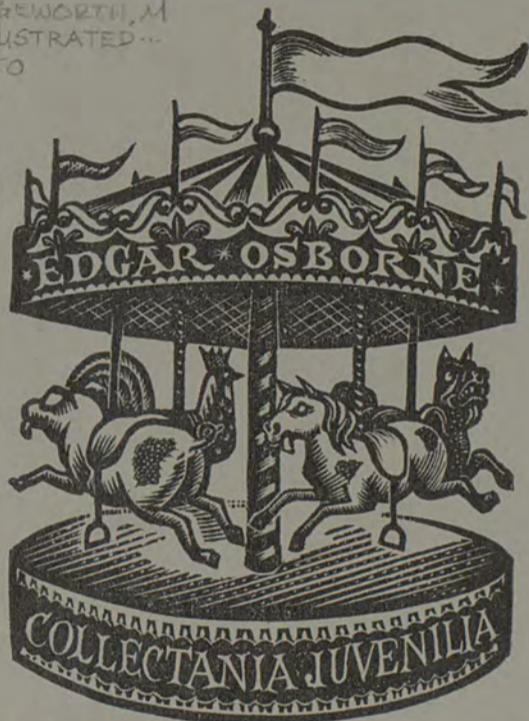


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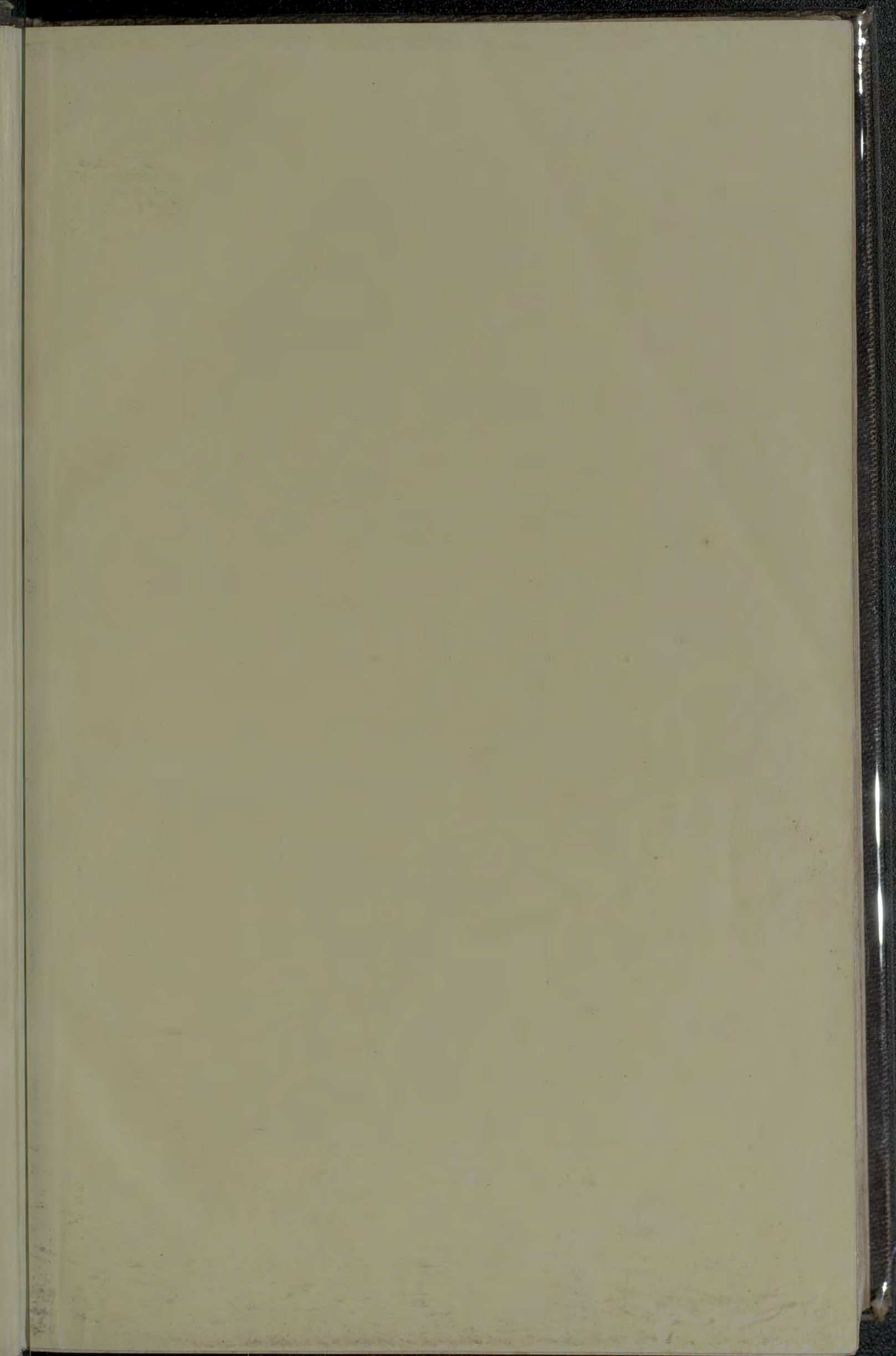
