



FRONTISPIECE.



THE LITTLE SAILORS.

*See Juvenile Journal.*

*Page 88.*

*Published Jan 1807, by C. Chapple, 66 Pall Mall.*



THE  
JUVENILE JOURNAL ;

OR,

TALES OF TRUTH.

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DEDICATED, BY PERMISSION,  
TO LADY EDEN.

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BY MRS. COCKLE.

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*"A strict observance of TRUTH, in the most trifling, as well as the more important concerns of life, is the basis of every moral and religious duty."*

SEE PAGE 33.

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LONDON:

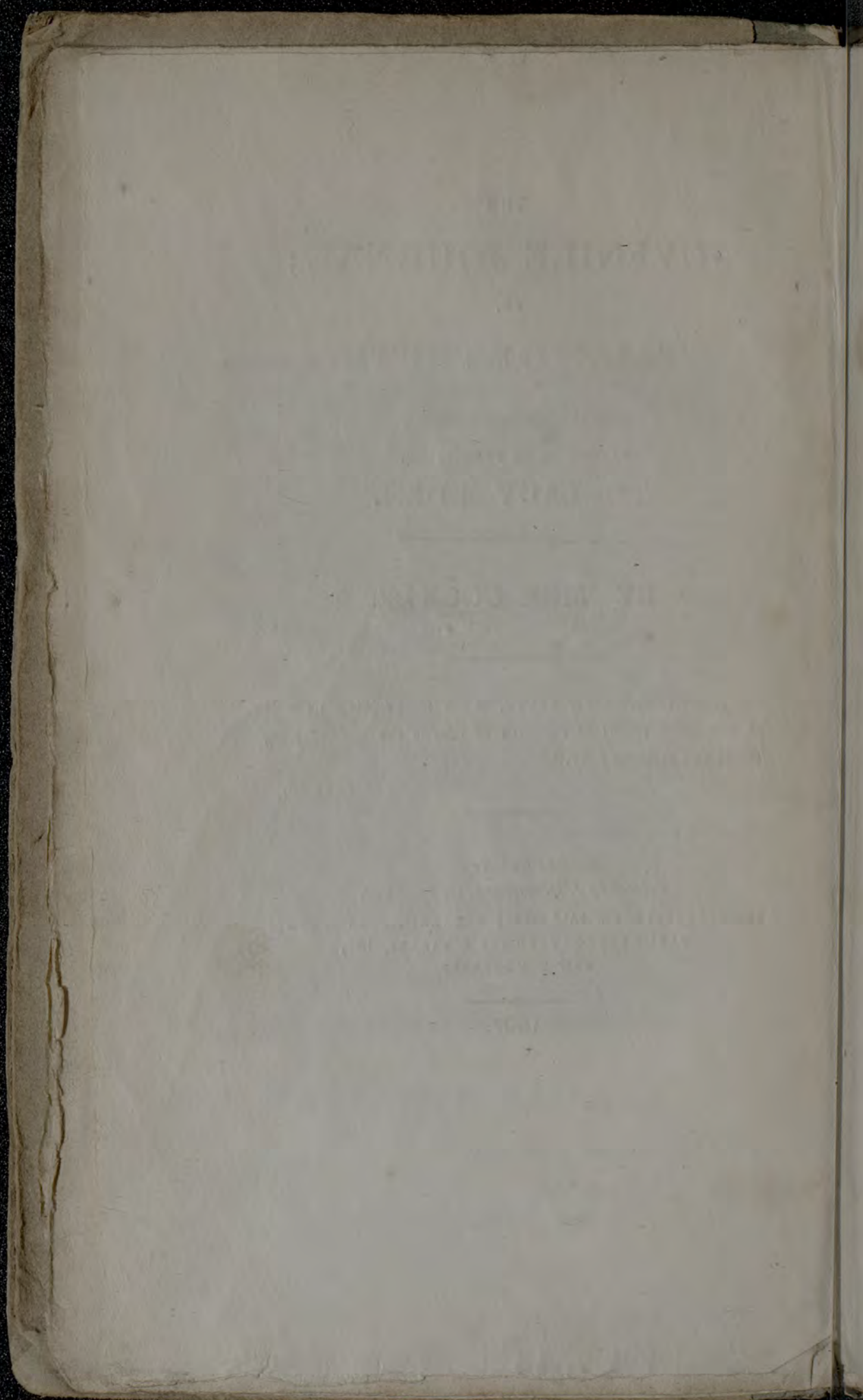
*Printed by J. G. Barnard, 57, Snow-Hill,*

FOR C. CHAPPLE, 66, PALL-MALL; J. HARRIS, CORNER OF ST.  
PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD AND B. TABART, 157,  
NEW BOND-STREET.

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1807.







## DEDICATION.



IN being permitted the honour of dedicating to your Ladyship this trifling work, I feel the consciousness that it is indeed unworthy the distinction; but accept it, Madam, as a tribute of gratitude and respect to yourself, and a slight, though sincere mark of affection towards the little and endeared circle for which it was written. The sacred, yet simple charms of truth, can no where find a sincerer admirer than in you. The precepts that seek to impress all its value, will, therefore, I am fully persuaded, meet a partial eye. The example of this virtue, and every other that springs from the



best sources of the heart, will, I doubt not, be more happily displayed in that domestic circle, where the most affectionate of mother's presides, than in this little volume. To her, and those who make it so dear, so interesting to the author, this volume is now dedicated with sentiments of the

Sincerest affection and respect,

MARY COCKLE.

Jan. 1, 1807.



### ERRATA.

Title, in motto, for page 33 read 48.

Page 6, line 20—for *novelty* read *attraction*.

- |      |   |
|------|---|
| 7,   | 9—for <i>former</i> read <i>latter</i> .          |
|      | 10—for <i>latter</i> read <i>former</i> .         |
| 14,  | 7—for <i>Lady Mornington</i> read <i>Lady W—t</i> |
| 48,  | 7—for <i>most</i> read <i>more</i> .              |
| 56,  | 9—for <i>virtue</i> read <i>grace</i> .           |
| 91,  | 20—for <i>trusts</i> read <i>trust</i> .          |
| 113, | 17—dele <i>if</i> .                               |
| 125, | 10—for <i>errors</i> read <i>error</i> .          |



ERRATA.

Page 1. line 10. for "and" read "or".  
Page 2. line 10. for "and" read "or".  
Page 3. line 10. for "and" read "or".  
Page 4. line 10. for "and" read "or".  
Page 5. line 10. for "and" read "or".  
Page 6. line 10. for "and" read "or".  
Page 7. line 10. for "and" read "or".  
Page 8. line 10. for "and" read "or".  
Page 9. line 10. for "and" read "or".  
Page 10. line 10. for "and" read "or".



## JUVENILE JOURNAL,

&c.

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CAROLINE Montgomery was unfortunately born in that situation of life where wealth and indulgence alike contributed to the gratification of all her wishes. The death of an elder brother left her for some years the darling and only child of Sir Edward and Lady Montgomery, whose hopes and happiness alike centered in her.

For *her*, in the early period of infancy, the gay circle of dissipation was forsaken without a murmur by her fond



and doating mother; whilst Sir Edward, with equal delight, withdrew from the busier scenes of life, to share with her the smiles and caresses of his little Caroline.

The tear of infancy was constantly charmed away by some new plaything, which soon gave place to another, that *to-day* delighted and *to-morrow* was seen with indifference. As Caroline grew old enough to lisp her wants, this fatal system of indulgence but increased them daily; and anticipated wishes (anticipated even before they could be formed), made her, at the age of ten, the most discontented and unfortunate of little girls.

Those playthings which formed the delight and amusement of the young friends whom she visited, afforded none to her; for her capricious fancy, satel



by indulgence, could no longer derive it from those pleasures that form at once the charm and happiness of childhood. More dangerous gratifications were, therefore, now resorted to by her papa and mamma ; and the ill-humour of a day frequently shewn in bursts of passion, or fits of sullen silence, instead of being *punished*, was *soothed* ; and soothed no longer by the promise of dolls or playthings, but by that of the *play*, or any other place of public amusement, that held out any gratification to this little spoiled girl. Fortunately for Caroline, just as she had completed her seventh year, a son and heir was added to the family, to divide with her its attentions and care.

She no longer found her mamma always at leisure to attend to her whims and her wishes ; and when a little sister the following year made her appearance, she



saw still more decidedly, that she could be no longer the *only* idolized object of Sir Edward's and Lady Montgomery's attention. They had both the same portion of affection to bestow on her as ever, but not the same portion of *time* ; for Frederic and the infant Louisa more than divided the latter with Caroline, while she yielded gradually to their mutual claim on both, and resigned her playthings and place in the nursery very willingly ; yet not quite so unreluctantly her place on her mamma's lap, or her papa's knee. Seated one day on the latter, " I have been thinking, my Caroline," said Sir Edward, " of sending you to boarding-school, where you will have nothing but playfellows, playthings, and amusements, and be so happy !" " To school, papa ?" replied the child ; " and will mamma and you go to school with me ?" " No, my love, but we will come and see you very often." " Ah ! but if



*you* are not to go too, pray, pray, papa, don't let me go," answered she, her little heart throbbing with anxiety and emotion, "for I am sure I should not be happy any where without mamma and you!" "Oh, but you'll learn there so many pretty things, like Miss Vernon, —to dance, to play on the harp, and to speak French." "And can't I learn all these at home, mamma?" said Caroline, turning to Lady Montgomery her supplicating eyes half filled with tears. "Yes, you *can*; you *shall* learn them at home, my darling, if you will be good and attentive," replied the indulgent parent; "but I fear you will not." "I will do any thing," sobbed out the little rosy pleader, "if you promise not to send me away from papa and you." "You *shall* not then leave us, my sweet Caroline," said Sir Edward; and the next day masters of every description were procured for her. The charm of



novelty made little Caroline, for a time, very attentive to their various instructions, and a natural quickness of ability aided her progress in all her studies. They were all *new*, and were, therefore, for a time *delightful* to her. Lady Montgomery too, during the first months of her having masters, usually was present at her lessons; but an increasing family, the cares of the nursery, and the intervening claims of a high and extensive circle of acquaintances, before the expiration of the first year, left Caroline uncontrouled in her plans, unobserved in her studies, and unchecked in all her natural propensity to giddiness and volatility.

Her mamma had no longer leisure to superintend her lessons; they possessed no longer the charm of novelty; and they were, therefore, now performed with carelessness, indifference, and in-



attention. Her brother and her sisters were too young to be her playfellows, or to enter into her amusements; and poor Caroline could no longer find, as formerly, her papa and mamma always at leisure to attend to her whims or her wishes. Her good and bad qualities now passed by alike unnoticed: whilst the former were suffered to spread their pernicious shoots in silence, the latter, equally unmarked by a discriminating or judicious eye, for want of proper culture, remained dormant in a little bosom, where, with attention, they might have been easily fostered into the fairest and most attractive flowers. The summer which succeeded a winter thus lost to Caroline fortunately led Sir Edward Montgomery into the country, to take possession of a family estate, which he had not visited since the first year of his marriage. He found the situation so much improved in beauty, from the ele-



gant taste of the last inhabitant, whose lease was now expired, that he determined to make it in future his residence during some months of every year; and he wrote to Lady Montgomery, requesting her to join him there immediately, with his family. On their arrival at Thorngrove, every object was a new source of delight to Caroline. The park, the grounds, the green-house, and all that surrounded them; whilst an aviary, which the last tenant had resigned to Sir Edward, completed her happiness; more particularly when her papa told her he gave this up entirely to her superintendence.

Here then we see our little friend all happiness and gaiety, surrounded by all the sweets of nature, and every thing that could delight her.

