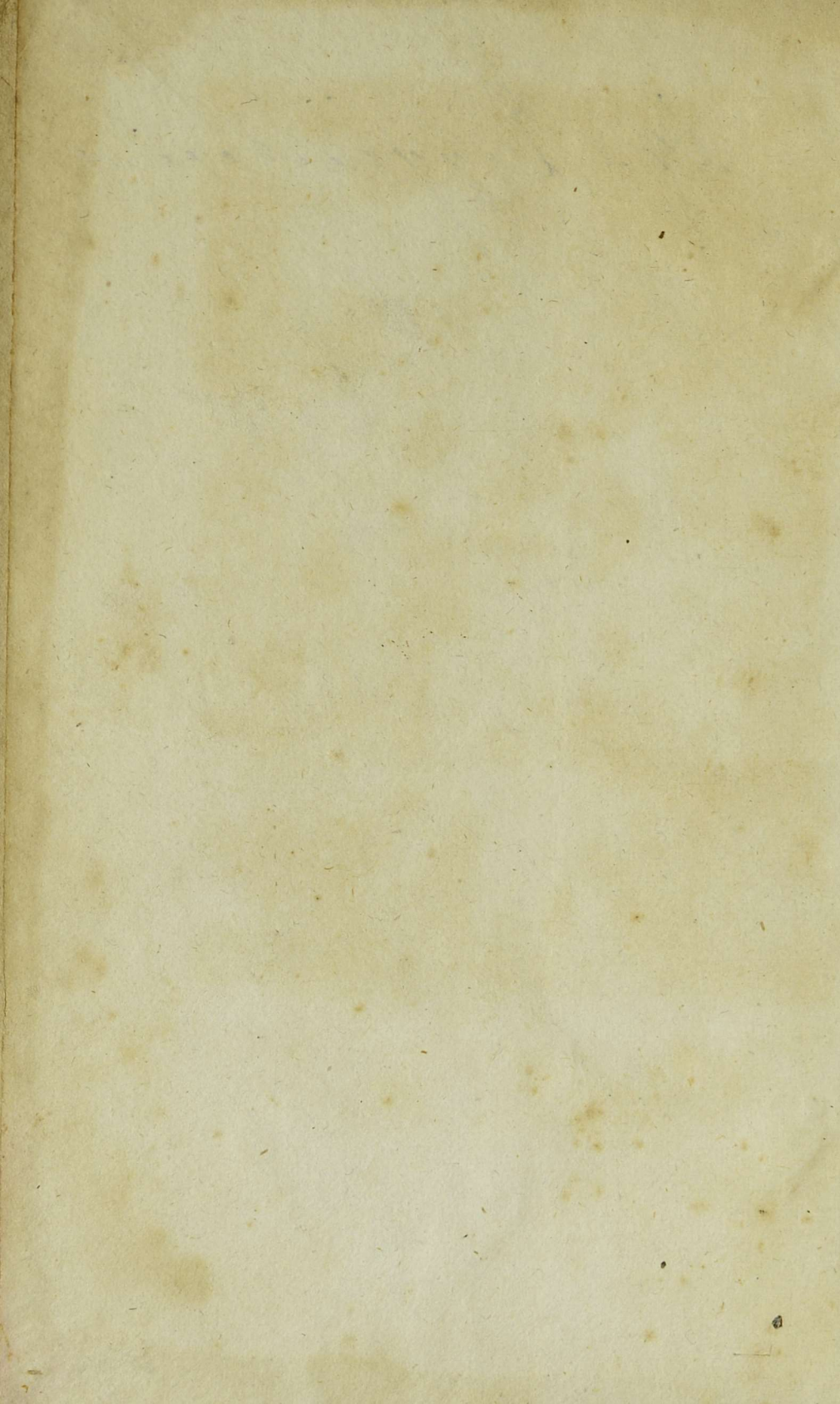




M^{rs} Roadley.

C. M. Egerton



Taylor

Ann Goodley.

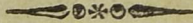
Seaby.



H. Corbould, Del.

*"It was of life and its vicissitudes she thought,
as with a step less firm, and a heart far
more heavy than usual, she proceeded."*

THE
CARRIAGE:



BY MARIA BENSON,

Author of

“THOUGHTS ON EDUCATION.” “SYSTEM AND NO SYSTEM.”

“IMITATION.” &c.

“ Lamented change! to which full many a cause
Inveterate, hopeless of a cure, conspires.
The course of human things from good to ill—
From ill to worse, is fatal, never fails.
Increase of power begets increase of wealth;
Wealth luxury, and luxury excess:

excess

Taints downward all the graduated scale
Of order, from the chariot to the plough.”

COWPER.

London:

PUBLISHED BY E. WALLIS, 42, SKINNER STREET.

1819.

TO ARNOLD KNIGHT, M. D.

Sheffield.

SIR,

IT is not unknown to you that the following pages were written during the intervals of a tedious indisposition; and to no individual amongst the circle of my friends could they more properly be inscribed, than to one whose skill has been effectually exerted for the restoration of that blessing, without which all other blessings of a temporal nature are but bestowed in vain.

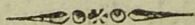
That your professional merits may daily become better known, more and more appreciated, and your sphere of usefulness still farther extended, is the sincere wish of her, who, with every sentiment of grateful respect, begs leave to subscribe herself

Your very obliged Servant,

MARIA BENSON.

Sheffield, Feb. 10, 1819.

THE CARRIAGE.



CHAPTER I.

MRS. MORDAUNT resided in a pleasant house at the west end of London, from the windows of which were often seen carriages passing to and fro in every direction. She had a lovely daughter, lively, sensible and ingenuous: but when my readers are told that she was only eleven years of age, they will not expect to find her free from faults; they perhaps are most of them girls, and it may happen that they are often reprov'd for errors similar to those into which she was apt to fall; for she loved a little outside shew, a defect but too common amongst those who have only examined one side of the question.

Mr. Mordaunt, her father, had, from his infancy, been accustomed to have a servant to stand at his back when he was seated, to be ready to obey the first call, to walk with him when he walked, and to be idle when he chose to be idle.

We are told that the Spartans made their slaves drink to excess, in order to disgust their children with the practice of intoxication; and it is very possible that the continual view of empty parade might have produced the same sort of disgust in the mind of Mr. Mordaunt, for though placed in a situation in which he could command every species of luxury, no habits could be more simple than his, nor any mind more free from ostentation; and he had happily united himself with a woman who looked beyond the exterior of things, appreciating every object according to its utility, and not as it regarded appearances in the eye of the world.

“How delightfully those carriages roll on the stones,” said Anne, raising her eyes from her book, as she sat opposite to the balcony of a front drawing-room, and directing her looks towards her mother. “They roll rapidly, at any rate,” said Mrs. Mordaunt, and went on with her writing. “Now do not you think, mother, that it is a very charming thing to have a carriage of one’s own? now this very moment you and I might be in the Park, we might be driving to Kensington, or going to fifty places if we only had a carriage.” “It is very true,” Mrs. Mordaunt replied, “that if we had a carriage and a pair of horses in it, we might do all this.” “Well then, mamma, what is the reason that we have not

one? I dare say you can afford it as well, or better than many people that have. Do you know *I've often thought when I saw carriages pass, and looked at the people inside of them, that if I had a carriage, I should never have an unhappy moment.*"

"Did you form this opinion from the countenances of the persons you saw inside these carriages Anne?" interrogated Mrs. Mordaunt: "why to say the truth, mother, I never looked particularly at their faces, but I know how I should feel if I were they, and that you know is a very fair way of judging." "Not quite fair I think," was the answer, and there was, for the present, an end of the conversation. Anne was called to attend one of her masters; and Mrs. Mordaunt was left to reflect on the preceding remarks of her little daughter. Many mothers would have detained her to give her a long lecture on the fallacy of her opinions, and expectations of the happiness likely to result from the possession of a carriage; but Mrs. Mordaunt, preferred another mode, she had attentively studied the youthful character, and, whenever it could safely be adopted, she was a great friend to indirect instruction.— There is an age at which it is very difficult to convince the mind; the most able eloquence generally fails to impress, *lastingly*, one important truth. Young people listen to what their friends say on the subject, and the conclusion is simply

this, there was a time when they just felt as we feel, but they are now older, and have no enjoyment of those things that once gave them pleasure,—perhaps when we are their age we shall think as they do. How seldom is the experience of the old of much use, with respect to the young, except in supplying them with the best methods of profiting by their own.

Amongst girls in the middling and higher classes of society, almost every evil is comprised in that one word of three syllables, "Poverty;" and they attach to its opposite, "Riches," almost every good which their minds are capable of conceiving.

A few mornings after the preceding conversation, Mrs. Mordaunt went into her daughter's little study, "you may put away your books Anne," she said, "your uncle has brought his carriage to town to day, he is gone to his banker's in the city, and I have borrowed it for the morning; we will take a drive to Hammersmith." Anne jumped from her seat with great alacrity, her books were on their respective shelves in a few minutes, and she was ready for the expedition. "Desire the Admiral's servant to put down the top of the carriage," said Mrs. Mordaunt to her own footman. The top was put down, and Anne buoyantly ascended the step. "What made you think of riding to Hammersmith, mother?" she enquired: "Have you any friends on that road?"

I should have thought you would have preferred Hampstead, or some other way to this." "Is not this a pleasant road?" interrogated Mrs. Mordaunt, "Oh yes, it is very well, but I should have thought you would have liked better to go where there were people you knew." "The drive is our object recollect, not people," Mrs. Mordaunt calmly replied, and they went on. They had not proceeded very far, when they saw opposite to the door of a splendid mansion, an elegant barouche with four very fine horses, ready harnessed, and striking their feet against the stones, as if anxious to be gone and impatient of delay. The party who were to be conveyed from their present residence now appeared at the door, preceding them was a woman servant, looking like a nurse, bearing two pillows; next followed a young lady, of about eighteen, who looked as if she had once been very lovely, the rose of health however had fled, and her countenance, though still highly interesting, revealed to the observation of the spectator, her internal sufferings: her head was placed in a frame, which passed from the crown of it to the bottom of her back, and rendered her unable to move in any direction. She cast a glance forward, and then attempted, by turning her whole body, to take a last look at a lady, the deep concern of whose countenance, added to an expression of peculiar anguish, revealed the mother. Mrs. Mordaunt,

now desired the coachman to drive slow: she was not actuated by motives of curiosity, a lively interest had taken possession of her mind, both as it respected the situation of the young stranger, and its practical influence on the mind of her daughter; and she considered this accidental lesson as one of great importance. "I have not seen so superb an equipage a long time," she observed, turning to Anne, "It is very handsome indeed mother," Anne replied; "but it is not of that I am thinking just now, but of the poor young lady." The conversation was interrupted by that at the door: 'you will write from Calais,' said the mother of the young sufferer, turning to a gentleman, 'you will write and tell me how my child goes on. Down, down, go away,' she exclaimed, trying to repress the caresses of a dog who was jumping up to make his adieus rather roughly, and pressing against the weak form of the poor invalid. At this moment the young stranger, regarding once more the grief-worn countenance of her mother, burst into tears; her unfortunate contortion of frame, prevented her throwing herself round her neck; and she stood pale and motionless like the image of grief. 'I will come to you, my child, the moment I hear tidings of your brother; I pray that he may be safe,—If I am bereaved, I am bereaved indeed.' 'Mercy on us! Mercy on us!' said the old nurse,

as she assisted in supporting her young mistress, to take possession of the elegant vehicle which was conveying her from her paternal roof; but not from the sense of misery.

“Well, but you have not yet told me what you thought of that carriage, Anne,” said Mrs. Mordaunt. After a long pause, Anne sighed and answered, “I do think it the handsomest I ever saw.” “And you would have liked much, I dare say, to have been of the travelling party. They will visit many places, and see a great deal, in all probability, that you have never seen, before they return to this country; and you will be all that time shut up in London. It is true to be sure, that you have the present prospect of being blessed with health and strength; but one day will pass over your head pretty much like another, your studies will, in all probability, be unbroken; your mind will, I hope, be acquiring vigour; your bodily limbs will, I trust, be unimpaired; but you still see of what luxuries you are deprived,—you have no foreign country to travel to; you have *no carriage* to convey you there,—” Mrs. Mordaunt paused, Anne blushed. She had seen something in the course of the morning that had served as a practical illustration of all which her mother intended to convey; she felt the point of her reproofs, but still she was not altogether convinced.

“We will drive a little further, I have a call to make, and I will tell you where to stop,” said Mrs. Mordaunt to the coachman. Not a word was now spoken as the carriage drove along; Mrs. Mordaunt sat absorbed in thought, uninterrupted by any enquiries from her little daughter, a circumstance rather unusual. At last they approached the door of a very pretty small house; something between the rank of a common cottage, and one of those neater looking houses that sometimes arrest the attention in passing through the county of Hertfordshire—every thing about it wore the appearance of humble prosperity. A little girl in front of the door sat weaving lace, she was singing a lively tune, and her fingers seemed to move in unison with the rapidity of her harmony. “Well Mary,” said Mrs. Mordaunt, as she alighted from the chariot, “is my lace finished?” Mary arose and courtesied, “I have got to the last quarter of a yard, Madam—it will be finished to day, and I meant to bring it you this evening.” “She has been up since half-past four this morning, Madam,” said an old woman, now coming out of the cottage; “and do you not feel tired, Mary?” asked Mrs. Mordaunt. “Perhaps I should, ma’am, if I were not too busy to think of it; but I’ve such a great deal of work before me, that I have no time to think about any thing but that.” “I am glad, however, to find that in the midst of your

labours you look so healthy and cheerful," Mrs. Mordaunt replied, as she contemplated the happy blooming countenance of the young work-woman, "for your's," she added, "is not a very healthy employment." "I make her walk out every evening," said the old woman. "Yes, grandmother," replied the little girl, "I lose a great deal of time that way." "But if exercise keeps you so healthy and so happy, you ought to be obliged to your grandmother for compelling you to walk out," said Mrs. Mordaunt. "She has earned fourteen shillings this week, Madam," said the grandmother, and that I am sure is a great deal for such a child; and from one year to another she is as you see her. She has never had but one bad illness since she lost her poor mother,—thank God I can say that she is as she is. I look into the world, Madam, and I see many of the rich, that are sorely afflicted. Many a time when Mary and I are sitting at this door, we see such poor objects driving past, that I feel thankful we can use our limbs and sleep soundly when night comes, though we have to work hard for our daily bread." "Then you do not envy your wealthier neighbours?" said Mrs. Mordaunt, willing to prolong the conversation. "Oh no! Madam," replied the old woman, "If I have less than they—I have less to answer for; and I enjoy many things now that perhaps I should not enjoy if I were them.

There's some of the fine people about this place, that never spend a sabbath-day as if they liked it; and that is my best day. When I am going to chapel, many of them are driving quite another road, and I often think if their carriages could carry them away from all their troubles here, and all their fears, (for I think ma'am they must have fears) about an hereafter, what a comfortable thing it would be for them; but as they can't do that, I thank God that I have the use of my feet to take me, and a heart to go where he has commanded us, to his house and service." "I am glad to find you so contented," replied Mrs. Mordaunt, "and there again I have no doubt you have the advantage of most of these people that surround you;—but I forget how time is going," said she, looking at her watch, "Good bye to you,—you will bring my lace, Mary, and take your tea at my house this evening," continued Mrs. Mordaunt, and she put into her hands a few slips of some beautiful plants which she had brought for her. Mary smiled, looked delighted, and received the offered gift with far more true joy of heart than more splendid presents are sometimes received.

"How respectable and how pleasing to observe, is virtuous industry. Fourteen shillings, earned by a mere child in five days! and that child contributing with such cheerfulness to the support of an aged relative," exclaimed Mrs. Mordaunt,

glancing her eye towards Anne who sat opposite to her, as they drove back to town. Anne looked rather uneasy at the remark, but without appearing to notice the circumstance, her mother went on. "I wonder what the mind of that child would have been, under some circumstances; from her earliest infancy she has been taught that she must gain her own bread; that every day which passes over her head must supply its own wants; what a healthy vigorous plant she is, thriving on wholesome ground; it would have been a great pity to put her into a hot-house, where she would have sickened and died. I would not remove that child from the side of her good old grandmother, and bring her into the view of luxury, for any thing that could be offered to me: No consideration should induce me to make Mary a fine lady." Anne now raised her eyes, and fixed them intently on her mother's countenance; "Then you think it a bad thing to be rich, mother, do you?" interrogated Anne. "Far from it, Anne. Riches are a blessing, when they are made a source of blessing to others; but health and contentment are far more valuable.—You have had two scenes before you this morning. You have passed a large mansion, with fine grounds, spacious hot-houses, a splendid carriage, and well dressed people. You saw all these Anne, and I dare say you did not fail to admire them, nor did I; they are all, so far as

they contribute to comfort and convenience, things to be admired, and they might all be suitable to the rank and fortune of the possessor; but these were not all we saw,—perhaps you have not forgotten the scene at the door,—will you describe it?” “Oh no! mother, you know what passed better than I do,” Anne replied, moving about on her seat, rather uneasily. “I wish, however, to have the description from you,” returned Mrs. Mordaunt. “Well then,” said she, “to begin with the first thing, there was an old lady—no, not an old lady neither, but still she looked rather older than you, and a great deal more sorrowful, standing at the door taking leave of her daughter, and looking at her, just as you would look at me, mother, if I were ill or unhappy: and then next to her was the daughter, appearing paler, I think, than I did after I had the measles last year, when you sat up with me so many nights, have you forgotten that, mother? and then she looked far worse, for another thing, because she could not hold herself straight, and that frame at the back of her head seemed so shocking; and then I thought one thing worse than all the rest,” she continued, whilst her eyes filled with tears, “she could not clasp her mother in her arms to bid her farewell; as I sometimes do you, when you go from home. Well then, there was the old nurse,—I thought that was very sad, to see her with those large pillows,

weeping so at her age. Now I dare say she had nursed that young lady from a very little child; she, perhaps, remembered her when she was quite well, and had not that ugly frame about her head, and when she had a bloom in her cheeks; and most likely she was thinking that she should never see her so again; and then there was the grave looking gentleman, who had to travel quite alone with the sick young lady; he looked at her mother so full of pity, I thought perhaps he might be fancying that her daughter would die before she saw her again." "And was this all you saw, Anne?" interrogated her mother. "Why what more was there, mother?" said Anne, struggling with an ingenuous blush. "There was a *Carriage*, was there not?" asked her mother, "with four fine horses,—well, but you have not got through our ride yet, Anne," said Mrs. Mordaunt, giving her a little time to recover from her confusion, "You have described the larger mansion, and described it naturally; now if you please you shall take me to the cottage." "The cottage, mother," answered Anne, "What can there be to describe about a cottage? you know one such place is very like another." "That may be in part true, with respect to the outside of cottages; but I will thank you just to recollect what you saw at that particular cottage?" "Well, mother, in the first place there was a little common looking garden, with a

few potatoes, and turnips, and carrots, and I need not say what more, a few flowers perhaps,—yes, I think there were a few flowers; but I did not examine them much; I never expected to find any thing worth looking at in such a garden as that; well, then there was a little girl at the door, she was very busy, and sung as if she were very happy, she had a beautiful colour in her cheeks; and one thing I could not help noticing, how very upright she appeared, and she moved her hands and her head to the tune, and her fingers seemed to catch the bobbins so quickly, I could have watched her a great deal longer, mamma; well next was the grandmother, and you know she talked to you a great deal, I need not tell you what she said, you remember it.” “Yes, I remember she appeared quite contented with her cottage, and her comforts, and she did not express a wish for a single thing that she did not possess; I noticed it all with great pleasure, it was such a pleasing proof of a well regulated mind.” Then Mrs. Mordaunt paused, and fixed her eyes upon Anne, “Well, but go on,” she added. “I do not remember any more, mother, but that the little girl is to bring your lace this evening, and to drink tea at our house; Oh! yes, I do remember how pleased she appeared when you gave her the slips, for I thought of one thing at the time. Don’t you recollect, mother, once offering a beautiful nosegay to Mrs. Lossac, when

she threw it down on the table again, observing to a Mrs. somebody, I forget her name, that she never cared for any but hot-house plants, and I thought it very unkind and very rude." "Yes, there is the difference in character. Mary has been taught that she ought to be thankful for every mark of kindness shewn to her, and a few simple flowers appeared to her a treasure. She has never been led to look beyond the necessaries of life, and those she has, no doubt, sometimes feared that she should with all her industry be scarcely able to obtain: with Mrs. Lossae the matter has been quite otherwise, she has been taught to prize things, not for their real use or value but for the sake of appearance, and in proportion as they were costly or difficult to procure; to such minds as her's hot-house plants will always be preferable to garden flowers; but have you finished your description?" "I don't remember any thing more, mother." "Well then I will finish it for you, In a few hours Mary will enjoy a delightful walk to Portman Square, she will bring to me the fruits of her industry for which she will receive an adequate recompence, and her cheerful feet will bear her back to her grand-mother's cottage; and if her eye should turn aside to survey one of the gay carriages which she may meet with on her road, I will venture to promise that her heart will not long for it."

CHAPTER II.

As Mrs. Mordaunt was seated on the evening of the day, during which the recent scenes and conversation had occurred, her little son, a lovely boy made up of sweetness of disposition and the liveliest flow of animal spirits, was playing in the balcony, when his attention was suddenly arrested and he ran to his mother, seizing her gown and exclaiming "Do mother come and see a shabby looking gentleman, who is begging under the window, and nobody pities him." Mrs. Mordaunt laid down her book, to observe the scene before her. Her little boy had proved his discriminating powers, for the person in question, though shabby, was certainly a gentleman; he was half standing and half resting against the palisades of the house. In his countenance was an indescribable expression of anguish, something that seemed to say "too proud to dig, to beg I am ashamed," yet he raised a half averted eye and reluctantly extended his hand to one or two of the persons who were passing. One person, who had never studied countenances, and who, though he was well dressed and seemed perfectly satisfied

with himself, looked like any thing rather than a gentleman, surveyed the stranger with a glance of cold indifference and passed on; next came a female, to whom, with an expression of countenance less proud and more confiding, the inexperienced mendicant made his appeal, but she was one of the systematically charitable, and she too moved by him, not unheeding but seemingly unpitying. "There is the slave of system," said Mrs. Mordaunt to herself, "that woman, I conceive, can only be charitable on a fixed plan;" while Charles exclaimed, "How cruel those people are, let me go to the shabby gentleman, mamma." "You shall go my boy," said Mrs. Mordaunt, kindly stroking his head, "but you must not call him by that name." Charles bounded down the staircase, and was at the hall door in a moment, without recollecting that he had no money in his pocket, and scarcely knew for what purpose he was going; at this instant the stranger turned away with a look of agony, which seemed to express, "I will seek no more what it is vain to expect from man, compassion is an attribute of Deity alone;" then raising his eye upward to implore it there, he caught the benevolent beamings of a countenance to which human suffering never appealed in vain. She moved her hand to him as an indication that she wished to speak with him, and descending to Mr. Mordaunt's library she desired that he might be shewn in.

