful of the shell fish?

Mrs. Agar. That is a matter upon which I can hardly decide; but since the days of the epicurean Romans, the oysters of Britain have been held in high estimation, they are found on various parts of our coasts, from the southern shores of England to the sheltered bays among the Zetland Islands.

Charles. Is the oyster peculiar to the coast of England?

Mrs. Agar. No, it is widely distributed, being found in the seas of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America.

Charles. Can you tell me how they fish for the oyster?

Mrs. Agar. They are fished up with a dredge and open boat, sometimes, when in shallow water, with a rake; when caught they are generally conveyed immediately to market, but if very small, they are sometimes placed in artificial ponds of sea water to fatten; this process is principally carried on at Colchester, though the oysters are procured from the creeks between Southampton and Chichester.

Maria. There appear to be such abundance of oysters, that I should suppose a great many men are employed in obtaining them.

Mrs. Agar. On the coast of England alone the oyster fishery is said to afford employment to thousands of people, so that, independent of the extensive addition it makes to the articles of subsisttence, we cannot be too grateful for the

benefit it affords, as a nursery for our seamen.

Maria. Is not this a muscle-shell, grandmamma? how prettily it is polished!



Mrs. Agar. Yes, my dear, I must now inform you that in the muscle fishery women and children are chiefly em-

ployed; they detach the muscles with an iron hook from the rocks to which they strongly adhere. In this country, as soon as collected, they are conveyed to market for sale; in France, they fatten them like the oyster, but it is not considered so wholesome a fish; in fact, at certain seasons it is thought dangerous to be eaten: its noxious qualities have been attributed to many causes, but it is now very generally believed to proceed from the baneful fry of the star-fish, which at a particular period of the year is the common food of the muscle; the fishermen, however, are bound to be thankful for it, as one of their most convenient and successful baits. I see, Maria, you are impatient to know how the shell became so prettily polished; as it is the work of Patty, I will beg her to give you the information.

Patty. That I will do, madam, with great pleasure, and if you please, I will show miss how to polish one herself. Here is one in its natural state: we must wash it in water, in which a small portion of gum arabic has been dissolved, or the white of an egg will do, and then rub it for a considerable time with a brush, and afterwards with a soft leather; sometimes I am obliged to mix with the water a small portion of nitric acid, but this must be used with great care, as it destroys the lustre of all the parts exposed to its influence."

Mrs. Agar. My grandchildren are much obliged to you, Patty, for the information you have given them. I am afraid we are engrossing too much of your time, which I know is always so well employed; tell me what is your demand for this collection, which does you

so much credit, and I will become the purchaser.

"I shall be thankful for what you may please, madam, to give me," was the modest reply.

Mrs. Agar. Then here are seven shillings for you, and you must bring me your next collection as soon as you have completed it."

A tear of gratitude sparkled in the eye of the little ruddy girl, speaking a volume of thanks, as she made a low curtsy, and hastily left the house.

"Seven shillings has made her very happy, I dare say," exclaimed Charles; "I wonder what she will do with it?"

Mrs. Agar. If we were to inquire we should find, it is appropriated to some very worthy purpose, for she is one of the most industrious and best little girls I ever knew. It is now very fine, we

will therefore take a walk through the village, and on our way I will relate to you the history of little Patty, to which I am sure you will listen with pleasure.

Maria and Charles had been so much taken up with the shells, and so highly amused with their grandmamma's descriptions, that they had not observed the change in the weather, and were now astonished to find the sun shining very brilliantly through the casement. "Dear me, how late it is!" said Charles (looking at his watch, which had been a birth-day present from his father), "I had no idea that it was twelve o'clock; how very quick the time has passed."

Mrs. Agar. So you will ever find it when your mind is well employed, and I hope, my dear boy, the morning has not proved so dreary as you apprehended it would be.

Charles. No, indeed, grandmamma, we have been highly amused, and I hope before we go out you will be kind enough to give us some further description of those little shells.

Mrs. Agar. Let me see your collection, and I will describe them separately as well as I can. This is the common cockle-shell, though so highly polished that it looks quite beautiful: this small shell-fish is found lodged in the sand, a few inches below the surface; it is generally sought after by women and children, who dig them up with a peculiar kind of spade made for the purpose, they are usually sold by measure, and may be eaten either raw, boiled, or pickled. This is the razor-fish, or what is termed in Scotland the spout-fish; they are found upon sandy shores, buried considerably below the surface, which renders the

operation of digging for them laborious. It is said that the razor-fish was esteemed by the ancients as a great delicacy. Observe, Maria, this is the scollop's shell, which I before explained to you; it is often found useful in our dairy and kitchen; it is found in moderately deep water, and, like the oyster, is taken up by the dredge; the fish is pickled and barrelled for sale, and by many people very much liked.

This little shell, Charles, is the periwinkle, and though so insignificant in its appearance, is considered to be a favourite among the poor inhabitants along the coast; it is found on rocks which are left uncovered by the ebbing of the tide, and are generally collected by children, who principally subsist upon them and a fish called the limpet, which are equally abundant, and are found in

the same situations. I am informed that among the villages on the coast of Scotland this latter fish is in great repute, its juice is obtained by boiling, and when mixed with oatmeal, it is said to be a wholesome diet, and as such is much esteemed by that hardy race of people.

My children, I must beg you to excuse my further descriptions at present; we will resume the subject on a future occasion. Go now, and prepare for a walk, the sun is shining with great splendour, and the late refreshing showers must revive the sweetness of the wild honeysuckle and myrtle which grow in great profusion in this part of the country, we shall find a walk down the lane to the village very agreeable.

Maria and Charles embraced their kind grandmamma, and hastened to obey her wishes.

CHAP. III.

"The pleasures of the mind are the most varied and exquisite of all pleasures."

THE children were soon ready to accompany their grandmamma, of whom they claimed the promise she had previously made of relating to them the history of little Patty. "I cheerfully comply with your request," said Mrs. Agar, "for I am sure you will justly appreciate the amiable traits of character portrayed by that young and interesting child, as well as the generous conduct of the good fisherman and his wife towards the poor orphan, who was so miraculously thrown upon their bounty. I will immediately

commence the narrative, as I shall have only just time to relate it before we reach their cottage."

THE HISTORY OF PATTY.

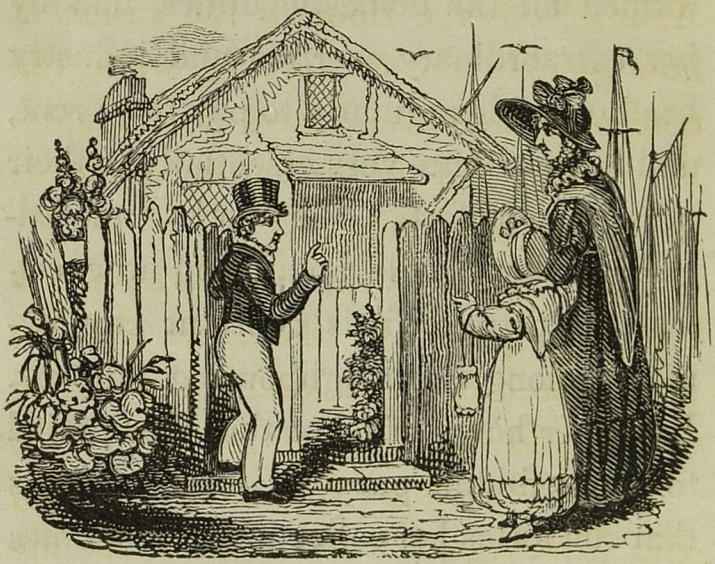
"In the village we are now approaching resided an industrious couple of the name of Medows; the man for many years gained a respectable livelihood by fishing, while his wife was esteemed by all her neighbours for her obliging and benevolent conduct; she had not the means of relieving their pecuniary distresses, but was ever ready to sympathize with the afflicted, and as far as her services could assist, alleviate the pangs and weariness of a sick chamber; in short, her kindness was proverbial throughout the neighbourhood: the opulent respected, and the poor loved her. The little girl you saw this morning was their

only child, poor little creature! When she had attained only her eighteenth month her father was unfortunately lost: while fishing, he was overtaken by a tremendous storm, his boat upset, and, sad to relate, himself and two lads perished. From the time of this unfortunate catastrophe poor Patty's health began to decline, and in a few short months her infant was left a destitute orphan. The kind conduct of the mother had raised friends for the child; among the number was a very worthy fisherman and his wife, who having no children, determined on adopting her little daughter. Under their fostering care and good example, she has imbibed principles which will secure her respect in this life, and happiness hereafter; her humane benefactors have already reaped the reward which their benevolent conduct so richly merits. The severity of the last winter

proved very unfortunate to the fisherman and his wife: they were both seized with a violent rheumatic affection, from which they have never since been free. The little Patty has been their constant nurse; with the utmost regularity she has performed all the domestic duties, and by her extraordinary exertion and industry has been able regularly to pay their rent, and to contribute very essentially to their personal comfort. She works indefatigably at her needle, and, being an excellent sempstress, finds constant employment among the neighbouring families. Even her hours of relaxation are applied to a profitable purpose, for then it is that she forms her collections; sometimes in gathering shells on the shore, and at other times in polishing them, which art she has, by perseverance, gained to great perfection. Thus, my children, you see

in humble life an example deserving our highest commendation and support.

Now we are arrived at the fisherman's cottage, we will pay it a visit, for I am sure we shall find the little protégée profitably employed.



The party then approached a wicket, which opens into a neat, well trimmed little garden, bearing in appearance every

mark of good arrangement and order, Charles was just lifting the latch when he stopped, saying, "Dear grandmamma, pray listen; how sweetly somebody is singing!"

"It is Patty, my dear," replied Mrs. Agar; "observe through the casement how quickly she is working, while the note of grateful happiness accompanies her needle, and proves that innocence is the parent of content.

They tapped at the door, which was instantly opened by the little cheerful maid, who, dropping a low curtsy, begged they would walk in.

"I am come to see your mother, Patty," said Mrs. Agar; "and while I am up-stairs with her, I beg you will show my grandchildren your silkworms."

"That I will do with pleasure, madam," was the little girl's reply, as she handed

a chair to each of the children, and then hastened to conduct Mrs. Agar to her mother's chamber.

In her absence Maria and Charles looked round with delight and astonishment at the extreme neatness of the little kitchen in which they were sitting; the floor was brick, the dressers were as white as snow, and bore a pleasing contrast with the dark blue plates and dishes tastefully arranged along their shelves, the highly polished copper saucepans and kettles gave a brilliancy to the whole, and formed a striking difference to the kitchens Maria and Charles had been accustomed to see in the West Indies; they were extolling the beauty of a small round cherry-tree table that graced the middle of the apartment, and which, from being well rubbed, they had mistaken for mahogany, when Patty entered, and inquired

if they would be pleased to walk into an adjoining small room, where she kept her silkworms. They had never seen any thing of the kind before, and therefore expressed much surprise when the little girl explained to them their nature and properties. After a long description, to which Charles had been listening with peculiar attention, he exclaimed, "And is it possible that to this little worm we are indebted for the materials of which we see so many beautiful dresses, as well as numerous other articles equally ornamental and useful!"

Patty was preparing to reply, when Mrs. Agar rejoined the party, and told her grandchildren that she was again ready to accompany them on their walk.