Birds, flowers, poultry, a favourite



cow, and a still greater favourite, a little garden, filled with a variety of flowers, which she alone was to cultivate, arrange, and distribute to her wishes. Thus situated, it is, perhaps, more to be *regretted* than *wondered* at, that Caroline, for the first fortnight of her residence at Thorngrove, in these new objects of her attention, forgot her lessons, her books, her drawings, her music, and every thing else which ought to have at least *divided* her attention with her new favourites. Her mamma had not, unfortunately, leisure to supply the place of those masters, which she had no opportunity of procuring for her in the country. At the constantly repeated question from her mamma, "Why don't you draw a little to-day, my dear Caroline, or practise your last music lesson, or translate some of that pretty story?" the reply was as constantly, "You know, mamma, I can't get any farther in



my drawing without my master ; as to my music, I know quite perfectly all my old lessons, and I have, you know, no *new* ones down here with me ; and as to my French, I never translated that without Mr. Morelle sat by and assisted me : so you see, dear mamma, I am not to blame."

Lady M., satisfied with objections and arguments which she could not obviate, either by procuring masters where she was then situated, or by supplying their place herself, at length was entirely silent on the subject ; and no longer even reminded of them by her mamma, Caroline forgot alike her drawing, her music, and her French. The effect of this life of idleness and uncontroul was at length so visible in her wild and hoyden manners, in her increased impatience of restraint, and in the almost total forgetfulness of what she had



learned at so great an expence ; that Sir Edward and Lady Montgomery both resolved, however great the trial might be to the feelings of all parties at first, to send her, on their return to town, to a boarding-school. Fortunately for our little Caroline, an event occurred at this period which prevented their putting this intention into execution, and saved her the pain of a separation from her papa and mamma.

The society round Thorngrove was small but select. Amongst the most conspicuous for those *best* distinctions of life, benevolence, and that kindness which smoothes the rugged path of it, which the unfortunate are doomed to tread, was Lady W——. Lady Montgomery found her Ladyship not only her nearest, but her most agreeable neighbour ; and the pleasantness of her do-



mestic circle was considerably increased by the society of Mrs. Villars, who had been her guest during Lady Montgomery's residence at Thorn-grove. Mrs. Villars's manners were amiable, gentle, and unobtrusive; and were rendered doubly interesting by a countenance wherein sorrow had left her mild, but impressive touch. One day, when she was absent during a morning visit of Lady Montgomery's to Lady W——, the latter, upon some enquiries which her Ladyship made respecting Mrs. Villars, informed her, that the sudden and recent death of her husband, and the unexpected embarrassment of her affairs, had thrown her from a situation of affluence into one of dependance; and that with every talent for the undertaking, her natural fondness, together with a mother's experience (for she had buried, of an epidemic fever, two lovely girls, at the age of ten and



twelve) induced her to wish to reside as governess in some family of rank, where she might be treated with that respect to which her amiable qualities entitled her. "She is waiting here the result of an application I have made for her to the Countess of C—, whose answer we daily expect."

"Forgive me then," said Lady Montgomery, "if I confess that I hope it will be a refusal; for just such a woman as Mrs. Villars both Sir Edward and myself have long wished for, to superintend Caroline's education; and we shall think ourselves fortunate in the extreme to have her placed under the care of so amiable and respectable a woman, whilst it should be our mutual study to try to make her forget the change which such a mind as her's must feel in so unmerited a situation." "Your Ladyship will have the kindness to commu-



nicate to me the Countess's answer; and should it be favourable to my wishes, I must then trust to you the delicate task of making my proposals to Mrs. Villars, not as her superior, but as a friend."

Lady Mornington, who had already seen and heard enough of Lady Montgomery's character, to know that she should place Mrs. Villars under the kindest protection if with her, replied, "She should be happy indeed to secure such a situation as her Ladyship's for her friend; for in that light she had long considered her."

On receiving a few days after this the answer from the Countess, who regretted that she had previously engaged a governess, Lady Mornington, with all the delight of a warm and generous



heart, communicated to Mrs. Villars, Lady Montgomery's proposal; which was received with equal satisfaction by her. The arrangements between the two ladies were soon concluded; and a short time saw Mrs. Villars happily fixed in Lady Montgomery's family, where she experienced all the kindness that results from the attention of delicate and generous minds. But when, on being domesticated with her little charge, she saw the arduous task that was before her, she shrunk from it with diffidence and apprehension. It was not merely the interesting employment of teaching her "young ideas how to shoot," alas! her's was a far more difficult one, that of counteracting the effects of a blind and partial indulgence, which had left her young pupil hitherto unchecked even in her wildest wishes, and without having even experienced any controul in them, however inconsistent



they might be. Mrs. Villars observed, with pleasure, that even excessive indulgence, although it had made her capricious, had not spoiled Caroline's disposition, which was naturally inclined to kindness and obedience; and she therefore hoped, by degrees, to attach her to her studies, and to accustom her no longer to expect that blind compliance with her wishes which she had unfortunately hitherto experienced.

It was not long before a circumstance occurred which obliged Mrs. Villars to put into execution the plan she had laid down, of uniting firmness with gentleness in opposing that improper indulgence which Caroline had hitherto experienced. Though pale and almost ill from the effects of a ball which had been given the preceding night, to celebrate her brother's birth-day, and which had kept the little party up till twelve



o'clock, Caroline came running to Mrs. Villars the next morning, exclaiming, "Oh, I am so glad, for mamma is going to the play to night; I shall ask her to take me with her, and I am sure she will—don't you think she will, my dear Mrs. Villars?" "Not *with* my consent, my love, this evening," said Mrs. V.; "and *without* it, I am sure your mamma will not let you go." Caroline—"Mamma never refused taking me to a play, or any where I wished to go, and why should she refuse me now?" Mrs. Villars—"Because your pale cheeks and heavy eyes discover to-day, as they too frequently do, how much your health has suffered from indulgence of this kind; and I have, therefore, requested Lady Montgomery not to take you to the play till another evening." Caroline pouting—"I don't want to go another evening."



Mrs. Villars—" I am very much pleased to hear you say so, my love, as I think you have hitherto been too much indulged in partaking so frequently of amusements of this kind. To recompense you, in some measure, for resigning them to a certain degree, I shall propose giving you every evening, what will contribute equally to your amusement and improvement.—A Journal. Caroline—" A journal! what is that?" Mrs. V.—" An account of what you do during the day." Caroline—" What of *every* thing I do?" Mrs. V.—" Of *every* thing, my love ; and it will mention all your good qualities as well as your imperfections. Every evening the journal will point out to you the faults you have committed during the day ; whilst, with still greater pleasure, it will take notice of whatever you do to merit my approbation." Caroline " Well, I am sure I shall wish very much to see it,



and shall always long for the evening, that I may read it. Shall we begin to-morrow? Mrs. V.—“As soon as you please, my dear; only remember, that the journal will be read every day by your papa and mamma, and by any of their friends who will do us the favour to look at it. They will therefore *all*, in future, be fully acquainted with your merits, as well as your failings.” Caroline—“Well, I wish to-morrow night was to come; I am sure I will do nothing wrong all day, and I shall be so impatient to see my journal.”

The next morning Mrs. Villars brought into the breakfast-parlour a large book, bound very elegantly in red morocco with gilt leaves, and the word “*Journal*,” in *large gilt letters*, at the back of it. She presented it to Caroline, who opened it, after surveying it with looks of admiration; and saw, in Mrs. Villars’s hand-writing, her own name inscribed on



the first page, with the following motto underneath it:

“Whatever you do, let it appear ever so trifling, do it well.”

LORD CHESTERFIELD.

Turning to the next page, she found it thus addressed to her:

“I hope most earnestly, my young friend, that you will recollect, with the *first and every succeeding* page of this journal, that it will be a faithful record of *all* your actions; and will give every one who reads it a perfect picture of yourself, of your knowledge, your assiduity, your manners, disposition, principles, and heart.

“You will remember also, that it will *always* remain, and be a lasting memorial of the satisfaction or disquietude you may occasion to all your friends, who are interested in seeing you



good, amiable, and attractive; more particularly to your papa and mamma, whose happiness depends so materially on yourself. Bearing this in mind, you will, my dear girl, I trust, let them see one day all their fond and anxious expectations realized, as well as those of

“Your sincerely affectionate friend,  
“E. VILLARS.”

With no less pride than pleasure did Caroline read Mrs. Villars's affectionate address; and throwing her arms round her neck, “Indeed, indeed,” she cried, “my dear Mrs. Villars, I will try every day to be very good, that I may not disgrace my journal.” “The determination to be good, my dear Caroline,” replied Mrs. Villars, “generally ensures success in the undertaking; and I therefore trust that the journal will prove this.”

The greatest attention, after this con-



versation, did Caroline pay during the morning to her lessons, and in the afternoon she rode with Mrs. Villars to see a friend of that lady's. Upon awaking the next morning, her first exclamation was, "Well, I wonder what the journal will say, and how it will begin; I think I did nothing wrong yesterday."

On descending to the breakfast-room, she found already placed on the table by Mrs. Villars, the object of her anxiety. With a beating heart, and a look of the strongest impatience, she opened the journal, which I here present to my young readers, whose eagerness to become acquainted with its contents, is, perhaps, equal to that experienced by Miss Montgomery.

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WEDNESDAY, APRIL 16.

"The lessons to-day were studied



with assiduity, and were all attended to perfectly to my satisfaction, my dear Caroline.

“At my friend Mrs. A.’s you acquitted yourself very politely and properly. Your expressing a wish that I would invite her to visit us, was an obliging and kind proof of your attention to *me*. It was the more gratifying, as it was entirely unprompted. Attentions of this obliging and delicate nature are always very pleasing, and are the best hopes of an amiable disposition.

“You will remember in future, that it is one of the rules of politeness, never to get *first* into your *own* carriage;—this rudeness you were guilty of to-day.

“In the course of conversation you made use of the following words, which, though addressed only to your kitten,



shocked me much:—‘*devil*’—‘*toad*’—and ‘*brute*.’ Such words as these should never proceed from a female’s mouth.

“Your own order to the servant to call you at seven o’clock in the morning in future, gave me great pleasure, as it shewed a desire to comply with the wish I so earnestly feel, that you will break yourself of that worst of habits, remaining in bed so late as you have hitherto accustomed yourself to do; a habit which breaks in as much upon health as it does on regularity, on study, and every other arrangement which I shall hope you will now attend to. I must enforce my advice on this head by a few lines addressed to a young friend of mine, whose elder sister had, at the age of nineteen, from this pernicious habit (added to late evening hours) entirely lost the bloom of youth and



beauty, just as she was beginning to be lovely ; and who came boasting from her toilette one morning, that rouge was certainly vastly more attractive and delicate than the coarse vulgar colouring of health, which was infinitely more adapted to the dairy than the drawing-room. I made no reply to the observation, but presented the next morning to her sister (whose better heart and judgment made her profit by any advice I at any time gave her) the following lines,

## ADDRESS TO A NATURAL ROSE,

*In reply to Charlotte Smith's elegant lines on a Hot-house  
Rose.—See her "Conversations."*

DOES *art* from nature claim the transient flow'r,  
And proudly boast her rose's *soften'd* bloom ?  
Steal her gay blossoms from the muses' bow'r,  
And woo young zephyr with its faint perfume ?



Stay with charm'd step, exulting *nature* cries ;  
On brighter blooms repose thy eager wing.  
Ask not from *me* the wreath which art supplies,  
*June's* richer reign my *riper* sweets shall bring.  
Not the pale grace that marks *her* sickly rose,  
Whose *transient* charm may catch some wan-  
dering eye ;  
Mine the bright hue *perennial* bloom bestows,  
Mine the *pure* tint, which *art* can ne'er supply.  
Gemm'd with the earliest tears of dewy morn,  
*My* rose attractive courts the *eye of day*,  
Whilst each bright blush that meets the purer dawn,  
Unfading turns to *evening's* soften'd ray.  
Ah ! from her blushing beauty learn, she cries,  
Ye young, ye fair, Britannia's opening pride ;  
Learn here the moral, which *my* rose supplies,  
Nor Flora's whisper'd truths from me deride.  
Would'st thou too wish a kindred blush to seek,  
And from thy mirror ask the glowing charm ;  
Let *nature's* tints alone adorn thy cheek,  
And give *her* beauties to thy finish'd form.  
*Health* from the *morn*, for thee shall sweetly steal  
A tint to rival e'en the rose's grace,  
And *nature* there *her* loveliest hues reveal,  
Nor owe to *art* one charm that decks thy face.