The whole of the scene had deeply affected her feelings, which, though they were tenderly alive, were regulated by the nicest accuracy of judgment, she possessed that native tact, if it may be so called, by which she was happily led in most cases to discriminate between what is real, and what is assumed ; and she was one of the few who consider active compassion a tribute which, in many cases, is due to vice as well as to misfortune, though she paid it less cheerfully in the former than in the latter case. On the same principle she taught her children to regard the subject, she believed it to be a principle most consistent with the state of human creatures, who must daily and hourly feel that, were not mercy and long suffering the attributes of Deity, they must perish ; she was thankful in those respects, in which she must know herself to differ from many of the profligate and the vicious, with which a great city like London abounds ; but, though feeling this, she inculcated in the minds of her children sentiments of universal charity, in imitation of Him who causeth his rains to descend and his sun to shine on the just and on the unjust. The mode in which she reasoned was this : “ It would be very difficult for me to make my children fully comprehend a plan of systematic charity, real objects no doubt there are, and many in the populous streets of such a city as this. In teaching them to reject all applications to their bounty from the fear that in some they may

be deceived, should I not be encouraging a cold and selfish spirit which would soon lead them to shut up their hearts against real misery, and if nine-tenths of the applicants should prove unworthy, there may be found one real sufferer, whose heart is aching, and whose body is languishing under the sense of acute and undeserved misery," and she remembered him who said, "I will save this city for ten's sake." But our young readers are, perhaps, weary of this long digression, and all this while the shabby gentleman is conversing with Mrs. Mordaunt in the library.

"Let me go in with you, mother," said Charles, seizing hold of his mother's gown once more, as she descended the staircase, "I do not know that it will be proper, my dear, the stranger may have a story to relate that he might not like to tell before a little boy." "Oh! yes, I had forgotten that, mother," Charles answered, "for you know when I have been naughty I never like any body to know but you, and I remember how angry I felt at Algernon for telling Papa how often I kissed my aunt, when she first came to town; well then I wo'n't go, only I'll just peep in before the shabby gentleman goes away. Oh! but I do forget I'm not to call him shabby; well, I w'on't, but do mamma give him some of my papa's clothes, he has worse clothes on than Michael's, and it is quite a shame that he should be dressed worse than a servant." All this

was said in a loud whisper, and when Mrs. Mordaunt could get rid of her lovely, loquacious boy she entered the library.

Opposite to the door was a bust which the stranger seemed earnestly contemplating, with an eye accustomed to rest upon the works of art. Mrs. Mordaunt slowly approached him. He bowed with great respect. "I have taken the liberty, sir," she said, for she now found that she was addressing one, who, however unequal he might be to herself in external circumstances, could claim far greater equality in mind and manners than most of the persons with whom she daily associated, "I have taken the liberty, through my little boy, of requesting this interview, in order that I might ask you a few questions. Is there any thing in which I can serve you?" "My situation is such, madam," he replied, "as to require relief, though a few minutes ago I had determined to solicit it no more." He drew his address from his pocket, and added—"If you will be so kind as to apply at the number and street which I have the honor to give you, you will, at least, find that however your feelings may have been excited, they have not been imposed upon." "A friend will call upon you this evening," returned Mrs. Mordaunt, for she had determined to state the case to Mr. Mordaunt, on his return home. "My eldest boy is now dying, my wife every day expecting her confinement—we are destitute

of all resources, and my late profession has been such as to cut me off from present usefulness," observed the stranger. Mrs. Mordaunt, who was equally prompt in the bestowment of relief, as she was delicate in the manner of administering it, would not continue a conversation which might work on the already wounded feelings of the sufferer, but could not produce any actual good. There are many people who possess much benevolence *in the rough*, who are destitute of all its finer emotions; they will torture the poor victim they are about to relieve with idle and cruel questions, thus making his feelings pay a tax far more heavy than they can compensate by their bounty; this was not the case with Mrs. Mordaunt. The stranger understood her, and he bowed and withdrew.

On Mr. Mordaunt's return, his wife imparted to him the occurrence of the morning, and it was agreed that he should call on the stranger. Anne eagerly asked if she might be of the party. "I do not like to check the sympathies of my children," said Mrs. Mordaunt, turning to her husband, when the request was made, "nor do I wish that the feelings of the unfortunate should be wounded by unnecessary exposure." "The benefit to be derived," replied Mr. Mordaunt, "may be greater than any mortification which the parties concerned may endure, and I think it better she should go."

In the evening they set out, and, after a walk of nearly a mile, reached a confined dwelling up a narrow passage. The stairs which they had to ascend were quite dark, and it was with difficulty that Anne could make her way up; at the top of them, through a door half closed, they perceived, sitting by the embers of a dying fire, the person of whom they were in search. As they entered there was just light enough to discover, stretched on a mean bed, the pallid countenance and wasting form of a youth, apparently about sixteen years of age: he was supported by pillows, his clean wrapping gown, though coarse and mean in its texture, together with every thing around the bed, bespoke the characters of those who were endeavouring at least to maintain the appearance of respectability to the last, and Mr. Mordaunt could not help admiring that sense of right feeling which, in the midst of poverty, sought to preserve the decency of better days. The gentleman, who had conversed with Mrs. Mordaunt in the morning, was half leaning over the fire, as if trying to preserve its expiring heat; a little girl half asleep was rocking herself in a chair by his side, and at the back of them both stood a very interesting young woman, who was watching with great anxiety the countenance of the apparently dying youth. Mr. Mordaunt advanced unperceived by any other of the group. She came forward, and en-

quired, "Is it my master, sir, that you want?" Mr. Mordaunt produced the address, to which the gentleman, now rising from his chair, answered; and desired that he and the young lady would be seated. "May I go to meet my mistress, sir," asked the young woman respectfully, as she half held the open door in her hand. "You had better do so, Mary," replied the stranger, and she withdrew. "You will think it very inconsistent, sir," he continued as she shut the door, "that the man who this morning solicited relief as a mendicant, should be able to retain a servant, but that young woman has followed her mistress through all her distresses, she lived with us in happier times when we could do much for her, and she would not desert us in our adversity, since which she has done much for us."

He had hardly finished the sentence when the door was again opened, and a lady of superior address and appearance, entered the room. Her husband gently reproved her for having left the house in the evening, adding that he did not know it until she was gone. She moved to Mr. Mordaunt and seated herself on the bedside of the dying boy. Mr. Mordaunt on noticing her narrowly, perceived that she was in a situation that called for added affection on the part of her husband, and for comforts that he had not to bestow. "I have been to chapel, love," she continued, "I thought it might

perhaps be the last time ;” she leant over the faded form of her poor boy, and pressing her lips to his cheek, unrestrained by the presence of a stranger, she burst into an agony of tears. Mr. Mordaunt now felt some difficulty in restraining his own. He was a tender husband and a kind father, neither the perplexing engagements of active life could separate his thoughts from his family, nor the dignity of intellectual cultivation raise him above home endearments and home sympathies.

“ The story of our distresses, sir, is not very long, though to you I am sure it will be painful,” said the gentleman, turning once more to Mr. Mordaunt, “ you are however entitled to know it, for you have sought us in our miseries, and shewn much delicate consideration for our feelings.”

CHAPTER III.

HERE the stranger paused, and turning to Anne Mordaunt, "You are yet young," he added, "your habits are still unformed, Oh! beware of cultivating a taste for the shewy indulgencies of life, you will learn from my story how miserable such a taste might one day render you. I am the youngest son of a merchant, a description of persons who ought, above all others, to study plainness and economy in their daily habits and ideas. My mother was educated at one of those large seminaries in the neighbourhood of the metropolis, where attention is paid only to those things 'more honoured in the breach than the observance.' She was taught to perform on the harp the most difficult pieces, to dance to the admiration of every beholder, to smatter foreign languages, to step into a carriage, and preside at the head of a table. With these accomplishments, unaccompanied by any other dowry, she married, as I have before said, a merchant, whose resources at the very best dependant on the political state of nations, on winds, waves and 'deal boards,' must always be considered as precarious. Here I would not be thought to lavish

any unjust censures on the conduct of a departed mother, though I must deeply feel that instinctive tenderness and rational affection, are very distinct feelings of the human mind; why do not parents then endeavour to render instinctive tenderness a rational habit by the force of their own example, and by founding it on the basis of obedience towards God?

“ The first impressions which I, as well as my unfortunate brothers, received, were those associated with power; the facility of obtaining every object that might appear desirable to us to possess, and the right of commanding every person who might seem subordinate to us. Our nurses in turn were the unhappy victims of our infantile passions, our idle complaints vented against them in the moment of caprice and disappointed feeling, were always attended to; and one discarded servant after another bore ample evidence to our unfortunate and ill-directed education. Broken playthings strewed over our nursery floor, on which as much money had been expended as might have supplied bread for some unfortunate family, furnished a proof of the order and harmony in which we lived; as soon as one of these was demolished its place was supplied by some more expensive toy, though the former, could it have told the tale, might have assured our too indulgent parents that it would not have been so cruelly dismembered, had

the minds of their children been brought into a better state of discipline.

“ As we were seldom permitted to use our limbs, our bodies became as enfeebled as our minds; whenever we went out, a carriage was at the door, for either infectious disorders, or disagreeable sights, showers of rain, hot suns, or easterly winds made it impossible for us to venture forth like other boys of our own age.

“ In this way we existed, for it could not be called vegetation, whilst we were cumbering the earth on which we were planted, until I had reached my twelfth year, when the speculations of my father proving unfortunate, he became a bankrupt. In a few months he died of a disease produced by anxiety of mind, and we were left beggars under the guidance of a mother whose education had unfitted her for every active exertion. We found from the world no sympathy, for in the days of our prosperity we had felt none ourselves; it is a tribute at the best, but feebly accorded when we most need it, and in the hour of adversity the memories of our fellow beings are particularly tenacious in the recollection of our own insensibility during a former and more prosperous period. We were now driven from the elegant mansion we once possessed to a small cottage in an obscure situation, where my mother was left at leisure to reflect, could she have reflected, on the mistaken

path by which she had directed us in our infant years. From want of firmness, which is the usual defect of weak minds, she had failed to secure that authority over us which might, in the midst of our misfortunes, have proved an alleviation, at least, of her own feelings ; and, when the dishes which had been provided to nurse the sickly and pampered appetite were exchanged for bread and milk, never shall I forget the look of sullenness that passed round the table, with the expressions, ‘ I cannot eat this,’ and ‘ I would rather starve than live upon such bread as that,’ and ‘ It is very hard we cannot have the same dinners that we once had, we have not done any thing that we should be starved,’ and a hundred other remarks of the same nature, dreadful to me now to dwell upon.

“ The friends of my mother who had been so anxious, as I have since been informed, to bring about her union with my father, now viewed it as a very imprudent step, and sought to justify their neglect of her, by alleging that she had married to please herself, and all the trite observations that are commonly brought forward on those occasions.

“ One day, when tired of sitting and doing nothing, for there was nothing that I could do to any good purpose, I wandered out alone. I before observed that I had not been much used to walk in the streets of London, and I now saw many things

which excited both surprise and pleasure. The faculty of attention had never been cultivated either in my own mind or that of my brother; we had remained strangers to the most trivial objects of curiosity, as is commonly the case with children bred up without system, or any view beyond the selfish gratification of the present moment. As I went along a wide street, which I have since discovered to be one of the streets of the Adelphi, a door was open, and seeing persons pass and repass, I entered, following a party who were just going in. We reached a large room, the walls of which were lined with paintings. The finest works of the art were not calculated to please a child incapable of appreciating their excellencies, but an approximation to nature can never fail to interest, and perhaps it will be found to interest most an unsophisticated mind. However that may be, my childish gaze was soon riveted on a group of figures, from which I could not withdraw my eyes. The scene was that of a family seated by the embers of a fire nearly burnt out. The father of the family as he appeared to be, seemed in a dying state, he was propped up in an easy chair, his wife seated by him in the attitude of reading the Bible, the children were praying round him with looks of strong affection, they were each holding in their hand a small piece of work which they had either finished or were completing, and the eldest, as

I found from a stranger who was acquainted with the subject of the picture, was exclaiming 'My work is done and my father will have bread for the day;' in the back ground of the painting there was an infant in the cradle whom a sister was raising up to supply with food, which she held in a small pan, she was kissing it with great tenderness as she stooped down to take it in her arms. Every part of the mean hovel in which this family were represented to be living, bore marks of industry, and though you might read in the countenances of the children, that their food was dealt out to them by scanty morsels, there was no appearance of repining or discontent.

" Young as I was, and ill as I had been instructed, in this picture of a family fireside I could not help reading a contrast to my own. Here there was poverty, yet it seemed as if for once it could exist without producing those feelings of misery by which it is generally accompanied. The emaciated countenance of the stranger bore evident marks of rapid decay. In the face of his wife there was an expression of sorrow, it was true, but it was as one who 'sorrowed not without hope,' I did not understand it then, but I feel it better now. The book, which was laid on her knee, seemed to contain something of a nature very precious to her, and consoling to the dying husband, whose hands were half raised as if in an attitude of silent prayer.

I recalled to my mind the death of my father, how miserable he looked in his last hours, how seldom my mother was seated by his side, and how rarely his children saw him. I recollected how often we had quarrelled over our plentiful meals,—how the untasted apple had been dashed from our hands upon the nursery floor, because it was not a pear, or a plum, or something that we liked better,—how frequently, since we could not any longer procure such things, we had complained and vented our ill humour against a mother who had indulged us in every whim. These children were working to obtain their parents bread for the day. I had never in my life earned one morsel of food, though I was old enough to do it, and in a situation to need it. But this is only a picture after all, I thought, when, at the moment, a gentleman stepped up to the stranger near me, who had been explaining the subject, and enquired if it were drawn from life. He answered that it was: that family, he said, resided near me, I wanted a group of figures and I knew none better suited to my purpose. On finding the representation a reality, I became, in a moment, overwhelmed, and laying my head on a table, against which I was leaning, I burst into tears; they were the bitterest tears I had ever shed, and they attracted the attention of the benevolent artist. He kindly stepped up to me and enquired what was the matter, who I

was, and where I came from. There is no disguise in infancy as respects outward circumstances, where it is not taught to assume it; amidst the faults to which I was addicted, dissimulation was no part of my character; that is most frequently produced by a system of tyranny on the part of parents, or teachers, and where there is no fear, there is no excitement towards it. My story was told in a few words; whether there was a certain expression in my countenance into which the eye of a physiognomist could penetrate, for such I have since discovered my friend to be, which told him that I could not deceive, or whether the circumstance of my strong emotion produced by the view of his picture flattered his feelings as an artist, I cannot tell, but he immediately conceived a powerful interest for me, he took me kindly by the hand,—told me to dry my tears and that he would see me safely to my mother's roof.

“ On the road he asked me many questions. He was acquainted with the name of my father, and with his misfortunes. In his prosperity he had supplied him with specimens of his skill, which had afterwards been brought to the hammer, and one or two had again fallen into his own hands. On reaching the poor dwelling of my mother I felt a momentary shame that the stranger should see us under such a roof; since then I have learned another and a better lesson, I have been taught

that there is no shame in poverty, unconnected with guilt or folly; would that our poverty then had been produced by causes as innocent as that under which I now labour,—that no toiling mechanic, sinking under the pressure of his daily difficulties, had had cause to accuse us as the authors of his suffering,—that no poor tradesman, just able to raise his head above the storms of life, could have upbraided us as the cause of his miseries,—how often in idle state with splendid carriages and livery servants, had we rolled past the doors of houses, ready to fall beneath the ruin which our extravagance, and the extravagance of families like our's, had brought upon their heads.

“When the stranger took me by the hand, and led me into the solitary dwelling of my mother, now deserted by all the world, I felt as if I had gained a second father. In all my childish disagreements with my brothers, affection was still a predominant principle in my mind, I was proud, passionate, and precipitate, but my heart melted at the voice of kindness, and I could always extend the hand of forgiveness to those who sought to be reconciled to me. ‘I want a little boy like this, madam,’ said the stranger, turning to my mother, ‘and if you can spare me your son I think I can be useful to him; your late husband was, on many occasions, my friend, and I am anxious to prove that there is gratitude left amongst mankind. My profession,

is that of an artist; my little friend here, whom I this morning unexpectedly met, has proved to me that he is not insensible to the works of art; and he then described to my mother the scene I have mentioned, adding, 'I will try what I can make of your son, if I cannot inspire him with a taste for painting, I hope I shall at least be able to excite in his mind the love of virtue, which is a matter of far higher moment.' My mother felt the burthen of three boys whom her unfortunate education had unfitted her to support, and she gladly closed with an offer which would relieve her of a part of the charge.

"I was received at the house of my benevolent friend, who employed me in preparing his palettes according to his directions, and receiving the orders of his visitors during his absence; but these were not all: if my occupations were confined to a few objects, my studies were more extended; my friend instructed me in his hours of leisure, in many things of which I was before ignorant.—He taught me important lessons from the word of God. Often when seated by his side, watching the progress of his labours, and witnessing the finishing strokes which stamped the canvas with the glowing tints of genius, he would address me on the comparative littleness of all human skill, he would direct my attention to the Deity, of which his works were but a faint imitation, and dwelling on his character and

attributes, would endeavour to exalt my thoughts toward Him as the only object worthy of my desires and contemplation. 'In a few years,' he used to observe, 'those figures on which you now gaze with so much admiration if not thrown aside to make room for the productions of some more admired artist, will perhaps cease to excite the interest that they now create, and even should they not do so, the hand that guides the pencil and gives to 'airy nothing a local habitation and a name' will, itself, be rendered torpid by the touch of death. There is but one principle—one study, that extends beyond the wreck of worlds,—the love and the knowledge of God. Never, my dear boy, suffer yourself to be led away by the pursuit of human science at the risk of losing that which is of far higher importance; and remember whatever are your attainments, they ought always to be held subservient to those glorious purposes and considerations which will exist when arts and artists shall be no more.'

“Under the roof of this kind friend, I passed the happiest years of my life, and on his death was cast once more upon society. 'The world was all before me where to choose, and Providence my guide.' I had some knowledge of the arts of sculpture and painting, to which I had early devoted myself, and like many other young and inexperienced artists, I thought knowledge must ensure success. I saw not the difficulties that would beset my path.

In the cultivation of science there is so much of the principle of liberality blended, that we are led to wonder how the professors of it can ever indulge the mean passion of envy. Schools of instruction are thrown open, and every facility afforded for the attainment of excellence, every mean of improvement is dealt out with a lavish hand, and whilst each competitor is aiming to ascend the steep and rugged path, we might naturally suppose that his hand would be stretched out to assist his fellow traveller on the same road. It was not my lot, however, to find that noble disinterestedness, which in my younger and happier hours I had pictured to myself. When I had laboured indefatigably from the early dawn, until the last beams of the sun had faded away in the distant horizon, the pleasure with which I should have contemplated the work of the pencil was damped, if not destroyed, by the anticipation of cold neglect or faint praise. 'He is happy, I have often exclaimed, who can appreciate and seek excellence for its own sake, —who can find his highest source of gratification in looking inward; but this is not all, I am depending on the breath of the multitude for my daily bread, unfortunate are the servants of the public, or they who toil for popular applause.' Added to the frequent disappointments which I was called to encounter, I had other and more heavy disadvantages to combat, arising from the evils of early erroneous impressions.

“I was nearly eleven years of age when received under the roof of my benevolent friend ; after that period, with a mind marked by strong traits, it is difficult to new modify the character.— Theory can here do comparatively little; our best lessons are taught us by Experience. That stern and frowning monitress, who leads us through thorns and briars, and then leaves us to retrace our steps feeble, heartless, and alone.

“Undisciplined by contradiction, I had never been able to acquire the virtue of self-denial, or submission to restraint; the valuable admonitions of my departed master, had never obtained the influence they might have had over the mind of his pupil, and now driven into life’s wilderness, I cast a retrospective glance into the recesses of my nursery, where all the passions that agitated my soul were seated in gloomy array. That pride which had spurned at control first presented itself in the contemptuous frown and the sharp retort, and the expressions, ‘you are my servant, and you have no right to command me,’ still sounded in my ear. In the impatience with which I endured every disappointment, I thought I saw the cake or apple dashed from my lips untasted because a higher treat, a better banquet had not been prepared; and in the rashness which prompted me to decide without reflection, and to execute without deliberation, I beheld the toy taken

from its quiet recess dissevered with a blow, and myself vainly attempting to replace once more that, which my skill was insufficient to repair. Thus, from the first impressions of my infancy, I traced my progress to maturity, and as I glanced my eye tremblingly to explore the perspective of years perhaps yet to come, I felt still more and more the baneful effects arising from early unchecked passions.

“I had much difficulty in supplying the wants of the day that was passing over my head, the sale of my paintings was my only resource, precarious at the best and accompanied with those heavy anxieties which none can know, but he who, though he possesses the means of procuring a meal to-day, knows not that he shall enjoy it to-morrow.”

CHAPTER IV.