"Dear grandmamma," said Maria, "we have been so much interested with the account Patty has given us of the

silkworm, that we are not in the least impatient to go away."

Mrs. Agar. But remember, my children, that in this self-gratification you are engaging the time which is so valuable to this good little girl, and consequently robbing her of part of her subsistence.

Charles. Which I am sure we should be very sorry to do. So good bye, Patty; we thank you very much for showing us your silkworms.

As they proceeded on their walk, the children made many inquiries of Mrs. Agar respecting the silkworm, how long it had been introduced into England, from whence it came, and many more equally important questions; for the particulars of their history she referred them to the Encyclopedia Britannica, the perusal of which, she said, would afford

them entertainment for the evening; "I will, however," said that lady, "relate to you one very recent and remarkable instance of the industry and perseverance of these useful little animals, I heard the account from a gentleman whose authority I could not doubt: it is, 'that a hank of silk produced by a single worm, when reeled off, measured three hundred and sixty-five yards in length, and upon being weighed, was found to be of the texture of one thousand hanks in the pound. A single pound of this silk would reach seven hundred and sixteen yards; the worm was only seven days in spinning the silk, consequently it produced at the rate of fifty-two yards per day.'"

Maria. How very wonderful that an animal so small and insignificant in its appearance should be endowed with

powers which render it so important to the world! but I am afraid, grandmamma, that we do not appreciate the labour of the silkworm, and the little industrious bee so much as we ought to do.

Mrs. Agar. I perfectly coincide in your opinion, Maria, and can account for this insensibility only from the circumstance of having them frequently before us; but it is impossible that we can reflect without feelings of gratitude, that in this small island some thousands of people are daily maintained by the delicate and curious workmanship of one little groveling worm. Nor is the bee less deserving our consideration; the medicinal properties of honey, and the numerous uses to which wax is applied, have made it a considerable and invaluable object of commerce. Every thing, my children, concurs to prove the good-

ness of God; even in the formation of these little insects we witness his kind consideration of us. Can we then love him too much, or too sedulously endeavour to please him, by making the best and fullest use of our time, which can only be done by employing every interval from business or pleasure in the pursuit of rational and valuable study. Idleness is the most ruinous prodigality, for we lose what we can never regain; it is not only an enemy to virtue, but it is the parent of many vices. A talented author has said, that "short as human life is, the sluggard renders it still shorter, and adds to the awfulness of his future account a new sin, in every minute of sluggish inaction and criminal indulgence."

Charles. I am sure I will never be idle now I know how important it is to

be well employed; but in the West Indies, grandmamma, people do not seem to think as you do on the subject of industry.

Mrs. Agar. The effects of a tropical climate on the energies of the mind, as well as the constitution is very great, and to that cause we may attribute that weariness which there shrinks from exertion; perhaps, also, we may in some measure ascribe it to the bias which slavery has over the mind of almost every inhabitant of the West Indies; but in this country, my Charles, we have no excuse for indolence: we are a free people, and if we wish to acquire knowledge, happiness, or riches, we must be industrious.

Mrs. Agar, looking at her watch, reminded the children that it was time to return home, as she dined at four o'clock.

Charles. Is it possible, grandmamma, that it can be approaching that hour? I am sure I never passed so quick, nor so happy a day as this.

Mrs. Agar. I am gratified to hear you thus appreciate the pleasure and benefit derived from social converse. Reason and information furnish an infinite fund of enjoyment, of which we seldom tire; and I shall always be happy to contribute to your amusement as much as my powers will allow.

Maria and Charles expressed their gratitude, and retired to prepare for dinner.

CHAP. IV.

"Virtue is not obtained in seeking strange countries, but by mending old errors."

THE portion of time between dinner and tea was passed in reading the description given in the Encyclopedia of the silk-worm. Mrs. Agar took great pains to explain such parts of their history as the children did not exactly understand; and we should be very happy to present some account of them to our young readers, but there have been so many excellent works written on the subject, that we think any relation from us would be superfluous.

After tea, Mrs. Agar handed to her grandchildren a large volume, contain-

ing views of the principal cities of the English possessions and settlements in the East Indies; observing, "As you turn over the leaves, Maria, I will give you some description of each province or city, which will be an instructive and amusing mode of passing the evening."

"Thank you, dear grandmamma," said Charles, "we shall be much obliged to you."

Mrs. Agar. The first plate represents Calcutta, the principal town of Bengal, a country of Hindostan in Asia, and one of the most valuable provinces held by the British in India. It is bounded by Asem and Arracan on the east; by several provinces, belonging to the Great Mogul, on the west; by tremendous rocks on the north; and on the south by the sea. It is considered a very fertile country; its productions are immense and various,

such as sugar, silk, rice, saltpetre, pepper, opium, and fruits; also silk stuffs, and an infinite quantity of cottons, particularly muslins. Silks are manufactured in the territory of Cassimbuzar, where the silkworms are reared and fed in the same manner as in other places; but the natural heat of the climate hatches and brings them to perfection at all times of the year. Bengal is reckoned the richest and most populous province in the empire of Hindostan. Besides its own consumption, its exports are immense. Part of its merchandise is carried into the inland country; the inhabitants of the mountains fetch them themselves, and give musk and rhubarb in exchange: this province is famous for its fine canes, and a small sort worked into vessels, which, being glazed inside, will hold any liquid. They have also a herb, of

which very beautiful tapestry is made, and of which I can show you a fine specimen.

Charles. I have heard my papa speak of the black hole in Calcutta, what did he mean, grandmamma?

Mrs. Agar. I will explain to you, my love. In the year 1756, the Subah, that is, of Bengal, whose indignation had been raised, by some procedures of the company, besieged Calcutta, which was then in a defenceless state. The governor, alarmed at the appearance of a very numerous army, abandoned the fort, and, with many of the chief inhabitants, repaired on board a vessel in the river. Mr. Holwell, who was second in command, assisted by a few intrepid officers, and a weak garrison, defended the place for some time, but was, at length, obliged to surrender; the remaining inhabitants,

amounting to one hundred and forty-six persons, were all forced into a prison, about eighteen feet square, called the Black-hole. Imagine the horror of their situation! thus, in a close sultry night in Bengal, crammed together in a dungeon, enclosed on all sides by a dead wall, and open only to the west by two windows, strongly barred with iron, from which they could receive scarcely any circulation of air, and from whence only twenty-three of them came out alive, the rest died by suffocation. It is impossible to describe accurately the sufferings of the unfortunate individuals who were confined in this wretched place.

Maria. It is indeed dreadful to relate! I wonder what became of the survivors.

Mrs. Agar. After undergoing the most unheard of cruelties, that confine-

ment could inflict, and suffering the greatest privations from thirst, without the power of procuring even a glass of water; added to the heartrending spectacle of witnessing, every hour, the death of at least two or three of their fellow sufferers. Mr. Holwell, and twenty-two of his unfortunate companions, were released by order of the subah, who had been moved to compassion, by the melancholy account he had received of their sufferings. As soon as the prisoners felt the refreshing breath of liberty, they took boat, and arrived at Corcemadad, a Dutch settlement, from whence they embarked, and sailed for England.

Charles. I suppose the English did not allow so barbarous an act to go unpunished.

Mrs. Agar. Early in the year 1757, the place was retaken by admiral Watson,

assisted by Colonel Clive; Sarajah Dowla was defeated, deposed, and put to death; and Meer Jaffied, who succeeded him in the nabobship, engaged to pay an immense sum for the indemnification of the inhabitants.

Maria. The town of Calcutta appears to be built with great irregularity.

Mrs. Agar. It is so, my dear; every person there, who erects a house, pleases his own fancy, with respect to the manner of the edifice, without paying any regard to the uniformity of the town; so that large and small, elegant and mean, are blended together, and form a very uncouth appearance: but I understand, that within the last few years, Calcutta is much improved in appearance. The principal street is called the Bazaar, and is chiefly inhabited by persons who keep shops, for the sale of various com-

modities. This place is seldom visited by the English; they usually send their servants to buy whatever is wanted, and rely on their fidelity in the purchase.

Maria. Do persons of distinction reside constantly in the town?

Mrs. Agar. There are several beautiful villages in the neighbourhood of Calcutta, which contain many elegant buildings, the country residences, principally, of Englishmen and their families, who retire there, particularly in the hot season, to enjoy the benefit of the air, which is cooler, and much more wholesome, than in the city.

Now, my children, I have given you a long description of Calcutta, turn over, the next plate represents the town of Madras; its situation is by no means convenient, for the ocean beats with prodigious violence against the shore,

and it is subject to inundations from a salt water river behind it; and what is yet a greater evil, there is not a drop of fresh water to be got within a mile of the town. It has a fort and garrison, and in the middle of the fort is a handsome building, the residence of the governor; and there are several fine streets, with good houses. The Europeans inhabit what they call the white town, which forms an oblong square, of about a mile, surrounded by walls. The English church is a fine structure, with a handsome altar, a carved gallery, and an organ, which it is the custom to commence playing the moment the governor enters. The church is floored with black marble, and, upon the whole, forms an elegant edifice.

Charles. I suppose the governor keeps a splendid establishment.

Mrs. Agar. Yes, my dear, he lives in great style, though his salary is not very considerable; but he gains great emolument from the privileges of trading. His usual guard is three or four hundred black men; when he goes out, on public occasions, he is attended by trumpets, fifes, and drums, with flags flying, accompanied by the council on horseback, and their ladies in palanquins.

Maria. The next plate, grandmamma, represents Bombay.

Mrs. Agar. Bombay is an island seven miles in length, and in circumference about twenty: it has a most commodious bay—the harbour will contain an immense number of ships. It formerly belonged to the Portuguese, who, in 1663, gave it up to King Charles the Second, on his marriage with the Infanta of Portugal; but his majesty

afterwards generously presented it to the East India Company.

Charles. Is the climate of Bombay considered favourable to Europeans?

Mrs. Agar. Though, within the tropics, the climate is not considered disagreeable, there are but a few weeks in the year in which the weather is intensely hot, this short season precedes the periodical return of the rains, which continue about four months; the night dews, however, are always considered dangerous, and great care should be taken not to be exposed to them. If people would resolve to live temperately in Bombay, they need not be afraid of the climate, for it is far healthier than many other of the European settlements, though it was formerly called the burial place of the English; but I am glad to say, that individuals have since prudently

guarded against the causes of the general fatality, which at that time visited them; and there are also now some eminent physicians on the island, which has proved a great blessing to the inhabitants. During the wet season all trading vessels are laid up; the rains begin about the latter end of May, and end in September, at which season the black merchants hold a festival, gilding a cocoa nut, which they consecrate, and commit to the waves.

Charles. The town does not appear to be very extensive.

Mrs. Agar. It is about a mile in length, and is surrounded by a wall and ditch. It has also a strong castle, so that it is well secured, and is esteemed one of the best fortified places that the East India Company have. The English church is a neat building, situated

on a pleasant green, round which is the principal residence of English families. There is also a British factory at the Port of Carwan, which stands on a very commodious bay, facing an isle that produces every kind of game. The town is surrounded by fertile valleys, yielding corn and pepper in great abundance. In the woods on the mountains are deer, elks, tigers, monkeys, with wild peacocks, and other birds; and also bees, that are of a particularly large description.