To thee, each morn that dearer charm shall give,  
 And Flora court thee to her gayest bow'r;  
 Spring, with light hand, a fairer garland weave,  
 And shed rich odours o'er each peaceful hour.

With a variety of different sentiments did Caroline read this her first journal. The praises it deservedly gave her, were not entirely unmixed with some blame; and "I am sure," she said to herself, "I thought I had done nothing wrong all yesterday."

The next morning presented her the following journal:

17th.

"I have every reason to be much satisfied with you to-day.—Your rising at seven o'clock, and translating a French lesson before breakfast, shewed a proper attention to my wishes in that respect. You were equally assiduous at all your studies. There is one inattention I have



to complain of to-day.—When Lady Montgomery came into the library this morning, you did not pay the smallest attention to her Ladyship, nor even said, how do you do this morning, Madam? —I very *particularly* request, that in future there may be no omission and inattention of this kind. It surprised me the more, when I recollect how much you censured some of your young friends the other day for a similar neglect.

“As your inattentions are remarked, it would be highly unjust not to notice your attentions also.—After dinner, with the greatest politeness, you gave your share of ice and fruit to a little visitor of mine, who accidentally broke in upon us just as we were beginning our dessert.

“Our conduct never appears so praiseworthy as when we relinquish our own gratification to add to that of another.”



18th.

“ With the lessons to-day I am not dissatisfied ; but I was much vexed when Master Vernon called this afternoon to thank you for your invitation to his sister, to see you so very deficient when he said, ‘ She would be happy to wait upon you another day,’ you made no reply ; and twice I was obliged to say to you, ‘ Shall you not be equally happy to see Miss Vernon to-morrow ?’ I was the more concerned at this, as Miss V., though considerably younger than yourself, is never *reminded* of these things ; and I therefore hope you will to-morrow be particularly attentive to your visitor. I must here observe, that I wish you to try to correct a loud and vulgar way of laughing which you have of late acquired, together with loud speaking ; since nothing is so unfeminine as both these unfortunate habits.



19th.

"You acquitted yourself very attentively to-day towards your young friend, whose visit you are to return to-morrow."

20th.

"I had no reason to be dissatisfied with you to-day at Mrs. Vernon's; you had certainly an excellent example, both in Miss V. and Miss S. The manners of the latter are particularly mild, elegant, and pleasing; and her conversation discovered the attention she has paid to all her studies. I hope I shall soon enjoy the satisfaction of hearing the same remarks made upon you."

"When you visit Mrs. L. to-morrow, I particularly request you to remember the three following things:



“To say Ma’am, both when you address me or any one else; which you seldom recollect when speaking to me or any one else.

“To sit in the middle of your chair, and not on the edge of it, as you did yesterday; and to take your wine and water, and your tea-cup, in your *right*, and not your *left* hand.

“You will see in the lady you visit to-morrow exactly what I hope one day to see in you—the mildest and most polished manners, united to an unruffled temper, and a heart stored with every domestic virtue.”

20th.

“You conducted yourself perfectly well to-day at Mrs. L.’s, except forgetting my two favourite words, ‘Sir and



Ma'am,' which appear to be quite banished from your *vocabulary*.

"At dinner you acquitted yourself very much to my satisfaction; but I beg to know, if it is not more fashionable to eat pudding with a fork only, instead of using a knife also. Trifling as these little attentions appear, they must be observed; for 'Fashion in every thing bears sovereign sway.'"

21st.

"I have particular pleasure in here noticing your very kind and affectionate attentions to me yesterday when I complained of indisposition; even the company of your young visitors did not make you forget me; not the smallest of your attentions escaped my observation.

"These little kindnesses contribute



so much to the happiness of those to whom they are offered, and sooth so much the mind of the unfortunate, that they are often more acceptable than greater services. It would not give me half the satisfaction to hear to-morrow night repeated by all Lady M.'s company, 'that Miss Montgomery was the best dancer at her Ladyship's ball,' that I have felt at the kindness of your attentions to me to-day."

22d.

"The lessons of this morning were all attended to in such a manner as gave me great pleasure, and enabled me to leave you, without reluctance, to pass the day at your aunt's, which I should not have done had the lessons not been previously learned; but when I called for you in the evening, you came running into the room, the same as little Louisa might have done, without taking



the smallest notice of my attention in coming down to Knightsbridge for you myself; and of my having given up a visit to one of my friends on purpose to do this, and to oblige you by going also a considerable way to purchase the little dog you were so anxious to procure.

“I must here also observe, that unless you are more attentive to your carriage and mode of sitting, when in company, that I cannot take you out with me.

“Your expressing yourself satisfied that you had finished your lessons before you went out, or that you otherwise should not have enjoyed the day, gave me pleasure.”

23d.

“Is it not a great proof of good breeding to see a young lady *sit biting*



*her* gloves at a play? It could not have happened at a more unfortunate place, as you were particularly noticed by all the party that accompanied your mamma, and who will of course not fail to mention the circumstance to their own little girls, to prevent their being guilty of the same disgusting trick. I felt much mortified at it, and regretted I was seated at too great a distance to remind you how much you were the object of their attention."

24th.

"The elegant writing-desk you have received to-day from your mamma, was given you as a 'reward for *early rising*.' I have observed, with real pleasure, that whenever you get up later than the promised hour of seven, that the fault does not originate in you, but in not being called by your maid so soon; and you always appear to regret



your lost time when you are late in bed.

“The writing-desk is therefore expressly given as a ‘reward for early rising,’ and for having thus conquered one bad habit.

“Ardently do I hope they may be all, by degrees, in the same way got the better of.”

25th.

“I mention in the journal to-day, but with great reluctance, the word ‘DISPLEASURE,’ which I feel in the extreme at what passed this morning at the French lesson. I must insist that there be no laughing in future at any of the lessons; when they are finished, as much mirth and cheerfulness as you like. I observe too, with surprise, that whenever I reprove you (which is always



done in a manner to make that reproof as little felt as possible, and setting aside authority, or crossness), that you turn it off with a sort of *jest* and a laugh; without receiving it either with respect, or with that attention that is certainly due to my admonitions.

“If good-humour and indulgence are thus taken advantage of, it will lead, in future, to a very different mode of conduct on my part.

“I trust I shall never again have such a complaint against you.”

26th.

“You may indeed say, as the Roman Emperor Titus did, when the day passed without his performing some good action,

“My friends, I have lost a day.”

You have lost it in a different sense of the word, by having passed a day in



idleness; and may therefore exclaim the same."

27th.

"I have no complaint to make to-day respecting the lessons; but, both last night and this morning, I observed, what astonished me very much, and what I could scarcely believe, that you were pettish and out of humour with your mamma. When I observe, as I hourly do, her Ladyship's excessive indulgence and fondness towards you, I am struck with astonishment, that you could, for a moment, speak unkindly (I should rather have said *improperly*) to Lady Montgomery, to whom every kind of *respect*, as well as *affection* and *gratitude*, is due from you.

"If I should, unfortunately, ever again see any thing of this kind, it will give me a very bad opinion of *your heart*."



I am willing to attribute this first error to want of consideration and recollection, but entreat that it may never be repeated."

28th.

"I must here mention one thing, and calling to mind what passed during our visit into Bedford-square to-day, you will not wonder that I here take notice of it.

"When you are in company with any one, but particularly with gentlemen, I must request that you will not *whisper* even charades or puzzles. If they are such as it is not desirable for gentlemen to hear (but this is a thing I could not even suppose), it would be better to defer telling them till the beaux are out of the room. *Affected* delicacy is disgusting; but *real* delicacy and modesty are so deservedly the distin-



ment than the present, introduce a little poem to your notice.

"In one of those cold, varying mornings of January, when the sky was suddenly clouded with storms, and the rain descended in torrents, under the niggardly skeleton of a door-way, and without shoes or stockings, a poor little boy caught my attention.

"He was gazing at the clouds with that appealing look that seemed to say, 'Oh, when will it be over?' and 'Why am *I* so friendless and unsheltered?'

"Fancy caught the interesting picture, which gave rise to the following sketch:

THE WANDERING ORPHAN.

Oh ! gaze not on that angry sky,  
That breaks o'er thy unshelter'd form !  
Nor ask with that uplifted eye,  
" Why bursts on ME the furious storm ?"



Alas ! in ruder conflict far

Has *fate's* rough tempest round thee spread !  
And fortune's cold, ungenial star

On thee its darkest influence shed.

For thee no *mother's* hand prepares

The board with matron fondness drest,  
Soothes, with a smile, thy infant cares,

Or warms thee in a throbbing breast.

On thee no *father* proudly smiles,

Still conscious of a father's joy ;

No look parental pays thy toils ;

Ah, no ! thou liv'st a friendless boy.

And yet beyond that stormy sky

Exists a world from sorrow free ;

Where *purser* spirits, thron'd on high,

Their sainted vigils keep o'er thee.

Oh ! guided by their guardian care,

And led by virtue's chastening pow'r,

Thy bright'ning form, an angel's there,

Shall weep life's stormy clouds no more.

The world's tempestuous conflict past,

By mortal eye not understood,

That happier lot is thine at last,

That waits the *guiltless* and the *good*.



MAY 1st.

"I must here take notice of a circumstance which yesterday equally vexed and astonished me. I mean your looking at the letters I had written to your mamma, and which you found in her writing-desk: because I wish to accustom you never to desire to see any letters but those addressed to yourself. I expressly told you, that you were not to see these: without, therefore, discovering any impertinent curiosity in the business, you should have remained perfectly satisfied with thinking, from such a prohibition, that they neither *concerned*, nor were interesting to you.

"*Letters* are sacred above all things; and, without permission, to look at any not addressed to yourself, even though they lay open before you, is the greatest breach of confidence that any one can be guilty of."



2d.

"I give you great credit for going to bed last night so early, and for resisting your papa's entreaties (who did not recollect its being so late an hour) to return to the company.

"I was also much pleased to observe, that you preferred reading an interesting book to remaining looking over the card-table in the drawing-room; which I hope, at some future period, you will enjoy, and grace with *good humour*, gaiety, and polished manners."

3d.

"At the dancing-rooms to-day you were guilty of a very awkward action, that of putting your tongue perpetually out of your mouth:—a most disgusting habit this!

"In dancing, you bend your knees



too much, which takes off every idea of grace and elegance. I was, however, glad to find you more attentive to your manner of walking and carrying yourself ; which you certainly were, or Lady A. would not have made the remarks she did to a friend of mine, that you were much improved in your carriage.

“ In the evening you acquitted yourself very well, by singing as soon as you were requested to do so, and by your endeavours to divert and make yourself agreeable to your young visitors.

4th.

“ I was pleased to find you reconciling yourself to-day with so much good-humour, to your disappointment in not accompanying your papa to the Eton *Montem* ; and I was still better satisfied when you seemed to regret that the play,



by keeping you up late at night, would break in upon the morning lessons and arrangements.

“When you shew this recollection of what is *right*, rather than of what is *pleasant*, it will always, as it did in the present instance, afford me the sincerest satisfaction.”

5th.

“I mention this as the most painful page that has ever yet been placed in the journal, because it makes the disgraceful mention of your having been capable of uttering a falsehood; and that too on a most trivial subject. I should have thought you incapable of deviating from the truth on any occasion: and the most mortifying circumstances immediately resulted from it; for the next day I was obliged to doubt you, (whom I had never before doubt-



ed) when you were contradicting your brother in something he was relating to me.