“AFTER being closely confined, during many months, I quitted London and took up my abode in a large manufacturing town in the north of England. One evening as I wandered to taste the fresh air, that element benevolently dispensed alike to the happy and to the miserable, resting against a low wall, I was struck by the beautiful light reflected on the distant mountains, whose fading tints, gradually mellowing to the eye, presented an interesting picture. I drew out my sketch book, that it might serve as a remembrance of the scene, and was just proceeding in my work when a young man, apparently about my own age, approached me. He was fixing his eye intently on the prospect. A mansion rising in the foreground seemed particularly to arrest his attention; he stood for a moment—gazed upon it, his eyes filled with tears, and he paused,—he looked in my face as if to read its expression. ‘You appear interested in the scene before you,’ I observed. ‘Too deeply so, sir,’ was the reply, ‘that is the house of my father, from which I am now a helpless and a hopeless wanderer.’ ‘And do you still

cherish the vision?' I enquired, 'would you desire to bear it about with you?' 'I cannot forget,' he answered, 'that on that lawn I once sprung my kite; that in those woods I once rambled, before the stern voice of an enemy drove me from my paternal dwelling.' 'The scene then, sir, shall once more be yours, tell me where I may find you, I will complete this sketch, and you shall live again amidst the objects which you beheld in happier hours.' He drew from his pocket a pencil, and writing his name and place of abode upon a paper which I gave him, he wished me good evening and disappeared.

"In the morning I rose early, and repaired to the spot, anxiously desirous to fulfil my promise, and to convey the only consolation, that it was in my power to administer, to the heart of the wanderer. As I ascended the hill, a distant bell broke at intervals on my ear—I listened attentively, the tones were deep, 'and flung to the gale their sullen sound.' Slowly winding up the ascent was a hearse, the sable plumes of which waved in the air, followed by a mourning coach, intended to convey the witnesses of a scene, which was to deposit the remains of a fellow-being in that dwelling, 'where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.' As these vehicles ascended the hill, and approached nearer to the mansion on which the eye of the wanderer had

rested the evening before with such deep emotion, they were met by a train of persons on horseback, apparelled in all the outward trappings of wo, with the now empty carriage of the deceased; the blinds drawn up, to signify that it was no longer occupied, and the feet of the horses apparently measuring their paces, as if they too had been taught to assume the semblance of misery which they could not feel. They stopped at the door of the large dwelling, which was immediately thrown open, the coffin was placed in the hearse, and two mourners ascended the steps of the carriage. The procession recommenced, and wound down the hill by the same measured paces; the distant bell still lending its aid to the solemnity of the scene. 'And is this all that wealth can do? Is this the end of luxury?' thought I, as I contemplated the scene before me; and I felt better satisfied with the obscurity of my lot than I had before done; more resigned at the thought of parting with those elegancies and luxuries, which could neither prolong the thread of our existence here, nor afford one solitary hope of bliss beyond the grave. Whilst these reflections passed in my mind, and my pencil was busied in portraying the scene, I raised my eye once more, and the stranger again presented himself, not mingling in the train of seeming mourners, but looking a real mourner, following at an humble

distance, the cold remains of one, whom though he might, perhaps, have irremediably offended, it seemed he yet loved. As he passed me, I read in his countenance an expression that told me, hope was extinct, that he could not say with the prodigal, 'I will arise and go to my father;' yet midst all the emotion which this scene excited, I rejoiced in the recollection that both he and I had still a Father in heaven, to whose forgiveness we might yet appeal.

"You will, perhaps, think me tedious, sir, in dwelling so long on the nature of my feelings, and on circumstances which do not seem immediately connected with my own particular history; but from the story of the stranger, I trust some useful reflections may be derived, that may compensate to you for this intrusion on your time. My sketch was soon completed, and I hastened to the place that my new acquaintance had appointed, for the purpose of delivering it into his own hands, feeling anxious to know something more of a person, whose misfortunes, in whatever cause originating, had deeply interested me. I found him in a lodging, somewhat resembling that in which you now see me,—he appeared very grateful for the trouble that I had taken to oblige him, and felt no hesitation in unfolding to me the particulars of his melancholy life.

"When I tell you, sir,' he said, 'that I am the

son of the person, who, until a few days ago, inhabited the large mansion from which his remains were this morning conveyed, you will doubtless be surprised at seeing me in such a place as this. I last night informed you that I was an outcast and a wanderer, how I became so my narrative will unfold. My father married at an early period of his life a woman whose views and character were little congenial with his own. The stern reserve that marked his deportment and sat upon his brow, formed but a melancholy contrast to the mild openness, by which her countenance and demeanour were distinguished; for, though almost an infant when she was taken from me, the smile that sought to soothe my sorrows, and the gentle voice that reproved me for my faults yet live with me, and in remembrance are still fondly cherished. I was her only child, perhaps almost her only comfort, she lived apart from the world, and I became the centre round which her earthly affections revolved; but it pleased Him, whose decrees are mysterious as they are wise, to remove her hence. Infant sorrows are not of long duration. I was told that she was gone, and that she would come again. I daily missed the companion of my childish sports, the kind friend who had taught me all my little stock of knowledge, but I was soothed by the assurance that 'to-morrow' she would return and I could say with the poet,

“ To morrow came, and went,
Till all my stock of infant sorrow spent ;
I learn'd, at length, submission to my lot,
And though I mourn'd her loss, I ne'er forgot ;”

but to-morrow, a far different morrow did at length arrive, the doors of my nursery were thrown open, and my nurse appeared, bringing in her hand a white dress, ‘ You must throw off those black trowsers,’ she said, ‘ your new mamma is come, and she is not to see you in black.’ ‘ I want no new mamma,’ I sullenly exclaimed, ‘ I want my old mamma to come again,’ and I laid down on my bed, covering my face with the clothes and refusing to be drest in the things she had brought me. ‘ But your new mamma will come up, and she will be very angry with you,’ continued the woman, ‘ I don’t know any thing about her,’ I answered, ‘ so what should she be angry at me for. My old mamma was never angry with me, but when I was naughty, and I wo’n’t go down ; I’ll stay here.’ At length, by means of persuasion, after a tedious altercation with my maid, I was induced to make my appearance. When I got to the door of the room there was another struggle, and at last I ungraciously entered, but such was the strong prejudice which one sentence had infused into my mind, that it would have required the utmost prudence and benevolence to dispel its effects. I soon found, however, that my new mamma was little disposed to win me. I looked up in her face with a

timid glance, afraid to encounter an angry eye,—no encouraging smile sat there,—she did not stoop to kiss me like my old mamma, she was offended at the backwardness I had shewn to enter her presence, and a look of cold indifference with a faint pressure of the hand, which even a child might understand, were all that were reserved for me; I shrunk to a distant corner of the room where there was nothing that cared for me but my father's dog, I laid myself down beside him, hid my head in his neck, and shewed my new mamma in this little action that I was not incapable of love. I felt very glad to be sent back to my nursery, which I had so unwillingly quitted, where I could play about without fear, and see nothing to excite my dread or dislike. The first question I was asked by my maid was how I liked my new mamma. I don't like her at all, was the reply, and I wish she would go away and let me have my own mamma again, for she was far prettier and nicer, and I loved her a great deal more. At this moment the object of my remarks entered, and casting at me an angry glance, which told me that she was not unacquainted with my dislike. She ordered my nurse to turn that great dog out of the room, that she did not approve of such animals in nurseries; and giving him a sharp kick with her foot she drove him from the door. This was my favorite companion, he had followed me in all my plays and walks, I would jump on his back when-

ever I was tired, he would eat out of my hand, run with me when I ran, and be still when I chose to be still, and more than all, he was once my own mamma's. This affront offered to me in his person I could not bear, and stamping my foot vehemently on the floor, I passionately exclaimed, 'That dog was my own dear mamma's, and you sha'n't hurt him, and I *will* have him here.'

"This was the first struggle for power—the unhappy moment when I had dared to assert my own independence and miserable were the days and years that followed it. It was the moment in which my enemy, for so I now considered her, might have made herself my friend, and roused all the affection of which my bosom was then capable. I looked at her as I should have regarded a tyrant, and running to my maid, who stood trembling in a corner, I wrapped my head in her apron, and waited in silence what should next ensue. For this first instance of open rebellion I was conducted to a place of solitary punishment, my dinner was sent to me at the accustomed hour, but I refused to eat it, I knew not that I had committed a crime in defending my poor Carlo, who had been the only companion of my infant hours, and the friend that I had been taught from the period of my earliest recollections to cherish, and I determined that I would never more eat or drink till that friend should be restored to me.

Many hours passed on in this manner, my new mamma once visited me in order to discover whether I shewed symptoms of repentance, but finding none she shut the door and left me once more to solitude and hunger. From my place of confinement I was not released until all hope of subduing my angry spirit was extinct, and I was then pushed out of the door and driven into my nursery, as a creature unworthy of being made the subject of reasoning powers, and only on a level with my dog; he did indeed appear to me as one with which I could best claim kindred, from him I had never listened to any thing but the language of kindness, for though dumb, his eyes spoke, and they taught me a better lesson than the fiery ones of my new mamma. I saw him however no more. From that time I wandered about the plantations busied in a vain search after that of which it was my keeper's pleasure that I should be deprived. This little incident, unimportant as it may appear, laid the foundation of many, if not all, my future miseries, it excited in my bosom a rooted hatred towards one whom it would have been my interest to love, and whom I might have loved, had she commenced her reign with the voice of kindness, instead of the stern accents of arbitrary authority.

“ From the paternal roof I was very soon removed to a large public school, where I became the fag of a boy who too nearly resembled the

step-mother I had quitted, and at length I learned to reconcile myself to the idea that it would be vain to expect kindness any more. When my lessons were learned, and I had completed the work set me by my task master, I used to retire into a corner of our large school room, and whilst tears of bitter anguish rolled down my already faded cheeks, I thought of my first mamma, and of my faithful dog ; my temper was soured by perpetual contradictions, and I became silent, sullen, and unsocial.

“ The periods of vacation—those periods anticipated with so much joy by those who have kind parents and happy homes, returned to me unmarked by one impression associated with delight. My father’s affection had been insensibly undermined by the influence of one, whose interest it was to misrepresent me, and the treatment which I experienced when under his roof, was such as served to produce, in no small degree, those tempers against which I ought so carefully to have guarded. I had now brothers and sisters whom I used to feel a gloomy pleasure in tormenting, they were early taught to consider me as an alien, they saw me but at stated periods, I had little opportunity, even had I been disposed, of cultivating their affections, and from one vacation to another they only remembered me as the troublesome play-fellow who tore their kites, lost their tops, and broke their dolls.

“ In this comfortless way, with nothing which

cared for, or that for me, I passed the first years of my life ; suffice it to say, that at length I became as unamiable as my step-mother could wish me. There is nothing so immediately calculated to produce feelings of desperation in minds uninfluenced by religion, as the consciousness that we are thought ill of by those around us, that there are none who have an interest in us sufficiently powerful to lead them to care whether we persist in a course of evil, or return to the way of duty, that we are left wholly to ourselves, to steer our voyage alone. Under an impression of this nature, I went on from one link in the chain of vice to another, until the Lord in mercy visited me with a dreadful illness, during which I listened to that still small voice, which brought me hope and consolation, awakening me from my dream of folly, and revealing a long neglected, yet still merciful and gracious Saviour. I had a father in heaven to whom it told me that through him I might yet be reconciled ; that whatever were the feelings of my earthly parent, who was like myself feeble, frail, and erring, that great Being, the same ‘ Yesterday, to-day, and for ever,’ I might still hope to find faithful and forgiving. Earnestly, and with tears, I sought Him, who, has promised rest to all who are weary and heavy laden, I found him to be all, and more than all that I could ever have conceived,—and, though driven

from that roof which you saw me last night contemplate with feelings of such deep interest, when I found the gate of heaven still open to me, I could welcome poverty,—smile at the frowns of the world,—and feel no sorrow, except for the evil that reigned in my own heart.

“ I wrote a letter to my father, descriptive of my penitence, I freely opened to him the state of my mind ; this duty performed, I waited patiently the issue. My application for his forgiveness was returned under a blank cover, and I neither saw nor heard of him any more, until an unknown friend wrote to inform me that he was dying. I then determined to make a last attempt to behold once again, that face, which in my infant hours, at least, had beamed upon me with smiles of tenderness. I reached by sun set his dwelling, knocked at a private door with a trembling hand, and was told that he had just breathed his last. I made not any attempt to enter that house from whence I had been driven ; all that had ever interested me there, had departed. It was now the habitation of another ; I could not say in the language of Esau, ‘ Bless me, even me, oh ! my father ;’ for all that depended on my earthly parent,—my birth-right and blessing—were lost to me for ever. It was in that moment of anguish that I met you,—and now you see me deprived of every support, but that which never abandons him who rests upon it.

“After listening to these melancholy particulars, sir, I offered to share with this unhappy stranger my humble dwelling, he survived not many months, and I was, indeed, amply compensated for the few kind offices that it was in my power to render him. From his example I derived important lessons of patience and humility. I felt that there is but one principle that can afford effectual consolation under the evils of life. He first taught me the folly of vain regret at the deprivation of luxuries, the possession of which can never mitigate the pangs of a wounded conscience, or ward off the attacks of lingering disease, and he first directed me to the choice of a companion, who, by the force of her exemplary conduct, founded on christian experience, has reconciled me to all the ills of life, pain, sickness, and that degree of poverty which this day led me into circumstances apparently the most humiliating.”

CHAPTER V.

Mr. Mordaunt arose, and thanking the stranger for his interesting narrative, enquired of him what he could now do to serve him most effectually. The artist produced his pictures, which were no mean specimens of his abilities. Mr. Mordaunt felt happy that it was in his power to benefit a man of so much ingenuity and apparent worth, without doing injury to that nice sense of feeling which, notwithstanding the events of the day, he seemed to possess. "I will take these home if you please," the benevolent visitor added, "where I have a companion who has taste to discover their beauties, and she will wait upon this lady," turning to the wife of the artist (who was still hanging with looks of tender solicitude over her dying son), "to try what she can do to soften her afflictions." Mr. Mordaunt, and his daughter now retired, and they pursued their walk home, almost in silence. On their return they found Mrs. Mordaunt impatiently waiting to hear the result of their visit. They informed her of all the particulars connected with it. "It

seems then," said Mrs. Mordaunt, after a short pause, "that we may add to the long catalogue which appear in our bankrupt lists daily, another of the victims of luxury. If the father of that gentleman, whom you have been visiting had not imbibed so unfortunate a passion, it is probable that his son would this day have been in a very different situation, and had he paused to reflect before he united himself to a woman, who preferred carriages and fine furniture to mental cultivation, that son might not this morning have stooped to the condition of a mendicant; all this may be traced to one radical evil. A woman educated on self-denying principles, and who, as the wife of a merchant or tradesman in particular, must regard her husband's resources as, at the best, precarious, will make the conduct of every day a preparation for that which may prove a day of adversity; she will not indulge in idle luxuries because it appears to her that her husband can afford them, because she will feel that should he fall, many must fall with him: and what he can afford one day he may not afford the next. On these principles she will instruct her children,—she will educate them for a day of adversity, by teaching them to regard every thing which is dependant on human resources as insecure,—she will inure their minds and bodies to the endurance of hardships,—she will teach them (though they have servants,) to wait upon themselves, to exert their

feet and to use their hands,—she will take every means of strengthening their bodies, fortifying their minds, correcting their tempers, and leading them to cultivate the spirit of independence in its best sense. More than all, ‘luxury’ is a word which she will blot out of her vocabulary, or if it must be introduced there, if circumstances are such that it cannot wholly be excluded, she will endeavour, at least, to furnish to her children a practical comment upon its insufficiency either to procure happiness or respectability. For instance,” continued Mrs. Mordaunt, glancing a look full of meaning towards her daughter, “she will not deprive herself of the enjoyment of air and exercise, though she should not happen to have a carriage to convey her person as some fine ladies in London would be inclined to do. Nor will she consider her dignity at all lessened by walking into a shop to make her purchases, though she could command a pair of horses and a couple of idle servants to wait until she should have procured a few yards of muslin, or looked at a set of cups and saucers.” “But,” replied Anne to this reasoning of her mother’s, “there are two or three things in the gentleman’s story that I cannot quite understand; one is the way in which he speaks of his mother; is it not wrong for any one to mention a parent with disrespect.” “I think the gentleman himself explained to you, if I recollect right, that there are two kinds of affection—

instinctive, and rational. The former is that which we feel, in common with animals of the brute creation, for the beings that gave us birth and administered to our first wants; the latter is that sentiment which springs up in our hearts, and influences our actions, towards those who have taken pains to cultivate our minds, and taught us the important consequences of good and evil. This may be done by a parent, a teacher, or a friend, and to each and all of them we owe rational affection, that being an act of the mind founded upon principle. But if the parent, whose peculiar province it is to implant right ideas, fail in this essential point, if, so far from checking the evil passions of her children, she not only suffers them to usurp the dominion in their minds but strengthens their growth by her own erroneous example, then she must and ought to feel, if she can reflect at all, convinced of this truth, that, when the world have taught her children by experience, what she has failed to inculcate by theory, that is, when they have paid, perhaps, the price of their happiness and respectability for their knowledge, they will not fail to condemn her, as moral beings, for an omission so culpable, and they will cease in some degree, at least, to love her with rational affection.”

“Then, mother,” observed Anne, her eyes filling with tears whilst she spoke, “we can never cease to love you with the best kind of love.—But I

have not done, I have two things more in my head and I'm afraid I shall forget them,—first, about street begging, and then about step-mothers, you must tell me of these, and then I shall be satisfied. This morning you were saying to my brother Charles, as you looked out of the window at the person who was passing by the gentleman, ‘There is the slave of system, that woman can only be charitable on a fixed plan,’ now do you not think that charitable plans, are very good things? I'm sure there are many impostors in the streets of London. Now I must tell you that Algernon has got very much into that way of giving to every person he sees. There is a man at the corner of Leicester square, on the road to Papa's chambers, and every time Algernon has to pass him, he drops halfpence into his hat; one day he happened not to have any and the man was quite abusive; I should think it would be a great deal better always to know something of persons before we relieve them. What did you mean Mamma, when you spoke those words?” “Recollect, Anne,” returned Mrs. Mor-daunt, “that when I mentioned the word *slave*, I intended that it should convey a stronger idea than the word follower, and you cannot by any means infer that I meant to condemn systematic charity. It is possible to approve that as a principle which may be occasionally carried too far. Although there are many impostors, yet there are real objects

of distress; when I wished to afford to the poor unhappy family, which your papa has been visiting, any little relief that it suited my circumstances to bestow, I did not yield to the impulse of feeling unregulated by principle, I heard the gentleman's story and then you sought him out. The only difference and it was a great difference, as it happened in this instance betwixt the female and myself was that *she* turned aside from real suffering because it presented itself in a questionable shape, and *I* steadily contemplated it until I could prove its claims to my practical pity. Now your brothers, as I have often observed to you, are not yet possessed of those discriminating powers, which can enable them to distinguish between what is real and what is assumed, and I should be afraid of steeling their hearts too soon against the appeal of misery. In a large place like London we cannot always seek out the object and trace him to his own abode, and we must often feel satisfied in having endeavoured, though but imperfectly, to do our duty." To this mode of reasoning, Anne could not, or at least, she did not urge any opposing argument.

"Well, then, we now proceed to your last objection, respecting step-mothers," added Mrs. Mordaunt, and with a smile full of meaning, looking at some of the boys, "here," she observed, "we are standing on delicate grounds, as I happen to be one of the much reprobated, and I think I

may add, in many respects unjustly reprobated description of individuals." "And that is the very reason, Mamma, that I wished to talk more to you about it. Now my brothers would not exchange you for all the mothers in the world; and they all love you with the sort of love that you were describing." "From the observations that I have been enabled to make of the characters of step-mothers, who have failed in their duty," observed Mrs. Mordaunt, "I have been led to a very different conclusion, as to the causes, than that which is generally drawn from their errors. There are but two descriptions of character likely to assume such an office; either those who scarcely reflect at all—or those who reflect very deeply; and hence it follows, that there is seldom any medium observed in the treatment of their adopted children. When we hear of step-mothers, we now and then listen to the praises of a very good one; yet far more frequently are we called to remark the defects of a bad one. The person who scarcely reflects at all, would be very unlikely to do her duty towards her own children; for she either leans to the side of blind indulgence, or idle and unnecessary severity, the certain consequences of a want of due government of the passions. She is one of those who will probably rush into that state, the duties and the difficulties of which, she has never contem-

plated. On the other hand, she who reflects deeply, though anticipating the obstacles in her path, prepares herself to meet them; and though she knows that she has a busy peopled world to encounter in that one word prejudice, which is almost invariably in arms against her; she lays down for herself a system from which she will not be induced to depart, because one of her acquaintance frowns, another sneers, and a third shakes her head; nor though she should now and then hear the remark, that Mrs. ——— would not have acted in such and such a manner, had not the subjects of her tuition been the children of another. In the midst of these reflections and observations, she passes on, unmoved, through the round of her daily duties; and she will not, by ill judged lenity, expose her pupils to danger, because the world represent her as their enemy—not their guide.

“In the instance which you have heard this evening, you have only another proof that passion must always err; and I doubt not that could we trace the history of that unfortunate step-mother, I call her unfortunate, for she was truly so in her malignant propensities, we should find that her own children were, in their turn, the victims of her tyranny; and that whenever the love of self could be more gratified by their mortification than their pleasures, they would suffer the consequences of a course of conduct most calculated to make them miserable.

“A reflecting being, taught by religion and experience, will, under every circumstance, adopt that mode of action which tends most effectually to secure the happiness and respectability of those objects committed to her care; and these, it frequently happens, can only be secured by those methods which weak people cannot enter into. With them, discipline passes for rigour; restraint, austerity; and authority, tyranny: and she who has devoted many years of her life, to the cultivation of principles tending to make her pupils wise and happy, finds herself condemned and arraigned for the very plans which the world would have applauded—had she not been a step-mother.”