My children, the clock is striking, and reminds us that it is the hour for retiring for the night.

Charles and Maria together. Dear grandmamma, do pray tell us a little about Canton, which the next plate represents; we will then wish you good night, and retire immediately.

Mrs. Agar. Your attention deserves my compliance.

Canton is a large, wealthy, and populous city, situated in one of the southern provinces of China; the country is diversified with hills and plains, and the soil is so fertile, that it produces two crops annually. Besides many of the European fruits, and those common to other parts of India, it grows some peculiar to itself. Aromatic woods are also common in this province, likewise minerals, such as gold, precious stones, tin, quicksilver, and copper. Pearls are fished for upon the coast. Silk and sugar are likewise cultivated; in short, it has been said, "that every thing that can contribute to the pleasure or convenience of life is to be met with at Canton." The buildings are generally low, consisting of only one story above the ground

floor, except the residences of the rich merchants and mandarins, which are raised one story higher: the city is encompassed by a wall about six or seven miles in circumference; the manufactures are principally carried on in the suburbs; there are no carriages of any description in Canton, all burdens are conveyed by porters across their shoulders on bamboos, as are also the principal people in sedan chairs, and the ladies always, who, however, are very seldom to be seen out. The climate of Canton in summer is very hot, but in the months of December, January, and February, it is temperately cold. Upon the whole, the country is pleasant and healthful, abounding with all the delicacies of life, which may be procured at a cheaper rate than in Europe.

Maria and Charles now embraced

their kind grandmamma, and cheerfully hastened to obey her summons to retire. As she pressed them to her heart, she said, " I can never be more happy, my children, than in blending with your amusement instruction, and shall therefore be delighted to renew our conversation to-morrow; go, now, and implore Heaven's protection through the night."

CHAP. V.

" Obedience to parents is the basis of all order and government, and is not only peremptorily and repeatedly enjoined by scripture, but even the Heathens laid great stress upon the due performance of filial duties."

On the following day, Mrs. Agar and her grandchildren were just preparing for a walk, when a lady was announced, who came to pay a morning visit; Mrs. Martin (which was the name of the visitor) was accompanied by her son, an awkward looking youth, of about twelve years of age. Their stay was short, and as soon as they were gone, Maria said, " I never saw so rude a boy; when his mamma desired him to shake hands with Charles, he pouted, looked sullen, and

put his hands behind him, not attempting to move, and as my brother approached, he turned his head away without noticing him."

Mrs. Agar. Distressing as it is to see a child behave so rudely, in the present instance he is really more to be pitied than condemned. George Martin is an only son, his father is very rich, and, from a mistaken fondness, is bringing up his heir a perfect tyrant; he does not allow him to be contradicted, nor even his passions corrected, consequently, he is the terror of the whole family, and the contempt of his companions. I grieve when I reflect what will be the probable result of this misguided tenderness, I fear it will be repaid by disobedience and ingratitude.

Charles. I think, grandmamma, the heart must be destitute of every sense of

feeling, that could be wanting in filial affection; I am sure I could never cease to love my dear papa, and I am always miserable when I have offended him, and nothing can make me happy until I have gained his pardon.

Mrs Agar. Ingratitude, my dear, is undoubtedly a heinous vice, and as no one can be so entitled to our affections as the authors of our being, and the protectors of our infancy, a want of tenderness to them can proceed only from a bad heart; and be assured there is no trait in the youthful character more amiable, than filial affection. These remarks recall to my memory a praiseworthy instance of filial love, portrayed in the conduct of a young Frenchman. I was much pleased in reading the narrative, and will recount it to you, as we proceed on our walk.

HISTORY OF DUVAL.

"At the age of twenty-five, Monsieur Duval became a widower, and was then father of two infants. So devoid was he of parental feeling, that he entirely resigned the care of his children to a female dependant, and gave full scope to his taste of pleasure, in one of the gayest cities in France. Nature had moulded him in such a manner, that with the gay he became a universal favourite, and his company was generally courted; he was supple enough to please every one, but attach himself to nobody: those who thought they had the most rational pretensions to his services were certain of neglect, if others more agreeable came in his way; and without any settled principle, he fluttered about every where

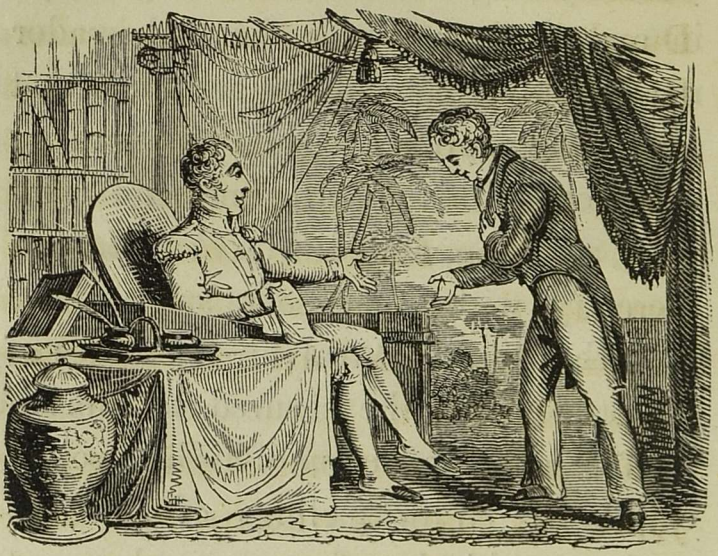
in search of the most pleasurable scenes. During many years which he negligently spent in Paris, he acted as if he had totally forgot that he was a parent; and that he might be in no danger of feeling any tender emotions, he threw into the fire all his family letters without reading. The person to whom he had entrusted the care of his son and daughter possessed a very limited income; the children, however, were so amiable, that she could not think of forsaking them; happily, she had some acquaintance with an abbess, remarkable for the possession of many great and noble qualities; to her she highly extolled the virtues of Miss Duval, in consequence of which the abbess desired to see her, and was so pleased with her modest appearance, that she undertook the charge of her education. Young Duval continued where he was,

his father's family commiserated his situation, and determined to give him an education suitable to his connexions: some of his friends were so pleased with his disposition, that they became his instructors, and had reason to be fully satisfied with the progress of their pupil, who, in the seventeenth year of his age, had the misfortune to lose his best friend, and early protector. Young Duval now learnt that his father had, by a series of dissipated conduct, spent his whole fortune, and that he must necessarily depend in future wholly upon his own exertions. He was resolved to shelter himself from the storms of necessity, by choosing one of those professions of which no gentleman need be ashamed—he quitted the place of his birth, and, travelling to England, put himself under the care of a master who was capable of forwarding his de-

signs. There was something so noble and interesting in the appearance of the young man, that every one who saw him entertained sentiments in his favour. He obtained from a friend a letter of introduction to the French ambassador, whose patronage he sought in his profession. This nobleman knew Monsieur Duval, and could not believe that his son was under the necessity of studying the polite arts for subsistence. When the young man related his little adventure, which was done in so graceful and modest a manner, that the ambassador resolved to be convinced of the truth of his narrative, that he might with propriety take him under his protection. In order to gain this point, he wrote to Monsieur Duval, but it is supposed the unnatural father was so ashamed of his behaviour to so deserving a son, that he dared not answer

the letter. The only resource now left was to search for intelligence in the place where young Duval was brought up; in answer to inquiries the ambassador received such satisfactory accounts, that he immediately gave him a lucrative situation in his department, and very soon after appointed him his private secretary, with a handsome salary; and so faithfully did Duval fill the duties of his station, that he secured to himself the esteem and affection of his benevolent employer. With feelings of parental tenderness his benefactor one day sent sent for him into his study, and begged him to give a detail of the uses to which the profits arising from his appointment were directed; Duval modestly requested his friend to suppress his inquiries; this astonished the ambassador, and as he discovered his protégée had no money, and

was very plainly dressed, he was afraid he had some improper associates. Spies



were employed, but to no purpose, for, with the nicest scrutiny into his conduct, they could discover nothing to his disadvantage; books and business engrossed all his time.

The ambassador, surprised to the highest degree, waited with impatience

for the end of the second year, when, having paid him, he learnt from an individual who had been engaged to watch Duval that he carried money to a banker. His employer immediately waited on that gentleman, and to his great astonishment found that Duval had remitted in that year and the foregoing two thousand livres for the support of a father, whom he knew had stifled all paternal sensations in his heart.

Though the protector of this amiable youth was charmed with his filial affection, he seemed to disapprove of his generosity, which he called excessive in his situation; but the noble-minded youth conjured his friend and benefactor to leave him at liberty to obey the voice of nature. "Thrice happy shall I be," said he, "if with this trifling sacrifice I can awaken the long dormant feelings

of a father, and make him remember that he has a son." Happily it had the desired effect; the heart of the parent became softened, he wrote several letters to his son, containing ardent wishes to see him. After a certain time young Duval found himself in a situation to gratify the desires of his father, which were so perfectly in unison with his own.

Having faithfully served the ambassador for five years, that noble patron conferred on him a more important situation; he repaired to Paris, and made himself known to his father, who for some years had subsisted on the fruits of his son's labour. They now resided together, the caprices of the parent never weakening the patience and perseverance of his indefatigable and praiseworthy son, who being impressed with the conviction that we are not authorised by

the example of others to do wrong, and that no state can be happy but in a conscientious discharge of our duty. He continued for many years to pursue the same line of affectionate duty and filial respect towards the second author of his being.

Charles. Duval's was a very amiable example. I think his father must have felt great remorse, if he contrasted his own conduct with that of his excellent son's.

Maria. I am afraid, brother, that Monsieur Duval had not even mind sufficient to make the comparison; he was assuredly destitute of both principle and feeling when he deserted his poor infants.

Mrs. Agar. Your observation is very just, my dear Maria; when the feelings are once deadened by habitual dissipa-

tion, it is seldom they regain their natural tone, "custom becomes second nature," and it is equally difficult to erase pernicious habits which have been long indulged, we should therefore carefully avoid contracting principles or habits which are prejudicial to our character, and destructive to our happiness.

Charles. I hope I shall never be deficient in duty to my papa, nor wanting in love and affection to my sister, for I am sure I should be very unhappy if they did not love me.

Mrs. Agar. Fraternal love, my dear Charles, is not only productive of the purest delight to the individuals themselves, but it is both advantageous and grateful to society, and what is even of more importance, it is pleasing to God: discord is odious wherever it may exist, but when once admitted into families,

its ravages are fatal; happiness is destroyed, the parties are alike hateful to themselves, offensive to society, and offending to their maker. I lament to say, experience teaches, and the records of our criminal courts confirm, that there are instances in which families are disunited, and envy, anarchy, and malice supplant the better feelings of affection and unity. I still hope, however, that such instances are seldom to be met with among the enlightened and informed. You are fond of tales, Charles; I will relate for your amusement an apologue on the subject, from which may be drawn a good moral.