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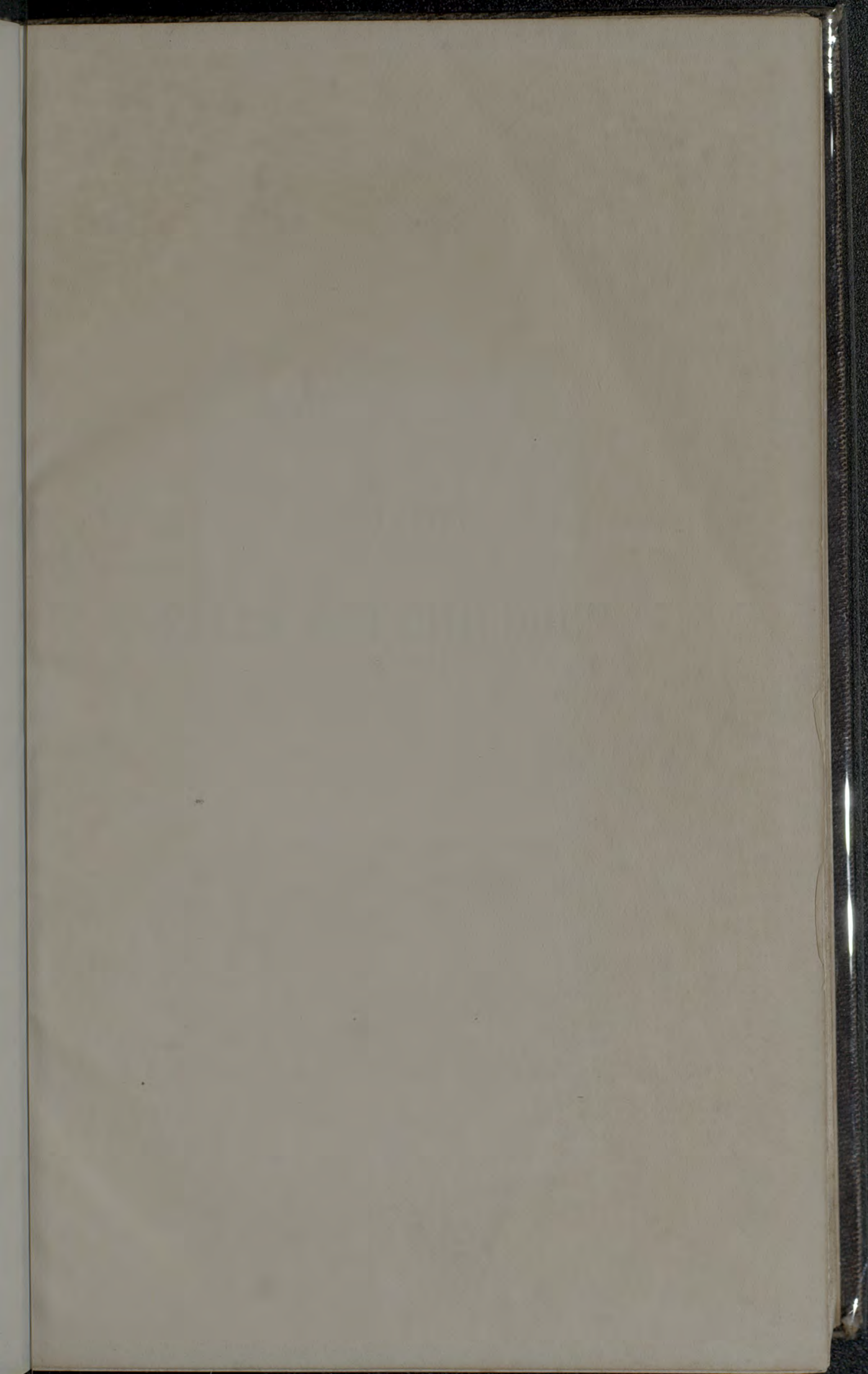
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