A friend of Mrs. Mordaunt's, who happened to be present, started a difficulty, on recurring to one part of her reasoning, at the expression “she who reflects deeply.” “Do you then think,” she enquired, “that right feeling is invariably the result of deep reflection; and that she whose powers of judgment are the most acute, and in the most frequent exercise, leans most to the side of benevolence. It does not appear to me that the tenderer sympathies of our nature operate the most powerfully in those characters, when the judgment is continually in exercise, and in looking around the circle of my acquaintance and your's, I think we know many striking instances that might be brought in proof of my assertion.” “I am

convinced," replied Mrs. Mordaunt, "that nothing can be done to ameliorate the condition of society effectually, in any way that is not the result of cool reflection, and in which judgment does not bear a principal part. You and I do know many persons, I confess, whose sympathies are all alive,—who yield to the impulse of the moment continually,—who give indiscriminately, where they ought to bestow with caution; and sometimes withhold their sympathy from motives of caprice. The same caprice influences them in the domestic circle, amongst their families, with their friends, and all who stand in connexion with them; but these are persons who think superficially. I am not inclined to give up the expression at which you cavil; deep reflection must lead to right feeling, where our fellow creatures are concerned. You are acquainted with many persons of weak minds who are continually acting from impulse, yet are what the world term well-disposed people; can you recollect any thing that they have ever done, at least that you have heard of, to lessen the mass of evil in society. They may occasionally, indeed, be made instrumental in the hands of others, in the promotion of good, but still they are mere machines; but I will venture to say that you cannot call to mind one instance in which they have ever been the projectors of a scheme to render mankind wiser and better, and consequently happier." "Well," answered

Mrs. Mordaunt's friend, "but I will not give up sympathy after all, there is something very attractive to me in characters that act from impulse, as you call it. Now let me ask you how you felt when you applied to your friend Dr. Tyrell to get the woman about whom you were so interested into ——— hospital, and you were a week without hearing any thing respecting your application, though when he was a candidate for the situation which he now holds, you sat up a whole night writing letters to your friends to procure their votes for him." "I must confess that I did feel hurt at Dr. Tyrell's silence on the subject, but what was the result, and what the motives for that silence? In the first place the circumstances of the case were such as to lead him to doubt of the possibility of her admission, because she did not appear to be one of those objects that came precisely within the rules of the institution, and he was not willing to hold out hope which might terminate in disappointment. Now, whilst your characters that act from impulse, would have been flying about from pillar to post, making themselves quite sure, of what they were notwithstanding, taking no effectual steps to promote, the Doctor was silently, but surely, working his way amongst the governors, and accomplishing in the best manner, all that I could hope or wish; at the end of that week, during which I had felt and expressed a little chagrin, he came up to me in a large party,

in his own tranquil, and what some persons call cold, manner, and said—‘Mrs. Mordaunt, your hopes and my exertions have been crowned with success, and I had this morning the pleasure of seeing Elizabeth Wilson’s name entered in the book of admission at —— hospital.’” “Well, it was all right, as things turned out,” observed the lady, “but he might have done every thing he did, and told you what he was doing in the mean time, and then he would not have exposed himself to injurious surmise.” “That he did so, was not the fault of his character, but mine,” observed Mrs. Mordaunt, “for I have known him long enough to have known him better.” Whilst this argument had been going forward, Anne was leaning over the balcony, watching the carriages in rapid succession pass to and fro, when suddenly turning to her mother, she exclaimed, “After all that we have heard the last two days, nothing can convince me that carriages are not very delightful things, and useful, very useful too. Now, I wonder, mamma, that you who think so much about *utility*, as you call it, do not see this. I have just been watching a gouty gentleman get into his barouche on the opposite side of the square, and I do believe that he could not have walked five yards.” “That is very probable,” answered Mrs. Mordaunt, “and it is still more probable that had he not been in the habit of indulging in all the train of luxuries connected with

carriages he might not now have required the assistance of one; but I do not wish you to misunderstand me, Anne. I do not remember ever having said that I considered carriages useless things and if you will just recollect the conversation a few mornings ago, you will be convinced of this." Anne looked at her mother, half incredulous, and then, once more, turned her eyes to the passengers.

CHAPTER VI.

I think it has been before observed that Mrs. Mordaunt was a friend to indirect instruction. The following morning she went into Anne's study, "I am sorry to interrupt you at this moment," she said, "for I see that you are usefully employed, but your papa has expressed a desire that you should walk out with him, and I believe I shall make one of the party." Anne was always glad *even to walk* with Mr. Mordaunt, and she immediately put away her books and prepared herself for the excursion. They walked on rather quickly, Anne wondering all the way, where they could be going, for it was unusual for Mr. Mordaunt to propose a walk at that hour of the day. At last, after passing through many streets, they arrived at a large building:—Hatchard, Coach-maker,—Anne read upon a sign affixed to the wall, adding, I wonder what business we can have *here* as Mr. Mordaunt knocked at the door of a room that looked like a counting house. A young man was seated at the desk, who seemed to know Mr. Mordaunt, he bowed and invited him to walk

forward, saying as they went on, "I believe your order is completed, sir, and I hope to your satisfaction." They passed through several rooms, till they reached an out building, in which was standing a new Barouche, it was a dark green, plain and elegant. The young man threw open the doors on each side, so that the party might examine the lining, carpet, &c. and turning to Mr. Mordaunt, "I find the cypher and crest have not yet been inserted, sir," he added, "but these can be done in the course of two hours." Mr. Mordaunt was very anxious to have his wife's opinion of his purchase, of which she really knew nothing, being quite a stranger to the whole transaction. "This carriage I ordered for a friend," he said, "it is exactly according to my own taste, and I shall be very happy if it suit your's." As he turned his eye towards Mrs. Mordaunt, it involuntarily caught the expression of Anne's countenance, which seemed to say, "I wonder who this friend can be, but whoever he or she may be, I wish I were the friend;" and she jumped up the step, bounded into the carriage, passed her hand through the window straps, drew down the silk blinds, threw herself back on the seat and observed that they were the softest cushions she ever felt. Mrs. Mordaunt had all this time been examining the springs, observing the apparently easy construction of the carriage, and perhaps bestowing a little admiration on the exterior.

Whilst Mr. Mordaunt was silently waiting for her opinion, the young man who was their conductor had not been sparing of his eulogium on Mr. Mordaunt's superior taste. "It is indeed a very handsome carriage," observed Mrs. Mordaunt, "and what I most particularly admire in it, is, that it combines usefulness with a proper degree of regard to elegance. The pockets and the sword case are well adapted for travelling, and the springs appear strong." "But you say nothing about the lining and the lace, and how well the carpet matches, mamma, you always think so much about what is useful," said Anne, now descending from her throne, which would indeed have been a couch of roses, could she have anticipated what was to follow. Fortunately, however, she was on terra firma, or the glasses, in the midst of her joy, might have experienced some rude shock, when Mr. Mordaunt, turning to her mother, said, whilst he took her by the hand, "Such as it is, it is your's, and may you long live to enjoy it." Mrs. Mordaunt thanked her husband with a grace and simplicity of manner that was peculiarly her own, she did not say, as some women would have done, who wished to conceal the feeling of grateful pride under an appearance of easy indifference. "It was quite unnecessary, I have been in the habit of using my feet for some years, and I could still have managed to do so," or "I am sorry you should have been at such an ex-

pense on my account." She well knew, and implicitly confided in the prudence of her husband; she felt fully assured that he had ascertained what he could afford to do without injury to his family, before he added a carriage and all its appendages to his establishment; she penetrated into the double motive by which he was actuated, that of providing for her an easy and pleasant mode of taking daily exercise, and of practically convincing her daughter that she was not quite correct in her ideas of the many, nay, almost incalculable pleasures that a carriage might procure for her. On surveying once more the gift presented in so tender a manner she convinced the donor that she was touched by it,—her eyes filled with tears, and she only replied, "I required not any new proof of your kindness, which has never known one break since I first felt its influence, though I do thank you sincerely, not for the carriage, but for the delightful associations connected with it." Anne's ideas, however, as to the present, were very different, no train of sentimental feeling had taken possession of her mind; and as Mr. and Mrs. Mordaunt turned to her to make their observations, for they both felt a little anxious as to the result; they plainly read in the undisguised, (and they rejoiced that it was the undisguised) expression of her countenance, only one remaining subject of anxiety, which spoke as plain as words could speak,—“We have got

the carriage at last, and now we want nothing but the horses." "And the horses," added Mr. Mor-daunt, readily interpreting her thoughts, "we shall have by and by."

On the return of the party to Portman-square, Anne sprung into the library where she found her brothers seated by the fire, round a large table. Algernon was working a problem in Euclid, Alfred very busy giving the last touches to a fine head, which he had been copying from the Elgin marbles, and little Charles, quite as much absorbed as either, in putting together the figures of a Chinese puzzle. By the fire, half standing and half leaning, was Dr. T. trying a chemical experiment. Anne in the enthusiasm of her joy, began to relate her adventures, which to her unspeakable disappointment she found did not produce the slightest effect. The glories of the carriage were all lost on the scientific party. Algernon begged her to be silent, and not to interrupt his calculations. Alfred requested that she would not stand betwixt him and the light, of which there was little enough at the best. The Doctor told her she had better retreat, as she approached the retort which he held, lest it should burst; and little Charles, coolly looking up from his puzzle, observed, "I care nothing about a carriage, for I can go from here to Piccadilly for a shilling at any time." Half disgusted and half amazed, without knowing whether it was at herself or the

party, Anne looked around. Was it possible that the feelings which absorbed her so entirely, should excite so little sympathy in her auditors. Anne did not reflect that each was busied in his own pursuit, and that unless a desire for carriages had been his own taste as well as her's, he could not sympathise in her joy. "Well," she thought, "you must all be very stupid, or I must be very trifling, one or the other;" though she was strongly inclined to the former opinion.

Algernon had, by this time, finished his problem, at which he had been patiently working three hours; and the doctor having concluded his experiment, and explained to the boys the result, turned suddenly round, and said, "It is well remembered, I believe I have a book in my pocket for you, Algernon, 'Madame Cottin's Elizabeth,' you were saying that you wanted a french work to translate." "Ah! that must be very interesting, I'm sure," replied Algernon. "Is it not the narrative of that lovely girl, who travelled on foot, from Asiatic Russia to the European districts, to solicit of the Emperor the pardon of her father. I was tracing her route, the other day, on the map, and calculating that she must have walked nearly eight hundred English miles." "Yes, and it was owing to the circumstance of her *walking*, I have no doubt, that she did obtain her father's pardon. The emperor, it seems, was so struck by the magna-

nimity of the undertaking—so overpowered by the representation of that affection which could have induced a young, lovely, and unprotected female, to expose herself to such imminent danger, that he granted, at her solicitation and without a moment's delay, what courtiers might have applied for long—and perhaps in vain." "It was happy, then," said Algernon, drily, at the same time smiling provokingly at his sister, "very happy for the poor state prisoner that carriages were not the fashion in Siberia." The doctor, who entered into the full point of Algernon's sarcasm, replied, "I have always considered the introduction of luxury in society, one of the most dangerous innovations as it respects the cultivation—either of intellect or heroic virtue. If you trace history, from its commencement down to the present day, you will find that the greatest qualities have sprung from the bosom of hardship and adversity. Nothing truly estimable can ever be attained without discipline, and from the first hero who contended in the Olympic games, that he might gain a corruptible crown, down to the christian warrior of modern days who fights with his own passions and obtains the victory; the command to be 'temperate in all things,' has been found equally imperious and salutary in its nature and effects." "But," said Algernon, determined to recur once more to his heroine, "I wonder how any of those ladies that we see in Piccadilly and

Bond street, stepping in and out of their carriages at the shop doors, to make their silly purchases, and sometimes too idle even to do that, would have done, if they had been turned adrift on poor Elizabeth's expedition. I suppose they would have been fainting the first four miles, and dying the second; she seems to me to be a solitary instance, or nearly so, in modern days of heroism in a woman, and I don't see why women might not be quite as heroic as men. It is all their silly educations, with their quadrilles, and their harps, and nonsense." "I do not think it by any means desirable," observed the doctor, "that women should be heroic in your sense of the word. Now and then, indeed, there occurs an instance in which active heroism is highly laudable in a female, nay, actually necessary for the attainment of positive good, either for herself or another, as in the case of Elizabeth and some others that might be cited. But you forget that there are two kinds of heroism, *active* and *passive*; one, which implies the performance of great actions, and another, the endurance of great sufferings. Now in the latter, Algernon, I am rather inclined to think that the women surpass us; but mark—I am not speaking of mere fine ladies, pampered from their infancy in the cradle of idle indulgence, and never made to depend on their own resources for a single hour; I allude to the mass of society, to the middling especially,

and to the lower orders; to the former, whose minds are often rationally cultivated, consequently taught to reflect,—and to the latter, whose native affections are left freely to their own exercise. The one endures patiently, and frequently suffers wrongfully because she is the subject of reason; the other, because she lives in obscurity, and has few objects to divide her affections with those to whom she is united. Instances in low life are almost innumerable, of females, whom no neglect, unkindness, or positive ill-treatment could induce to separate from their husbands—merely from the force of early and undecided attachment. Of men, I believe, this cannot be said with equal truth.”

Mrs. Mordaunt had, by this time, entered the room, and was standing by the fire patiently listening to what was going forward. “To your distinction, Doctor,” she observed, “certain metaphysicians have made an objection. They will not allow the term *passive heroism*, because they say she only can be a heroine who is called into exertion; and the very endurance of suffering implies a struggle, which is an act of itself.” “Then what do those metaphysicians say of passive power,” replied the Doctor. “The power to do evil, though not called forth, which arises from the depravity of the human heart. In a very fine essay on the Sovereignty and equity of the Divine government,

this seems to be clearly proved, and I would have those who cavil at the expression you speak of, read that." A servant now entered to inform the Doctor that he was wanted, and here for the present the conversation ended.

"That man is a fine character," said Mrs. Mordaunt, turning to Algernon as the Doctor shut the door. "He is sterling," Algernon replied, "but he is no hero for all that. He has been a long time, this morning, trying to make out what a hero is, or rather a heroine, and I thought, all the time he was talking, it is something very different from you Doctor." "Then you suppose that man, only, to be a hero," returned Mrs. Mordaunt, "who puts on a scarlet coat, rushes into battle, and kills or is killed.—This is very like the reasoning of seventeen, and I dare say I should shock you very much, were I to say that I believe more true heroism has existed in private life, than ever was to be found on the plains of Waterloo. It is a very common, but mistaken practice with boys of your age, to confound the terms heroism and courage; now they are not by any means synonymous, courage being only a requisite of heroism,—a part, not the whole. It is very possible that a man, for instance, who has never given himself trouble to analyze his motives, may enter the army,—he may do it from mere impulse, or because it is the fashion of the day; some of his friends, perhaps, have adopted a military life, and he is

suddenly seized with what he calls, or what really may be, a desire of distinguishing himself; before he has time to consider, he is hurried abroad; it would now be disgraceful to retract, and he marches away at the beat of the drum; he is called into battle, and amidst the tumult around him, the distraction of sound, and the conflict of victory or defeat, he rushes on, and whether he be a coward or one of your heroes, it matters not, with regard to his own feelings, for he cannot be any longer master of himself, he is borne down like an impetuous torrent, until he stops at the awful point—where he slays or is slain; it cannot be said to be a cool deliberate mode of action, which leaves time for the examination of motives which present to the mind in long succession, opposing principles, painful counteractions, and lingering delays. See a man struggling to rise, in either of the professions of law or physic;—turn to the poor pale artist, or to the no less pitiable author, who is to live by his wits, as it is vulgarly said, they toil on from day to day—sometimes, indeed, for years, comparatively unknown,—and after large sums have been expended in their education to furnish them with the very talents necessary to obtain the means of existence, they behold their efforts unnoticed, and their best exertions defeated: to feel these things, and yet to persevere, is heroism.” “Then you ascribe no merit, whatever, to a soldier,” answered Algernon.

“What I have said by no means implies that—I think,” replied Mrs. Mordaunt, “I only wished to set you right, with respect to the ideas you attach to a hero, and to convince you that it does not always mean a man who wears a military dress, and kills his fellow beings. Search the lives of the poets from Homer downwards; view one, singing ballads about the streets; another, scarcely able to command the bare necessaries of life, and, in the midst of bodily infirmity, struggling through the composition of a poem which has been venerated by posterity, and which will immortalize the name of its author—a poem sold to the booksellers for ten pounds.* Look at another, composing a work that has been translated into almost every European language, in order to pay the funeral expences of his mother.† Go to the Academy of Arts and Sciences, and behold the pictures of a man, who, while employed in works that have handed down his name to the world, earned only four-pence a day, and lived on oatmeal and water.”‡ “I should say,” answered Algernon, “that these were persevering men, but yet, mother, I should not call them heroes.” “Well then, I will present to you the portrait of St. Paul, a scholar of the highest attainments, and living at the most refined period of the world; who, in derision of vain boasting, gives a history of perils

* Milton. † Johnson. ‡ Barry.

by land and by water, of dreary imprisonment and painful punishment, which would sadly have appalled one of your heroes. I would recommend you to read the history of those great and good men, who have lived to advocate, and died to confirm the truths of the gospel; and you will find that after all your theory, the christian is the most sublime hero. But you have not yet learned to separate sound, and colour, from intrinsic worth, in your notions of heroism."

All this is very dry and uninteresting, thought Anne, I wish they would talk less of heroes and more about the carriage.

CHAPTER VII.

AT length, the morning did arrive, on which, not only the carriage, but the horses were brought to the door. The boys had all been standing at the window, watching a celebrated General, who was riding past, to a portrait painter's: Algernon was surveying his steed, examining his war-like port, and fancying how he looked at the battle of Waterloo. Alfred was gazing on his countenance with the eye of a young artist, and Charles was calculating how much he should think the horse, the saddle, and the bridle, would all cost, when their attention was for a moment arrested by the arrival of the new equipage. Algernon observed, what poor horses they looked, when compared with the one that had just passed! Alfred thought the colour of the carriage objectionable; that it was not sufficiently defined; that it was neither blue nor green. Charles said, "he could have made better letters than the cypher two years ago;" and William thought the lining would very soon be dirty. Anne, however, on whom all eyes were involuntarily turned,

could see nothing but perfections; she was prepared for the excursion several minutes before her mother, her only companion, was ready; for all the boys declined accompanying her. Algernon wished to go a-fishing; William and Alfred were constructing kites; while Charles wanted a bouncing ball, and was going to a neighbouring shop to buy one. Algernon, however, waited to hand his sister in, saw her seated in all her glory, wished her a pleasant ride, and told her "that he was going so rapidly on with his translation, that he should very soon have ready for her perusal an account of the *pedestrian* labours of 'Elizabeth.'" Anne took little notice of the observation, though she perfectly understood the allusion which it conveyed, but she was seated in the long wished for vehicle, and she was driving into Hyde Park: for this and several succeeding days, the rides she took were very pleasant; for every thing was new: the charm "novelty" is not confined to *early* youth; it is at life's decline alone that it becomes burthensome; mankind then learn to dread all changes, for every change seems but a precursor of that final one, which the strong anticipate with awe, the weak, with trembling.

After a week had passed away, however, Anne began to feel that the old proverb, "'Tis not all gold that glitters," would hold good with respect to carriages and horses as well as trinkets: some-

times she saw wretched looking girls and boys of her own age appearing half-famished, and with a clothing so slight that it would scarcely protect them from the breeze of summer; and now the blasts of winter penetrated even her warmer covering as she descended from her well defended conveyance. She could not help sighing when the shivering form and pale face presented itself, with "pray, young lady, a half-penny for a poor girl; I have not tasted a morsel for many hours;" nor can we wonder, if after relieving the distress she witnessed, which no doubt was frequently real distress, she turned away with a feeling almost amounting to dissatisfaction, even at the view of her own happier lot. By dissatisfaction is here meant that indefinable sensation that takes possession of the young mind unaccustomed to reason, at the sight of any thing more miserable than itself; and if the young, who are prosperous, have never experienced that sensation, which is more easily felt than described, it is not at all to their credit. In that happy age, no notions of political economy, different degrees of rank necessary for the support of society, and the other partial evils which the voice of philosophy pronounces a general good, have ever entered the mind.

Misery to the young presents itself in its abstract form, and, if left to their own simple views of right, they seldom resist its pleadings; it is by

those who are older and wiser than themselves, that they are taught to listen to the suggestions of caution.

Well then, upon the whole, had Anne entered into a very nice investigation of her feelings; had she chemically analyzed the ingredients of her own mind after six drives in the environs of London, she would, on their decomposition, have found the quantity on the side of pain to have more than its fair proportion when weighed against that of pleasure; and, it was only when alighting at the door of her own mansion, and looking at the dirty feet of the passengers, who were compelled, or who chose to walk, that she would exclaim, however, there is, at least, one good in a carriage—it keeps one's feet dry.

Mrs. Mordaunt was all this time silently watching the workings of her daughter's mind, without intruding one single remark; for she anticipated pretty clearly, the result; and, one day, after listening to a deeper sigh than she had ever before heard from the bosom of her pupil, she suddenly turned, and enquired into the cause. "I was just thinking," Anne replied, "of the poor young lady: you cannot have forgotten her, mother, with her head in that ugly frame; I think I see her just now stepping into that carriage at her mother's door; perhaps she is dead, and her mother may be just now weeping over her grave. After all, it would

have been happier to be Elizabeth to be sure. She did walk many hundred miles, but still, she had all her limbs to assist her, and then she saved her father from so much suffering; O yes, it would have been far happier to be Elizabeth." Mrs. Mordaunt smiled in assent to the observation, and thought, after all, there is nothing like the school of experience; a week or two since, this reasoning would never have entered her head; and, as she stepped out of the barouche, she glanced her eye at her feet, and with a look full of meaning, turning to her daughter, said, we have had an insipid ride, in which there has been very little to amuse, and nothing to instruct; but *we have kept our feet dry!*

One evening, after having been employed at her studies the greatest part of the day, Anne was bounding down stairs with a light step, satisfied with her labours, and anxious to give a good account of herself, when her attention was fixed by the appearance of a very gentlemanly man whom she had never seen before. The lamps in the hall were lighted, and cast a full blaze upon a whole-length picture of Jerome in the wilderness, placed in a large pannel at the foot of the stairs, on which the eye of the stranger rested with a wildness of expression, that astonished Anne, rather than alarmed her; she thought he looked very different from most persons she saw, but she could not define the difference, for she knew not what distract-

tion was. She courtesied to him—he took no notice of her, but, turning abruptly to the servant, who still held the hall door open, he said, “I must see your master directly.” “You cannot Sir, I am afraid,” was the reply; “he has been gone out some time, and will not return until past ten.”