"One of the kings of Persia had a son hideously deformed, but endowed with the most exalted virtues. His father, however, beheld him with abhorrence, and bestowed all his favour and confi-

dence upon the rest of his children, whose merits were altogether external. A war broke out, in the course of which great murmurs arose among the troops at the incapacity of his sons, who were entrusted with the command. On this the young prince, who possessed in valour what he wanted in beauty, cried aloud to his adherents, 'Courage, my friends! by fighting we shall only risk our lives; by flying we shall risk at once the army and the kingdom.' He accordingly marched against the enemy, and returned triumphant. The king, now convinced of his fault, declared him his heir; a circumstance which so highly exasperated the brothers, that they attempted to poison him. The gallant youth, however, aware of their intentions, thus addressed himself to them: 'What can you hope from my death?

if the eagle existed not, would the owl be the king of birds?' No sooner did the king hear of their guilt, than he ordered them to be banished the kingdom; and on the intercession of their brother for mercy to them, he said, 'ten poor men, my son, may sleep upon one dunghill, but two kings cannot sit upon one throne."

Charles. Indeed, grandmamma, I think they justly deserved banishment for their unnatural conduct towards their brother, whose valour merited rather their admiration than hatred.

During the recital of the narrative of the treacherous brothers, Maria had, unobserved by her grandmamma, stayed behind watching the industry and perseverance with which some ants were conveying food to their cells. "Do pray come back, Charles," she exclaimed,

" you never saw any thing so curiously indefatigable as these little creatures, in conveying their burdens to and fro. Pray, grandmamma, come back; I assure you they are worth seeing."

Mrs. Agar yielded to the solicitation of her grandaughter, and slowly returned, while Charles ran as fast as his legs would carry him, impatient to be a witness to what had called forth such ecstatic exclamation from his sister.

As Mrs. Agar approached the nest, she observed, " The wonderful industry and activity, my children, with which the ant collects materials for the construction of its habitation is deserving your minute attention, I beg you to remark how they unite in numbers, and assist each other in excavating the earth and in transporting to their abodes bits of straw, grain, and small pieces of wood,

which they use in lining and supporting their subterraneous passages, which communicate with each other, and resemble the streets of a city.

Maria. I suppose it is provision for the winter that they are now labouring so hard to lay up.

Mrs. Agar. That was formerly the received opinion. But the ancients were not famed for accurate researches into the nature and operations of insects. Stores of provision could be of no use to the ants; for, like marmots and dormice, they sleep through the winter, as the cold weather approaches they become torpid. The grains which, with so much persevering labour, they convey to their nests, are not intended to become food, but, like the bits of straw and wood, are employed as materials in the construction of their winter dormitory.

Charles. They appear to go a great distance in search of provisions.

Mrs. Agar. They do so, and you may observe that their roads, which are often winding and involved, all terminate in the nest.

Maria. I have understood that the ant is celebrated for its wisdom and foresight.

Mrs. Agar. And very justly so; the courage and fortitude displayed in the protection of their young is no less astonishing. I have read, in a philosophical account of these little animals, that the body of an ant was cut through the middle, and, after suffering this cruel treatment, so strong was its parental affection, that, with only its head and one half of its body, it carried off several of its chrysalids, until nature was exhausted, and it fell! The habitation

and economy of the common ants, although exceedingly curious, are eminently surpassed by the relation of the truly wonderful operations of the white ants in Africa; the nests of these insects rise to the astonishing height of ten or twelve feet, resembling the appearance of negro huts, in some parts they are so numerous, that they exhibit a strong semblance to a village, but these ants belong to a different genus of insects. Many traits in the history of the larger kinds of ants, as related by Mr. Huber, are of so extraordinary a character, as to be hardly credible, if we had not implicit confidence in the authority, and were already prepared to receive them from our knowledge of many equally curious circumstances relative to bees, which have been established by the concurrent testimony of numerous scrupulous observers.

I see William is coming to announce the hour of dinner, I shall therefore conclude my description by observing, that some of the ancient philosophers, and in particular Pythagoras and Plato, were so struck by the wonderful ingenuity displayed in the operations of bees, that they thought them endued, not only with instinct, but with something of celestial intellect; and to this idea Virgil thus alludes:

Induc'd by such examples, some have taught
That bees have portions of ethereal thought,
Endued with particles of heavenly fires.

DRYDEN.

CHAP. VI.

"Education and instruction are the means, the one by use, the other by precept, to make our natural faculty of reason, both the better and the sooner, to judge rightly between truth and error, good and evil." HOOKER.

As they retired to the drawing room, Charles observed, "Dear grandmamma, have you not another portfolio of prints to amuse us with this evening? we were so delighted with the explanation you gave us of the views in India, that we are anxious for a similar gratification."

Mrs. Agar. I am afraid, my boy, I have no more views, but I have a portfolio of heads, drawn by some of our most eminent artists, and are considered correct likenesses;—you will find them

interesting, as they generally represent great and good characters: when William has dined he shall bring the portfolio to us.

During this conversation, Maria's attention had been attracted by a small animal, which she observed swimming in a glass filled with water, and which had been brought into the drawing room for the purpose of putting flowers in. "What a very curious little insect!" she exclaimed, bringing the glass to her grandmamma.

Mrs. Agar. It is an animalcule, which you will better distinguish by the help of a microscope.

Charles. What is an animalcule?

Mrs. Agar. It is a very small animal, which is hardly discernible to the naked eye, and can only be perfectly distinguished by the assistance of a

magnifying glass. Without this help numberless animals would, from their extreme minuteness, for ever escape observation. The smallest living creatures our microscope can show are those that inhabit the waters; for though, possibly, animalcules equally minute, or perhaps more so, may fly in the air or creep upon the earth, it is hardly possible to bring such under our examination, but, water being transparent, we are able, by applying a drop of it to the microscope, to discover all that it contains. The wheel-animal is a wonderful animalcule; it is found in rain water that has stood some considerable time; it discovers no sign of life, except when in the water, yet it continues alive for many months after it is taken out, and kept perfectly dry. In this state it is of a globular shape, and exceeds not the bigness of a grain of

sand; but, being again put into the water, in the space of a short time a languid motion begins, the globule turns itself about, and lengthens by gradual degrees, till it assumes the form of a lively maggot. Shortly afterwards it puts out its wheels, swimming vigorously through the water in search of food, or pleased at again inhabiting its natural element. The most remarkable part of this animalcule is its wheel, which consists of a couple of semicircular instruments, round the edges of which many little fibrils move themselves very rapidly with a kind of rotation, or in a vibrating manner. All the actions of this little creature imply sagacity and acuteness of sensation, for at the least motion in the water, they immediately draw in their wheels. The globe animalcule is another curious little animal; its form is exactly

globular, having no appearance of either head, tail, or fins: it moves in all directions, forward or backward, either rolling like a ball, spinning horizontally like a top, or gliding along smoothly, without turning itself at all.

Sometimes its motion is slow, at other times very rapid, and at its pleasure it can turn round, as it were, upon an axis, very swiftly, without removing from its place. These animalcules may be seen by the naked eye, but appear only like moving points. Another great curiosity in this minute generation is the pipe-animal, chiefly found on the coast of Norfolk, living in small tubes of sandy matter, in immense multitudes: but, for a more particular account of them, my dear Charles, I must again refer you to the Encyclopædia; at the same time I beg to tell you that there are various and

inconceivable numbers of animalcules described by naturalists, which are exceedingly curious, and worthy of research.

Charles. Thank you, grandmamma, you have given us a description of a little world of insects, of which I was totally ignorant.

Mrs. Agar. It is not the only subject in natural history, my boy, in which you are unacquainted; there are many that will afford you the most pleasing and useful information, it is a study which I most particularly recommend to you.

Charles. I am sure I shall take great delight in it. Oh, how I wish I was very clever! You have given me a thirst for knowledge, grandmamma, which I never had before I came to visit you.

Mrs. Agar. It is an amiable desire, my Charles, which I shall anxiously

hope to cultivate; but remember, your wishes can only be completed by application and industry. An enlightened mind is an invaluable treasure, but, like all other jewels, it is rarely found, unless it be carefully sought after. Here is William with the portfolio. The first portrait represents a character worthy your imitation, it is Jean D'Anville, a French geographer of the highest eminence—his passion for geographical research displayed itself from his earliest years. At the age of twelve, while studying the Latin authors at college, he amused himself with drawing maps of the countries which they described. While he was thus busily employing himself one day, his tutor observed and was about to punish him, but, upon viewing the performance, he immediately suspended the punishment, and judged him

to be rather deserving of encouragement. D'Anville, from this period, devoted himself almost entirely to his favourite study, in which early in life he became justly eminent. With the qualities which form the great geographer, he united all the essentials of an honorable and worthy character, and passed through life valued and esteemed.

Charles. You have described D'Anville as a very worthy Frenchman, and I justly appreciate his industry and perseverance; yet I am more interested in the merits of my own countrymen, and I hope, grandmamma, you will think the partiality pardonable. Here is the portrait of Sir Francis Drake, pray relate to us some of his noble actions, for I already know that he is a famed English admiral.

Mrs. Agar. I admire your patriotic

feeling, my boy, and cheerfully comply with your request. Sir Francis Drake was the son of Edmund Drake, a sailor, and born at Tavistock, in Devonshire, in the year 1545. At the age of eighteen he was purser of a ship trading to Biscay; at twenty-two he attained the rank of captain, in that capacity he was in the harbour of St. John's de Ulloa, in the gulf of Mexico, where he displayed great valour in the glorious action, under the command of the gallant Sir John Hawkins, and returned with him to England, having justly attained high reputation as a brave officer. He then formed a design against the Spaniards in the West Indies, and had a strong body of volunteers ready to accompany him; his two first expeditions were not, however, attended with the success he had anticipated, but his third adventure

proved more fortunate, in producing him not only immense riches, but in affording him an opportunity of displaying a noble disinterestedness of character, which secured him the esteem and high approbation of his countrymen. In this expedition he had been greatly aided by a nation of Indians, who had been perpetually engaged in wars with the Spaniards.

Pedro was the name of their chief, to whom Drake presented a handsome sword, which he had worn by his side, and had observed the Indian admire. Pedro, in return, gave him two large wedges of gold, which Drake generously threw into the common stock, saying, "that he thought it but just that such as bore the charge of so uncertain a voyage on *his* credit should share every advantage that the voyage produced." His success in this expedition, added to

his honorable conduct, procured him universal applause, and the purpose to which he applied his share of the money still greater reputation, for he fitted out three fine frigates, at his own expense, and sailed with them to Ireland; where, under Walter, Earl of Essex, he served as a volunteer, and distinguished himself in many successful and glorious actions. After the death of the noble earl, he returned to England, and was introduced to Queen Elizabeth, by which introduction he acquired the means for undertaking the grand expedition, which immortalized his name. He suggested a voyage to the south seas, through the straits of Magellan, which hitherto no Englishman had ever attempted. The project was well received by the queen, who supplied him with the means, while his own example held out sufficient in-

ducement for numbers to join him. This wonderful voyage round the world was performed in something less than three years. Shortly after his return to England the queen honored him with a visit on board his ship, and, conferring on him the order of knighthood, declared her high approbation of all he had done.