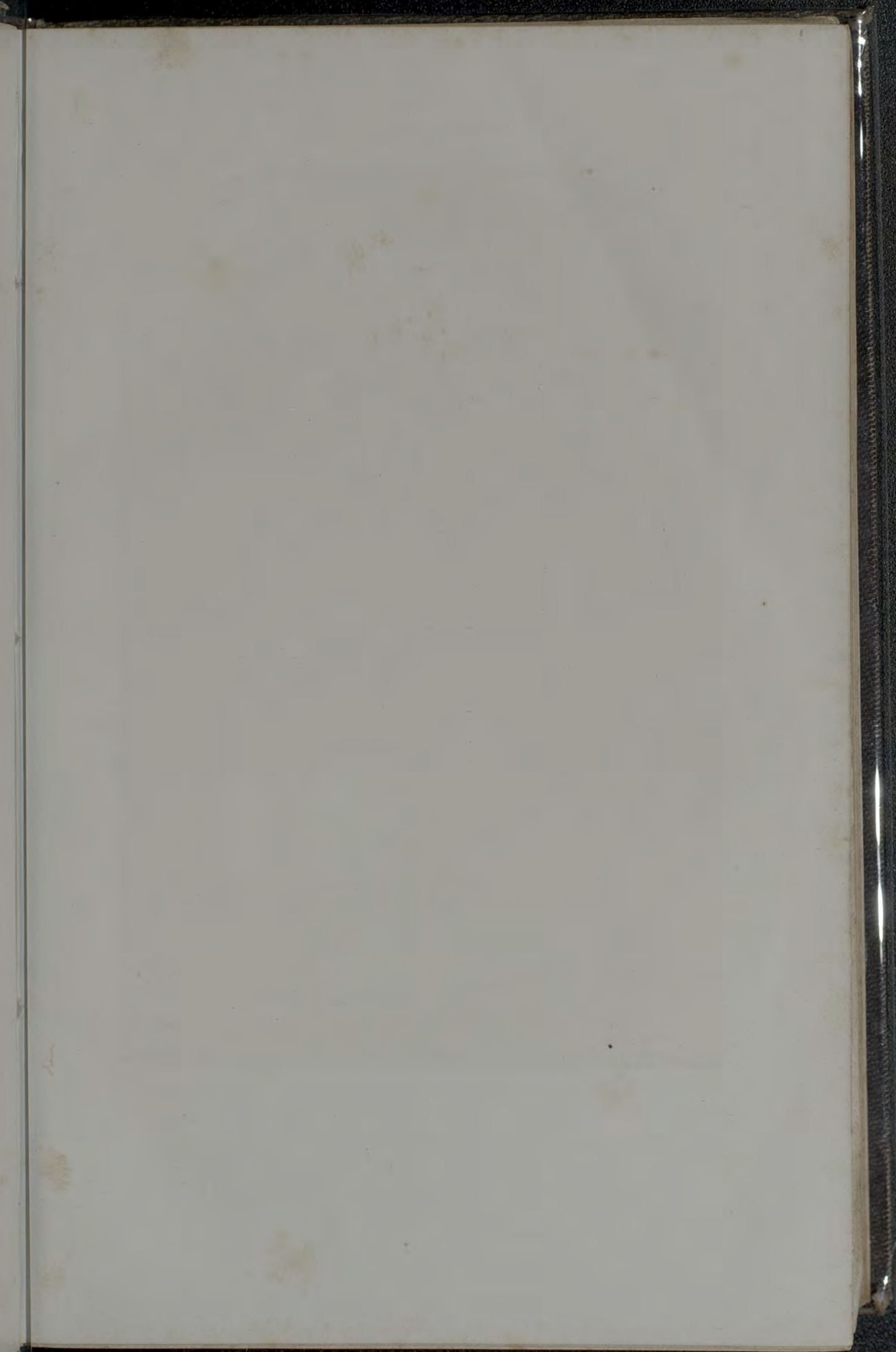
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ILLUSTRATED