“I wish to impress, most seriously, one thing on your mind ; which is, that a strict observance of truth, in the most *trifling*, as well as the most important concerns of life, is the basis of every moral and every religious duty.

“In society, the slightest deviation from this first of virtues is attended with universal disgrace, and with the worst consequences also ; whilst the greatest advantages invariably result from a constant adherence to truth.

“When the celebrated Italian poet, Petrarch, was secretary in a noble family, to whose patronage he afterwards owed much of his future greatness, some circumstance occurred, when, to



clear the different members of it from suspicion, each individual was obliged to take his *oath*, whether or not he were guilty. When the book was presented to Petrarch in his turn, his patron, passing it to the next person, exclaimed, 'As for *you, Petrarch*, your *word* is sufficient:' nor would he receive from him any farther testimony of his truth and innocence, than his simple assurance."

"A most beautiful example this of the advantages arising from truth in our intercourse with others.

"The story of Ananias and Sapphira, in the New Testament, presents it to our mind in a different, but still more impressive point of view, and points out to us the dreadful punishment inflicted by Divine judgment on—*Falshood*.

"Let both these instances, I entreat



you, be for ever engraven on your mind ; and above all things remember, that the slightest deviation from truth invariably leads to error, and not unfrequently to *misery*."

6th.

"When you shewed your drawings to-day to the ladies who were visiting your mamma, and were told by them that your *copies* were better than the *models*, I was very glad to find you sensible how *little* of *truth*, and how *much* of *flattery*, there was in such an observation."

"I hope your *heart*, as well as your *judgment*, will always guard you against *undeserved praise*; which will ever deceive and mislead you."

"The attention which is justly paid to *real merit* and *personal* good qualities,



was exemplified to-day by the respect shewn to the gallant visitor, who so much deserved it—Sir Sidney Smith! who owes to his bravery, and not to his rank in life, the distinction that still attends him wherever he goes. The following hasty effusion of my muse, written at the moment of his triumph, will, perhaps, not be unacceptable to you, as you are fond of poetry, and a gallant friend is the subject of it.

## THE HERO OF ACRE.

THE wreath is yet green in its bloom for her son,  
Which Britannia exultingly 'twain'd round his brow,  
Unfading the laurels her hero has won,  
And bright are the trophies she's proud to avow.  
Inscrib'd by Remembrance, long, long shall be told  
The glories of *Acre*, where Victory smil'd,  
(Whilst History saw her fair pages unroll'd,)  
As she plac'd by her Sidney, her favourite child:  
For dear are the trophies, and dear is the field,  
Where the hero of *Acre* taught heroes to yield.



How holy the spot, and how hallow'd the sod,  
 Where with valour unconquer'd, our heroes of  
 yore,  
 Rear'd high their bright banners, where Glory still  
 trod,  
 As she bade the cold infidel yield and *adore* !  
 Like her brave sons of old, when our hero unfurl'd  
 The standard which conquest adorn'd with his  
 name,  
 Britannia, triumphant, proclaim'd to the world,  
 That the banners of *Acre* were sacred to fame :  
 For dear are her laurels, and dear is the field,  
 Where the hero of *Acre* taught heroes to yield.

Ye brave sons of Britain, still proud of the day,  
 That gave you the laurel to Britons so dear,  
 Ah ! blush not to own, tho' its blossoms are gay,  
 They are hallow'd by pity, and gemm'd with her  
*tear* !  
 As it droops o'er the hero, and twines round his  
 urn,  
 It is sacred alike to the friend and the foe ;  
 And oh ! whilst we sigh, " they will never return,"  
 We feel that the *brave* no distinction can know.  
 Then how dear are the trophies, how sacred the  
 field,  
 Where the *hero* of *Acre* taught heroes to yield !



7th.

"A frock torn entirely out of the waist, (and with wine spilled over it besides) yesterday, at Mrs. L.'s, I was sorry to observe, gave, to all the party there, a complete idea of your being a romp."

8th.

"The lessons to-day were very negligently performed; but I was in some degree recompensed for this, by finding you very anxious to prevent your brother's well-merited punishment; and that you, also, reasoned with him very properly on the impropriety of his behaviour, whilst at the same time you endeavoured to soften to me his offence and its merited correction."

9th.

"Your showing to the company in the drawing-room to-day, the muslin worked



by an unfortunate Emigrant, for the support of herself and children, and your anxiety to assist them, was the more to your credit, as it was entirely unprompted by me ; nor was it the less meritorious for not being attended with the desired success.

“I hope and trust most sincerely, that no circle of fashion, or fashionable indifference, will ever check these efforts of benevolence, or the wish to assist the unfortunate.

“I had formerly the pleasure of knowing very intimately a lady, who, equally distinguished for taste, elegance, and accomplishments, made them all subservient to the most amiable purposes.

“Wherever she moved it was the centre of fashion, and admiring eyes were all directed towards her, who made fashion



but the happy introduction to benevolence.

“She had always some charitable plan in view. Her winnings at the card-table were appropriated to the relief of the poor, whom she constantly visited, whilst she employed the few leisure hours she could steal from the gay and admiring circles in which she moved, in making baby-linen for them, and various other articles of cloathing. The sweetness and elegance of her manners, as much as the attractive beauty of her person, made it difficult to refuse her any thing; and many are the contributions she has laid on the fortunate players at the card-table, purposely to relieve the necessities of some deserving and dejected child of misfortune.

“The following short and hasty effusion of the moment only paid a just tribute



to her, and was addrest to her soon after the birth of a little girl, who will, I trust, live to realize her mother's fondest hopes.

—————" Did ever charity descend to wear  
 " A form so winning?  
 " Fashion, on her that sits with such light grace,  
 " Is but the hand-maid to some modest charm,  
 " Some meek retiring virtue, which fancy decks  
 " In this her fair attire, to give it thus  
 " The currency of taste.—  
 " Soft as she watches by affliction's couch  
 " To catch the bliss of health's returning smile,  
 " Or soothes the parting spirit to repose,  
 " The whisper'd blessing, and the faltering pray'r,  
 " (Ah! envied boon) are her's—and such be thine!  
 " See,—dear addition to maternal bliss!  
 " The cherish'd pledge of chaste connubial love,  
 " Like opening rose-buds, gay with promis'd sweets,  
 " Ah! may those sweets without its thorns expand,  
 " Till infant beauty ripen into bloom,  
 " With the rich promise of unfolding grace;  
 " The mother's virtues, with the mother's charms."



10th.

“The little boy who called on me to-day afforded you, by his visit, an opportunity of giving me a most pleasing proof of your readiness to resign your own gratifications to contribute to the amusement of others. When he left me, you presented him with the little coach which your papa had made, with so much ingenuity, for you yesterday, and with which you were so much delighted.

“There is so much satisfaction in obliging others, that the disposition to do so generally brings its reward with it, in the real pleasure we derive from good-natured actions.”

11th.

“I was astonished to-night at the strange and unjustifiable sort of caprice you dis-



covered respecting your supper. Contrary to my wishes, and I am sure as contrary to your health, cold fowl, cold meat, eggs, tarts, and cheese, were alike proposed to you by your mamma ; when, instead of appearing sensible of her indulgence, with a great deal of ill-humour, and with certainly a most unpardonable dissatisfaction, you objected to *all* these things, and, pouting, said, you liked none of them. What an unfortunate appetite a young lady must have, not to be satisfied even with such a variety ; and how unfavourable an idea must the lady who was present have formed of her ! You must have appeared whimsical, dainty, and unseasonable. What should I have thought of any little girl who had shewn herself so difficult to be pleased ?”

12th.

“ I give you credit to-day for learning



your lessons with the greatest cheerfulness, although your cousins were here, and you might have been pardoned had you expressed a wish to have been excused from studying them to-day.

“I must here, also, observe the satisfaction I received from your giving a shilling to the blind man, instead of buying ices with it.

“I hope you will never forget the claims of the unfortunate; and that they may be always impressed on your mind, I will insert in the journal of this day a little history, which has nothing to do with fiction; for I assure you, mine are not ‘*fancy pictures*,’ but have received their most interesting colouring from real life.



## THE LITTLE SAILORS;

OR,

## FILIAL AFFECTION REWARDED.

“IN pursuit of health, rather than amusement, I took up my residence, a few years since, at one of those fashionable watering-places on the eastern coast, which was, however, alike favourable to both. The mistress of the house where I lodged, was one of those benevolent beings whose kindness extended beyond ‘the small sweet courtesies of life,’ and who, though *an old maid*, without even a cat to engross her affections, distributed those equally with her little wealth, amongst the children of poverty and misfortune. As soon as she could dispatch the business of the day, regardless of weather or seasons, she used to take her *charitable tour*;



and few were the evenings that passed in which she did not return with some new tale of sorrow to excite my sympathy as well as her own. One night I observed her more than usually busy in boiling broth, and arranging a little hoard in a small basket, which was always her companion in these rambles. I asked her, on her return, what had taken her from home in an evening of severest cold, and during a heavy fall of snow.

‘Tho’ I did not go far,’ she replied, ‘I went far enough to see what made my heart ache more than the bitterness of the weather.’

“Accustomed so frequently to such observations, I said to her, with a carelessness for which I afterwards reproached myself, ‘And what was that, my good Mrs. Norton?’ ‘That I shall



not tell you to-night,' was her answer ; observing, probably, the air of indifference with which I made the question ; and at the same moment looking at her watch, which reminded her of the lateness of the hour, 'only oblige me by accompanying me to-morrow in my visit to the place I have quitted to-night.' This I readily agreed to, and on the following morning, ere I had scarcely breakfasted, she entered my room, prepared for her ramble, and with her little basket on her arm as usual, crying out, ' You see, Ma'am, I am quite ready, and I hope you are so too.'

" Upon observing the impatience expressed on her countenance, I instantly assured her I was. After conducting me through several streets without making a single observation on the object of our walk, in a very obscure one, which seemed to speak 'variety of



wretchedness,' she suddenly stopped before a house which resembled the rest in every *extreme* mark of poverty. She opened very softly the door into a room, that presented to me a sight which I shall never forget.

"On a wretched bed, almost without covering, apparently in the last agonies of death, lay a pale emaciated female, who appeared too young to be the mother of three children standing round her bed, who, nevertheless, called her by that name.

"Upon seeing us, the eldest girl called out, 'O grandmother, make haste and come, for here is good Mrs. Norton again.' Immediately on hearing this, with as much speed as age and infirmity would permit, a neat grey-headed old woman made her appearance. 'How is the poor soul to-day?' cried my com-



panion. 'Oh, she says she is quite comforted by the nourishment you brought her last night. She took it constantly as you told her to do, and seemed quite revived this morning.' Then perceiving me, who had been concealed from her in her anxiety to answer my companion's questions, she dropped a courtesy, with apparent confusion, saying, '*Lack-a-day*, I am sure our house is not much fit for ladies to come into, though, when my poor daughter was well, the proudest lady in the land need not have been afraid to set her foot in it; she kept it so neat and so dry; but since her illness it has been quite different.' And here her tears prevented her proceeding. 'How long has your daughter been ill, good woman?' 'Ever since her husband, Madam, was lost in that dreadful November gale, when he was shipwrecked almost in our sight as I might call it; for



he took his leave of us but the night before, and said he should soon be back again to us.

“We heard the next morning, that several of the smaller vessels in the roads were supposed to have been lost, from the wreck and dead bodies that floated ashore. A few days after the stern of the ship drifted ashore also, and we were then but too sure how it was. My poor daughter, who was told the news suddenly, was so overcome with grief that she drooped from that hour, and has never looked up since.”

“I asked her if these were all the children she had?” “No, bless God,” she cried, “if they were I know not what we should have done; for my eldest grandson has been our support and comfort ever since his father’s death.” “And how old is your grandson?”