In 1585 he sailed with a fleet to the West Indies, and captured the cities of St. Iago, St. Domingo, Carthagena, and St. Augustin. He afterwards went to Lisbon, with thirty sail of ships, and receiving information of a large fleet assembled in Cadiz bay, which was destined part of the armada, he with undaunted courage and great presence of mind entered that port, and destroyed by fire upwards of ten thousand tons of shipping, which he jocosely called

"burning the King of Spain's beard." In 1588, when the Spanish Armada was approaching our coasts, Sir Francis Drake was appointed to the rank of vice-admiral under Lord Charles Howard of Effingham, who was then high-admiral of England. Again fortune favoured him; for shortly after his promotion he made a capture of a large galleon, commanded by Don Pedro de Valdez, who surrendered as soon as he learned it was Drake who summoned him. Don Pedro remained about two years his captive in England, and when released paid the admiral for his own and his captain's liberties a ransom of three thousand five hundred pounds. He afterwards embarked with Sir John Hawkins, in an expedition against the Spanish settlements in the West Indies, which I believe did not meet entirely with the success

he had anticipated: the disappointment is said to have weighed heavy on his mind. This great man expired on board his own ship, near the town of Nombre de Dios in the West Indies, in the year 1596. His death was sincerely lamented by the nation, but particularly so by his country friends, who had abundant reasons to love him for his private virtues and beneficent acts, as well as to value him for his public character, which ranks high in the records of English history.

Charles. I am much pleased with the history of the gallant admiral, his generous conduct to the companions of his voyage, and his virtues in private life add a charm and brilliancy to his public fame which time can never tarnish. Here is Sir Philip Sidney, who I believe was also a national favourite in the reign of Queen Elizabeth; pray give us some particulars of him, grandmamma.

Mrs. Agar. Your sentiments in praise of virtue, my Charles, do honour to your heart, and afford me indescribable delight; may you ever remember the words of that great man with whose character you are desirous to become acquainted. He said, "That a mind well trained and long exercised in virtue, does not easily change any course it once undertakes." His own life has verified the assertion; for Sir Philip Sidney has received the homage of English writers, as one of those whose virtues and talents have reflected the highest honour on his name and country. I will leave you the pleasure of perusing some pleasing anecdotes which portray his character, in a little volume, entitled "Employment the true Source of Happiness," which you will find to-morrow in my juvenile library. Turn over, Maria, I think the next por-

trait is Lord Burleigh, treasurer of England in the reign of Queen Elizabeth; he was born in the year 1526, son of Richard Cecil, master of the robes to king Henry the Eighth; he was endowed with extensive talent and indefatigable industry. At the age of sixteen he read a sophistry lecture, and at eighteen a voluntary Greek lecture, which was considered an extraordinary proof of genius, as the Greek language was then not usually cultivated. In 1541 he visited the metropolis, with the intent of studying for the bar, but Henry, hearing of the extensive talents of the young man, ordered him into his presence, and was so pleased with his conversation that he appointed him to a situation worth about two hundred and ten pounds a year. In 1547 he was elected master of requests, through the interest of the Protector,

Somerset; this event was soon followed by his accompanying his noble patron on his expedition against the Scots, and distinguished by great bravery at the battle of Musselburgh, Sept. 10, 1547, when Cecil's life was miraculously saved by a friend, who, in pushing him out of the level of a cannon, had his own arm shattered to pieces. In 1548 Mr. Cecil was appointed secretary of state, but unhappily in 1549 the duke of Northumberland's faction prevailing, he suffered in the disgrace of the protector, and was committed to the Tower; he remained a prisoner only three months. On being released he was restored to office, and soon after knighted and sworn member of the privy council; in 1553 appointed chancellor of the order of the garter. On the death of Edward the Sixth, Cecil wisely refused to interfere

in Northumberland's attempt in favour of the unfortunate lady Jane Grey, and when queen Mary succeeded to the throne he was graciously received at court; but not choosing to change his religion, he was dismissed from his employments. During this reign he was twice chosen knight of the shire for Lincoln, and frequently spoke in the house of Commons with great freedom and firmness in opposition to the ministry. Though a protestant and a patriot, he had the good fortune to "steer through a very dangerous sea without shipwreck." Queen Elizabeth's accession gave a brilliant change to his prospects in political life. He was soon raised to the rank of lord high chancellor of England, and from this period we find him the main spring of every important transaction through the glorious reign of that great

queen. Although her majesty had other favourites who possessed temporary influence over her mind, yet lord Burleigh was her prime minister, and the person in whom she most implicitly confided in matters of real importance to the country. Having faithfully filled the most dignified offices of state for forty years, and with judgment and discretion guided the helm of government during one of the most glorious periods of English history, the noble lord expired in the presence of his twenty children, August 4, 1598. He was buried at Stamford in Lincolnshire, where an elegant monument is erected to his memory. Lord Burleigh's public and private character were equally admirable, and very justly was he estimated one of the most upright, indefatigable, and able ministers ever recorded in our annals.

Being asked how he accomplished so

much, he replied, that "the shortest way to do many things was by doing only one at a time."

Charles. By that means he avoided confusion, and performed his numerous duties with regularity and precision; I will try to follow his example.

Maria. You will be wise to do so, my brother. The next is a lady's portrait; who is it designed for, grandmamma?

Mrs. Agar. This lady was long the faithful wife of that great statesman, of whom we have just been speaking. Mildred, the eldest daughter of Sir Anthony Cook, her marriage with Lord Burleigh took place in her twentieth year. She possessed admirable intellectual powers, and was a great politician. She made herself perfectly acquainted with the classic writers of Greece, and also with the ancient chris-

tian fathers. As an evidence of her political talent, an eminent author has produced a letter, written by her to Sir William Fitzwilliams, then Lord Deputy of Ireland. This letter contains the best advice, and proves that she was not only endowed with a good understanding and splendid talent, but also with an amiable and exalted mind. After her decease her affectionate husband wrote a meditation on the death of his lady, which is a striking testimony of his regard to her memory. In every point of view, Lady Burleigh was a valuable example to her sex, which many would do well to follow. She was a patroness of literature, and was justly distinguished by her numerous charities.

My children, the hour reminds me that it is time we should part for the night, may God bless you.

CHAP. VII.

———" To rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to shoot,
And pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind."

THE succeeding morning was ushered in by torrents of rain. As the party entered the breakfast room, Mrs. Agar observed, " I am afraid, Charles, we have every prospect of a wet day, but I hope you are now convinced that it is *not impossible* for us to be cheerful, though we have not the rays of the sun to exhilarate our spirits, and, for a short time, are denied the possibility of going out."

Charles. Oh no! You have taught us resources which I never knew before,

and I am sure we shall find plenty of amusement, if you will again indulge us with a peep into your portfolio. Maria is very anxious to learn the biography of the female heads we just caught sight of last evening, and I am equally desirous to become acquainted with the heroes of my own sex and country ;— I do think, grandmamma, I shall in future take great delight in studying biography.

Mrs. Agar. Indeed, my Charles, you will find it not only a pleasing but a profitable course of reading, it is at once the most entertaining and instructive kind of history. Nor do I know any books so generally well adapted for the youthful mind ; the wonderful effect that example has over us is universally allowed. And when we contemplate the noble and virtuous actions which

have distinguished the lives, and dignified the characters of our fellow creatures, we naturally feel inspired by a desire to imitate, and, if possible, to arrive at the same pinnacle of greatness. It is a generous ambition, and particularly congenial to the ardour of youth; cultivate the desire, my boy, and you will ultimately reap the reward.

Maria. And I, grandmamma, will endeavour, by application and industry, to store my mind with resources which (your example has proved) will produce happiness more grateful than what is usually called the "pleasures of life."

Mrs. Agar. It is true, my dear Maria, that in youth we too often mistake our path to happiness, and triflingly waste our days in a round of unimportant and useless frivolity, which we miscall pleasure, until we find, too late, that we

have neglected to lay the only stable foundation on which we can hope to derive sources more congenial to our feelings as we progressively advance through life. We have, however, in history many brilliant examples of female greatness, proving the eminence to which the mind may arrive, provided the first buddings be carefully watched, and the stem, on which the whole depends, be supported with early principles of virtuous emulation and useful knowledge.

This important branch does not wholly depend on the child, but is a subject that must frequently call forth the reflection of parental solicitude; our primary impressions and habits are undoubtedly the most lasting, and to them we may generally attribute the influence of our character through life.

Education, then, or the care of form-

ing the mind, ought to commence as much as possible with the period of life itself, and at no time is its utmost vigilance of greater import than at the first.

The conversation was here interrupted by the entrance of the servant to remove the breakfast things, and who was ordered by Mrs. Agar to bring the wished-for portfolio. The first portrait that presented itself was Mary Sidney, Countess of Pembroke. "This," said Mrs. Agar, "is sister to the good Sir Philip Sidney. In the year 1576 she married the Earl of Pembroke; few ladies have been more distinguished for a highly cultivated mind and superior talents. Early in life she translated some of the Psalms, from the Hebrew into English; and from the French, 'A Discourse of Life and Death, printed in 1600.' She also wrote 'An Elegy on her Brother,' 'A Pastoral Dia-

logue in praise of Queen Elizabeth,' and many other poems that claim great merit. She survived her husband twenty years, and died in 1601. She was interred, with the Pembroke family, in the church of the cathedral at Salisbury. I will repeat to you some lines written by the famed Ben Jonson, and designed as an inscription for her tomb:

> ' Underneath this sable hearse
> Lies the subject of all verse,
> Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother.
> Death, ere thou hast kill'd another,
> Fair and learned, and good as she,
> Time shall throw a dart at thee!' "

Maria. The next portrait, grandmamma, is Lady Jane Grey, whom I think I have heard you speak of with much commiseration.

Mrs. Agar. Indeed, my child, I never reflect on her unhappy fate without feel-

ing the tenderest sympathy. Lady Jane was the daughter of Henry Grey, Marquis of Dorset; her mother was daughter of the Duke of Suffolk and Mary, Queen dowager of France, and sister of Henry the Eighth. Lady Jane was from a very early age regarded as a prodigy in learning and useful acquirements. Besides the accomplishments of needlework, music, drawing, and a beautiful handwriting, she possessed such a knowledge of the learned languages as would be surprising in the most promising scholar of the other sex who attended wholly to study. It is recorded of her, that the learned Ascham, on paying her a visit when only in her fourteenth year, found her reading the Phædon of Plato, in Greek, while the other members of her family were hunting. She was at that time under the tuition of Mr. Aylmer, after-

wards Bishop of London, and was able to write Greek with facility; and she is said also to have acquired not only the Italian and French languages, but the Hebrew, Chaldee, and Arabic. The solidity of her judgment was equal to the quickness of her apprehension, and she discoursed upon most important topics with excellent sense. With all these astonishing endowments, she possessed that modesty and gentleness which is the greatest ornament to her sex.

When the Duke of Northumberland saw that the young king was rapidly declining in health, he meditated the securing of his own power by an act no less daring than criminal; he proposed to him to set aside both his sisters from the succession, and to bequeath the crown to Lady Jane Grey, although her mother was still living. He had pre-

viously procured a marriage between Lady Jane and his fourth son, Lord Guilford Dudley, whose amiable disposition and manners soon gained the affections of his charming bride. The act for altering the succession was speedily drawn up, and King Edward expired on the 6th July of the same year. No sooner was the event known than Lady Jane's father, accompanied by the Duke of Northumberland, repaired to the residence of the young couple, and explained what had been done in Lady Jane's favour; from a proper sense of justice, this amiable lady resisted for a long time their importunities to become queen, knowing that she had no just title to the sovereignty, nor had she any desire for so public and splendid a station.