TALES FOR CHILDREN



SIMPLE SUSAN



She led the old harper carefully over

— 16 —

ILLUSTRATED
TALES FOR CHILDREN

BY
MISS EDGEWORTH

CONTAINS

THE BRACELINS.

THE ORPHANS.

WANT NOT, WANT NOT.

LAZY LAWRENCE.

SIMPLE SUSAN.

THE GOOD FRENCH GOVERNESS.

ORLANDINO.

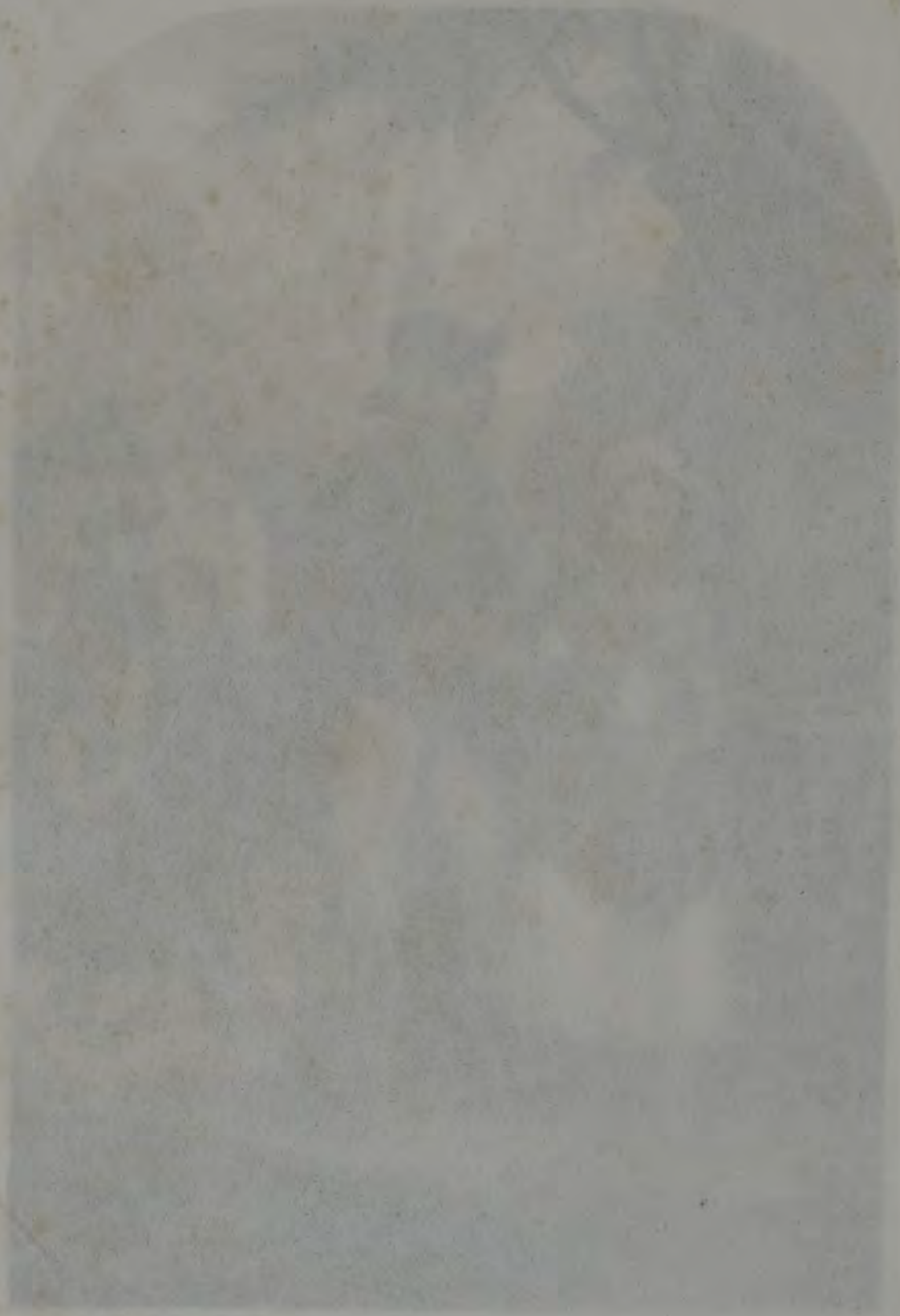
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ILLUSTRATED
TALES FOR CHILDREN

BY

MISS EDGEWORTH

CONTAINING

THE BRACELETS.

THE ORPHANS.

WASTE NOT, WANT NOT.



LAZY LAWRENCE.

SIMPLE SUSAN.