Just as she was going to reply to my question, the poor invalid awaking, I approached the bed with Mrs. Norton, and found her in the last stage of a consumption; whilst nature, exhausted by sickness and sorrow, seemed now drawing near its close. 'Have you had any advice yet, I cried?' She shook her head, too feeble to make any other reply to my questions; when the old woman answered, 'Ah, Madam! we had no money to pay the doctor, though my grandson often and often told his poor mother, that he would work night and day to pay him if she would but send for one: but we were burthen enough to the poor child without that.' 'What age is your grandson, my good good woman?' 'Sixteen, Madam, last Michaelmas-day.' 'Sixteen only, and yet the support of his mother and family!' 'He is no more, I assure you, God help him!' 'What



is he that he is able to show so much kindness to you?' 'He is in a merchant ship, and has been some years with the same master; who observing his great sobriety and industry, last year made him master of the vessel. Jack is a good sailor, and as honest as the day.'

"Is he at sea now?" 'No, Madam, I believe he is just now with our lodger in the kitchen.' 'A lodger!' I exclaimed, with surprise: 'have your room, my good woman, in this miserable hut for a lodger, it seems scarcely able to afford a shelter even to yourselves?' 'Our kitchen,' she replied, 'is a tolerable one; we had a small truckle bed in it, and as we wanted to make a penny where we could, my daughter, after her husband's death, let it for a trifle to poor old Joe, an aged soldier, who contrives to give us a little pittance for it; though,



poor soul, it has been of late but a sorry corner for him, for ever since she took to her bed, and he heard her complain of the cold she felt in the night, he gave her up the only blanket he had on his bed. 'I don't want it, indeed, neighbour,' said he, when I refused taking it; 'for you know I am hale and strong, and don't feel the cold.' But for all that, I am sure poor old Joe has been sadly pinched with it of late.'

"My feelings were now equally interested by this recital for her lodger and her grandson; and perceiving Mrs. Twyford (for that was her daughter's name) unable, from excessive debility, to keep awake, had again closed her eyes, I asked if I might step into the kitchen and speak to her grandson. 'Aye, and welcome, Madam,' replied the old woman, conducting me to an adjoining room, whilst Mrs. Norton sat



by her patient's bed-side, watching attentively her apparently quiet slumber. Upon opening the kitchen door, I knew not where first to direct my attention, which was equally divided between the two interesting objects who there presented themselves to me—the old soldier and Jack. The figure of the former seemed, even in decay, to be marked with the distinction of better days, and with the proud characteristics of a British soldier—*unshrinking courage*; of which, a face, covered with scars, ill-concealed by a few scattered white locks, that fell over his forehead, and a wooden-leg, bore ample testimony. By his side, in anxious conversation, sat a robust young man, whose strong, stout limbs, received a still more athletic appearance from his rough blue jacket and trowsers; whilst his countenance, the index of his heart, was equally painted with health and honesty.



“ Upon our entrance, they both arose, as old Mrs. Twyford exclaimed, ‘ Here, Jack, is a good lady come to enquire after your poor mother!’ Her grandson was going to thank me, when I stopped his acknowledgments by asking him what vessel he was on board of. The Kitty was her name, he replied. He had made several voyages, he said, in the same ship, and he hoped he should make many more, ‘ or else,’ added he, (casting his eyes sorrowfully on the ground) ‘ God only knows what will become of my poor little brother and sisters!’ ‘ You do not live on board now, but remain, I suppose, with your mother till the ship sails?’

“ I should be glad to be on board, Madam, but I am obliged to keep at home snug for fear of being pressed; for there has been warm work that way ever since we have been in the river; and if



I was so unlucky as to be taken from my master (who is very kind and considerate to me), what would become of the poor children? If I could but get a *protection* I should not be afraid to get on with them, even if God was pleased to take away my poor mother.'

"And how, my good lad, is this protection to be procured?" 'By interest, Madam, with the regulating captain; but poor boys, like me, Madam, arn't likely to have interest with such great folks.' 'You will, I doubt not,' said I, 'my good fellow, obtain interest in a better place:—take courage, and let us hope we may find some means of serving you.' I then left *him*, and returned to the sick chamber, where I found good Mrs. Norton still sitting on the bed, and the three children standing around it.



“ The eldest girl appeared to be about thirteen years of age; next to her was a boy of eleven, and one who was in petticoats. The poor woman was in an easy slumber; and having obtained all the particulars of this family of *misfortune*, I took my leave, promising to call again the next day.

“ Mrs. Norton, who rejoiced equally in the interest they had so evidently excited in me, and in her being the cause of making the poor sufferer known to me, seemed to walk home with a much lighter heart and step than when she set out.

“ My ability,” said I, “ Mrs. Norton, is far more limited than my wishes to serve these sufferers; but I trust that, aided by the kindness of one or two of my friends, whose purses, as well as hearts, are always open to the unfortu-



nate, we make them a little more comfortable than they at present appear. *You*, her first benefactress, must still continue the poor creature's nurse, and I will immediately send to her a physician, that we may both have the satisfaction of knowing what we have to hope respecting her recovery.'

"The worthy Mrs. Norton instantly went herself for Dr. G——t, and waited, with increased anxiety, at the patient's the result of his visit. His opinion but too decidedly confirmed mine, that Mrs. Twyford was in the last stage of a consumption, had, apparently, not many days to live, and that it was now beyond the power of medicine to afford her the smallest relief. I received this account, though not with surprise, with so much real concern, that I felt little inclined to exert myself for a large party I was to join that evening; but it



was too late to send an excuse, and I found myself seated at the card-table at Mrs. B.'s, whilst my thoughts led me entirely to the affecting scene I had witnessed in the morning.

"I am particularly anxious for success to-night," said I to my partner, (a young lady as much distinguished for all the virtues of the heart as for her personal attractions). "That is," she replied, "so extraordinary a declaration for Mrs. Villars to make, who is in general so careless of it, that she must forgive me if I ask her why she is so desirous of winning to-night."

"It is a long and melancholy story of domestic sufferings, which I have been eye-witness to this morning. I cannot suffer it now to break in on the gaiety of the card-table: favour me with a call to-morrow morning, and I will then most



willingly relate it.' This my young friend readily promised. Whilst fortune, unusually kind to me, seemed for once to enter into my wishes, and made us both happy winners. The next morning brought with it my expected visitor, to whom I related my story. Having concluded it, 'I consider myself,' said she, 'peculiarly fortunate in such an opportunity of fulfilling the wishes of a revered friend, who flatters me every year by making me her almoner in the distribution of a little purse, and appointing me to select such objects of charity as are deserving her kindness and liberality. I am indeed happy to find one to whom it may be so really beneficial; and I hope you'll allow me to accompany you this morning to your poor invalid, if you intended to visit her.'

'This proposal was gratefully ac-



ceded to on my part; and we soon reached Mrs. Twyford's cottage, where we found her evidently approaching her last moments. My companion was no less affected than myself at the melancholy scene, and hastily putting into the old woman's hand a purse, which contained the winnings of the preceding night, she desired that her daughter might want for nothing. Overpowered with gratitude and surprise, she could only say, as she received it, 'May heaven, my good young lady, reward you for such kindness!' The eldest son, seated on the bed, was supporting his mother's head, who was then speechless. Unable to assist them farther by our presence, we left the house to consult together what steps it would be best to take for the benefit of the children, who would probably, by the next day, be *orphans*.



“The thing necessary to be first procured, was the protection for the eldest boy; and to obtain this we jointly wrote to the regulating captain, stating every particular of the melancholy circumstance that induced us to ask of him so great a favour. It was a case of humanity which spoke so powerfully to the feelings of a worthy man, that our petition was immediately granted; and when poor Jack came to tell us the next morning that his mother was no more, it was most comfortable intelligence for him in the midst of all his grief. ‘Then I shall still be able to do for the children,’ said he, bursting into tears; ‘I must now, poor things, be both father and mother to them, for they have no friend in the world but myself.’

MRS. V.

“God, who is the friend of all, but



more particularly of the fatherless and the orphan, will prosper your intentions, my good lad, and, I doubt not, reward them too. Will the parish bury your poor mother?

JACK.

“I hope not, Madam, for if they do that they will sell off our poor little furniture, little as it is, to pay the expences of her burying, and then take my brothers and sister into the workhouse. Though I an’t proud, Madam, I could not bear that; for I know it would break my old grandmother’s heart, and then I should have no home to come to, and no one to see if they were well done by. I came to tell you this, good ladies, and to say, I would work for them all ten times harder than I have yet done, if I can but manage to keep them from the workhouse, and bury my poor mother.”



MRS. V.

"Well, we will try if we can manage the matter for you."

JACK.

"But it will cost such a sight of money, Madam; more, I doubt, than I could earn in two or three voyages; and then my grandmother and the poor babes can't starve in the mean time."

MISS A.

"Go home, my good boy, and give orders for your mother to be plainly and decently buried, and your good friend Mrs. Villars and I will settle the debt for you."

JACK.

"And will you *indeed*, ladies? Then God, I am sure, will reward you. I can only pray to him night and morn-



ing to do so, and beg a blessing upon my honest endeavours to pay you myself one day.'

MISS A.

"You are not at all obliged to me; for, I assure you, I am only the dispenser of another's bounty, whose enjoyment is, the silent prayers and blessings of many towards their unknown benefactress. We must both be grateful to Mrs. Villars for making you known to us.'

"Jack's heart was too full of gratitude and sorrow to allow him to say another word, and he took his leave, overcome with the emotions of both.

"Having seen Mrs. Twyford decently buried, our next care was to suggest some plan that might be permanently beneficial to the children. The youngest



could remain no where so well as with its grandmother: but scarcely had we determined upon this, when the poor infant sickened with the measles, which she had not strength enough of constitution to throw out, and in less than a fortnight followed its unfortunate mother to the grave. The eldest girl, through the kind exertions of Miss A. obtained an easy place in a respectable tradesman's family, and soon made herself very useful in it; whilst we determined on sending the youngest boy to a little day-school, and to allow his grandmother a small weekly sum for his board.

“Accidentally one evening, soon after the arrangement of our plans, the captain, to whom we had written for the protection for Jack, mentioned the story to a party of naval officers who were supping with him. Amongst the rest was



Admiral D. then commanding the fleet that was stationed there. Impressed with the story, as much as with the certainty that so dutiful a son and affectionate a brother must be in any station a valuable member of society, he waited on me the next morning to obtain some farther particulars respecting our interesting protégé. When I had concluded them, 'I am, Madam,' said he, 'so delighted with the extraordinary conduct of this boy, that I wish to share with you, ladies, the pleasure of being useful to him. I have just lost the steward of my ship by illness. It is a place of equal confidence and emolument. The filial virtues of this young man are the best and only securities I can require of his fidelity; offer it, therefore, to him if you think it will be desirable.'

"I expressed to the admiral my gratitude, and immediately sent for young



Twyford, delighted to have to communicate to him what would, I judged, be such welcome intelligence; or rather, on his arrival, I left to the worthy admiral the pleasure of communicating himself his benevolent intentions. When done, imagine my disappointment and astonishment, to find that Jack received the proposal in silence and dejection. At length, looking at me, he exclaimed (with tears of apprehension and gratitude), 'I hope, Madam, neither you nor this gentleman will be angry, or think me ungrateful, if I refuse his noble offer, which I am not worthy of. But my poor mother, in her dying illness, made me give her a solemn promise, that I would never go in any but a merchantship; for it happened, that just about this time, there was a great talk of Duncan's victory, and she knew many poor women who had lost their husbands and sons in that battle: 'and if the same



thing was ever to happen to you, Jack, what,' she said, 'would become of the poor fatherless and motherless babes I must soon leave behind me, and of their aged grandmother? I shall die easier if you'll make me a solemn promise, never, of your own accord, to go into any ships of war.' As for me, Madam, I should rather die nobly, like a British sailor, than in any other way ; but my dear mother insisting on my promise, I repeated it to her solemnly in her dying moments, and I dare not, I could not break it. The master of my vessel is a kind friend and father to me. My voyages are short and certain, and I am thus able frequently to see my grandmother and the children, and to pay off their little bills on my return home. I hope, therefore, you'll not be angry with me for refusing this kind gentleman's offer ; I shall remember it, and pray for him as long as I live.'