Through the open door Anne perceived an elegant carriage, with glittering lamps, and two idle looking servants belonging to this strange gentleman, pacing up and down, and looking very different from their master; she felt that she ought to go forward, and her hand was nearly on the lock of the library door, when “what can all this mean, and I should like to know something more about it,” arrested her step. She thought the stranger very rude for not noticing her courtesy; she was surprised he could have overlooked her so entirely; she recollected (for the memories of young people are very tenacious) on these occasions, that it was not the case with Dr. T. and Mr. C. and Lady B. and many other people, who always smiled and nodded, and shook hands, and said many pretty complimentary things to her; and she thought that, though quite a stranger, the gentleman might have afforded her a bow. Whilst she was considering all this, the gentleman enquired of the servant whether Mrs. Mordaunt could be seen. “My mistress is in the library, Sir; if you will favor me with your name, and take the trouble of stepping into this room for a moment.”—The

stranger drew out a card, and continued to pace up and down the hall, until he was invited to walk forward. Now, thought Anne, I shall get to know something about him; for I will go in at the same time; yet, after all, if my mother should order me out again, it will be very mortifying, for I really think I'm getting rather too old for that: however, Anne was determined to run the risk. By the fire were already seated, Algernon and his tutor: Mrs. Mordaunt was busy, writing. Immediately on the gentleman's entrance, Mr. Desborough collected his books, and prepared to withdraw; Algernon arose to follow him; but Anne still lingered. Mrs. M. was too much absorbed in the contemplation of the gentleman's painful emotions (for he was no stranger to her) to notice the entrance of her daughter; and Anne glided up to an ottoman by the fire, and seated herself, unperceived by either party. Whilst Mr. Bouchier still paced the room with hurried step, he made a full and confidential disclosure to Mrs. Mordaunt of the purport of his visit: he had come there to consult Mr. Mordaunt, in his legal capacity, and to seek the sympathy of friendship: he had often visited him at his chambers, and was fully impressed with the value of his character: of Mrs. Mordaunt he knew not so much, but enough to feel convinced that she was not unworthy to be trusted. He was one of the partners in a considerable banking-house in the city, which had, that day, stopped

payment. His misery was not excited solely on his own account, or that of his family: in his ruin many individuals were involved; his was not "a partial evil for a general good;" hundreds must, and thousands might, suffer with him. The words, "the docket is struck, and we are ruined men," sounded strangely in Anne's ears: she knew not the meaning of the word docket, nor had she very distinct notions of a ruin; she recollected, however, that it sometimes meant an old broken-down building, for she had had many of those in her drawings; and she had occasionally heard her father tell her brothers, that "he would never suffer the extravagance of a son to ruin him;" she felt therefore, that ruin was a thing which people wished to avoid, and, which it was evident from the strangers appearance made them very miserable; yet, she could not apply it in the present instance; for, had she not seen a splendid carriage, and horses, and two fine-dressed, idle-looking livery servants at the door, belonging to the gentleman, and what could they have to do with misery, and ruin? She looked at him again, and again, considered, and re-considered, it was all, to her, incomprehensible, and she began to feel uneasy, and to wish herself out; for she dreaded, every moment, the discovering glance of her mother's eye, which would have told her, in pretty plain language, you are where you know you have no business to be; but she had even a stronger mo-

tive than this for wishing that she could conveniently make her escape; she had not heard much, and the little she had heard was in a foreign stile of conversation, and she was very desirous of seeking an interpreter in Algernon; she could remember the words, and she knew that he could give a meaning to them. Just as all this was passing in her mind, Mrs. Mordaunt turned her head in the very direction that Anne wished, and stooped down to seek a memorandum book; and, at this convenient moment, she glided out of the apartment. She lost not a moment in repairing to Algernon's study, whom she found seated by the fire, not in very good humour: he had been many hours working a problem, and could not arrive at any certain result; he had given less satisfaction to Mr. Desborough that day, than usual, who kept a faithful register of his proceedings, which he weekly presented to Mr. Mordaunt; and, as the week was drawing to a close, and the last impression is always the strongest, he was anticipating a lecture where he most dreaded it; for, his father was one of the parents who always convince by the force of reasoning; and, in this case, Algernon was fully conscious that the reasoning must turn against him. When Anne rapped at the door, in no very gentle tone of voice she was desired to walk in. "Well, what do you want?" was the first inquiry. Anne related the scene that had passed, and repeated the mysterious

sentence, "the *docket* is struck, and we are *ruined* men." "Well, and what is there so very surprising in that?" replied Algernon; "he meant to say that he is a bankrupt, that is all." "And what is a bankrupt?" said Anne, "for I am no wiser." "Nay, if we are to go on tracing the meaning of words in that way," said Algernon, "we may ring the bell to have the fire made up, for we shall have no chance of getting to bed to night." "Well, but Algernon, you need not be so cross when I am so bewildered; and you wo'n't tell me the meaning of any thing; now, just that one word, and then I shall not want to know any thing more." "Well then," returned he, "in the first place, it is your own fault that you are *bewildered*, as you call it, at all; for, if you had not been impertinently prying into what you had no right to discover, that would not have happened; and, after all, you have only heard what you don't understand, and you are obliged to let me know that you have had the meanness to listen, that I may translate a foreign language for you; so you are just rightly served." "Well, but Algernon, the word, that single word, Bankrupt, and then I have done." "Then, if I must enlighten your ignorance," said Algernon, with an air of conscious superiority, "the word bankrupt is a compound word, derived from two Italian words, *banco* and *rotti*, which mean, when joined together, a broken bench; bankrupt being only a

corruption of the original words." "But I do not see how a broken bench can have much to do, or indeed, any thing, with a person's being ruined." "perhaps you do not, but don't be in such a hurry, I've not finished yet. In Italy, the first merchants who carried on trade in the ancient states, exposed their goods on benches in the street: they had, then, neither shops, nor warehouses, these being modern improvements; and, when a man, from having fallen into difficulties; that is, owing money, and not being able to pay it again, could no longer carry on his trade, they seized upon his bench and broke it, signifying that he must no longer trade amongst the other merchants, and from that circumstance he was first called *bancorotti*, and afterwards, by a corruption of the word, bankrupt." "Then I think I must have been mistaken in the conversation I heard just now, and yet, I'm sure, almost sure of the words; but the carriage, and the horses, and the servants, all these," replied Anne, "make me think I'm wrong." "Oh! as to that," said Algernon, "if those be all your doubts, I think they are nothing to the purpose: why, my dear, *that is life*; you know nothing of life, such things happen every day." "Oh! but Algernon, is it not very unfeeling to talk in that way; if you had seen as much of the gentleman as I did, you could not joke about his distress." "I'm not joking about it, I'm only trying to convince you of your ig-

norance; besides, neither your lamentations, nor mine, will pay his debts." "But, only think," returned Anne, "of that beautiful carriage in which he came here to night—only think of his having to sell that." "Well, I think it would be a very wise thing, if many people, that have carriages, would do the same; and it would have been still wiser if they had never bought them." "You always seem, to me, to talk very strangely about such things," replied his still unconvinced auditor; "now, do put aside those compasses, and don't go on with your problems just now, I want to hear your reasons; yes, you may smile, I'm sure I'm capable of understanding reason, whatever you may think." "Oh! but I should be sorry to wound the feelings of a young lady in so tender a point; that would be cruel, you know," returned Algernon, smiling rather sarcastically. "And what do you mean by my tender feelings; Oh! now I think I guess," said Anne, blushing; "but I don't know that I am so fond, I mean, so *very* fond of a carriage." "Well then, if I am to talk reasonably with you, just let me ask you one question:—do you recollect one snowy morning lately, when Mrs. Hamilton came here to give Emily a music lesson?" "I recollect that Mrs. Lossac was calling on my mother at the same time; well, and what of that," said Anne, "you go a very round about way, I don't see what that has to do with a carriage." "But I do,

very plainly," replied the philosopher: "I suppose you don't know that Mrs. Hamilton had been rather longer in the habit of riding in carriages than Mrs. Lossac. That morning the rain was pelting against the windows, (if I may be allowed so unpoetical an expression) and the snow driving about in every direction, when Mrs. Lossac rose to go away; now, it happened that she was going home, and had to pass the very door of the house where poor Mrs. Hamilton lives: Mrs. Lossac was in the music room, talking to my mother at the window, when Emily shut up her books, and thanked Mrs. Hamilton for her lesson, which I'm sure Mrs. Lossac distinctly heard, so that she must have known that it was time for Mrs. Hamilton to go; my mother was determined, however, that she should know, for she turned to Mrs. Hamilton, and enquired if she were going to her own house immediately, and, on her saying she was, she observed that she felt very sorry that she had not a carriage to offer her, and pressed her to stay till evening, looking all the while at Mrs. Lossac, as much as to say, if you have any compassion, you will ask Mrs. Hamilton to take a seat in your Barouche: she would not take the hint, however, and Mrs. Hamilton rose to go, her eyes filled with tears, and whilst she stooped down to take up some music, I heard her say, in a low voice, I must do without carriages now;

it would have been well for me had I always used my feet. Though I thought so too, I was determined that proud woman should not be gratified, and I ran to call a coach at the corner of the square, on purpose that Mrs. Lossac might see, we did not forget who Mrs. Hamilton was, though she chose to do it, and I had a greater pleasure than that; I made her insolent coachman draw back, and I kept her waiting in the hall, with the snow blowing in, whilst I handed Mrs. Hamilton into the coach, and paid the coachman his fare." "Well, but still I don't understand what this is to end in," replied Anne. "Well then, I'll tell you," replied her informer.

"I suppose you do not know that Mrs. Hamilton's husband was one of the first merchants in London; that, for several years, she never put her feet out of doors without a carriage; that he has since become a bankrupt, and, that she supports him by teaching music. The first winter after his failure, from being unused to the cold, her hands and feet suffered so much, that I've heard my mother say the tears used to roll down her cheeks, from the pain they caused her; and what do you think then her mind must have suffered; the pinches there, must have been a good deal worse than the chilblains; and what do you think she would feel at the insolence of Mrs. Lossac, when

she can recollect her tramping about the streets, not worth even a barrow to wheel about in. When young ladies begin to think so much about carriages, and such nonsense, there is no saying where it will end; and I'd rather be obliged to walk two or three times a year, from London to Johnny Groat's house, in Scotland, than be subject to such mortifications." "Well, but Algernon, you think my father and mother very wise people, and, you see they have got a carriage at last." "Yes, to cure you of your folly, most likely, and it will be very well if it answer; but, now, I really wish, Anne, that you would not teaze me any more about carriages."

Algernon got up, and, half smiling, told his sister he would accompany her down stairs, that he might see her safe, as she had begun to learn a lesson of dependence, and was not used, at present, to go alone. As they descended the stair-case, they met Mr. Bouchier, who was just crossing the hall; he half paused, with a look of anguish, that seemed to say, I must go somewhere, and where I care not. The door of the hall was thrown open, the steps of the carriage were immediately let down, he ascended them quickly, and threw himself into one corner, in a manner, that almost said,—would that these pannels were the walls of my grave. All this was distinctly to be seen by the light of the

lamps; and Algernon repeated, with equal distinctness, the still-remembered words of his sister:—
“I have often thought, when I saw carriages pass, and looked at the people inside of them, that if I had a carriage, I should never have an unhappy moment.”

CHAPTER VIII.

THE following morning, at breakfast, Anne ingenuously informed her mother what she had done the evening preceding:—that she had glided in and out of the room, unperceived by her, and had heard something that she did not comprehend, which she had afterwards begged Algernon to explain to her. “Sometime or other,” said Mrs. Mordaunt, “I will put into your hands a little story, which I composed for your brothers, one evening as they sat round the fire, last winter; it will supply a better comment on the impropriety of your conduct, than a lecture from me. However, I am happy that you have sufficient candour to confess what you have done, though you must feel that it was very wrong. A young lady who shows, on all occasions, so much anxiety to be in possession of the various appendages which she fancies ought to be attached to the rank of one, should be particularly careful to maintain, in her own deportment, the consistency of character, that will eventually be expected from her. Suppose, for example,

(though I am far from thinking so meanly of her) that Nancy, the housemaid, were, some morning, to glide, as you call it, into the closet of your papa's dressing room, and listen to the conversation which sometimes occurs whilst he is preparing to go out, and which is frequently of a very sacred nature. In what way do you suppose I should act, on the discovery; I would not turn her out of my service, 'tis true, because, a consideration of the disadvantages under which ignorance must labour, would prevent so harsh a measure: I should reflect, that perhaps she had never received a single lesson on the impropriety of such a mode of action; but I would not be the sufferer from that ignorance; I would degrade her to a still lower place in my establishment, until convinced that she had paid sufficiently dear for her errors. But Nancy would not do this: she has been five years in my service, and I never knew her guilty of so mean a practice, though she may have had her temptations to violate the rules of integrity, as well as some young ladies who ride in carriages." Anne blushed, and assured her mother, that she should be very glad to read the story, "though I am afraid," she observed, "it is something that will condemn me."

A few mornings after this conversation, just as the family in Portman Square were rising from the breakfast-table, Mrs. Lossac was announced. Of this lady, enough has been already said to give the

reader some faint idea of the character of one who sets up for a fine lady, without (if we may use a mercantile expression) any stock in trade to begin with; all her requisites for the business consisting of a taste for extravagance, no matter of what species, and a never-ceasing ambition to be in possession of things too rare and expensive for her competitors in the same employment to procure. She had heard that Mr. Bouchier, the unfortunate gentleman, lately mentioned, had, in his collection, some valuable china, and a few cabinets, on which she had, in her occasional visits at his house, cast an eye of we will not say what, though it must be confessed that some, who, in the eye of the world, seem to possess most of its good things, are yet poor enough to *envy*. Well then, when Mrs. Lossac heard that Mr. Bouchier's bank had failed, she instantly thought that there would be a sale, and the china, the cabinets, and a few other articles passed through her mind in rapid succession; she had already placed the former on her India tables, now standing unoccupied, and the recesses of her dressing room, on which she now fixed a delighted eye, were filled with the latter. The ruin and the desolation spread through a family with whom she had often associated, were after-considerations; to be sure, failures, and debts, and auction sales, were for the individuals most concerned, she allowed, very *disagreeable* occurrences; but vases, and pic-

tures, &c. in the eye of the fashionable virtuoso, were things so irresistible, that unavailing regret for the misfortunes of one's friends on such occasions would be really sinful. "I am all hurry," she observed, as she entered the room almost breathless—"I am going into Clarges-street—all the world, I hear, will be there. Wo'n't you go," turning to Mrs. Mor-daunt, "you have not forgotten that it is Bouchier's sale this morning." "I thank you," said Mrs. Mor-daunt coolly, "but I confess it is not any gratification to me to attend auction sales, under circumstances so melancholy.—To see the dishes that I had eaten from, and the glasses out of which I had drank, at the table of a friend, in the hour of his prosperity, transferred to my own, would be very like meeting the ghost of departed pleasure; most of my pains and pleasures arise from association, and surely, no gratifying associations could possibly present themselves in the possession of a bankrupt's effects, when that bankrupt was your friend." "Oh! I never reason on such nice principles," observed the fashionable virtuoso, anxious to be gone; "if I don't purchase the things, some person else will; I've no notion of carrying things to such a romantic pitch." "If you mean, indeed," said Mrs. Mor-daunt, affecting not to understand the last sentence, "to wrest from the hands of others, any articles of furniture to which you know the family have attached peculiar value, in order that you may

retain them in your own, until you can without inflicting a pang on their already wounded minds, restore them; then, I do most cordially admire the zeal you show on this occasion, and, then will you be their friend indeed. To see the chair on which a parent has sat, the table on which he has leaned for hours, whilst we have watched his countenance, and enjoyed his happiness; to see these conveyed into the hands of strangers, who will associate no ideas with them, but simply that they *are* chairs, and tables; this, I know, by sad experience, to be a heavy trial." "Well then," said Mrs. Lossac, without paying the least attention to Mrs. Mordaunt's observation, "I suppose you wo'n't go with me, but you will, perhaps, allow Miss Mordaunt to do so." Anne looked at her mother with an expression of countenance that spoke her wishes too plainly to be misunderstood, and, to her surprise, Mrs. Mordaunt acceded to the request; for she felt rather anxious to ascertain the effect that would be produced on the mind of her pupil, by the scene that she would witness. In a few minutes Anne was ready, and Mrs. Lossac's carriage drove away. Mrs. Mordaunt's hints to Mrs. Lossac had not been lost upon Anne, and, she determined, should occasion require it, to profit by them. Mr. Mordaunt was liberal towards his children, on a principle of well-regulated economy: when he gave them money, it was not without

explaining to them the various uses to which it might be applied, and the value of that, which could scarcely on any of the occasions of life be dispensed with. It is not by dealing money out to young people in pennies, or even, sixpences, that you can make them economists; they do not feel any responsibility in the expenditure of sums so trifling; they commonly squander the money thus given them, under the notion that it is not sufficient to purchase any thing useful, or of consequence; and, when habits of waste are once indulged, they overrun the whole character; frequently, in after-life, producing misery and ruin: but, when a sum, that seems to the young, important, though, to older persons it would appear trifling, is placed in their hands, in the confidence, that what is granted liberally, will be expended wisely, they feel that they are made the objects of trust, and nothing flatters more their self-importance, than the idea that they are thought worthy to be trusted. Anne Mor-daunt had, resting quietly in her drawer, the sum of ten guineas, for which she had not assigned any definite purpose: it was now drawn from its recess, to be appropriated as circumstances might dictate.

CHAPTER IX.

AT length, the barouche arrived at the door of Mr. Bouchier's mansion, that house which, until the last few days, had been the resort of the elegant, the gay, the scientific, and the idle; those who had minds to appreciate the understandings of its owners, and those who could estimate the apparent weight of their purses; those who sought them for their own sakes, and those who visited their mansion, or their assemblies, for the purpose of meeting Lady F., or the honourable Mr. G. The former description of persons were not this morning visible; Mrs. Lossac was, for she was of the latter, and, with elastic step, she bounded out of her vehicle, anxiously enquiring, as she delivered her ticket, if the sale had commenced; on being answered in the affirmative, she rushed up stairs, followed by her more calm companion, who wondered what there could be so very delightful in an auction sale. Hitherto she had seen nothing but a number of empty carriages, and idle livery servants. She was now to be introduced to the scene of action,

where their not less idle masters and mistresses were, for once, actively employed, in surveying, and grasping the vestiges of ruin scattered on every side. On Anne's first entrance, after passing the grand stair, and being shewn into the front drawing room, her eyes were a little dazzled—statues, pictures, busts, cabinets, and fine porcelain china, with gilded mirrors, and splendid vases, met her eye in every direction; but this glitter was soon obscured; she recollected the gentleman whom she had seen in Portman-square, who was too much occupied with his own miseries, to attend to her courtesy, and whose conversation she had afterwards heard and repeated; she fancied she saw him once more, throwing himself into his carriage, and she thought of his looks at the time. "The docket is struck, and we are ruined men," now sounded very differently in her ear; she had learned the meaning of the word bankrupt before she came; she now understood it still better, for every thing before her was a practical illustration of it. She sat down beside Mrs. Lossac, and, whilst she heaved a deep sigh, she felt absorbed in one wish—a wish, that with the sum of ten guineas, she could re-purchase, for Mr. Bouchier, all his lost comforts. "What a silly wish," perhaps, some young persons, who glance their eyes over these pages, are ready to exclaim, though they may have entertained wishes equally silly, but not, perhaps, equally kind. Still, she thought, though such a sum

cannot do every thing, it may do something, and something it shall do. I wish, now, that Algernon were here, for though he does laugh at me, he has far more prudence than I have, and he is generous too; he would wish me—I'm sure he would, to buy something with the money, but then, he would tell me what. In Mrs. Lossac's judgment she had no confidence; she had heard it too frequently, and too justly called in question; besides, she said to herself, she will laugh at me to other people, as much as Algernon would to myself, and that, Anne felt, in common with persons much older and wiser than herself, to be a very different sort of laughter. All this time, whilst Anne was busied in her own thoughts, as to the best mode of accomplishing her plan, the usual business of an auction sale was proceeding with great rapidity: "going," "going," "gone," and all the superlative epithets of most beautiful, most elegant, and incomparable, from the auctioneer, with all the disqualifying observations of the bidders—it is no original—a mere copy—this is no hand of Raphaels, it is not his style—these cabinets are mere imitations, they were never beyond the British dominions, together with an exclamation, as a sort of interlude, of, "I wonder how poor Bouchier will cut up at last! 'tis a miserable affair; a very particular friend of mine, not a hundred miles hence, (in a loud whisper) I speak it in confidence, taken in for a few cool

thousands," implying, with a significant shrug, that himself was the friend of whom he thus unostentatiously spoke. All these exclamations, assertions, contradictions, and comments, with much elbowing, and pushing, were going forward, whilst Anne, an uninteresting, though not quite an uninterested spectator, was quietly seated, still meditating on her darling purpose.