At length, overcome by her respect to the authority of her parents, and per-

haps even more by the intreaties of her husband, she unhappily yielded to their wishes, consented to become queen, and as such was proclaimed in the city of London. Her reign, however, was very short; in nine days Mary was acknowledged as the rightful sovereign; and poor Lady Jane imagined herself happy in being again allowed to return to a private station. This event, however, was succeeded by a tragic scene. The vindictive queen, not satisfied with having obtained her right, was resolved to avenge herself on those who had disputed it. The Duke of Northumberland was seized and beheaded; after which the interesting Lady Jane and her amiable husband were arraigned, tried, and convicted, and finally put to death. On the fatal morning, her husband, who had been confined in a separate apartment,

implored that he might be permitted to take a last farewell of her; but this request she thought it best to decline, lest it should be the means of shaking their firmness, but contented herself by giving him a parting token out of her window as he was led to execution. She waited, and witnessed with composure his remains brought back, and immediately wrote three sentences in Greek, Latin, and English, which she presented to the constable of the Tower. In a few minutes after, the officers announced that she must follow the steps of her deceased husband. She received the summons with heroism, confessed that she had done wrong in not firmly rejecting the ambitious proposal, the result of which had proved so fatal, and declared her willingness to expiate her crime by death. This dreadful tragedy was performed in

1554. Lady Jane was but seventeen years of age; the memory of her virtues and the elevation of her mind will ever excite the highest respect and sympathy.

Maria. Poor Lady Jane! her punishment, I think, far exceeded her crime; while we reflect with sympathy on her unhappy fate, the recollection of the tyranny and cruelty of Queen Mary must be a subject of perpetual execration.

Charles. I see, grandmamma, you have the portrait of that merciless queen, but her enormities were so great that I do not wish to hear a recital of them. We will therefore pass on to the next, which is Lady Arabella Stuart.

Mrs. Agar. I agree with you, my dear Charles, that it is infinitely more pleasant to recount the history of virtue than of vice; we will therefore proceed in a short biography of Arabella Stuart,

commonly called the Lady Arabella Stuart, daughter of Charles Stuart, Earl of Lennox, the younger brother of Henry, Lord Darnley, father to James the Sixth, King of Scotland, whose mother was Elizabeth, daughter of Sir William Cavendish. Lady Arabella was born in 1577, at Hampstead, and received a very accomplished and learned education, under the care of her grandmother, the Countess of Lennox. At the age of two years, she became an orphan, and at the same time heiress to an immense estate. As the English succession was at that period doubtful, many speculations were formed on the prospect of a union with Lady Arabella; it has been said that she was betrothed privately to a son of the Earl of Northumberland; this, however, rests upon no evidence, though it is certain that Elizabeth regarded the young

lady with feelings of jealousy, and perhaps with some justice; for on the death of that queen, some malcontents formed the design of setting up Arabella Stuart in opposition to her cousin James, but this conspiracy only terminated in the ruin of the propagators. Poor Lady Arabella herself was not concerned in it, yet she was a sufferer from the effects. In 1610 she fell under the royal displeasure, for marrying Mr. Seymour, grandson to the Earl of Hertford; in consequence of which she was placed under confinement at Lambeth, and her husband sent to the Tower. Soon after, however, they both contrived to effect their escape, though by different ways: Mr. Seymour got safe to the Continent, but Lady Arabella was overtaken, and shut up in the Tower, where she shortly after died, it is but too probable, of a

broken heart. She was interred in the same vault with Mary Stuart, the famed, but unfortunate Queen of Scotland. Corbet, Bishop of Norwich, composed the following lines on

THE LADY ARABELLA SEYMOUR.

How do I thank thee, Death, and bless thy power,
That I have pass'd the guard, and 'scap'd the
Tower!
And now my pardon is my epitaph,
And a small coffin my poor carcass hath;
For at thy charge both soul and body were
Enlarg'd at last, secur'd from hope and fear:
That amongst saints, this among kings is laid,
And what my birth did claim my death hath paid!

From the unhappy life of Lady Arabella, we may learn, my children, that wealth is not always productive of happiness, but, on the contrary, is frequently accompanied with overwhelming trials,

which, unsupported by religion, would render us miserable indeed!

Charles. The next is a small portrait, grandmamma, which does not appear to assimilate in point of rank with the rest.

Mrs. Agar. Indeed, my Charles, that is an humble individual, but one whose philanthropy and benevolence has raised him in my estimation to considerable eminence; I assure you I feel honoured in having his portrait in my collection. Mahomet (for so he was called) was the long tried and faithful servant of George the First; he was taken prisoner by the Elector when commanding the Imperialists against the Turks. This man was an Albanian by birth, but became a Lutheran upon principle, and used to attend the German chapel in the Savoy regularly; the benevolent Mahomet every Saturday visited one or other of the

prisons in the metropolis for the purpose of releasing a debtor, provided the sum required did not exceed his finances.

Charles. I think, grandmamma, we may truly call Mahomet a great man; though not elevated by rank, he certainly afforded an example that would do honour to the character of a prince.

Mrs. Agar. Undoubtedly he did, my dear; and as "there is no difference in person or condition before God, and his providence watches equally over the actions of all mankind," we may justly hope that the generous philanthropist has reaped a rich reward.

The conversation was here interrupted by the arrival of company, and Mrs. Agar was obliged to leave her grandchildren for a short time to receive her friends in the drawing room.

CHAP. VIII.

"Let him still the secret joy partake,
To follow virtue e'en for virtue's sake."

In the evening Charles said, "Dear grandmamma, you have not yet told us who the friends were that called on you this morning; you appeared so very happy to see them, that I am sure they must be very amiable and good, for I never hear you express pleasure at meeting people whom you do not value, and I know you would not give your esteem unless to those who really deserve it."

Mrs. Agar. Your observations on my character, dear boy, afford me heartfelt pleasure, and I hope the remarks I am

about to make will convey to your mind a lasting impression.

The greatest caution should be exercised in the choice of our friends, and we should be equally careful not to mistake the possession of what are called agreeable qualities for certain proofs of that true worth which renders a person a proper object of friendship. In general society we meet with many possessed of pleasing manners, fascinating in their person and discourse, yet are in reality capricious, selfish, and vain. Can such characters be valuable as friends? A vain person is so deeply involved in his own imagined perfection, that he has not leisure, nor even inclination to do justice to the more deserving qualities of others; nor is it possible that a capricious person can possess that sacred constancy which is the first and noblest characteristic of

friendship, which stands firmly in sorrow and in joy, and can only be shaken when friends cease to live or cease to be virtuous; for virtue is as essential to friendship as pure air is to good health, and so long as that remains spotless and unimpaired in our friends, whatever they may suffer from adverse fortune or the shafts of malice, our motto should be "*Always the same.*" Few perhaps are more deserving the valued name of friends than the worthy family who called on me this morning; as the recital of their virtues, my children, will afford you a profitable lesson, I shall have much pleasure in recounting to you some particulars of their history.

Charles. To which we shall listen with great pleasure, grandmamma; your narratives are all so interesting and instruc-

tive, that we are never more delighted than when you indulge us with them.

Mrs. Agar. In Mr. Lumbley you see the reward of persevering industry, combined with feelings of the strictest honour and filial affection. I will commence my narrative by informing you, that among the first rank of society in the island of Grenada few perhaps enjoyed more indisturbed happiness than the worthy family to whom I am now about to introduce you. Mr. Lumbley was the proprietor of an estate sufficiently large to afford all the comforts and conveniences of life to a mind not enervated by luxury, nor seduced by a vitiated taste for the pleasures and follies too often predominant in a tropical climate. The estate was a paternal inheritance, which had belonged to the family for many years; and such was Mr. Lumbley's

respect for the memory of his ancestors, that he there determined to form the establishment for his future life. After completing his studies at one of the Universities in England, he proposed, previous to his return to the West Indies, to make the tour of Europe, in order that he might be able to form a true estimate of the manners and character of those nations he probably would not have an opportunity of revisiting.

In this excursion he was accompanied by a gentleman of his own age, a fellow student, and one from whose family he had experienced much attention during the period of his residence at college.

At the expiration of two years, the young men full of adventure, and not less importance, returned to the rectory from whence they had originally started, for I should have told you that the father

of Lumbley's friend was a clergyman; his benefice was small, but he was a faithful servant of his great master, and an honour to the profession of which he has the happiness of being a member. His family consisted of the son already alluded to, and a daughter, who at this period of our narrative had just entered her eighteenth year. The tuition of Julia Danvers gave rich promises, for under her father's special care she had approached perfection in every mental and useful accomplishment—in a word, she was adored in the circle in which she was known, and strangers could not witness the modesty and simplicity of her demeanour without profound admiration.

It is then no wonder that young Lumbley should at his time of life receive from this estimable girl an indelible im-

pression, which meeting with a suitable return, sanctioned by the approbation of each of their parents, soon terminated in marriage. A year after this event had taken place, Mr. Lumbley embarked with his happy bride and infant son to take possession of his estate in the West Indies. While at home, and on their passage out, Julia had frequently conversed with her husband on the state of slavery; her heart, ever sensibly alive to the sufferings of her fellow creatures, had imbibed the softest feelings of sympathy for the wrongs, and compassion for the pictured privations of that race with whom she had, in all probability, to pass the remainder of her life. She had learned to consider them an oppressed people, and that impression was sufficient to awaken in her benevolent mind feelings of deep commiseration, and

many were the resolutions she had formed to ameliorate and add comfort to their condition ; with heartfelt gratification, however, she soon discovered that the enthusiasm natural to her character had portrayed the picture of an ideal, rather than of their real situation.

A succession of years rolled on without any eventful change in the affairs of Mr. Lumbley, except that he annually found an additional claim to his paternal care, until his children amounted in number to eight, six daughters and two sons ; the eldest of the sons was named Arthur, after the worthy Rector, at whose residence he was born.

As Mr. and Mrs. Lumbley were excellent in their nature, so were their children from the force of example ; the girls evinced the same kind and mild disposition so manifest in their mother ;

their amiability of character was truly pleasing, while they progressively gained from the same maternal source every mental and valuable endowment;—nor had the father less reason to be satisfied with the sons; the youngest was yet a child, but Arthur had reached his eighteenth year, and had on several occasions proved a nobleness and generosity of disposition that did honour to the stem from whence he sprung; he had trodden the footsteps of his father at college, sat on the same bench, and studied from the same classic stone—in mind therefore as well as in person a confirmed likeness existed between the father and son.

Arthur had just finished his education, and the critical moment of parental anxiety had arrived, when it became necessary to point out the path for his pursuit through life. The army had long been the youth's fixed choice, but Mr.

Lumbley urged his inability to purchase a commission; besides he was without interest to forward his advancement, and secure promotion. The youth listened with respectful attention to his father's objections, and then stated that he was ready to enter into any engagements he might wish. With the fervour of parental love, Mr. Lumbley pressed the hand of his son, which during the conference had rested on his, evidently struggling with painful emotion:—At length he said, "Arthur, a failure in England, which considerably affects my finances, renders it an imperative duty that I retrench my establishment, while it deprives me of the means of affording you a choice of profession. I entreat you, my son, to turn your mind to mercantile pursuits, in which you have both steadiness and ability to succeed."