ADMIRAL.

"You are, indeed, deserving the situation I intended for you, my honest fellow, and I resign you with reluctance. You have a brother I think?"

JACK.

"Ah, but a very young one, Sir, who is too little to work yet."

ADMIRAL.

"He is not too little to come under the protection of my cabin, or too young to be made a good sailor. If he prove as honest-hearted and worthy as yourself, I shall not repent having taken him under my care. I must, however, obtrude so far on this lady's kindness and judgment, as to request she will prepare his little wardrobe as expeditiously as possible, and appropriate the contents of this purse to that purpose."



I do not intend to make your brother a fine gentleman, who may one day be ashamed of his poor though industrious relations; or to take him out of his present situation, a life, of honest industry, I mean to make him a useful member of society, and I may add, a proud one too, by making him an honest-hearted British sailor.'

"Here the admiral took his leave; and in the midst of our acknowledgments and grateful blessings to him Miss A. entered, and we sent for Mrs. Norton to share our delight at meeting with so unexpected and powerful a friend.

"See," said Jack, (tenderly affected at the sight of his first disinterested benefactress), 'see, Mrs. Norton, what friends we have got, and all through your kindness!' 'Not through my kindness,' replied the good woman, 'but



rather say through his kindness who watches with an eye of compassion over all, and who forsakes not the widow or the orphan.'

"We all three immediately returned with Jack to his humble home; and forbidding him to say a word to his grandmother respecting Admiral D.'s kind intentions, for the present, I asked for the second boy, saying I should take him home with me for an hour or two; whilst she little suspected the agreeable surprise we were preparing for her. On taking our leave of her, we instantly proceeded with little Henry to a sale-shop filled with every article of a sailor's apparel, suited to all ages and sizes; and here it was, that through the admiral's bounty we were to make his young charge the *happiest*, and, in his own opinion, the *finest* of human beings.



“ I whispered to the master of the shop (as I was willing to enjoy Henry’s surprise) the purport of our visit there, and begged him to take the little boy into another room, and equip him completely in a sailor’s dress. He directly told Henry to accompany him into an adjoining parlour. The poor fellow, ignorant for what purpose, obeyed him with evident reluctance and fear ; but when in five minutes he saw himself *newly* and *neatly* clothed like his elder brother, in what had ever been the object of his highest ambition, a sailor’s jacket and trowsers, and surveyed himself in a large looking-glass which hung on the opposite side of the room, his ecstasy is not to be described. Returning to us with delight and admiration, that almost prevented the power of speech, at length he exclaimed, in the genuine language of nature, ‘ Well, do



look at me, Mrs. Norton, for I'm sure I never was so fine, no not even when my father was alive !

“We then reconducted him to his grandmother, whose joy was equal to his own, at this sudden metamorphose ; and on being told of the admiral's benevolent intentions towards him. To his noble patron Jack then went with the new-made sailor, and presenting little Henry to him, ‘Here is my brother, Sir,’ said the grateful boy, ‘come to join me in prayers and acknowledgments for your goodness to us.’ The admiral, impressed by his artless and interesting expressions of gratitude, desired him to be ready to occupy his destined situation in the course of a few days : at the end of which time, Henry found himself placed in a new world of wonders, on board the proud bulwark of England, a 98-gun ship ; which, in



a very short time after, bore a distinguished part in the action off Copenhagen. Our little sailor proved himself, by his courage, neither unworthy the protection he had met with, nor that title of which, young as he was, he already felt the valuable distinction.

“The eldest Twyford continued the support and pride of his aged grandmother, as he had been before that of his unfortunate mother; whilst his sister contributed also the little in her power to increase her comforts, and joined with him in smoothing her pathway to the grave.

“Nor was poor Joe, the benevolent old soldier, forgotten, or his humanity unrewarded. And the worthy Mrs. Norton had frequently the pleasure of contemplating the happy consequences of her evening tour, and being thus excited



to the continuance of her benevolent rambles."

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"You will learn from this story, my young friend, that there is no situation of life, however humble, however retired, but affords us some opportunity of being useful to others, and of exercising those amiable virtues, compassion and charity.

"Exemplified as this has so happily been in the case of Mrs. Norton, what must and ought to be expected from those who are placed in a higher station of life, and blessed, not only with competency, but *affluence*. From 'those to whom *much is given*, much will be required;' and remember charity stands amongst the highest of the christian virtues, as well as those moral duties, in which, I trusts I shall never find you deficient.



It is, also, one instance amongst many others, that are repeatedly before us, of the confidence we ought to have in that superior and unerring Power, who removes from us the cup of sorrow in the moment of despair, and exemplifies the justice of the following impressive lines:—

‘In him thy God, thy heavenly guardian trust,  
 ‘Nor doubt protection—*all his ways are just.*’

13th.

“As you appear so much satisfied with my worthy Mrs .Norton, I may, perhaps, introduce her to you again when a proper opportunity offers: but I must now turn to another subject, and express my surprise at your crying yesterday, when I told you your marking was not done right.

“Receiving such gentle and *necessary* reproofs with frowns and ill-humour, is



worse than even the fault itself. You had previously laughed at your cousin, and thought her very stupid not to have succeeded in her attempt, whilst you appeared perfectly satisfied with your own. This shewed some vanity, and certainly not much politeness on your part; who, after all, had done your own work incorrectly, and from *inattention*, which was much worse than having failed in it from want of quickness. The deficiency of abilities is pardonable and pitiable; but that of attention and application are not to be forgiven."

14th.

"A circumstance occurred yesterday, when in our morning walk I made a visit to a friend, which much surprised me.

"When I had been seated a few minutes, the lady apologised to you for leaving you alone, and requested me to



step with her on business into the adjoining room, leaving you a book to amuse yourself with in the mean time. I had not been there a quarter of an hour, when, to my astonishment, you came into the room and said, 'Mrs. Villars, ar'n't you coming?'

"I beg you will, in future, recollect, that you ought rather to consider yourself as dependant on my time, than me on your's.

"Your conduct, in this instance, showed not only a great want of consideration, but an equal degree of intience and impropriety towards me."

25th.

"I record this day in the journal as a very important one, for it is your *birth-day*; and having completed your eleventh year, you must now consider



yourself as arrived at an age wherein much will begin to be expected from you. Next to the cultivation of the head, or I should rather say, even *before* it, will be expected the cultivation of the *heart*, the *correcting* the *temper*, and forming the *manners*. That you are not deficient in the latter I had a very pleasant and gratifying specimen last night, before the large party of our friends who were assembled to do honour to it, when you acquitted yourself with so much real propriety and good breeding, that I had the pleasure of hearing it remarked by all the visitors. I sincerely hope, that before the next return of this day, I shall see you equally noticed for the progress made in your studies, the cultivation of your mind, and the correctness of your manners."



SUNDAY, 26th.

“ I was astonished to see, that at church to-day, instead of attending to the service, you were constantly looking about you, and your eyes were wandering about in all directions.

“ Recollect, we go to this solemn place for very different purposes ; and the very small portion of our time, that is allotted by this weekly ordinance to God, should be given to *sacred* and *serious* considerations only.

“ Besides, we go to church to be *instructed*, as well as to *pray* ; and the lessons of the day always afford us some of the finest examples of our *moral* as well as our *religious duties* ; and without a proper sense of the latter, we can never perform the former. Religion is the



foundation of every virtue, as well as the basis of every duty; and although it is too much the system of the present day, either to neglect all attention to the duties of the Sunday, or else to perform them only *externally*, by going to church as a mere matter of ceremony, I hope, my dear young friend, that your religious sentiments will spring from the heart, and from a grateful recollection of his goodness in whom 'we *live*, and move, and have our being.'

27th.

"The journal of this week I hoped, at least, to have begun well, and painful indeed is to me the disappointment of not being able to do so. Most sincerely do I hope, that what passed to day will be for ever a lesson to you, and teach you to correct that impetuosity of temper, and that impatience under the slightest opposition to your wishes, which



you discovered to-day, and for some time past.

“The culture of the *heart* is a far more important consideration than that of the *head*; and the mild, gentle virtues of attention, kindness, and good humour, are a thousand times more estimable than the most brilliant accomplishments.

“I was also extremely hurt that you never made the smallest apology for your fault, (which was that of impertinence, and a most improper method of receiving my admonitions), never expressed the least regret at having offended me, and so much hurt my feelings; but suffered the affair to make only a momentary impression on you.

“I am astonished that your heart did not dictate to you a very different mode of conduct. You certainly cannot be



restored to the place you once held in mine, till you have convinced me of your regret for what passed."

30th.

"I begin to feel what I never experienced till lately, a reluctance to writing the journal.

"As nothing but truth and sincerity can mark its pages, it is very mortifying to me to have such painful truths to insert in it. I do not mean respecting your lessons, for there I have not often cause for complaint; but in a point much more essential than any acquirements, I mean—*good temper*—more attractive than even the most brilliant accomplishments. What can be more disgusting than seeing a young person, every half hour in the day, breaking out into fits of petulance, ill humour,



and pouting? This has of late been the case with you, not only if every thing is not in exact compliance with your wishes, but even in receiving the smallest necessary reproof respecting either your studies or your behaviour.

“It is equally shown in your impetuosity towards your brother, your cousin, and even the *little ones*. If this disposition to ill humour be not immediately *checked*, instead of indulged, as it has been of late, you must appear in the most unfavourable light to all around you; and give them, besides, a very bad opinion of your *heart*, which is naturally a good one. This mode of conduct, if persevered in, must in time estrange my affections from you; for this is surely a most unkind return to me for all my anxiety and care to make you amiable as well as accomplished.



"I trust that you will now very seriously reflect upon all that passed last night, without my being under the painful necessity of repeating it to you.

"I think I cannot find a better conclusion for this day's journal, than an extract from Mr. Hayley's elegant Poem,

THE TRIUMPHS OF TEMPER.

"*Virtue's* an ingot of Peruvian gold,

"*Sense* the bright ore Potosi's mines unfold ;

"But *Temper's* image must their use create,

"And give these precious metals sterling weight."

JUNE 1st.

"I was happy to observe to-day that you profited by the advice of yesterday, and that nothing but good humour has marked your conduct.

"Your attention to little Louisa during tea, and your resigning to her your



share of cake, pleased me much. These are the little kindnesses and attentions which always please me so much: nor was I less gratified by the note of contrition I found at night on my table, and which deserves to be thus inserted in the journal.

“Now I have reflected on my behaviour, I feel sensible that I have behaved very unkindly and improperly to you, one of my best friends. Forgive me now, my dear Mrs. Villars, for I hope it is the last time you will have to complain of

‘Your affectionate pupil,

‘CAROLINE.’

“To *acknowledge* our faults is almost a sufficient reparation of them, as it is certainly the first step towards their speedy correction; and a generous confession of our errors ought always to



ensure forgiveness from the offended party. Your note has now procured it entirely from me; and as a reward for it, I mean to comply with the wish you have frequently repeated to me, of hearing something more of the worthy Mrs. Norton."

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#### THE LITTLE PRISONERS.

"I was enjoying one morning my usual quiet breakfast at her lodgings, when its tranquillity was interrupted by a general tumult in the street; respecting which I had scarcely time to form my conjectures, when my landlady entered with the news of the total defeat of the Dutch fleet by Lord Duncan; adding, as a confirmation of her intelligence, that the victorious ships were in sight, and almost at anchor, with their prizes in tow. Hundreds were throng-



ing to the beach to witness a sight so gratifying to them as Britons; and elated with the news, I determined to join the number, and to be a spectator of it also.