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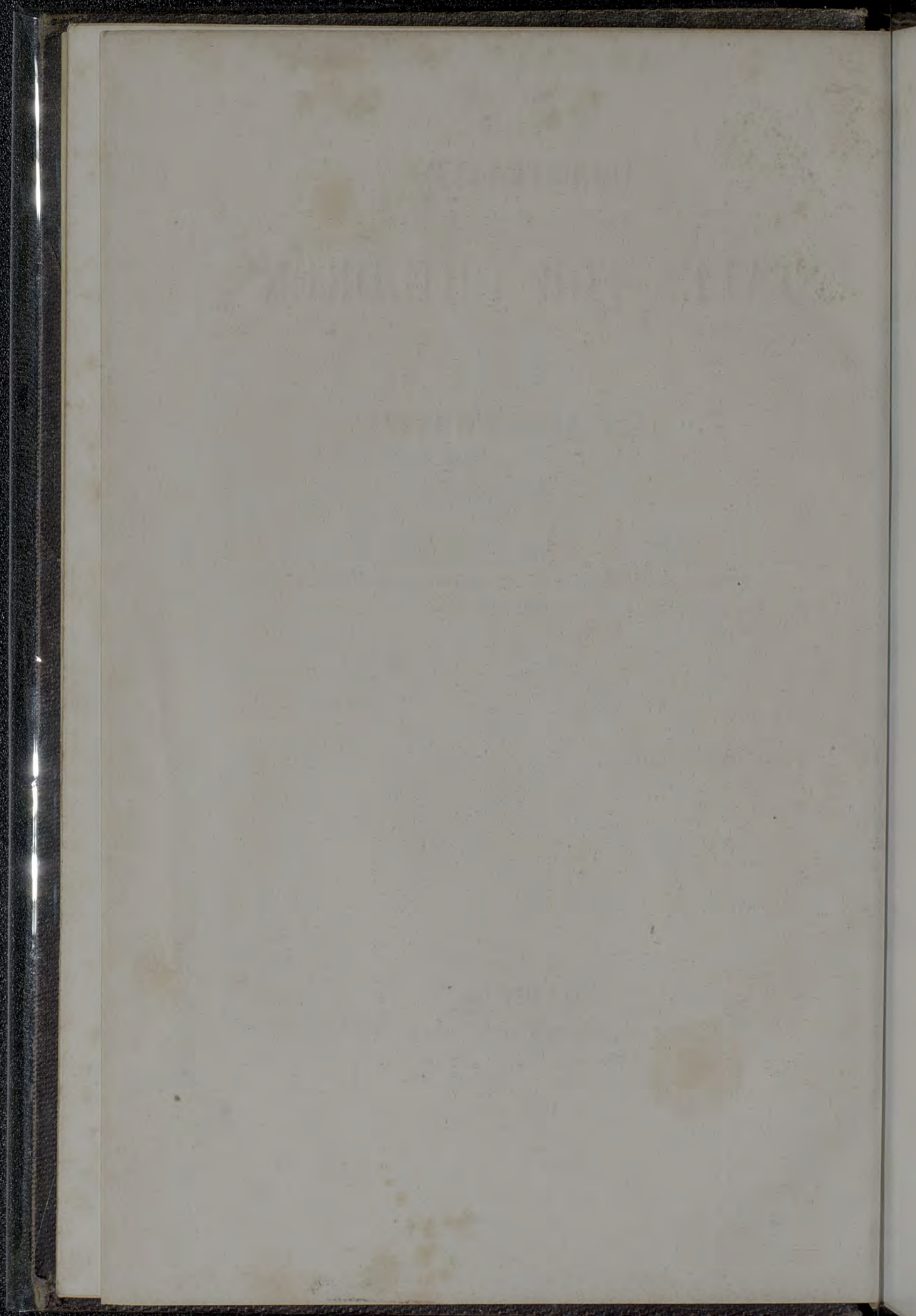
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THE BRACELETS.

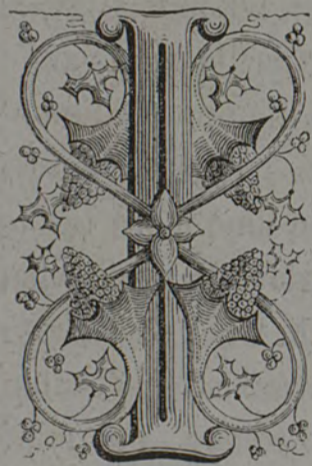


"Take the box, and give me the Flora."



ILLUSTRATED
TALES FOR CHILDREN

THE BRACELETS



In a beautiful and retired part of England lived Mrs. Villars, a lady whose accurate understanding, benevolent heart, and steady temper, peculiarly fitted her for the most difficult, as well as most important of all occupations—the education of youth. This task she had undertaken; and twenty young persons were put under her care, with the perfect confidence of their parents. No young people could be happier; they were good and gay, emulous, but not envious of each other; for Mrs. Villars was impartially just; her praise they felt to be the reward of merit, and her blame they knew to be the necessary consequence of ill conduct; to the one, therefore, they patiently submitted, and in the other consciously rejoiced. They rose with fresh cheer-

fulness in the morning, eager to pursue their various occupations; they returned in the evening with renewed ardour to their amusements, and retired to rest satisfied with themselves, and pleased with each other.

Nothing so much contributed to preserve a spirit of emulation in this little society as a small honorary distinction, given annually, as the prize of successful application. The prize this year was peculiarly dear to each individual, as it was the picture of a friend whom they all dearly loved—it was the picture of Mrs. Villars in a small bracelet. It wanted neither gold, pearls, nor precious stones, to give it value.

The two foremost candidates for this prize were Cecilia and Leonora. Cecilia was the most intimate friend of Leonora, but Leonora was only the favourite companion of Cecilia.