Glowing with enthusiasm, and exalted

with imaginary views of future glory—fancy had already recounted to Arthur's sanguine mind accumulated honours gained in the field—laurels descending to his family—the applause of his sovereign, and the praises of his country—these were subjects on which his young mind had long feasted with enraptured anticipation,—but alas! all was now flown—in a moment the fancied citadel of greatness was destroyed, the mighty edifice on which his visionary hopes had so long rested was, he then thought, for ever demolished, and poor Arthur saw before him nothing better than the plodding, but uncertain path of the merchant.

For an instant the flush of disappointment crimsoned his cheek, and with difficulty he suppressed the starting tear; yet this was only a momentary emotion, to be succeeded by the most honourable

and praiseworthy feeling; parental veneration and filial affection surpassed every other consideration, he endeavoured to banish the desire of becoming a soldier, and expressed his entire wish immediately to engage in the pursuit his father had so wisely suggested.

Thus, my children, you see that in a well formed mind, a sense of duty predominates over every selfish feeling. Ambitious as Arthur had been to distinguish himself in the service of his country, yet he felt no difficulty in relinquishing his own desire to that parent whose judgment he had never known to err.

We must bid adieu to the amiable youth for this evening, to-morrow I shall have pleasure in resuming the narrative.

CHAP. IX.

"A mind well trained and long exercised in virtue does not easily change any course it once undertakes." SIR P. SIDNEY.

CHARLES did not fail to remind his grandmamma, on the following evening, of her promise to continue the history of the Lumbley family, to which she readily consented, and began as follows :

"Mr. Lumbley had a friend residing in a neighbouring colony, a merchant of great respectability, and who, upon application, readily agreed to receive Arthur as a junior clerk in his house ; here his conduct was uniformly correct, his habits were so industrious and temperate,

that he was, as soon as occasion allowed, appointed to the confidential situation of first clerk in the firm. In this capacity he soon became invaluable to his employer, whose health had fallen into so precarious a state, that shortly after the entire management of the concern devolved on our young friend.

From severe losses occasioned by the failure in England, before alluded to, Mr. Lumbley had found it necessary to sell his property in the West Indies, and returned with his family to Europe, under circumstances very different to what might have been anticipated a few years before,

"So mutable and precarious are the affairs of man."

But the worthy destitute had at least the cheering reflection that with an unruffled conscience he could take a retro-

spective view of his life, and find that neither extravagance nor discord had ever reigned in his family. His misfortunes had arisen from circumstances beyond his control, and which perhaps no common prudence could have foreseen or prevented.

Such a situation was to be borne with feelings very different from those resulting from the annihilation of wild schemes of speculation, or from a want of good conduct and integrity, and certainly has every claim to the kindest consideration.

Fatal experience has too often proved that the country in which Mr. Lumbley resided is one of great risk, arising from a variety of causes local and adventitious; yet it is to be feared that where speedy ruin has ensued, dissipation may too often be traced to have usurped the place of domestic economy.

Such as live beyond their circumstances must continually feel embarrassment and disorder in their affairs;—irregularity and profusion alike preclude habits of industry, the payment of just debts, or the sweet exercise of those acts of benevolence so refreshing to our common nature —while punctuality in such circumstances is quite out of the question. But with Mr. Lumbley his promise was sacred, and might ever be relied on. Cheerfulness, combined with economy, governed his plentiful yet plain table, to his family he would frequently relate an anecdote of an old Scotsman, who happened to be present at a splendid West India dinner, and was invited to eat of the different removes, "Na, na, mon," said honest Donald, "I am much obleeged to ye, but I ne'er tak twa dinners in ae day!" He would conclude the tale with a general observation to his children, "follow the

example of the prudent Scotsman, and be just to the world before ye tak twa dinners in ae day."

But, my children, this is a digression; we will return to Arthur, who had by every endearing attention marked his duty and affection to his parents, but it was at the moment of their distress that he proved the nobleness of his soul! It was then that, with unclouded lustre, a grand trait of character opened to the youthful world an example of filial piety! Unrepiningly he had followed the wishes of that parent whom he had never known to err in counsel: but nature had implanted in him a love of military life, and in defiance of his reason he could not entirely resign the hope that the day would arrive when with parental permission he might yet be allowed to enter his darling profession!

Buoyed with the hope of one day pur-

chasing his commissions he had unremittingly practised the utmost frugality, for his salary was not large though his trust was important: meanness was incompatible with his nature, but he had never been known to enter into amusements that would idly dissipate either his money or his time, which, looking to the present or the future, were held in equal estimation.

The desired sum was at length obtained, and his heart bounded with feelings of ecstatic pleasure that the means were now within his own power, and he was confident his father's indulgent disposition would remove every further difficulty. His happiness he now thought secure, and the prospects with which he had formerly flattered his imagination again revived.

At this juncture an unlooked for event

convinced Arthur that his father was more involved than he had hitherto suspected.

Overwhelmed with agonized feelings, his noble mind hesitated not a moment, but by the ensuing packet transmitted to his parents the whole amount of his accumulated property, with the further assurance that the half of his salary was more than sufficient for his ordinary wants, and the remainder he insisted that he might be allowed to forward to them annually.

All ideas of his darling profession he now thought, for ever lost, and remaining hope dwelt only on advancement in mercantile pursuits, on the success of which he imagined the welfare of his family and his own would entirely depend; with unabating vigilance, and in the strict performance of every duty, did this amiable young man remain seemingly

devoted to the profession in which he had embarked; and in which, though no brilliant honours could be anticipated, he promised to shine a character of integrity and of uprightness of conduct, which would secure to him alike the esteem of the worthy, and the greatest of all human happiness, an approving conscience.

At this period of our narrative, Arthur fortuitously became acquainted with the governor of the colony, the introduction arose from a circumstance that displayed the young merchant in his true character, and called into action such disinterested and noble conduct as gave indelible proof that nature designed him for no unimportant condition of life. With perfect admiration of his integrity and amiable qualities, this exalted friend felt a zealous desire to be the means of pro-

moting his views in whatever way they might be directed, and soon hearing his ardent wish to become a soldier, his patron delayed not exerting every possible interest to procure him a commission. He fortunately succeeded, and Arthur was appointed to a regiment then stationed in the West Indies. On receiving intelligence of the success of his application, the governor sent for the young man, and presenting him with his commission observed, "this is one of the most happy moments of my life, for I feel, my dear Arthur, that in gratifying your desires, I am adding to his majesty's army an officer whose honour and integrity will never be excelled. Go, my friend, may your valour equal these distinguishing qualities of your private life, and may you reap in the field laurels which your virtues so richly merit."

The same inflexible steadiness of character that had manifested itself in the counting house was now the faithful companion of the soldier: Lumbley was no sooner known than he was esteemed by his brother officers; his military as well as his private conduct was irreproachable.

His regiment was ordered to England, and subsequently to the Peninsula, where it gloriously distinguished itself in the successive campaigns of that eventful period—promotion rapidly rewarded exertions, and at the close of the great events which form so glorious an era in our history, Arthur was about to return to the bosom of his family who were now in the enjoyment of a happy competency, for through his intercessions in a *high quarter*, his father had been appointed to a post of considerable honour

and emolument, which he for many years filled with credit to himself and advantage to his country.

The governor, who had been prompted by the best feelings of our nature to present Lumbley with his first commission, had now resigned his important charge in the colony, and had returned to Europe for the purpose of being present at the nuptials of his eldest daughter, whose marriage with a distinguished military character was soon to take place; from a desire that Lumbley should be present on the happy occasion, the ceremony had been for some days delayed: the moment he arrived in England he proceeded to join the anticipating circle with all the rapidity with which grateful affection, and a yet stronger motive could convey him, for he "flew on the wings of the wind" to devulge a secret on which not

only his own happiness, but that of a much dearer object was now pending; a mutual attachment had been a long time existing between Arthur and the youngest daughter of his revered friend, though an inviolable secrecy on the subject had been maintained by both parties, the young soldier having determined never to solicit the hand of a woman so truly dear to him, until promotion would enable him to support an establishment equal to the rank in which she then moved; the moment for confession had now arrived, and the proposal for a second marriage was heard with grateful pleasure by the families on either side. A short time only was required for preparation, and on the same day the delighted father had the happiness of presenting to two young men of irreproachable honor and integrity as their brides his

two amiable and accomplished daughters. It is now some years since the occurrence took place, but a more exalted idea of domestic felicity cannot be conceived than is demonstrated in these united families; Mr. Lumbley is now the joyful parent of a promising progeny, who will, no doubt, grow up an honor to the virtuous example he has given them of filial piety.

Charles. Thank you, Grandmamma, it is a very pretty interesting narrative, I am sure I shall never see Mr. Lumbley without feeling great respect for him; and I hope I shall ever have the same sense of duty and affection towards my papa.

Mrs. Agar. Under the blessing of God, my dear boy, (to whose care I now commit you for the night), I have no doubt but you will ever prove yourself deserving the affections of your excellent parent.

CHAP. X.

"The Eternal was yesterday, is to-day, and will continue to the end of time. He imprints his laws on the mind, and writes them in the heart. It is by Him that kings command with confidence, and people obey without fear."

BOISGELIN.

THE following morning was charming, the scene around was in itself sublime and cheerful, enlivened by sunshine and the music of the birds, that answered each other from the shrubbery plantation on either side of the garden. Charles and Maria had risen very early, and seemed, like the feathery tribe, to revel luxuriously on the grandeur of the surrounding scenery, for they had been nearly two hours bounding over the

gravel walks, or stopping occasionally to mark some peculiar beauty in either shrub or flower, as the effect of scenery from such and such a spot, when the servant came to announce to them that



their grandmamma had been some minutes waiting breakfast.

They needed not a second summons, in an instant Mr. Agar saw their little smiling countenances, the true emblems

of innocence and happiness, enter the house. The first salutation over, she said, "I propose, my children, as the morning is so beautiful, to walk immediately after breakfast as far as Montague Cottage, to inquire when the family are expected to return."

"O, happy we shall be to accompany you," said Charles; "Maria and I have been wishing that you had shared with us the delight we experienced in our early walk. The late warm showers seem to have refreshed all nature, and awakened the whole woodland melody. We were listening to the notes of a blackbird, which poured out the fullest strains of wild music I ever heard, when a woodlark from the birch-tree on the other side seemed emulous of his notes, and sang even more sweetly, though not so loud; you cannot conceive, Grandmamma, the effusion of happiness we felt."

Maria. Yes, dear brother, it was a superior sensation of bliss, mingled with feelings of devout gratitude to the great God, not peculiar to ourselves however, for even the little woodland songsters were chanting their morning devotions in songs of grateful praise.

Mrs. Agar. With such feelings, my dear children, you have partaken of a luxury that wealth cannot purchase, and that thousands are not born to enjoy. I am indeed impatient to participate in that sensibility of feeling by you so properly expressed; we will not, therefore, lose a moment of this delightful morning, but immediately prepare for our walk.

As they proceeded on, Maria and Charles requested to know who were the family about whom they were going to make inquiries.

Mrs. Agar. They are, my children,

in the number of those I esteem, my most valued friends, their virtues have rendered them dear, not only to me, but to all who are within the circle of their acquaintance, old and young, rich and poor, all equally esteem this amiable family. I will relate to you a part of their history, which is very interesting, as regards themselves, and particularly gratifying, as it affords an instance of great attachment and fidelity in a slave.