“When I arrived there, (my heart, though a woman’s, beating with all the enthusiasm of conquest,) I felt that it was indeed a *proud day for England*; but a *painful one for humanity*: for in the midst of victorious banners flying triumphantly over the captured ships, what a scene presented itself to me! They were just landing, not only the prisoners, but the sick and wounded, the dying and the dead. In what various horrors did war at that moment present itself to me, even amidst its successes! Wives and mothers were pressing round those who landed from the different ships, asking the fate of their husbands, sons, and brothers, with an anxiety that



made them almost fearful of the reply ; or recognising them ere they could receive it, in the pale and wounded figures that variously met their eye.

“ I had never, till this moment, had an idea of war, or its attendant horrors ; or known it before but from description : I at length knew it by sad reality. I returned home to my lodgings with the melancholy impression of what I had seen, and forgot almost the pride of victory in what I had just witnessed.

“ The next morning Mrs. Norton came with her usual gentle tap at my door when she had any thing to communicate to me, and, on entering, she began upon the subject which seemed at that moment nearest to her heart.

“ Well, I am sure it is quite melancholy to see the poor souls carried about



the streets so, and no where to put them: they came to me to take some of them in, and I was grieved that my house was so full that I could not; for I'm sure I should not have cared what I had done for *them*, who have been doing so much for *us*. And after I had told them all how sorry I was that I could not accommodate them, I saw such a sight, Madam, as was fit to break your heart.—Four little Dutch boys, laid on litters, were set down just by my door, to rest the men who carried them. One of our English surgeons was walking by them, and I heard him say, 'The hospital and all the lodging-houses are already so full, that I know not where I can find one for these poor little fellows; and their wounds are so bad that every step they are moved must occasion them the severest pain.' At this moment one of the children raising his head from the surgeon's arm, who was support-



ing it, said something to him in his language. 'What does he want, Sir, said the men?' 'He only asks to be carried in somewhere to die,' replied the doctor; 'for he can, he says, bear no longer the pain he suffers from being thus moved about; and I'm sure I know not where to take them.' I just then caught a glimpse of the poor child's face, which looked, sure enough, as if he was dying. It went to my heart to think, though he was a *foreigner*, that he must die in the street, and so I told the doctor; and that though I had only a small parlour where I keep myself, and a little closet with my bed in it, yet I would give it up to the poor little sufferers, though I should be forced to ask for a lodging myself of some of my neighbours.

"So the poor things were brought in here, Madam; and I hope you'll step down stairs presently, for I can't well



make out what they ask for; and as I know you understand these other country languages, I dare say you can tell me what they want; and I shall soon, I hope, learn to know without troubling you.' 'Most willingly, Mrs. Norton,' replied I, 'and I hope you will let me have the pleasure, not only of being the interpreter for your patients, but that you will also suffer me to assist you in nursing them.'

"I immediately followed her down stairs to her sitting-room, and saw, with surprise, in this, and her little closet, the four young sufferers most comfortably accommodated. The eldest of them, not more than fifteen years of age, had lost his leg in the action, as had the youngest, who was only eleven; and his sufferings had been increased by the ignorance of the Dutch surgeons, who had taken it off soon after the en-



gagement ; but so unskilfully, that when an English one saw it, he found it necessary for him to undergo a second amputation. Their other two companions were but slightly wounded. They addressed me in French, scarcely mentioned their own sufferings, but talked much of what must be their parents' at knowing they were prisoners and wounded.

“Do you think,” they all cried out, “we shall be permitted, Madam, to write to them? for I am sure if they did but know how kindly we are treated, they would not be so unhappy.”

“I assured them they *would* be allowed to do so ; and that as I was particularly intimate with the commissary, I would engage for the safe conveyance of their letters. Delighted with this assurance, they seemed in a moment to forget their wounds, although the perspiration roll-



ing down their cheeks, from excessive pain, too plainly told me how acute were their sufferings. The two other boys, who were neither confined nor much inconvenienced by their wounds, which were very slight, were, one thirteen years of age, and the other not quite fifteen. The name of the latter was *Weertz*. His manners were particularly mild, amiable, and pleasing, and were marked with a politeness and steadiness much beyond his years. It seemed to be his delight to assist us in nursing and amusing his wounded companions ; and to regret being from the chances of war a prisoner, only because it separated him from a widowed mother and two sisters, to whom he was tenderly attached ; and because, during the action, a cannon-ball had deprived him of his greatest treasure, his box of colours, and a complete set of drawing materials. He had, through me, forwarded, imme-



diately on his arrival in England, letters to his mother and sisters, in which, to lessen their anxiety respecting his safety and his present situation, he spoke of the English in general, and of their treatment of him and his companions in misfortunes, in terms of the warmest gratitude; and of me, and the little kindness I had shewn him, more than they deserved.

“In the course of a month he received a letter from his eldest sister (who was, he said, about seventeen years of age), which he brought with delight to me to read; and with which I was so much pleased, that I requested a copy of it; and I am happy that by having preserved, I can gratify my young friends with a perusal of it.



## THE LETTER.

“How many tears, my dear Lewis, had your mother, Louisa, and myself, shed for you before the arrival of your letter! We had fancied you amongst the dying, the dead, or at least the wounded; and to hear that you were only a prisoner was, therefore, the greatest relief to our minds.

“If I may judge from your account, the English are indeed generous conquerors. O, if I were but with you, I would endeavour to express to them the gratitude I feel for their treatment of you! And the amiable lady too you mention, whose kindness has, you say, supplied almost my mother’s place,—assure her, I entreat you, of our gratitude and affection; and tell her, that if ever



the chances of war should place *her* brother, or one Englishman who is dear to her, in the same situation, your sisters, my Lewis, would be proud to prove their remembrance of her kindness to you. As soon as we can remit with safety any money to England, my mother will immediately replace your wardrobe and whatever else you have lost: and she is comforted by the assurance that it will be but a very short time before such an opportunity will occur. Write to us, my dear brother, whenever you have the chance of a letter reaching us. Keep up your spirits, and remember, that the little prisoner in England is, if possible, dearer to us than when he was here our *little playfellow*.

“My mother desires that, for her sake, you will take care of yourself, and Louisa bids me add for her’s also; she wept incessantly till we received your letter.



Wherever you are, assure yourself of the prayers and sincerest affection of your sister,

“JULIA.”

“P. S. I wish I might offer my friendship, with my grateful affection, to the lady you mentioned.”

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“The delight which this letter afforded young Lewis, made him in a moment forget that he was a prisoner, and in England. The mother he so much revered, and the sisters he so fondly loved, were well, and he again felt happy at this intelligence. He again resumed his station at the bedside of his suffering companions, where, seated together, he would read to them, or try various methods of amusing and making them forget the pain occasioned by their



wounds: or when, at my entreaties, he left them to take a walk with me, or his other little companion Frederickshall, he returned to amuse them with the observations he had made on our national customs and manners; our shops, markets, provisions, dresses, &c. &c. Few English boys, I fear, of that age, and under the same circumstances, would have spent their time so advantageously.

“Two months had thus passed away, and the worthy Mrs. Norton, who was an excellent nurse, had the satisfaction of seeing the eldest of her invalids, not only able to leave his bed, but to get to the adjoining room by the assistance of crutches. The wounds of the other seemed less disposed to heal; whilst his constitution, which was naturally a delicate one, appeared to be gradually sinking under them.



“The *little party* was thus situated when their comfort was suddenly broken in upon by an order from government to remove the prisoners from the sea-ports to the interior of the country, and none were exempted from this change but those who were sick, or whose wounds prevented such a removal. Young Weertz, whose *gatitude* and attachment to Mrs. Norton and me appeared to increase every day, seemed to feel as much at parting from us as from his young companions whom he left behind.

“I had a few friends with me on the evening he came to take his leave, and I selected this moment for presenting him with a handsome box of *colours*, to replace that he had so much lamented. I thought too, by recalling him to his former favourite amusement, that it would make him feel less sensibly the loss of the young friends he was to leave



behind; and each person of *my little circle* presented him with some addition to his purse. He received the paints with ecstasy; and then, with equal delight, turning to his purse (which passing from one to another, had been very handsomely filled), 'These at least,' said the grateful boy, 'I will never part from. On my return home, I will place this money amongst the things I most value, my coins; and be assured, I will keep it for ever in remembrance of the generous English ladies.'

"It was in vain we assured him, that this was designed for a very different purpose; and for the purchase of any thing that could contribute to his present gratification.—'No, no,' was his reply, 'these I will never part from. Could I ever be tempted, for a moment, to forget my conquerors, I should look at these and remember my generous Eng-



lish friends.' The interesting boy took his leave of us, the tears of gratitude rolling down his cheeks. I was so fortunate as to know several families in the town to which he was now ordered, and to them I gave him letters of introduction. I thus heard of him frequently, and heard that wherever he went his manners and disposition procured him esteem. He remained there about three months, and had then the happiness of being included in an exchange of prisoners; as were our two young patients also. The eldest of them now hopped about so dexterously on his crutches that he seemed scarcely to feel the loss of his leg: whilst the other young sufferer appeared entirely unequal to his removal; but the prospect of being again with his parents he would not have relinquished, he said, but with life. As we had apprehended, the exertion and the voyage proved too much for his little



weak exhausted frame; he just lived to reach land, and died in his mother's arms a few hours after he left his ship.

“One morning, about a twelvemonth after their departure, the servant entering, ushered into the room a very genteel young man, who addressed me in imperfect English, and, at the same time, presented me a letter. ‘This, Madam,’ said he, ‘I promised my young friend to deliver, if possible, into your hand. He is anxious to know that you are thus assured of his remembrance, and that the recollection of your kindness, and that of your generous nation, is the most grateful to his heart.’

“I was much at a loss to know to whom this stranger alluded, till the name of ‘Weertz’ recalled to me at once my young foreigner. I learned now from his friend, that he was of a superior fa-



mily in Amsterdam, an only and darling son; that his mother had lost her husband some years since in the navy; and that her son had been but very few weeks a sailor when the chances of war made him also a *prisoner*. 'His letter,' he added, 'would best speak his sentiments towards the English nation;' and he took his leave of me, promising to call in six weeks for an answer to it. When his business here being concluded, he hoped to return to Amsterdam, and to make his friend happy by the assurance that he was not forgotten by his English friends. After his departure, I opened my letter, and will transcribe it here for you.

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"My friend Captain Dubal's visit to England, gives me the hope of receiving once more intelligence



from that generous country; of some of its valued individuals; of you, my friend, my protectress, my benefactress. Ah! how many prayers have been offered for you from mine! how many grateful recollections have stolen from it to your own, in the midst even of wars and tumults! Of such a nation as yours, why are we compelled to be the reluctant enemies?

“I have again embraced my venerated mother and my dear sisters; am again happy in that domestic circle, where your kindness to the young prisoner forms the principal and almost constant subject of conversation. The box of paints you gave me is still preserved amongst my dearest relics of England; and in my coins, the most valued antiquities of Rome and Greece, have given place to those English ones with which your kind circle filled my little



purse on the evening I parted from you; and there, amongst my most esteemed treasures, they shall ever remain. How is the good, the benevolent Mrs. Norton? Assure her of my most grateful remembrance.

“My sisters beg you to accept some of their drawings, to put (if you will honour them so much) in the little breakfast parlour, where I have passed with you so many happy hours. My mother ventures to add some of the trifles of this country to their packet, for yourself and Mrs. Norton. For me, my dear Madam, receive my gratitude, my prayers, my affection; they will ever be your’s.

“WERTZ.”

“P. S.—I have not seen any of my young companions who were with me in England since my return home; they



reside at a considerable distance from Amsterdam; but I hear they have already forgotten their wounds and every thing relative to them, but the kindness of the English during their sufferings. Poor little D——, I understand, lived only to reach land, and expired in his mother's arms.'

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"To this grateful and interesting letter I conveyed an answer by Captain Dubal, who returned to his own country about the period he had informed me he should do so. The continuance of the war has been an interruption to my correspondence with my grateful foreigner, whose story affords many examples worthy the attention and imitation of my young English friends.