At length, from the closeness of the room, and the anxiety of her own thoughts, her head began to ache, and she asked Mrs. Lossac if she might go through the door, which was standing open, into a gallery. "O yes," she replied, not reflecting on the impropriety of permitting a young girl to stray about a house, which was now a public rendezvous, alone, "you will not meet with any one I dare say, for all the world seems to be here." Anne arose, and made her way, not without some difficulty, through the door: she particularly attracted the notice of a very kind looking old gentleman, who was leaning on his stick, sufficiently near the scene of action to know what was going forward, and not near enough to be mistaken for one of the bidders. There was something in Anne's countenance that pleased him, and, through the open door, he almost involuntarily watched her steps, as she walked along the gallery. Here there were several fine pictures, and, as Anne was not enough of a connoisseur to understand whether they were originals,

or only copies, she ventured to admire them: at last, she approached a portrait, on which her eye was instantly fixed, and on which she would have paused still longer, to have examined it more minutely, had not another eye, still more deeply interested than her own, been busied in the same survey. "Oh, let me look at it, nurse, for the last time: poor Frederick, how often have I sat beside him under that very tree. Don't you recollect, nurse, the summer before his last illness, when he read to us the Tales of the Castle, he used to lay down the book on his knee, just as the painter has made him do there; and how often I have seen him wipe away his tears, when he did not wish us to see that he had been weeping, because he used to say, 'that it was unmanly to weep.' Oh! nurse, I never wished to steal until now; some one will get this picture, and, perhaps they will throw it into a closet full of old books, and lumber, whilst I am wishing to see it every hour. When I begged that this, only this one picture might not be sold, my mamma asked me, if, for my brother's sake, I would wish to see my father despised, and deservedly despised; and then I begged so very hard that somebody might buy it for us, to be paid again, and still my mamma would not, because, she said, that my papa might be suspected of doing wrong, and, we ought to avoid wrong appearances; and that, though my papa was a bankrupt, he could

prove, (which was a great comfort,) that misfortune had made him one." The interesting young speaker had now exhausted all her powers of eloquence; it was unheard by those who had praised its affectionate persuasiveness in happier days, and addressed to the unconscious shade of one who had been taken from the evil to come. As she threw her arms around her nurse's neck, and hid her face in her bosom, she exclaimed, in a tone which shewed that grief was, to her, a new sensation, for it was passionate, and loud: "Oh! my poor Frederick; then we part for ever." "No, you shall not," said Anne, stepping forward; for this was the time to lay out, with accumulating interest, her long kept treasure. She drew out her purse as if scarcely daring to believe that she possessed the means of drying another's tears; she thought of Frederick and Algernon at the same time; all her sympathies were called forth; for she, too, had a brother that she loved. Did any miser, after a long life, devoted to the purposes of adding house to house, and field to field, ever enjoy, on surveying his mortgages, bonds, and promissory notes, payable on demand, the same exquisite delight that filled Anne's bosom, as she looked on the countenance, and grasped the hand of one as young, as amiable, though not so fortunate as herself; whom she already loved, and whom she was about to serve. She precipitately tore down the portrait

from the wall, regardless of all forms. "I cannot bid," said she, "as they call it, for I don't know how; but only stay here, and you shall have the picture again in five minutes." She ran along the gallery, leaving her new friend in grateful astonishment, and, with the treasure in her hand, met, at the door, the same old gentleman whom she had seen before. He smiled at her, amused with her evident eagerness, and the different expression which her countenance had assumed since he last observed her. He now addressed her: "you seem in a great hurry, young lady, what have you got there?" he enquired, when Anne, very artlessly, held up the picture. "The portrait of a young gentleman reclining under a tree. Well, it is very poetical indeed; no wonder a young lady should wish to have it". "I don't know him," said Anne, "I never saw him, indeed, Sir, I believe he is dead." "That is still more surprising; the young ladies I am in the habit of meeting with, generally prefer living pictures to dead ones." "Oh, but it is not for myself, Sir, it is for his sister, and I'm so very anxious to have it; I can give ten guineas for it; do you think, Sir, I may get it for that?" "Don't make yourself uneasy, my dear young lady," said the stranger, whilst his eyes now filled with tears; "I knew that young gentleman, if you did not, and though I did not come here to purchase the furniture of a friend, I will bid for that picture, at any rate. Come with me. He took

the portrait from Anne, and presenting it to the auctioneer, said, in a low voice, you are now selling pictures; I wish to have this put up; I'm in a hurry, and shall not be here, perhaps, another day; it is not in this day's sale, I know, but that is nothing to the purpose." The auctioneer looked at the gentleman, who was Lord H——, and a creditor of Mr. Bouchier's, to a considerable amount. Mrs. Lossac now turned round, wondering how Anne could have attracted the notice of his lordship: but Anne was too busy to think either of her, or her conjectures, whilst the lot was put up, and she listened, in almost breathless anxiety, to the sounds of—"six guineas"—"seven guineas"—for a head of Raphael Smith's, a deceased painter, gentlemen—very eminent, a striking portrait—his portraits are selling for a high price—never do, gentlemen, to stop at seven guineas—"eight guineas;" very good—"nine guineas," called out a female, who was bidding in opposition to his lordship, as if determined that a title should not appal her—"ten guineas," after a pause, her opponent coolly uttered, but in a tone of decision, that informed her he was not bidding against her from mere caprice, but, with a calm determination to possess the picture. Anne now trembled, and whilst the tears of disappointed generosity forced themselves from her eyes, she cast on Mrs. Lossac a glance of indignant feeling, involuntarily catching the stranger by the arm, and saying,

“I can go no farther.” “Never mind, my dear, cheer up, we’ll have him yet,” the gentleman replied, in a low voice. He looked once more towards the place where Mrs. Lossac was sitting: her enthousaism, which merely arose from the spirit of contradiction, was somewhat abating, and, in a tone rather lower than she had before assumed —“eleven guineas”—now arrested Anne’s listening ear—“twelve guineas,” again replied her noble opponent, and there was another dead pause; the lady now yielded, and the prize was delivered into the hands of her young companion, whom she had suffered to ramble about alone, until she had unconsciously become her rival.

Anne now took out her purse, saying, in a voice not loud enough to be heard by those around her, but sufficiently distinct for her kind friend to understand, “ten guineas, sir, is all that I have at present, and you will find it there; but if you will tell me where you live, I’m sure my papa (when he knows what has happened) will send you the remainder of the sum.” His lordship smiled, and drew out his card. “I shall be very glad,” he observed, “that you should know where I may be found, and still happier to find you; but not for the purpose of receiving two guineas. I will take the contents of your purse, and you shall have the happiness of presenting the picture as your own gift. Such benevolence as yours can only find its reward in its own consciousness; you are rich enough

without your ten guineas, that might only make you poorer." "Well then, sir, I am very much obliged to you indeed," said Anne, taking the portrait from him in a great hurry; "my papa's name is Mordaunt, and we live at No 35, Portman-square." She ran out of the room, along the gallery, where she still found her young friend—for now they were friends—an act had passed in a few moments, which made them so. Friendship is a bond, the security, or the strength of which, does not depend on time; it is not to be measured by years, but by a reciprocity of good offices; nay, one good office, that springs from the heart, is sufficient to secure the friendship of beings unhackneyed in the deceptions of mankind; and, when Anne sprang forward, and seized Emily Bouchier by the hand, exclaiming, "he is here again," as she looked at the picture; "he is yours; keep him fast, and let nobody have him," these young people felt the truth of this observation. Anne would not wait to be thanked for what she had done, nor would her new-found friend have thought, perhaps, of thanking her: she felt, that under the same circumstances, she should have acted in the same manner; and her joy at having the picture restored to her possession, made her fully sensible that the giver must be sufficiently gratified in looking back on the meeting of that morning, and the events to which it had given rise. There are many occasions (and this was one) on

which, words would be thrown away; on which, they may serve to weaken, but cannot enhance, the force of feeling. Delicate minds understand this distinction, and those young people had minds of that description, for they were both educated by parents that were well-bred, and, what is much better, well-principled.

Anne now ran back to Mrs. Lossac, who, having made many purchases, and bid for many more, was anxious to return home. On the road to Portman-square, she seemed particularly anxious to learn how Anne had passed the time in which she had been rambling in the gallery. Anne told her, without the least reserve, for reserve was no feature in her character, the whole of the transaction; and, as she did not feel that she had done any thing praiseworthy, in merely gratifying her own feelings, there was not the least appearance of ostentation in the disclosure: however, Mrs. Lossac sat and stared; and Anne wondered what she could be looking so earnestly at her for: she had almost forgotten, in the midst of her happiness, the rivalry of the morning, and the enthusiasm which Mrs. Lossac had displayed in bidding against her. "Then it was you, after all, that I was contending with for the picture, which I did not care a straw about. I never should have thought of it, if it had not been to vex that stiff, old, lord H—; but that family are so insufferably proud of their long

pedigree, and their title, that I'm always glad to see them mortified, and I know he's a miser at the bottom; however, I found from his determined stare at me, that he wouldn't be outbid, so I thought it was as well to give up the matter at once; and so, at last, it seems, it was all to please you. I hope, however, that he gave you the picture which he made so costly to you." "No ma'am, indeed he did not, nor would my mamma have allowed me to accept it, if he had." "Aye, it just proves what I said, that he's a miser." "And I thought, ma'am, that it proved him very generous." Anne now perceived the sarcastic smile that sat on Mrs. Lossac's lips; for very silly people can look sarcastic; and she modestly observed, "You must understand what is generous, to be sure, ma'am, better than I do, but, indeed, it seemed what I should call, and I think, but I may be mistaken, yet I'm almost sure, my mother would have called, generous; but I will ask her about it when I get home." "Your mamma is certainly a very clever woman, Anne," answered Mrs. Lossac, again laughing; "but on what principle she could make it appear generous in his old lordship to fake your ten guineas, I cannot understand." "My papa has often told me," replied Anne, "that what we cannot clearly explain, we can only have a confused notion of. Now, perhaps I've only a confused notion about what is generous, for I feel as if I couldn't explain

it; but yet, there is something that seems to tell me what it is." Anne hesitated, and blushed; and then falteringly said, "I will try, however, in some way or other, to tell you what I mean, for I see you think me very foolish, as Algernon does sometimes. The gentleman saw that it would make me very happy to get the picture for Miss Bouchier, and to give it to her as my own: now, if he had paid for it, it would have been his, in reality, and that would have been taking my happiness from me, and that couldn't have been generous: now, as it was, he got it for me, and I was as happy as I could be. Oh yes, I still think that he is *very generous*." This was casuistry that Mrs. Lossac could not understand: it was all greek to her comprehension, for the young speaker and herself had been educated in different schools.

On arriving at home, however, Anne was very happy to find that her mamma's notions of generosity exactly accorded with her own. Mrs. Mordaunt seldom wept. Anne had once stood by, while a painful surgical operation was performed upon her arm; she had also watched her during a long indisposition, and she did not observe that either circumstance had drawn tears from her; but, on the simple relation of the facts of the morning, presented to her without the least embellishment, Anne witnessed a tear trembling in her eye, and heard that her voice was not so steady as

usual; she did not, however, run out into exaggerated praises of her daughter's benevolent feeling; she rose from her seat quickly, and, whilst she turned to the window, she merely observed, "that she thought it prudent for young people to put aside little sums, from time to time, that they might now and then afford themselves innocent means of becoming happier; and, she afterwards said it would be very gratifying to me to know lord H——. I should think, from his conduct this morning, that he must be an amiable, and a well-judging man. I feel glad, that when Mrs. Lossac abandoned you to accident, you met with such a friend." Here was, indeed, a difference in human opinions. In Mrs. Lossac's estimation, lord H—— stood—a miser: in Mrs. Mordaunt's—a generous man; and, "so it is," said she to her daughter, "the very character that you will hear held up to contempt in one company, in another, you will find admired; and, what is better, esteemed; after all, you must see, and judge for yourself."

CHAPTER X.

A FEW days after this, Mrs. Mordaunt wrote a letter of invitation to Emily Bouchier, whom Anne felt very anxious to meet again. On her arrival, Anne had great pleasure in noticing how much happier she looked than when they last met in the gallery in Clarges-street. Though naturally timid, she met the family she was come to visit with full confidence. "They are my father's friends," she said to herself, "or they would not have invited me *now*; they will be mine in time, if I act so as to deserve their kindness;" and of Anne's she was already assured. Though these young people had been educated on a very similar principle in some respects, in many others their mode of education had materially differed. From her infancy, Anne Mordaunt had never known, experimentally, the meaning of the word—restraint; she was accustomed to say what she felt and thought, on every occasion, to the full extent of her thoughts and feelings; her temper was easily provoked, though easily soothed; she always intended to do

right, though she sometimes did wrong; she was a little imposed upon by appearances, and apt to change her opinions, and she had now arrived at an age, at which it was of importance, as it respected her future walk in life, that opinions should assume the more steady form of principles, and things should seem to be what they really are. The character of Emily Bouchier wore a different aspect; she was naturally disposed to serious reflection, a disposition, which circumstances had served to increase; her fear of doing wrong was, perhaps, yet greater than her anxiety to do right; her energies, if we may use that hackneyed term, were not so active as those of her young friend; she was guided more by principle, and less by impulse; but she really did more than Anne, whilst she appeared to do less; in one respect, however, she had materially the advantage, she was much better acquainted with books in general, and with the best of all books—the BIBLE. A tedious, and painful illness of Mrs. Bouchier's, had confined her daughter, very frequently to a sick room. Sometimes the light was so dim, that she could scarcely even read, and then, seated by her mother's fire, she had been used to give herself up to a long train of reflections, until, to *think*, had become, with her, as much a habit, as an act of the mind. Every morning, before she quitted her apartment, she read the scriptures, not for form's sake, but on principle; her

first nurse, indeed her only one, was a very superior woman in humble life, whose integrity no temptation could shake, on any occasion; her philosophy, and she both had it, and, under many circumstances, had stood in need of it, was derived from a pure, and sacred source. Her's was the religion of the bible, and she had, very early, taught her young charge the value of that important volume. Towards this good woman, Emily felt the most unbounded gratitude, she did not recollect one hour of her existence, in which Ruth had not been associated with her mother, in her thoughts and affections, and as the infant had advanced into the child, and the child had matured into the girl of fourteen, her sentiments for "mammy" remained unchanged; and, on the misfortunes of her father, she could part with horses, carriages, and fine furniture, with great composure. There were but two objects from which, with all her fortitude, she could not have borne to part, her brother's portrait, and her "mammy."

It was not many days before Emily discovered, with a degree of pain, that she could not, and did not attempt, to conceal, that Anne was not so much in the habit of reading scripture as herself; sometimes she was not ready to make her appearance in the breakfast room the very moment that Anne wished for her, and, on her young friend's coming to seek her out, (as she called it) she was apt to

express some surprise on finding her always doing the same thing. "What! reading the bible again, Emily!" she said, one morning, on going suddenly into the room; "and do you, really, always read it every day." Emily smiled—"you must excuse me," she answered, "for smiling, but your question seems to me so strange." "Why, what do you find there that interests you so very much; you know, when persons have read it all through, they have nothing more to learn." "Not if they read it as history, certainly," said Emily, "but that is only as they would read any other book." "And what is it else," said Anne, "it tells us things as they have been, and does not history do that." "But it tells us things as they should be," replied Emily, with some quickness, "and common history will not do that." "Perhaps," she added, "when you first saw me, (and I shall never forget it)" taking Anne's hand, and grasping it within her's, "I might have been guilty of the sin of *stealing*, for the temptation was so great, that it hardly seemed a crime; had I not read the bible, and thought of it more than once"—"Oh, but stealing is such a low, mean, vice, I'm sure you would not have thought of that, if you had never seen a bible in your life; no well-educated person could think of such a thing." "What do you mean, my dear Anne, by a well-educated person." "Why, I mean well-taught, you know, and well-bred. I

cannot exactly explain it, but every person understands (I mean such people as you and I,) what is meant by well-educated." "Do you think so," said Emily, "now I think that it is a thing about which people differ more than any subject I know, and I don't agree with you about the first part of your sentence. I don't think that any of my well-educated persons would be guilty of dishonesty, but I wo'n't answer for yours, that is, if you think that a person may be well-educated without the assistance of the bible. There are so many ways of being dishonest, you know, besides actually stealing. Now, I dare say, and indeed, in my short life I've seen it, that many of your polite, well-bred people, who would not cheat by stealing each other's purses, will often make promises that they never mean to perform; they will pay people many fine compliments, and perhaps ridicule them when they are not present: you must see this every day: now this is dishonesty, and the bible would tell them so." "But these people have bad dispositions," replied Anne. "Yes, and so have we all, naturally," rejoined Emily, "and, it is to cure us of these that the bible is so useful." "Well but, now there is my brother Algernon, I'm sure he has not a bad disposition, and I—I'm certain," she continued, hesitating whilst she spoke, "that it would make me very unhappy, if you thought that I had a *very* bad one, and we do not, either of us, often read

the bible." "But if you do not, I have no doubt that Mrs. Mordaunt has taken the bible for her guide in your education, and you have learned your principles from her, for I am sure, from what I have seen of her, that she always acts as *I* should think a person would, who had read that book a great deal." "Well, to say the truth," said Anne, "I believe she always reads it for more than an hour every night, before she goes to bed, and she reads it to us every day, and explains to us the parts which we do not understand, and, I rather think, that the reason she does not press the perusal of it upon us so much is, from her being afraid that we should read it as a task: now, speak the truth, Emily, does it *never* appear a task to you?" "I will not say," replied Emily, "that I always sit down to read it with the same inclination, but when I do not, the fault is in myself, not in the bible. There are people, I have no doubt, who always have some pleasure in reading it, but then, they pray, I dare say, far more than I do. I know, my nurse, who is the best woman I ever knew, prays a great deal, and she says, the more she prays, the more need she finds she has to pray." "And have you learned all your religion from your nurse," Anne enquired. "A great deal of my religion, as you call it, I have," answered Emily, "for she first put the bible into my hands, and explained many parts of it that I did not understand." "And how could she, in

her situation, understand it better than you," asked Anne, rather incredulously. "It is a common error, my dear Anne, I fear, to suppose that to be dependant on human understanding, which must be the fruit of the operation of the Spirit of God upon our hearts. Are we not told, that not many wise, not many learned, but babes and sucklings are instructed in these truths." And here the conversation ended, for the breakfast bell rang.

CHAPTER XI.

WHILST the young people were engaged in conversation, the door was opened, and Mrs. Kirwan was announced: of all the guests who were received in Portman-square, she was the most welcome. Mrs. Mordaunt gladly arose to meet her, and to conduct her to a warm seat, for she had been walking about all the morning, and looked cold and pale. Mrs. Kirwan was one of that respectable body of people called Quakers, who, literally, went about doing good; good was the ruling principle of her soul, the aim and end of every action. She was engaged in most of the societies that are designed to promote the welfare of the community at large, by ameliorating the evils of the poor, clothing their bodies, enlightening their minds, and lessening those hardships which are almost the inseparable companions of their condition; she was from morning till night, planning, and executing schemes for their advantage. "When the ear heard her, then it blessed her, and when the

eye saw her, it gave witness to her; because she delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him; the blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon her, and she caused the widow's heart to sing for joy." She quietly took her seat by the fire, and, after the first salutation, sunk into silence; her thoughts appeared to be wandering to distant objects, and her feelings were evidently much depressed. The young people looked at her, and then at each other, wondering when the silence was to end; while her mind seemed still intent upon some subject of deep interest. She took off her bonnet, laid it on the table, which was near her, and drew a paper from her pocket. "I have just been in Newgate," she said, "and have met with two very interesting cases, and I wished thy husband to appoint a time for going there with me. I think something might be done for one who is under sentence of death; there appear to be circumstances which, in the eye of mercy, would be considered of a palliating nature. I have drawn up a short memorial, with my pencil, whilst in the prison; wilt thou read it, and give it to him." Mrs. Mordaunt took the paper. Mrs. Kirwan's eyes filled with tears; she sighed very deeply, as she looked at the boys. Charles glided up to her, stood by her side, and involuntarily laid his hand upon her's. She clasped it affectionately, and looked at Alger-

non. "It is the case of a youth, not much older I think, than thyself, who has been guilty of the crime of forgery, but, under circumstances of a nature so peculiar, that I cannot help feeling a deep interest in his fate:" her fine eyes were raised as she spoke, and, the next moment, cast upon the carpet. At this juncture, the door was again opened, and Dr. T. followed by Mrs. Lossac, entered the room. The parties were all known to each other; for, amongst the other inconveniences of human life, it does happen, that characters are sometimes forced to meet, though they cannot amalgamate; and two, more opposite, could scarcely be found, than those of Mrs. Kirwan and Mrs. Lossac. "I'm tired to death," said the latter, throwing herself into a chair; "I've been bustling about in the Bazaar all the morning, buying an immense load of things, that I dare say I shall never wear, after all; but I'll ring the bell, just for the servant to take them out of the carriage, that you may see some of my cheap bargains. Oh, I beg your pardon, Dr. will you ring the bell." "Papa says," observed Charles, "that nothing is cheap, that we don't want." Mrs. Kirwan, who had just awoke from her benevolent dream, in which, like other castle builders, things had all appeared precisely as she wished, listened to Charles's remark, and could not forbear smiling. The doctor sat grave, and thoughtful, casting a look first at Mrs.

Kirwan, and then at her contrast. "Are you not well, Doctor," enquired Mrs. Mordaunt. "Yes; pretty well," he answered, hesitatingly, "I've had a long walk from —— Hospital." "Well," said Algernon, "there are different scenes in different places, to be sure, and very different pursuits:— Mrs. Kirwan visiting Newgate, Dr. T. a lunatic asylum, and Mrs. Lossac, a repository of millinery goods, all at the same time." "There must be light and shade, in every group, to give effect to a picture," said Alfred; and when he turned his eyes towards the two females, it was evident how, as a painter, he would have disposed of them; which he would have presented in the foreground, and which he would have thrown into perspective.

Whilst Mrs. Lossac unpacked her millinery, in which none seemed interested, except Frederick and Emily, two children, of about five and six years old, Mrs. Kirwan entered into an animated conversation with Dr. T. and Mrs. Mordaunt, on the subject of Lunatic Asylums: she had lately thought a good deal, and interested herself very warmly, about the unhappy victims of that most afflictive of all maladies, and she was anxious for information wherever she could obtain it. Emily Bouchier was wholly intent on what was passing on that side the room, whilst Anne's thoughts were sometimes in Newgate, with the unfortunate youth; then in —— Hospital; and occasionally wandering, in company

with her eyes, into the bandboxes. "The mournful recollections of a lucid interval," observed Mrs. Kirwan, "so strongly associated with impressions of past severe treatment, must often, I should fear, be instrumental in producing new paroxysms of insanity. We all unite in condemning the adoption of coercive measures with children, even when they are under the influence of the strongest passions; and, if the absence of reason be insanity, these infants may be said, for the time, to be insane; yet we wait until the paroxysm is over, and then we punish, but not with the lash. The man, who commits murder at the moment when resentment has gained an undue influence over his mind, is no longer the subject of reason; for reason teaches us that a mode of action, which is injurious to another, must be pernicious in its consequences, to ourselves. This man, however, is tried, found guilty of man-slaughter, and simply burned in the hand; whilst the poor patients, in a lunatic asylum, are too frequently punished for their calamities, as if those calamities were crimes." "You forgot," however, I think, said Dr. T. "to make a distinction between the temporary absence of reason, and a total perversion of the reasoning powers. I agree with you, that persons under the influence of passion, are not, for the time the subjects of reason; but when passion has subsided, reason regains her influence, and they may again

be treated as rational beings; but in a total perversion of reason, the case is very different." "It appears to me as different," said Algernon. "as rooms without furniture, and rooms full of broken chairs and tables; the one may be repaired, but in the other there is nothing to supply." "Illustration," observed the doctor, "is no argument: but to return to our subject:—I do agree with you, in thinking coercive measures are to be deprecated, and it is doubtful whether the reasoning faculties are ever in such a state of lamentable perversion, as to render the object unconscious of injurious treatment; and, if conscious of it, whilst still unconscious for what end it is proposed, it is yet more doubtful whether it can be salutary in its effects." Mrs. Kirwan was in haste to depart; she found that she could not see Mr. Mordaunt until the following day, and she had every hour appropriated. Mrs. Mordaunt could not prevail with her to give up any of her engagements, since they were all of a benevolent nature. She shook hands with the family and the Doctor, and cast an eye of generous compassion on Mrs. Lossac, as she silently contemplated her bustling about in her boxes amongst her frills and frippery. During the last twenty years, Mrs. Kirwan's dress had not undergone, with respect to fashion, the slightest alteration; the plain border of her plain cap, still shaded the same forehead, in which, though care and sor-

row had planted a few wrinkles, no frowns were to be seen, which is more than can be said of the forehead of every lady who has varied her costume, with all the successive seasons, in the same number of years.