Mr. Montague was formerly the proprietor of considerable property in the West Indies, part of which lay in the island of St. Vincent, where he resided with his wife and infant daughter, at the commencement of the Caraib war; unluckily his estate was one of the first that fell a sacrifice to the ravages of these merciless invaders. About midnight he was aroused from sleep by the cries of his negroes, and a general burst of in-

treaty that he would, for safety, fly with his family into the town ; as the Indians, as they called them, were coming upon them in droves. The notice had hardly been given when the shouts of the miscreants, distinctly heard, conveyed the dreaded truth of the report, and cut off almost every hope of escape, which probably never could have been effected,



but through the fidelity of an old slave, who, throwing himself prostrate at the

feet of Mr. Montague, exclaimed, " Fly, massa, fly you one, and me take care of missey and pickaninnie,* or me die wid them." The tried attachment of the faithful Tippo was already well known to his master, who did not hesitate at this critical moment to entrust to his care the dearest treasures of his heart; there was not a moment for deliberation, Mr. Montague placed his half-senseless wife on the back of his slave, and taking his babe in his arms, with strict injunctions from Tippo not to speak, or breathe a sentence on the road. They hastened with all speed towards Kingstown, (the capital of the island), which was a distance of five miles. They had hardly passed the boundaries of the estate, when by the faint light of the moon, which had just cleared itself of a dense

* Pickaninnie, term used by negroes for child.

cloud, they turned to take a farewell look of their late peaceful abode, when with horror they saw that the enemy had already possession, and that the hand of destruction was busy in demolishing the sugar works, houses, &c. A sight so distressingly melancholy conveyed to the mind of Mrs. Montague the most terrific impressions; unconscious of the act, she gave a loud shriek, which was unfortunately heard by a straggling party of Caraibs, who happened to be passing by the same route, making their way towards the fort, at Dorsetshire-hill, where they had already hoisted their triumphant signal.

Tippo, who knew something of the Caraib language, understood by observations he overheard, that they had noticed the shriek, and were in search of the prey. He had now no other alternative, but to

point out a place of concealment for his master, his fainting burthen, and their infant; this he did by placing them under some sugar canes recently cut, but still remaining in the field. He left them in this situation, desiring they would not move until his return, which he assured them should be the first moment he could ensure their safety. He now placed himself openly in the field, as if he had been employed as watchman to the ground; and as the enemy approached he accosted them in their own language, seeming joyfully to enter into their plans of plunder, and engaged to join their party at night. As an excuse for not doing so immediately, he stated that he had a favorite child he wished to bring with him, and promised by his future service to prove his gratitude for their lenity in suffering him to remain upon his own

bond. So implicitly did they confide in his intentions that they entrusted him with the pass word to their general rendezvous. During this conversation, Tippo's mind was on the wreck of apprehension, lest the infant should awake from its lengthened slumber, and by its cry betray the secret which he too well knew would inevitably prove fatal to them all: but providence seemed to sanction his fidelity; the sky became darkened, the thunder was loud and terrific, while rain fell in torrents, the Caraibs ran for shelter from "the pelting of the pitiless storm," leaving poor Tippo unmindful of every thing but the situation of those whom he had pledged himself to save. The imagination can form but an inadequate idea of the sufferings of Mr. Montague during this period of suspense; by his side was extended his

amiable wife, in a state of total insensibility; with agonized feelings he gazed on her pale countenance, while he contemplated the little hope he had of seeing her recover, and then the probable consequences that might ensue, even should his hopes be realized. In a short time the rain penetrated the canes and reached them in their concealment, and as it fell on the parched lips of Mrs. Montague tended to refresh and restore her to animation—again she was able to afford nourishment to her child, and, soothed and encouraged by the tenderness of her husband, she supported with firmness her confined situation through a long dreary day. Night at length arrived, and with it their faithful Tippo, who brought with him some trifling refreshment, and proposed that they should proceed as they had done the previous night, but with

all possible speed, towards the town, which in a couple of hours, to their great joy, they safely reached.

Maria. How very grateful they must have felt towards their faithful Tippo; can you tell us what became of him?

Mrs. Agar. For a succession of months, Mr. Montague was engaged in defence of the colony against the French Caraibs, a merciless and savage enemy. No cruelty could exceed that practised by these monsters, towards the unfortunate beings who fell in their power. At length, after some desperate fighting, Chataway, their chief was killed; the Caraibs evacuated Dorsetshire-hill fort, which they had had possession of for some time, they hastily retired far into the country, having sustained severe loss, and no doubt heartily repenting their rashness, which had led them into

so much disaster. The fatigue of body by being constantly under arms in that enervating climate, added to the distress of mind, occasioned by severe losses, tended to undermine the constitution, and destroy the health of Mr. Montague, and rendered it necessary that he should as soon as possible return to his native country; it became a matter of equal importance also to Mrs. Montague, who had been perhaps even a greater sufferer than her husband throughout the late series of melancholy events; but she was frequently heard to say, that in all her losses none had so severely afflicted her as the loss of poor Tippo, and the uncertain manner of his death, for it was never ascertained what became of him, though it is most probable that he fell a sacrifice to his zeal and fidelity, under the following circumstances.

A division of military force were marching at the hour of midnight in solemn silence, to surprise the enemy at their grand depôt at Dorsetshire-hill; Tippo, who knew his master would be of the party, proffered his services to advance, and they taking advantage of his knowledge of their language, and being in possession of their pass word to secure the guard. In the first instance his plan succeeded, and he killed the centinel, who, under the impression that he was one of their party, allowed him to enter his guardhouse to light his pipe; but Tippo's difficulties did not end here; at the distance of half a quarter of a mile in advance there was yet another guard who was less willing than his comrade had been to listen to the application of a stranger. The signal of alarm was given, and in a few seconds a tribe, in number

about seven or eight hundred French Caraibs, like so many wolves rushed from their place of concealment; a severe conflict ensued, in which it is supposed the faithful slave perished, as he was never heard of after.

Charles. Poor Tippo, I should have been glad to have heard that he had met a better fate.

CHAP. XI.

" Consider the wise as the most honourable part of society, and the virtuous as the wisest."

The children were much delighted with their visit to Montague Cottage, which was emblematic of all that is neat and elegant; they were also much pleased with the kind reception they met with from Phebe, an old faithful black servant, who had spent her best years in the service of that family, by whom she was highly respected, and of whom she spoke with so much warmth of feeling, as left no doubt on the minds of the children of their worth, and of the veneration in

which the family were held by their old slave.

As they left the cottage, Mrs. Agar observed, "In that good old creature, my children, we have another instance of fidelity and attachment in the Creole slave, which commands the best feelings of the heart towards her, and offers an example worthy the imitation of the free and enlightened. I will relate to you some early instances of rectitude which gained her her manumission, and secured her the esteem and friendship of Mr. and Mrs. Montague.* On the fatal night when they received the first alarm of the approach of the Caraibs, her mistress summoned her to her chamber, and hastily placed in her hands a casket containing some valuable jewellery and a

* This story is founded on facts.

considerable sum of money, which she begged, if it were possible, she would take care of. For her own safety, as well as that of the treasure, Phebe found it expedient to conceal herself during the heat of insurrection, and for several months Mr. and Mrs. Montague neither heard of her, nor had the smallest clue as to what had been her fate; they had therefore very naturally relinquished the hope of ever seeing either Phebe or her consignment again—not doubting her honesty, but judging that she had very probably fallen into the merciless power of the enemy; when, a few days only previous to their embarkation for England, they were surprised at an early hour one morning by the sudden appearance of their faithful slave, who without ceremony rushed into their chamber, and, as she threw the casket on the bed,

exclaimed in an agony of distress, "Ah, missa, missa, me hear tell you go leave



dis country; you go home, and leave me one here—me hab nobody to lub—nobody, good missa, like you"—the power of further utterance had ceased, and the poor creature sobbed aloud, while the tear of unfeigned grief trickled down her sable countenance. "Do not grieve, my

good Phebe," said Mrs. Montague (as soon as she recovered from the astonishment which the sudden appearance of the girl, and her unexpected professions of attachment had caused), "your honesty and personal regard for me shall not go unrewarded."—"No, no! do not distress your mistress by your tears," repeated Mr. Montague; "this unparalleled example of fidelity deserves more than I can give you, but your immediate freedom shall be the reward, and you shall accompany us to England." You may imagine the excess of joy that now burst forth from the enraptured slave; the transition from grief to joy was so sudden, that she seemed to feel the excess of happiness more difficult to support than her previous sorrow.—"Ah for true, massa, you be one good buckra; me lub you always, me lib and die wid you, massa

and missa pickaninnie, oh you all too good—you too good to poor neeger; me pray Geramity to tank you for dis—ah, my good massa—my good missa"—and the grateful creature burst out of the room unable longer to suppress the violence of her emotion. Mrs. Montague called after her, desiring she would not again quit the house, as her presence would be required to assist in packing. Poor Phebe was but too happy in obeying this command, and from that moment has remained the confidential and attached free servant of the family. It is worthy of remark, that upon Mr. Montague counting over the money, he found it perfectly correct, and notwithstanding, in the disorder and confusion of the times, the jewel box had been left open, not the smallest article was missing, although the meagre form and half

starved appearance of the poor slave gave evident proof that she must frequently have felt the keen cravings of hunger."

Charles. I think the character of Tippo and Phebe should be recorded as admirable examples to thousands who have the joint blessings of freedom and education; if their example of honesty and fidelity was more strictly followed, our criminal courts would be much more thinly attended.

Mrs. Agar was prevented making any reply to the judicious observation of Charles by the entrance of the servant, who came to announce the arrival of Mr. Sandys. Charles and Maria flew with the rapidity of lightning towards the house, exclaiming, "Dear, dear papa, how very happy we are to see you, but

indeed we cannot leave our grandmamma so soon; pray do not take us home yet."

Mr. Sandys (smiling). But, my children, you must have found the country very dull; is it not necessary for your amusement that you return to London?

"No, no, indeed, dear papa," exclaimed both the children, "grandmamma has taught us to find happiness in the proper employment of time, and we have not had a dull moment since we have been here; if you could remain with us we should have no desire to return to town."

"Your sentiments, so affectionately expressed, my dear children," said the amiable Mrs. Agar, "is a source of the highest gratification to me; and I beg to suggest a plan, which, if it accord

with your papa's convenience, I hope will be productive of much happiness to us all: it is that we in future form but one family; that we pass part of the year in London, and the remainder in Devonshire; for though my cottage is not extensive, I think it will afford us every convenience and comfort.

The countenance of Maria and Charles fully expressed the pleasurable feelings they experienced at this suggestion; they absolutely leaped with joy: while Mr. Sandys assured his venerable relative that her plan was of all things what he most desired; and as the affairs which had recently occupied much of his time were now settled, he should be able to superintend his son's studies, while Maria would derive the highest advantage from the excellent example

and precepts of her invaluable friend. "And you, my darlings," continued Mr. Sandys, addressing his children, "will, I hope, ever gratefully remember your Visit to your Grandmamma."

THE END.

CHARLES WHITTINGHAM, LONDON.