"When you feel yourself out of hu-



mour you know not why, and disposed to be dissatisfied and fretful, as you sometimes are when every thing is not exactly in unison with your wishes, remember how these young foreigners supported, not only a separation from their friends, but wounds, confinement, and severe pain ; they suffered all this, and without even complaining.

“ Should *you* then murmur at the trifling vexations of being disappointed of going to a play, of making a visit, or something equally frivolous ? Whenever you feel yourself disposed to do so remember these little strangers, and the fortitude they discovered in real sorrows and sufferings.

“ You will, I hope, derive a lesson equally useful from the gratitude of ‘ Lewis Weertz,’ and remember, that the smallest attentions of others to our



wants, or to our wishes, should be recollected by us; and that the *moment*, as well as the *manner*, in which they are offered, stamps the value of them.

‘ Spendthrifts there are that good deeds throw  
away,

‘ Who love some *paltry virtue* to display;

‘ But the good heart makes this its favour’d boast,

‘ To do *most* kindness *when* ’tis wanted *most*.’

“ At your age it is no longer the little trifling errors of the *moment* that I correct. Now they become *more*, they become *marking traits of character*, by which your *future* disposition will be judged; and to *that*, not to the mere circumstances of birth or fortune, you will owe the good or ill opinion of the companions and friends you mix with now, and will associate with hereafter.

“ In your path through life you cannot be always surrounded by your



EQUALS. You will have sometimes about you the *humble* as well as the *high*. Remember, that it is the peculiar pleasure of delicate minds, under every circumstance, to make the *latter forget*, rather than *feel* the difference of situation, even where the humblest dependant is concerned: how much more so does this become a *duty* when a *friend* is by any circumstance of misfortune, no longer in the *eyes of the world* our *equal*! It is then the delicate mind *exalts*, not *humbles* them; it is then the feeling heart offers redoubled attentions, and a more marked kindness; it is then that affection is *proved*—that friendship is *tried*. Instead of implying to Miss D. that she is here to humour and wait on you (an idea at which *I am shocked*), you should rather dread that such an idea should *enter her* mind to wound it. Do you not think it must be every day to her a most painful comparison, when she sees you reared in the bosom of in-



dulgence, surrounded by all the advantages of education, by every gratification, and with every wish, unfortunately, anticipated? I say unfortunately, for I am persuaded, from observation, as well as experience, that adversity is the best school. In the highest situations in life condescension gives a greater charm than any other attraction can lend to the possessors of rank and fortune.

“The victories of Edward the Black Prince distinguished him far less, than the delicacy and kindness with which he treated the unfortunate Princes over whom he had gained them, and who were conducted as prisoners to his tent. That they might not feel they were no longer Kings; that they might even forget, during their captivity, that he was their conqueror, he waited upon them himself at table, not as if he were the victor, but the *vanquished*. Not all the



laurels which his sword had then obtained procured for him the fame which he gained by this proof of a mind greater even than his fortune.

“To adduce an instance in the less dazzling, but, perhaps, more interesting walk of domestic life, I must borrow an example from a friend of mine, who is at this moment the object of our united admiration and attention. She went lately on a visit to a house where the mistress of it, (who, though thrown from a higher situation into one of dependance on the world,) had a naturally irritable temper; not softened by adversity or misfortune; and it was perpetually discovered to my friend in a manner that made her visit extremely uncomfortable.

“Why did you remain with her?” I said. My friend’s reply to this question I shall not easily forget, ‘Because she was unfortunate.’ Had she been a duchess I



should certainly have left her, as it was I could not; for it would have wounded her feelings.

“This is an example of delicacy of mind that requires no comment.

“But it is to-day that Miss D. has shewn the superiority of her mind; and the triumph of mind is far more estimable than the advantages of fortune, rank, or beauty.

“When she found I had reprov'd you, she said, she hoped I had done it in the gentlest manner, for she loved you as a sister, notwithstanding all your caprice, so often I know shown to her. The heart that could so soon return to affection, when it had been thus wounded, must be a good one; and I sincerely hope you will, in future, prove yourself worthy



that affection, and copy the example she sets you."

JUNE 2d.

"I was glad to observe you relinquishing, very properly and without grumbling, your intended visit yesterday afternoon to Mrs. D. because your mamma had apprehensions respecting your crossing the ferry. I was equally happy to find you had previously rejected the bribe to do so from your papa, who only offered it to try you. I trust it will never, my dear girl, be necessary to bribe you to your duty, which is a perfect and ready compliance with every wish of both your mamma's and papa's; as you may rest assured they will never form any but what are most conducive to your future happiness and present comfort."



4th.

"I must here beg to remind you of one thing, which is the motto prefixed to your journal: 'Whatever you do, let it appear ever so trifling, do it well.'

"The doll's hat and spencer so ill *made* last night, though so neatly cut out, will tell you how necessary at all times is the recollection of this motto."

8th.

"I am always more happy in having an opportunity of praising than of blaming you; and a circumstance occurred to-day, which, though apparently a trifling one, afforded me a real gratification.

"When I left the dining-room suddenly to-day, after complaining of indisposition (which I did not think you heard, or even noticed, as you were



playing with your brothers and sisters), with a very kind and obliging attention, you left your play, and followed me up stairs to see if I was ill.

“These attentions, though apparently trifling in their nature, are always most gratifying to those to whom they are offered, and are often as valuable as greater ones. It is not frequently in our power to confer great services, but what Sterne so emphatically calls the ‘small sweet courtesies of life, every one is enabled to offer.’”

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The summer was advancing in its fullest beauty, and the luxuriance of June had banished from London, not only the lovers of nature, but the votaries of fashion, who were now following the capricious goddess into the country.



Lady Montgomery had received repeated and pressing invitations to visit her sister in Devonshire; and she now determined to accept it, and to take with her Caroline and Louisa.

The delight occasioned by this intelligence to the young people is not to be expressed.

“But, Mrs. Villars, you will go with us, will you not?” said Caroline. She appeared much disappointed when she found her friend could not accompany her. “Well, though you are not with me, I will study all my lessons, and practise my music every day, and translate my French, and do every thing the same as if you were with me; indeed I will, Mrs. Villars, and teach little Louisa too. Oh, I shall be so good and so happy!”



Mrs. Villars assured Caroline that she trusted with perfect confidence to all her promises; and that she did not doubt finding them, on her return, fulfilled to her entire satisfaction.

From this moment all was expectation, delight, and preparation; and the ensuing week was fixed for their journey. The day before Lady Montgomery left town, Mrs. Villars sat off for the country, on a visit to a friend in Kent; and on waking the next morning, Caroline found on her dressing-table the following letter:

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“MY DEAR LITTLE FRIEND,

“As you are now going to be absent from me for some weeks, I wish to recall, in this letter, some things



that it may be necessary for you to remember, when I am not at your elbow to remind you of them.

“ You are now, my dear Caroline, of an age to feel the value of that friendship and advice which are offered for *your* future benefit only ; and whilst I give you credit for attending in general to my wishes, I am anxious that your conduct should begin now to proceed from *your own judgment, reflections,* and *principles.*

“ Rising early in the morning, and going to bed regularly at nine o'clock every night, is one rule that I am particularly desirous of your not deviating from ; as I am convinced that your *future* health depends much upon your present attention to it. You may, but ever will *vainly* repeat your favourite argument, “ that sitting up late never



hurts you," whilst your pale cheeks and hollow eyes convince me to the contrary as often as you thus transgress. That is not so often as it used to be, which I am happy to observe; and had it not been for a recent deviation from my rules, I should have had perfect confidence in you, in that respect; as I have often seen you exercising your best judgment much to my satisfaction in these cases.

"Whilst you are in Devonshire, your sister will come entirely under your care: to amuse her, hear her lessons; and to set her *every example* of good behaviour and good temper, I entreat you not to permit her, nor any one, to see a single instance of pettishness or violence of temper.

"At table, I beg you to be very attentive to your mode of sitting, to the



manner of holding your knife and fork, and to helping, without being told to do so, from the dishes that are placed next you. Attentive and graceful manners at table are always very distinguishing marks of a gentlewoman.

“Fold your cloaths up *yourself* at night when you go to bed, and don't call, or *suffer* the maid-servant to do it for you; learn to want, as little as possible, her assistance, by accustoming yourself to do all these things; and don't, when you come in from a walk, throw your *hat* in one place, your *spencer* in another, and your gloves in another, as you too often, (I might, indeed, say *generally*) do.

“Your studies I have arranged, and without the smallest doubt of your performing them all punctually; as I have



always found that you attended to them with pleasure and cheerfulness.

"I proceed, now, from them and the *Graces* to the *Virtues*, and hope you will convince your aunt, that the *latter* are not neglected in attending to the *FORMER*.

"On no account omit saying your prayers night and morning ; for, although religion and the proper recollections attending it, may be deemed but a secondary consideration in the modern system of education, in *mine* it will ever hold the first place. Next to that, I must place the culture of the *heart* and *temper*. The *head* and *heels*, my young friend, can much sooner be *finished* and *furnished*, than the *heart*.

"My first injunction is, that you pay every attention, and shew every watchful kindness towards your mamma ;



and that when you speak either *of* or *to* her Ladyship, you will do it with the utmost gentleness and respect.

"My next injunction is, that you will not let your good aunt spoil you entirely, but suppose me sometimes by your side giving you a gentle touch.

"My *last* injunction is, that you will be '*as gay as a lark,*' '*industrious as a BEE,*' and '*gentle as a dove;*' and since you will probably have constantly in view all these three examples, I trust, my dear girl, that you will want no other memento of my wishes: and that you will, with *roses* on your *cheeks*, and the smile of satisfaction and conscious attention to my advice, in perfect health and cheerfulness meet again in a short time,

"Your very sincere and

"Affectionate friend,

"JANE VILLARS."



Caroline read this letter over more than once, twice, or even three times; and packing it up carefully in her writing-desk, she determined to pay the strictest attention to its contents. With this resolution she, on the following morning, with her mamma and little Louisa, began her journey into Devonshire. When they had been there about a fortnight, Mrs. Villars received a letter from Lady Montgomery, which contained the following pleasing account of Caroline:

"I have the sincerest satisfaction in telling you, my dear Mrs. Villars, that your little pupil has, in every instance, attended most strictly to your kind advice and injunctions; nor has she, in her absence from you, neglected any of her studies.

"I rejoice to say, that I see in her



no longer the giddy, wayward, capricious little girl, you found her; but I perceive, with delight, her temper and manners softening into gentleness and propriety. She is no longer careless of good advice, but now seems fully and properly to estimate both the value of that and your friendship. Her attention to Louisa has been very kind and unremitting. She has made me keep the journal very regularly and very faithfully, I assure you, and if it continues as satisfactory a one as it has hitherto been, we shall both have the sincerest pleasure in shewing it to you."

On their return from Devonshire, a month after Mrs. Villars had received the preceding letter, she had the satisfaction of having both the journal and Caroline presented to her by Lady Montgomery: the latter with the bright



bloom of improved health on her cheeks; and the former, with the most satisfactory proofs of her adherence to all Mrs. Villars's injunctions, who read it with the most heartfelt delight.

My young readers have, I hope, been sufficiently interested by Miss Montgomery's proceedings in this little history of her errors, and her good qualities, to wish for a perusal of it also.

At some future period I may have the pleasure of introducing my little Caroline to them again; should they gratify me by proving themselves satisfied with this their new

ACQUAINTANCE,

AND THESE SIMPLE

TALES OF TRUTH.

Should I be so fortunate as to have impressed on one youthful mind, the



lessons they are here meant to convey, and have tended to the improvement or amusement of a vacant hour; should my juvenile readers discover in me not the *moralist* only, but the *friend* also, in the same dress, with the same objects in view, I shall be both proud and pleased once more to appear before them, and again to claim their attention.


FINIS.



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