Cecilia was of an active, ambitious, enterprising disposition; more eager in the pursuit, than happy in the enjoyment, of her wishes. Leonora was of a contented, un aspiring, temperate character; not easily roused to action, but indefatigable when once excited. Leonora was proud, Cecilia was vain: her vanity made her more dependent upon the approbation of others, and therefore more anxious to please than Leonora; but that very vanity made her at the same time more apt to offend: in short, Leonora was the most anxious to avoid what was wrong, Cecilia the most ambitious to do what was right. Few of their companions loved, but many were led by Cecilia, for she was often successful; many loved Leonora, but none were ever governed by her, for she was too indolent to govern.

On the first day of May, about six o' clock in the evening, a great bell rang, to summon this little society into a hall, where the prize was to be decided. A number of small tables were placed in a circle, in the middle of the hall; seats for the young competitors were raised one above another, in a semicircle, some yards distant from the table; and the

judges' chairs under canopies of lilacs and laburnums, forming another semicircle, closed the amphitheatre. Every one put their writings, their drawings, their works of various kinds upon the tables appropriated for each. How unsteady were the last steps to these tables! How each little hand trembled as it laid down its claims! Till this moment every one thought herself secure of success, but now each felt an equal certainty of being excelled; and the heart which a few minutes before exulted with hope, now palpitated with fear.

The works were examined, the preference adjudged; and the prize was declared to be the happy Cecilia's. Mrs. Villars came forward, smiling, with the bracelet in her hand: Cecilia was behind her companions, on the highest row; all the others gave way, and she was on the floor in an instant. Mrs. Villars clasped the bracelet on her arm; the clasp was heard through the whole hall, and an universal smile of congratulation followed. Mrs. Villars kissed Cecilia's little hand; and, "Now," said she, "go and rejoice with your companions; the remainder of the day is yours."

O you whose hearts are elated with success, whose bosoms beat high with joy, in the moment of triumph, command yourselves: let that triumph be moderate, that it may be lasting. Consider, that though you are good, you may be better; and though wise, you may be weak.

As soon as Mrs. Villars had given her the bracelet, all Cecilia's little companions crowded round her, and they all left the hall in an instant; she was full of spirits and vanity—she ran on: running down the flight of steps which led to the garden, in her violent haste, Cecilia threw down the little Louisa. Louisa had a china mandarin in her hand, which her mother had sent her that very morning; it was all broken to pieces by her fall.

"Oh! my mandarin," cried Louisa, bursting into tears.

The crowd behind Cecilia suddenly stopped : Louisa sat on the lowest step, fixing her eyes upon the broken pieces; then turning round, she hid her face in her hands upon the step above her. In turning, Louisa threw down the remains of the mandarin; the head, which she had placed in the socket, fell from the shoulders, and rolled bounding along the gravel walk. Cecilia pointed to the head, and to the socket, and burst out a laughing; the crowd behind laughed too. At any other time they would have been more inclined to cry with Louisa; but Cecilia had just been successful, and sympathy with the victorious often makes us forget justice. Leonora, however, preserved her usual consistency. "Poor Louisa!" said she, looking first at her, and then reproachfully at Cecilia. Cecilia turned sharply round, colouring half with shame and half with vexation; "I could not help it, Leonora," said she.

"But you could have helped laughing, Cecilia."

"I didn't laugh at Louisa; and I surely may laugh, for it does nobody any arm."

"I am sure, however," replied Leonora, "I should not have laughed if I had——"

"No, to be sure you wouldn't, because Louisa is your favourite; I can buy her another mandarin the next time that the old pedlar comes to the door, if that's all.—I *can* do no more—*can* I?" said she, turning round to her companions.

"No, to be sure," said they; "that's all fair."

Cecilia looked triumphantly at Leonora : Leonora let go her hand; she ran on, and the crowd followed. When she got to the end of the garden, she turned round to see if Leonora had followed her too; but was vexed to see her still sitting on the steps with Louisa. "I'm sure I can do no more than buy her another!—*Can* I?" said she, again appealing to her companions.

“ No, to be sure, ” said they, eager to begin their plays.

How many did they begin and leave off, before Cecilia could be satisfied with any : her thoughts were discomposed, and her mind was running upon something else ; no wonder, then, that she did not play with her usual address. She grew still more impatient ; she threw down the nine-pins : “ Come, let us play at something else—at threading the needle, ” said she, holding out her hand. They all yielded to the hand which wore the bracelet. But Cecilia, dissatisfied with herself, was discontented with every body else : her tone grew more and more peremptory. One was too rude ; another too stiff ; one too slow, another too quick ; in short, every thing went wrong, and everybody was tired of her humours.

The triumph of *success* is absolute, but short. Cecilia’s companions at length recollected, that though she had embroidered a tulip and painted a peach better than they, yet that they could play as well, and keep their tempers better : she was thrown out. — Walking towards the house in a peevish mood, she met Leonora ; she passed on.

“ Cecilia ! ” cried Leonora.