As she shut the door, "that is a head," said Alfred, "that always reminds me of the heads of my favourite Guido, mild, pale, and penetrating." "Pale enough, of all conscience," observed Mrs. Lossac, "if that be a recommendation; but I never heard before that it is considered one." "The ladies who take so much pains to assume a blush are not of that opinion, I presume," retorted Alfred, "but they sometimes forget, or perhaps, do not understand, that physical and physiognomical beauty are not precisely the same, and I can readily imagine that those, whose school of taste is found in the ball room, would not be ready to admit the beauty of the face that we have just seen; but artists find their models in a different school." "Well, I am no artist," said Algernon, "and yet I think, I've seldom seen a finer countenance than Mrs. Kirwan's." "Oh! and so good too," added Emily. "Yes," interrupted little Charles, "and I'm sure, when she was talking of the young man in Newgate, and looking at Algernon, just when I saw the tear in her eye, she was exactly like my papa's angel of mercy, that picture he is so fond of, and I always thought angels were the most beautiful beings

in existence; and I would say another thing, if I did not think that Mrs. Lossac would be angry:—I thought—I thought—that all the frills and what-d'ye-call-ems in the band boxes, couldn't have made her look half so well." "Nor could they," said the doctor, "for she was dressed in the beautiful robe of charity." Mrs. Lossac arose, evidently discomfited, for she was unable to maintain her premises, even with school-boys. She only added, "that Mrs. Kirwan was a beauty she had no wish to resemble:" while the doctor begged her not to alarm herself, since she had no present grounds for fear on that subject.

CHAPTER XII.

THE whole of the day following, Mr. Mordaunt was too much occupied by indispensable business of great importance, to attend Mrs. Kirwan, in her personal applications to every individual to whom she could gain access, whose interest was of sufficient weight to promise her any hope on the subject that so deeply occupied her thoughts; the remission of that sentence, on which hung the fate of the unfortunate youth. She called in Portman-square, in the morning, at an early hour, signifying her intention of visiting Newgate that evening. Some of the young people, who had felt greatly interested in her account of the delinquent, expressed their desire of accompanying her. Algernon was fond of contemplating life (as he called it) under all its forms. Alfred thought a prison afforded a fine field for a painter. Emily wished to hear the conversation between Mrs. Kirwan and the unhappy youth; she anticipated, with emotions of a very lively kind, the consolation which she would offer him; and Anne was anxious to join the party, be-

cause the rest were going; she was of so sociable a character, that it mattered not to her whether the scene were a prison, a chapel, or a concert room, so long as she went in company, and took a ride; and Mrs. Mordaunt had prevailed upon Mrs. Kirwan to promise that she would repose her weary limbs in her carriage, for they would ache, notwithstanding they were perpetually moving in the pursuit of good. The wretched object of their visit, now under the heavy sentence of the law, had been clerk in a banking house; he had lost his father under circumstances peculiarly calamitous; his mother, with four girls, some years younger than this, her only son, had been left to struggle with innumerable difficulties. To prove the former respectability of his character, the most weighty testimony had concurred; the crime, committed in an hour of severe distress, in which temptation, too powerful, had assailed him, was that of having forged the name of one of his employers, in order to procure a sum of money, which sum he had appropriated to the immediate exigencies of a mother, enfeebled, and rendered quite destitute, by a long course of sickness. It appeared that it was his firm intention to replace the money by means of his annual salary; but the fraud was quickly detected, and the parties bound to prosecute. Such was the account presented by Mrs. Kirwan to the family in Portman-square.

At five o'clock Mrs. Kirwan called; the young people had dined, and were waiting to accompany her; the carriage was ready, and the party drove off. It was the month of January, and quite dark; no object was discernible, except by the light of the carriage lamps; a circumstance on which Anne did not fail to comment. Many carriages, however, rolled on, to the passengers in which was afforded the same envied privilege. The carriages of fine ladies returning from the city, and their morning purchases; those of busy merchants retiring from their counting-houses to their nightly mansions, and their luxurious dinners; and those of lawyers driving from their inns of court, and endeavouring, perhaps, (though not so successfully) to drive away from thoughts which would pursue them; for thoughts are, sometimes, very unpolite intruders. There was one carriage, however, undistinguished by any light, the hackney-coach at the door of the prison, from which had just alighted, the wretched mother of a still more wretched son. Mrs. Kirwan descended the steps of Mrs. Mordaunt's barouche, followed by the young party: her heart was full, and she was silent; it was not on the gloom of a prison, nor on the dim light reflected by the lamps attached to its dreary walls, that she was musing; prisons were mansions, with which her frequent visits there had rendered familiar; no,—it was of life and its vicis-

situdes she thought, as, with a step less firm, and a heart far more heavy than usual, she proceeded along the dreary passages. "How much," at length she observed to Algernon, "is man the creature of circumstances." She surveyed the young, and the (at least externally) happy group, who were her companions: "how can we feel confident," she added, "that under the same temptations we might not have fallen. Inscribed on these walls, my young friends, is an awful lesson; they have contained, at the same time, the learned and the ignorant; they who have, perhaps, once professed, and really followed God, and those who have never known him. Let us watch and pray, lest we enter into temptation!" Emily looked at her companion with an expression of the deepest esteem. The boys, who had been taught by their parents to hold the talents of Mrs. Kirwan in the highest degree of veneration, listened to her with respect; and Anne could not help drawing comparisons between her and some of the ladies whom she saw at Mademoiselle A——na's, the celebrated teacher of quadrilles.

All this time the heavy doors were grating on their hinges; the keys of the different apartments were turned sullenly in the locks by the turnkeys, whose countenances were in unison with the scene; the rain was beating heavily against the grated windows; the steps passing to and fro were given back to the ear in gloomy echo; and the watchman

without, was beginning to proclaim the flight of those hours which pause not, either for the happy, or the wretched; for him who may have many days to count, and for him whose days are numbered, either by the laws of nature, or the laws of that country under whose government he has hitherto lived, and to whose restrictions he must submit, or die. At length, they reached the door of that apartment which had been afforded to the unhappy being, whom those were about to visit; and here the young people stopped. They were none of them strangers to that sentiment, which makes us feel, that when we approach the unfortunate, we are not standing on common ground. Sorrow is a sacred thing, and they have been very ill educated who can never learn that truth, until it assail them by bitter experience. The door was now opened, and presented to their view a sight, at which the painter and the poet might have equally gazed with emotions of the deepest interest: a mother kneeling by her devoted son, in silent prayer; she did not weep, she attempted not to raise her voice, the fountain of tears seemed dried up, her powers of utterance appeared to have forsaken her, and her hands clung together as if they could no more be separated, whilst her eyes were raised with an expression of agony that seemed to have fixed them, immoveably, on the ceiling. She was quite unconscious of the entrance of the party; indeed,

had she been surrounded by the whole world, she would not have seen it; and, so deeply was she absorbed in the miseries of a beloved, an only son, that, perhaps, the voice that had proclaimed his pardon, (could such a voice, at that moment, have sounded through the walls) had been unheard by her. At such a picture who could look unmoved; the young people turned from it, saw the wretched youth seated at a table, his hands spread before his eyes, as if to shut out the sight of a mother who had cherished him on her knees, guided him in his feeble years, endeavoured to teach him what she believed to be the truth, looked forward to his enjoyment of a life "full of years and of honours," and now doomed to witness his ignominious end.

Emily Bouchier was the first who approached the place where the victim of maternal suffering was still kneeling, and she involuntarily dropped on her knees; Anne passively following her example; the boys seated themselves by Mrs. Kirwan, and an awful silence increased the gloom of the surrounding objects. In the countenance of Mrs. Kirwan, at this moment, there was an expression, something more than earthly; it seemed so purified from the dross of human passions, that it was almost difficult to suppose that she could ever have inhaled the atmosphere of a world degenerated from its first state of innocence; she had once been the happy mother of a lovely infant; she had watched over it with all

the intenseness of a mother's love, but she had not been permitted to behold the bud expand into a flower: death had blighted this fragrant little plant; it faded, withered, and mingled with its parent earth. Since that period, she had made the world her children; she had not retired from society, and selfishly nourished the grief that must soon have consumed her, but had diverted its channel by turning it to the woes of others; and as she now sat and contemplated the scene before her, she felt that there was a parent, in comparison with whose misfortunes, her own seemed as signal blessings. At length, the miserable youth, on perceiving the friend to whose benevolent exertions he was so much indebted, once more raised his head. There is not, perhaps, any stage of life, nor any circumstances, even of the deepest calamity, that can, whilst consciousness remains, render us insensible to the voice or countenance of friendship; and when Mrs. Kirwan approached the table, and extended her hand, he seized it as if his last remaining hope were dependant on its aid, and burst into tears—tears that awoke his mother from her dream of agony; she suddenly started, and rose from her knees. “Let the sorrowful sighing of the prisoner come before Thee, and, in the greatness of thy mercy, preserve Thou those that are appointed to die!” were the first words from the lips of Mrs. Kirwan, that broke the solemn silence. She turned to the spectators.

“You are yet young,” she said; “the world, to you, is still untried; its falsehood yet unknown; misery has not visited your dwellings, nor temptation assailed you; beware of the first steps that lead to a departure from virtue; learn to distrust yourselves, and to confide wholly in that power under whose guidance alone is safety; she looked alternately at the unfortunate youth and his afflicted mother, to whom she could scarcely hold out sufficient hope to rescue them from despair: “all that I can do for thee,” she added, “I will do,” whilst she compassionately took the hand of the poor widow, who would, like herself, in all probability, be soon sunk into a state of bereavement, under far more mournful circumstances. Little more was said: a few broken sentences, mingled with tears, on the part of those most deeply concerned, and a few words of christian consolation on that of their benevolent friend, alone interrupted the silence of the scene. Mrs. Kirwan endeavoured to direct the views of the unhappy delinquent beyond the grave; she spoke of that world in which neither sin, nor its consequent evil, sorrow, would ever more exist; when she adverted to the strictness of human laws, which extend not hope to the guilty, however repentant; in which, though there may be a mitigation of the sentence which they impose, a free pardon is very rarely granted. She drew a comparative view of the benevolent scheme

of the gospel dispensation; she encouraged the mourner by its richest hopes, and its most precious promises. She commented on the brevity, the infelicity of life, even in its longest and best estate; she enlarged on that most consolatory doctrine, the doctrine of the atonement; she explained its nature, its efficacy; she taught the poor sufferer, whose earthly prospects were fast hastening to a close, a lesson of sovereign import; and she committed to his possession that gift, the value of which we sometimes (too often indeed) only learn to appreciate when every other is about to be torn from us, the BIBLE. She wrapped her cloak about her, put on her plain bonnet once more, and falteringly arose, as if she felt the necessity, more powerfully than the inclination, to quit the apartment of sorrow. Many persons, we should hope most persons, under similar circumstances, have felt the same reluctance to separate from those to whose ear their voice was the voice of comfort. There is a feeling, that can scarcely be described, which penetrates the heart when we close the door on misery. The gay and the prosperous, when we leave them, lose nothing by our departure; the lights that beam through their apartments still burn with the same lustre, and all its decorations continue to gild the scene: not so the dungeon of misery; there the twinklings of the solitary lamp appear to emit a still more gloomy light, the walls seem more naked

than before, and the last ray of hope appears to depart with the countenance that is shut out from the prisoner's view. This was the indescribable feeling that took possession of Mrs. Kirwan and her young companions as they slowly withdrew from the impressive scene, and, as they returned through the passages by which they had entered, not a word was spoken. They ascended the barouche, which was waiting for them, and drove down several streets before the conversation was resumed.

Algernon first broke the silence. "I have been thinking," he observed, "as I sat in Newgate, of all the miseries that spring from luxury." "It was not from association then, I should suppose," replied Alfred, "for Newgate does not abound with luxury in any of its forms." "No, I grant that, and my thoughts were not altogether there at the time, though I was thinking on subjects with which I might associate that or any other prison. As you are a painter, and fond of views, I will tell you, I was just picturing to myself that poor fellow we have left, amongst the lakes, where I have so long and so happily lived: I had placed him and his poor mother in a comfortable little cottage; I fancied him dressed like a peasant, and going to his daily work, with food sufficient to supply his wants for the day." "Well, and what had all that to do with Newgate, or luxury, or his present situation," asked Alfred, "Every thing," returned Algernon, "for if such

had been his abode and his habits, he would, in all probability, never have been circumstanced as we now see him." "But I did not understand," replied Alfred, "that he ever had any particular taste for luxury. From Mrs. Kirwan's account of him, I thought his crime had proceeded from the great anxiety which he felt to assist his mother." "Yes, and that does not disprove my assertion," retorted Algernon, "for had she lived in the way I have described, her wants would have been fewer, and of a different kind. Do you suppose that the view which would be taken by a banker's clerk in London, and a peasant in Cumberland, of what each would call the necessaries of life, would be quite the same. A clerk, in London, is living in the view of luxury every hour; he has thousands passing through his hands each day, and his desires expand, not with his own means of gratifying them, but frequently with the means of other people. I don't know how you feel, but I am afraid I should be very apt to forget sometimes that the money I was turning over in a large mercantile or banking house was but a trust, and that I had no interest in it, but to count it, and enter it in the books of my employers." "But if persons were to adopt that reasoning, there might be an end of honesty at once, public credit would be shaken every hour, and no man could trust his neighbour," observed Alfred. "Aye, this is all fine," said Algernon, "but if I

desired to preserve my integrity, I should wish, at the same time, never to be brought into the view of luxury in any way, and every thing is luxury which goes beyond the immediate wants of nature, which must be supplied. How much wiser or happier have mankind made themselves by all their artificial wants? one man must have two or three houses to live in, and will not, always, even live in them when he has got them; another must have a dozen idle servants, when he has scarcely employment for one; and ladies must have their carriages to drive them about in the pursuit of every folly, and these are the ways of London. Oh! restore me to the lakes once more," concluded Algernon, with a sigh, when at that moment the carriage stopped in Portman-square.

CHAPTER XIII.

A FEW mornings after the prison-scene, while Mr. Mordaunt and Mrs. Kirwan were employing their united efforts to save the poor delinquent, Algernon proposed to the young ladies a drive; the party set off without any definite object, to gratify their curiosity. At length they found themselves, after passing a considerable way over Blackfriars' Bridge, on the Surry Road, where a number of fine houses, and beautiful pleasure-grounds presented themselves. After alighting from the carriage, and wandering about some time, Anne and Emily began to feel a little fatigued, and requested the young gentlemen's patience whilst they rested themselves; the party sat down on a bank, near the lawn of an elegant mansion, round which was a sweep for a carriage, in which situation they had not been many minutes, when one presented itself at the door. As the young people were employed in surveying the scene, and each bestowing some remarks upon it, Alfred perceived that some of the windows

were barred across. On a board at the gateway there was a notice that these grounds were only open to the public two days in the week, Monday, and Thursday. "That is all in our favour," said Algernon, "for this happens to be Thursday, and if you have any desire, young ladies, to gratify that curiosity so prevalent amongst your sex, we will penetrate a little farther." "But I don't understand," observed Anne, "those bars across the windows which Alfred pointed out." "Well, come on," answered Algernon, "we shall find out their meaning, perhaps, by and by." Followed by the rest of the party, he proceeded up the avenue: within a small inclosure, were seated on a garden chair, two ladies and a gentleman; a lady was standing at one end of the chair, supporting a female, with whose appearance the party were particularly struck; her hand was reclining on her friend's shoulder, her eyes were cast on the ground, her dress seemed neglected, and her whole person betrayed marks of forlornness; she seemed between twenty and thirty years of age; her form was slender and interesting, and when she raised her eye, her countenance indicated traces of the deepest anguish; there was a wildness in its expression, mingled with an occasional sweetness, which excited compassion, though not unmixed with alarm: she looked as if the world's pilgrimage had proved so thorny, that her feet were no longer

able to tread its mazes; she looked as if she had once had glowing affections, sanguine hopes, and bright prospects; a keen flash emanated from her eye, which told the observer a tale of past times; that it was an eye that had gazed on objects which had passed away for ever; that her affections had been chilled, her hopes blighted, and her prospects darkened in the meridian of her day: her companions all seemed equally interested in her; they all followed her with anxious and enquiring looks as she motioned to her friend to move on. The interest did not seem to be excited by any common cause. It was not mere indisposition; it was not sorrow alone that could have caused it: no; it was compounded of both; it was *Insanity*. She now entered into conversation (if so it could be called;) her language was wild, her expressions incoherent, her movements rapid, she seemed to have but one preponderating feeling, and that was the desire to escape; she looked towards the gate that bounded the avenue, and then at the house in which she usually dwelt; she spoke to her friend of embarking in a ship that was on the point of sailing, and directing her eyes towards the carriage that was still driving round the lawn, she asked her if all the luggage were put in. "But it will be all over when I get there," she added, "It is all over—I am too late—look at the blood on my hands, and now don't stop me a moment, for I'm going to dig

his grave." Anne and Emily involuntarily recoiled, for they now began to feel some alarm lest she should perceive the party, as her eyes were wandering in every direction; the gentleman now approached her, whom, from the command which he appeared to have over her mind, they concluded to be her medical attendant; as he drew near she again sunk into silence; she tore the leaves from the trees, and scattering them about in all directions, whispered (as she thought,) but in a voice distinct enough to be heard, that "she had gathered as many as would cover the body." "You shall take a ride this morning, it will do you good," said the gentleman, kindly taking her by the hand. She recoiled at his touch, looked at him with a mournful expression, blended with a feeling of suspicion, and answered, "I don't know any thing about you. It was not you who went with me when I sailed; no, I never saw you: when I was put into the boat, and drawn up into the ship, and tossed about upon the billows, you never said farewell. Oh, no, no, you did not love me then, you had forgotten me, you were wandering about with Mary." The gentleman appeared much shocked; he was not her physician; he was her *husband*. They had been united, and, under peculiar circumstances, had separated. During the period of their separation his affections had been alienated from her; he had fixed them upon another object; tra-

velled with her abroad ; where, on the development of his misconduct, he had been challenged by the brother of the lady now the prey of insanity, whom he wounded, but not mortally. The paper containing an account of these circumstances had fallen into the hands of the injured and afflicted object of his former vows, and her senses had from that time forsaken her. Stung with remorse, he at length returned. She was not indignant at his treatment, she did not spurn him from her presence, she did not utter one reproach, but she appeared before him, lost to all consciousness, her fine intellects for ever fled ; for she was pronounced incurably insane. From the awful moment at which they were re-united he had never quitted her, and sometimes during a lucid interval, she appeared to be restored, not to the joys of former associations, but to their misery, for at these intervals she recognised him as one who, in happier days, had been the companion of all her cares and all her pleasures, and to these recollections (it might be gathered from the anguish of her countenance) was added, that most dreadful one, that he too had been the author of all her injuries. To these circumstances (well known to the public) Algernon Mordaunt was no stranger, for as soon as he could distinctly perceive the countenance of the gentleman, he knew him to be the honourable Mr. —,

whom he had seen at the chambers of his father, and with whose history he was already familiar.