“ Well, what do you want with me ? ”

“ Are we friends ? ”

“ You know best. ”

“ We are ; if you will let me tell Louisa that you are sorry——”

Cecilia, interrupting her, “ Oh ! pray let me hear no more about Louisa ! ”

“ What ! not confess that you were in the wrong ! Oh ! Cecilia ! I had a better opinion of you. ”

“ Your opinion is of no consequence to me now ; for you don’t love me. ”

“ No, not when you are unjust, Cecilia. ”

“ Unjust ! I am not unjust : and if I were, you are not my governess. ”

“ No, but am not I your friend ? ”

“ I don't desire to have such a friend, who would quarrel with me for happening to throw down little Louisa—how could I tell that she had a mandarin in her hand ? And when it was broken, could I do more than promise her another ?—was that unjust ? ”

“ But you know, Cecilia——”

“ *I know,* ” ironically. “ I know, Leonora, that you love Louisa better than you do me ; that's the injustice ! ”

“ If I did, ” replied Leonora gravely, “ it would be no injustice, if she deserved it better. ”

“ How can you compare Louisa to me ? ” exclaimed Cecilia, indignantly.

Leonora made no answer, for she was really hurt at her friend's conduct : she walked on to join the rest of her companions. They were dancing in a round upon the grass : Leonora declined dancing, but they prevailed upon her to sing for them ; her voice was not so sprightly, but it was sweeter than usual. Who sang so sweetly as Leonora ? or who danced so nimbly as Louisa ?

Away she was flying, all spirits and gaiety, when Leonora's eyes, full of tears, caught hers : Louisa silently let go her companion's hands, and quitting the dance, ran up to Leonora to inquire what was the matter with her.

“ Nothing, ” replied she, “ that need interrupt you. — Go, my dear ; go and dance again. ”

Louisa immediately ran away to her garden, and pulling off her little straw hat, she lined it with the freshest strawberry leaves ; and was upon her knees before the strawberry-bed when Cecilia came by. Cecilia was not disposed to be pleased with Louisa at that instant for two reasons ; because she was

jealous of her, and because she had injured her. The injury, however, Louisa had already forgotten : perhaps, to tell things just as they were, she was not quite so much inclined to kiss Cecilia as she would have been before the fall of her mandarin, but this was the utmost extent of her malice, if it can be called malice.

“ What are you doing there, little one? ” said Cecilia, in a sharp tone. “ Are you eating your early strawberries here all alone? ”

“ No, ” said Louisa, mysteriously; “ I am not eating them. ”

“ What are you doing with them? Can't you answer then? I'm not playing with you, child! ”

“ Oh! as to that, Cecilia, you know I need not answer you unless I choose it : not but what I would if you would only ask me civilly—and if you would not call me *child*. ”

“ Why should I not call you child? ”

“ Because—because—I don't know; but I wish you would stand out of my light, Cecilia, for you are trampling upon all my strawberries. ”

“ I have not touched one, you covetous little creature! ”

“ Indeed—indeed, Cecilia, I am not covetous; I have not eaten one of them—they are all for your friend Leonora. See how unjust you are! ”

“ Unjust, that's a cant word you learned of my friend Leonora, as you call her; but she is not my friend now. ”

“ Not your friend now! ” exclaimed Louisa : “ then I am sure you must have done something *very* naughty. ”

“ How! ” said Cecilia, catching hold of her.

“ Let me go—Let me go! ” cried Louisa, struggling; “ I won't give you one of my strawberries, for I don't like you at all! ”

“ You don't, don't you! ” said Cecilia, provoked; and

catching the hat from Louisa, she flung the strawberries over the hedge.

“ Will nobody help me ! ” exclaimed Louisa, snatching her hat again, and running away with all her force.

“ What have I done ! ” said Cecilia, recollecting herself ; “ Louisa ! Louisa ! ” She called very loud, but Louisa would not turn back ; she was running to her companions.

They were still dancing hand in hand upon the grass, whilst Leonora, sitting in the middle, sang to them.

“ Stop ! stop ! and hear me ! ” cried Louisa, breaking through them ; and rushing up to Leonora, she threw her hat at her feet, and panting for breath—“ It was full—almost full of my own strawberries, ” said she, “ the first I ever got out of my own garden.—They should all have been for you, Leonora, but now I have not one left. They are all gone ! ” said she, and she hid her face in Leonora’s lap.

“ Gone ! gone where ? ” said every one, at once running up to her.

“ Cecilia ! Cecilia ! ” said she, sobbing.

“ Cecilia, ” repeated Leonora, “ what of Cecilia ? ”

“ Yes, it was,—it was. ”

“ Come along with me, ” said Leonora, unwilling to have her friend exposed ; “ come and I will get you some more strawberries. ”

“ Oh, I don’t mind the strawberries indeed ; but I wanted to have had the pleasure of giving them to you. ” Leonora took her up in her arms to carry her away, but it was too late.