At length, after much solicitation, and many soothing promises, the poor sufferer was prevailed upon to ascend the steps of the carriage; two of her companions followed, and the party drove slowly through the gate. As they passed, a procession of a very different kind crossed the road, a family walking two and two, headed by an aged couple, who seemed, like the father and mother of the group: they were returning from —— church, where, to their little circle, they had been adding another dear and interesting connexion. They all appeared healthy, cheerful, and pleased with each other; there was not a countenance amongst them that spoke of “friendship ill returned, or unrequited love” It was true that they could not boast of any possessions except health, and with that, the means of earning their bread from day to day: they were shut out from the refinements of intellectual pursuits; they were debarred the privileges of luxury; they had no train of servants to attend them on their excursions, no lawns around a spacious mansion, no green-houses, no museums, no carriages, but they had hearts free from that greatest of all pangs—the consciousness of having inflicted injury beyond the power of reparation. The young party contemplated this contented group; they turned once more

to the scene they had just quitted; they watched with anxiety the motions of the carriage ascending the hill; they remembered the anguish which was depicted on two of the countenances within, whilst Emily Bouchier, grasping the hand of her friend, Anne Mordaunt, observed, "I see—O yes, I see, and I feel, that there are greater deprivations than the loss of fortune." When the family in Portman-square had assembled in the evening; the young people mentioned their walk, and the occurrences of the morning, and Mr. Mordaunt was proceeding to enter into the history of the poor sufferer, when Mrs. Kirwan was announced. She called to impart to Mr. Mordaunt the information which she had just received, that all expectations of the royal mercy were extinct, and that the afflicted object of their mutual solicitude must pay the forfeiture of his life for the crime which he had committed. Mrs. Kirwan's hopes had been sanguine, but the destruction of them had not plunged her into despair; she now turned her attention to the situation of the survivors, the poor mother and her destitute daughters, for whom she had opened a subscription, to which each of her young friends readily contributed their mite. Mr. Mordaunt had long lamented that nothing effectual had yet been done towards the amelioration of laws, the rigour of which did not seem to operate as a preventive of the crimes for whose punishment they were enacted. "It appears

to me," Mrs. Kirwan observed, "like assuming the Divine Prerogative, to sacrifice life where God has not required the sacrifice, and when we contemplate the beneficial effects that have arisen from the adoption of solitary punishment, it seems dreadful to reflect upon an alternative which must cut off from society many individuals whom it may be reasonable to presume might have been restored to the path of rectitude; their passions checked, their minds sobered, and all their better resolutions confirmed by a long or a moderate course of solitary discipline." "It were to be wished," said Mr. Mordaunt, "that the sentiments of that great and good man, Clarkson, had been more universally disseminated, and indeed, it is a pleasing fact, that some of the greatest and most enlightened men who have lived in this and other nations, have recommended, by their writings, an adoption of the system which you advocate."*

* "It is much to be lamented," says Clarkson, "that nations, professing christianity, should have lost sight in their various acts of legislation of christian principles; or that they should not have interwoven some such beautiful principles as those which we have seen adopted by the Quakers, into the system of their penal laws. But if this negligence or omission would appear worthy of regret, if reported of any christian nation—it would appear more so if reported of our own, where one would suppose the advantages of civil and religious liberty, and those of a reformed religion, would have had their influence in the correction of our judgments, and in the benevolent dispositions of our will. And yet nothing is more true than that

Mrs. Kirwan now rose to depart, for nothing remained to be done, and she was on her road to

these good influences have either never been produced ; or, if produced, that they have never been attended to upon this subject. There is little, or no provision, for religious instruction in our numerous prisons; we seem to make no patient trials for the reformation of those who are confined in them;—but, on the other hand, we hurry them off the stage of life, by means of a code which annexes death to two HUNDRED different offences, as if we had allowed our laws to be written by the bloody pen of the pagan Draco;—and it seems remarkable that this system should be persevered in, when we consider that death, as far as the experiment has been made in this country, has little or no effect as a punishment for crimes. Forgery, and the circulation of forged paper, and the counterfeiting of the money of the realm, are capital offences, and are never pardoned, and yet no offences are more frequently committed than these. And it seems still more remarkable, when we consider, in addition to this, that in consequence of the experiments made in other countries, it seems to be approaching fast to an axiom, that crimes are less frequent in proportion as mercy takes the place of severity; or as there are judicious substitutes for the punishment of death.

I shall not enquire in this place, how far the right of taking away life, on many occasions which is sanctioned by the law of the land, can be supported on the ground of justice; or how far a greater injury is done by it, than the injury the criminal himself has done. As christians, it seems that we should be influenced by christian principles. Now nothing can be more true than that christianity commands us to be tender hearted to one another; to have a tender forbearance one with another; and to regard one another as brethren. We are taught also, that men, independently of their accountableness to their own governments, are accountable for their actions in a future state; and that punishments are unquestionably to follow. But where are our forbearance and our love; where is our regard for the

Newgate, whither she was going to administer all the consolation that was yet in her power. She had scarcely closed the door, when Mrs. Lossac called, on her way to the Opéra,—she had just received an invitation to Paris, and she was anxious to disclose all her difficulties on the subject, and to beg Mrs. Mordaunt's interference with Mr. Lossac, as he had refused his permission, and, what was of more consequence to his wife, the assistance of his purse to aid her in her excursion. “I am come to make my appeal to you,” she observed, turning to Mrs. Mordaunt, “you will have far more influence with Mr. Lossac than I have, because he says that you always talk like a sensible woman.” “If I might advise you then,” replied Mrs. Mordaunt, “it would be that you should prove to Mr. Lossac that you can do more than talk—that you can act like one: however urgent your motives may appear to you for wishing to undertake the proposed tour, it may be well to suspect them, since they are on the side of pleasure; Mr. Lossac's, on the contrary, are probably on that of prudence, you will have little chance of convincing him, and wherever a husband

temporal and eternal interests of man; where is our respect for the principles of the gospel, if we make the reformation of a criminal a less object than his punishment—or if we consign him to death in the midst of his sins without having tried all the means in our power for his recovery.” — *Vide A selection from various Authors on the Punishment of Death, by Basil Montague, Esq. Lincoln's Inn.*

is led to the indulgence of his wife on any other grounds than those of reason, she must ultimately be the loser, because she sacrifices lasting advantages for the sake of a mere temporary gratification; she lessens his respect for her character, and that is a wife's most valuable possession—at least so far as my observations have extended. I have rarely found any thing like comfort amongst my married friends, where that was not the basis, and that can only be founded on consistency of character.” “I'm sure,” retorted Mrs. Lossac, “I've known men, and do know them at present and so do you, who are very fond of their wives and scarcely ever contradict them in any thing, and yet those wives are extremely inconsistent characters. There is Mrs. Milner, for instance, did she not sit for hours, crying, in her lodgings at Brighton, because she had not a carriage of her own to drive about in, and you see she gained her point at last, and has now the finest equipage of any private person about the town.” “It is true,” observed Mr. Mordaunt, now joining in the conversation, “that Mr. Milner, wearied by her folly, and finding her no longer fit to be treated as a woman, indulged her as a child—he purchased her a carriage, and he sees her ride about in it with the same eyes that he would view a baby drawing about her bauble coach. But what, may I ask you, is Mrs. Milner's influence

over the mind of her husband, when perplexed with doubts, discouraged by difficulties, or harassed by cares? Is she the person to whom he resorts as an adviser, a comforter, a friend? does she sustain any of the characters that a wife is particularly called upon to support? "There is not an individual amongst the circle of his friends whose power over his mind is not far more important than that which she has obtained, and should he ever become a bankrupt, she, in all probability, will be the last person to whom he will impart the state of his affairs,—the blow will fall and crush her before she is aware that it is impending, nay, more than this, she may be instrumental herself in producing it, whilst unconscious of the misery that her folly is preparing for her." "Well, well," replied Mrs. Lossac, "this may be all very fine, but it wo'n't help me on my journey to Paris, and all this time my poor horses are kicking their feet against the stones and standing in the cold. You are hard hearted creatures after all, and I see I must trust to my own influence at last." "Only use it wisely," said Mr. Mordaunt, "and on occasions in which it will be creditable to yourself and your husband, and you never need to call in foreign aid, it is an auxiliary that will but tend to diminish your importance in the eyes of him whose opinion is or ought to be your world, so far as regards human things,

and which, on reflection, can never enhance you in your own." So much Mr. Mordaunt would not have said to Mrs. Lossac, of whose reformation he had little hope, but that he had once been her guardian, though she had failed in becoming his disciple.

CHAPTER XIV.

SOON after the preceding conversation, the family in Portman-square retired for the night. Neither the opera, the masquerade, the theatre, or the ball room, had attracted their attention. The father and mother of an interesting and lovely young circle, who were every day becoming ties more important to bind them to their own fire side, and their domestic duties, had, on this evening, been anticipating years of happiness in store; happiness founded on the cultivation of virtuous principles, and intellectual pursuits. The boys had grown, in their eye, to the full size and dignity of man; their characters had developed themselves to the view of their anxious parents, and many graces which they had already perceived, many, which their busy imaginations anticipated, had presented themselves, and stood the firm foundation of their castle; for, where is he who builds a castle, that does not, *at the moment*, feel as if it were erected on a basis which will render it superior to time, to the various misfortunes which time brings with it,

and even to that last and greatest, to which the delighted architect scarcely dare glance his eye, the destroyer, DEATH? On the following morning however, almost as soon as this happy family were roused from their peaceful slumber, the enchantment was dissolved: they awoke, not to ideal bliss, but real misery; they were alarmed by the ringing of bells, and the feet of servants passing to and fro, for Mrs. Mordaunt was dying! This admirable woman, during the whole of an active life, a life devoted to the good of others, had been extremely regardless of her own personal feelings; she had frequently suffered from indisposition without complaining. In the day, her children and her domestic concerns had been her chief objects and employments. Young people, however affectionate, and however ready to sympathize in illness, are not the first to perceive it; and, when fatigued with intense application to his profession, Mr. Mordaunt returned home in an evening, sometimes late, and frequently dispirited; Mrs. Mordaunt, dressing her countenance in smiles to conceal from his view what was passing within, managed to deceive him as to the real state of her health, and to lead him to suppose himself still secure in the possession of his greatest earthly treasure, and still far from that awful moment which was to consign it to the dust. How then did he feel when, rising in the morning

at his accustomed early hour, and returning from his dressing room to speak to her (which he never omitted) he found his wife pale, inanimate, speechless. She had been attacked in the night by paralysis, and Mrs. Mordaunt, the delight of the learned, the support of the afflicted, the patroness of virtue, the friend of the poor, the instructress of her children, the companion of her husband, was now seen supported in his arms, alive to all his sorrow, but incapable of mitigating a single pang, for every pang was every moment heightened as he ventured to examine that countenance on which death had stamped his solemn seal.

Within the space of a few moments Dr. T. was at his friend's side, administering every remedy, and all the consolation of which the case admitted; his hopes however were not sanguine, though he lost not that self-possession, which formed so valuable a part of his professional character, he was, however, internally shaken. Mrs. Mordaunt had been his friend, his firm friend; his interest and his respectability had always, by her, been considered as objects of importance; and she had not once failed in her exertions to promote them; and now, when he took her hand, that almost lifeless hand, which had so often been extended towards him with the accompanying feeling of a fine and generous mind;

when he looked on that face which had so often met him with the smile of welcome, and foresaw, too plainly, that whatever the faded countenance might indicate, its expression might never more give birth to language; when he beheld her heart-stricken husband leaning over the bed, and her poor children treading softly with the step of grief across the floor, one by one, to contemplate the awful ravages which a few short hours had made,— Oh, then he felt his impotence; he felt how weak, how powerless are human wishes when only aided by human strength, to serve or save. In this house of affliction there was not one heart which did not sympathize. The servants had been treated by their mistress as humble friends; their health, their personal characters, had been the objects of her care; for she had considered them as beings committed to her charge, and for the promotion of whose eternal welfare she should stand awfully responsible. These considerations had not failed to produce a powerful influence over her mind as respected her conduct towards them; with her authority so much kindness was blended, and with her commands, however firm, so much gentleness, that it was difficult to say whether they most loved, feared, or respected her, at east in the days of her health; but now, when languishing on that bed from which they never more expected her to rise, it was evident that love was

the predominant feeling of their hearts. Amidst the group of mourning friends, last, though not least in love, was her poor young friend Emily Bouchier, who read her bible, prayed, and wept, alternately. As soon as Mr. Mordaunt could sufficiently collect his bewildered thoughts, he looked round on the young group; they were all inexperienced in the art of nursing, or in any way attending to the sick; this was a lesson which they had hitherto been too happy to acquire; and she, who had been the prop of her house, the pillar on which the afflicted had always leaned, and found a firm support, was now become the object no longer to impart, but to receive it. "If my mother might be permitted to attend Mrs. Mordaunt," said Emily Bouchier, as she glanced her eye towards Mr. Mordaunt, "how happy it would make her. She has been so often sick, and she would understand so well the doctor's orders. Oh, pray Sir, send for her." Mrs. Mordaunt appeared, by her looks, to assent to this arrangement, and within two hours Mrs. Bouchier arrived. She was a woman to love, and to be loved; in the hour of adversity, shrinking from the notice of the world, her virtues had flourished in the shade, and with every blast which had hitherto assailed them, they had acquired new strength. In her own sick chamber, amidst its gloom and stillness, she had learned a better lesson than can ever be acquired in the gay apart-

ment where health, a disregarded blessing, reigns ; and where the broad light serves but to point out the nearest road to folly. It was then, that feeling the evil that reigned in her own heart, she had, in the spirit of that humility which can only be acquired in the school of Christ, been brought to confess that there is but one pillow on which the weary head, distracted by the tumults of human life, can repose itself in peace ; and now, in this hour of deep sorrow, she could confidently appeal to Him whose presence had been at once her light and her guide. To Jesus, the advocate of fallen man, the only hope of the sinner, and the only consolation of the sick, she earnestly recommended her expiring friend ; she watched over her with the most anxious solicitude, and every breath she drew was mingled with a prayer.

It was now that Mr. Mordaunt felt most deeply the importance of those truths whose influence had long been the support and guide of Mrs. Bouchier ; he was the champion of the oppressed, the friend of the poor, and his eloquence had always been exerted in the cause of virtue ; benevolent by nature, and a philanthropist on principle ; his time and his talents were given to the world : but in the chamber of sickness and of death, hanging over the object so justly dear to him, who had shared his every joy, and tried to mitigate his every woe, he found that something more than all these was wanting to soothe

and to solace. It was not the mere retrospective view that could impart comfort, whilst the present was all anguish, and the future, desolation; all the principles, then, that he could derive from *mere reasoning* were destitute of consolation; they could not heal immedicable wounds, they could not close the pores of a bleeding heart, they could not restore to health and strength the wife of his bosom, but he found that there still existed a principle which *could* console, which, like the "bow of promise" in a storm, could throw its radiance over the gloomy prospect of his future life, and if it could not give back to his arms the lamented object of his love, might enable him, with humble resignation and chastened sorrow, to resign her: need we say what was this principle, this animating support?—Our readers will find it in their BIBLE; and if they have hitherto passed through the scenes of life without committing to the grave the object nearest to their hearts, if they have never stood "around the death-bed of their dearest friends pointing the parting anguish," we entreat them to stop for one moment at that of Mrs. Mordaunt, and anticipating that such a scene may one day await them, to seek their consolation where her sorrowing husband was at last *driven to find his*. Hour after hour glided by, but brought not on their wing, returning hope. The eye which had sparkled with the beams of intelligence was becoming gradually more dim; the

hand which had been outstretched in the exercise of benevolence was palsied; the voice that had so often dispensed comfort and instruction, on whose accents the attention of so many auditors had been suspended, was never more to vibrate on the ear; and the heart which had throbbed so anxiously for the objects of its love, was beating more feebly as it approached its final pulsation. At this moment, when the door was gently opened, and the well-known, anxiously-expected sound of those feet which seemed to announce to the afflicted family tidings of life or death was heard to approach,—how was every eye longing, yet dreading to watch the intelligence impressed upon a countenance, the expression of which was but too plainly understood: and when the poor object of his solicitude, feebly raising her dim eyes, and glancing them at her husband, her children, and then at that friend on whose skill their almost expiring hope still seemed to hang, appeared to say:—For the sake of my poor family only, would I say, “try to save me;” then was the scene awfully impressive; then were almighty strength and human weakness exhibited in legible characters.

The days were now short, and the gloom of winter served to cast a yet more sombre shade over the parting scene: the hour of seven was heard to

strike, the last sound that was to fall on the ear of the poor suffering invalid, for He "in whose hands are the issues of life and death" had decreed that "time" to her "should be no more." Around her bed knelt her afflicted children, and bending over her in silent anguish leaned her husband, whilst her faithful friend, though powerless to save, still continued at her pillow to wipe the dews of death from her cold forehead. At the foot of the bed, with her eyes raised in silent prayer was Mrs. Bouchier, whilst Emily softly approached Mr. Mordaunt, and seated herself near him, with an expression of countenance that seemed to say, "you assisted my poor father in the midst of his misfortunes, you afforded a shelter to his child when forsaken by those who had called themselves his friends: now is your hour of affliction; Oh, is there any thing that she can do for you." At a distance stood two of the female servants, their eyes rivetted on the countenance of their expiring mistress. There was a dead silence; Mr. Mordaunt seemed rooted to the spot on which he was standing; while his children raised their eyes once more to behold, before the last spark of life should be extinct, the form of a mother, who had shewn to them all, equal, and undivided love. Algernon made an effort to clasp in his arms his sister, who, though not a sister by birth, was the adopted of his heart, and he felt, that did one ray of consciousness remain in the

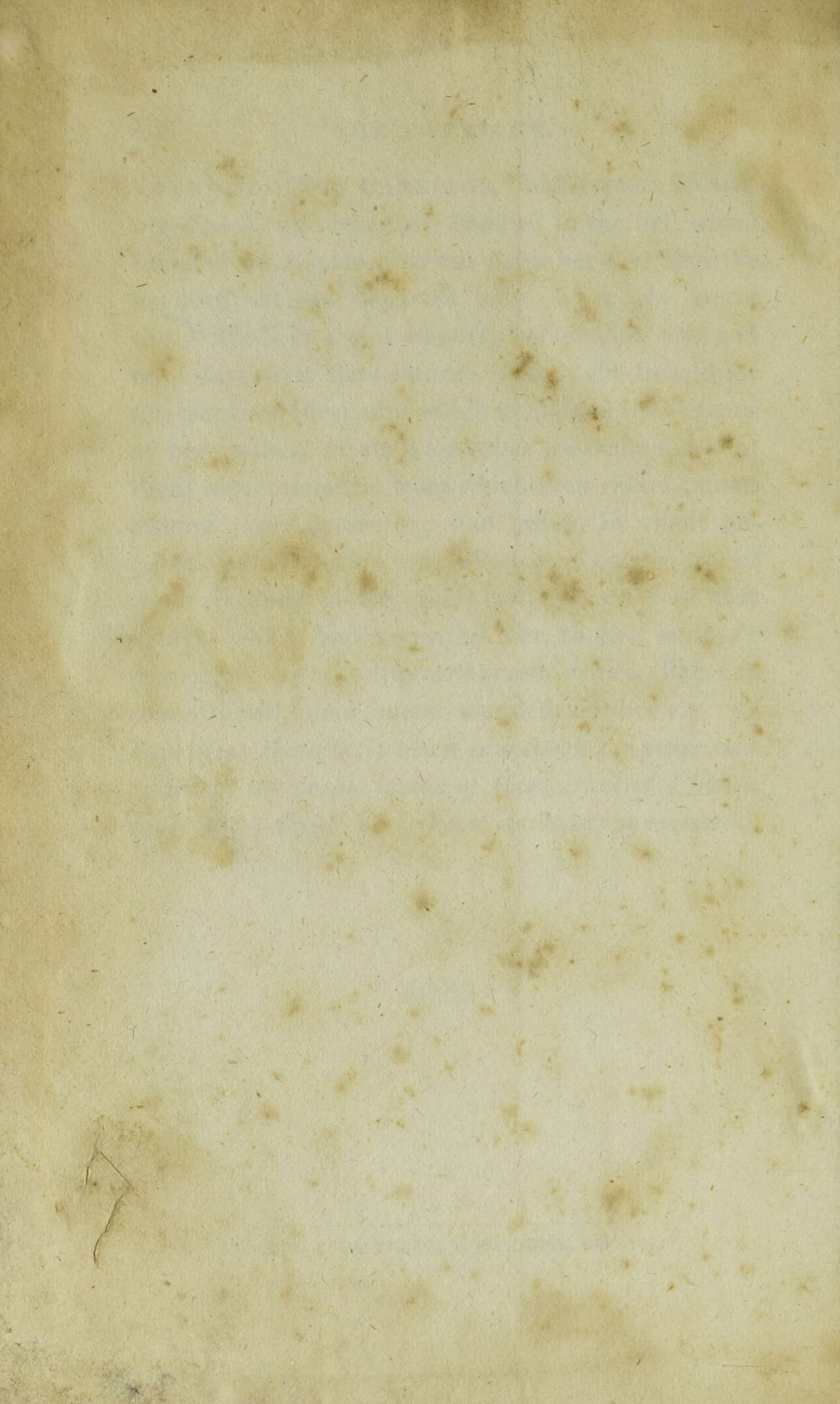
mind of her who had been the mother of his affections, his study, and his tender friend, that that friend would be soothed, even in the hour of death, by the knowledge, that her daughter had found a protector, who might shelter her from the storms of life, should her father be torn from her. One more sigh was all that agitated the bosom of Mrs. Mordaunt, and the slight struggle, which was scarcely perceived by her medical friend, closed a life which, had it been protracted, might have proved a continued blessing to those in connection with her; but it pleased Him "whose way is in the sea, and whose path in the great waters, and whose footsteps are not known" to remove her in the meridian of her days to a state of higher enjoyment, and superior usefulness; for though we know not all the employments of blessed spirits, we must be certain that their sphere of action is infinitely more extensive, and more important, than that of feeble mortals here.

We will pass over the mournful days which preceded the day of Mrs. Mordaunt's interment; those who have dwelt in the house of mourning (and how few are there who have not) will accompany us to that of Mr. Mordaunt. The day, however, did arrive, and the carriages of mourning friends, a sad procession, presented themselves at the door. Anne, the bereaved child of a tender mother's hopes and affections, once more ascended

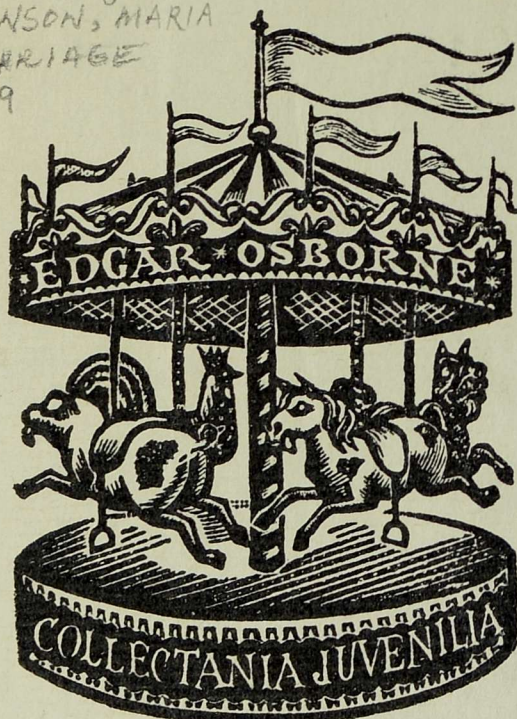
the steps of "THE CARRIAGE," but it was a *Mourning Coach*, and when she listened to the bell which sounded at solemn intervals upon her ear, like the knell of all her departed joys, when she heard those words of awful import, "dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return;" when she beheld for the last time the coffin which contained the remains of her mother, of such a mother too—she felt that these were calamities from which even riches cannot exempt their possessor; and when, in silent anguish, with tottering step, she leaned on the arm of Algernon, and slowly ascended the steps of that vehicle which had conveyed her to her mother's grave, her once well-remembered words, like the funeral bell, once more sounded on her ear, "*I have often thought, when I saw carriages pass, and looked at the people inside of them, that if I had a carriage, I should never know an unhappy moment.*"

FINIS.

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