“ What, Cecilia ! Cecilia who won the prize !—it could not surely be Cecilia ! ” whispered every busy tongue.

At this instant the bell summoned them in. “ There she is ! —There she is ! ” cried they, pointing to an arbour, where Cecilia was standing ashamed and alone ; and as they passed her,

some lifted up their hands and eyes with astonishment, others whispered and huddled mysteriously together, as if to avoid her: Leonora walked on, her head a little higher than usual.

“Leonora!” said Cecilia, timorously, as she passed.

“Oh, Cecilia! who would have thought that you had a bad heart?”

Cecilia turned her head aside, and burst into tears.

“Oh no, indeed, she has not a bad heart!” cried Louisa, running up to her, and throwing her arms round her neck; “she’s very sorry!—are not you, Cecilia?—But don’t cry any more, for I forgive you with all my heart—and I love you now, though I said I did not when I was in a passion.”

“Oh you sweet-tempered girl!—how I love you!” said Cecilia, kissing her.

“Well then, if you do, come along with me, and dry your eyes, for they are so red!”

“Go, my dear, and I’ll come presently.”

“Then I will keep a place for you next to me; but you must make haste, or you will have to come in when we have all sat down to supper, and then you will be so stared at!—so don’t stay now.”

Cecilia followed Louisa with her eyes, till she was out of sight—“And is Louisa,” said she to herself, “the only one who would stop to pity me? Mrs. Villars told me that this day should be mine; she little thought how it would end?” Saying these words, Cecilia threw herself down upon the ground; her arm leaned upon a heap of turf which she had raised in the morning, and which, in the pride and gaiety of her heart, she had called her throne.

At this instant Mrs. Villars came out to enjoy the serenity of the evening, and passing by the arbour where Cecilia lay, she started; Cecilia rose hastily.

“Who is there?” said Mrs. Villars.

"It is I, madam."

"And who is I?"

"Cecilia."

"Why, what keeps you here, my dear—where are your companions? This is, perhaps, one of the happiest days of your life."

"O no, madam!" said Cecilia, hardly able to repress her tears.

"Why, my dear, what is the matter?"

Cecilia hesitated.

"Speak, my dear; you know that when I ask you to tell me any thing as your friend, I never punish you as your governess: therefore you need not be afraid to tell me what is the matter."

"No, madam, I am not afraid, but ashamed. You asked me why I was not with my companions? Why, madam, because they have all left me, and——"

"And, what my dear?"

"And I see that they all dislike me, and yet I don't know why they should, for I take as much pains to please as any of them; all my masters seem satisfied with me! and you yourself, ma'am, were pleased this very morning to give me this bracelet; and I am sure you would not have given it to any one who did not deserve it."

"Certainly not; you did deserve it for your application—for your successful application. The prize was for the most assiduous, not for the most amiable."

"Then if it had been for the most amiable, it would not have been for me?"

Mrs. Villars, smiling—"Why, what do you think yourself, Cecilia? You are better able to judge than I am: I can determine whether or no you apply to what I give you to learn; whether you attend to what I desire you to do, and avoid what

I desire you not to do ; I know that I like you as a pupil, but I cannot know that I should like you as a companion, unless I were your companion ; therefore I must judge of what I should do, by seeing what others do in the same circumstances. ”

“ Oh, pray don't, ma'am ! for then you would not love me neither.—And yet I think you would love me ; for I hope that I am as ready to oblige, and as good-natured as——”

“ Yes, Cecilia, I don't doubt but that you would be very good-natured to me, but I am afraid that I should not like you unless you were good-tempered too. ”

“ But, ma'am, by good-natured I mean good-tempered—it's all the same thing. ”

“ No, indeed, I understand by them two very different things ; you are good-natured, Cecilia, for you are desirous to oblige, and serve your companions ; to gain them praise, and save them from blame ; to give them pleasure, and relieve them from pain : but Leonora is good-tempered, for she can bear with their foibles, and acknowledge her own ; without disputing about the right, she sometimes yields to those who are in the wrong : in short, her temper is perfectly good, for it can bear and forbear. ”

“ I wish that mine could ! ” said Cecilia, sighing.

“ It may, ” replied Mrs. Villars, “ but it is not wishes alone that can improve us in any thing : turn the same exertion and perseverance, which have won you the prize to-day, to this object, and you will meet with the same success ; perhaps not on the first, the second, or the third attempt, but depend upon it that you will at last : every new effort will weaken your bad habits, and strengthen your good ones. But you must not expect to succeed all at once : I repeat it to you, for habit must be counteracted by habit. It would be as extravagant in us to expect that all our faults would be destroyed by one pu-

nishment, were it ever so severe, as it was in the Roman emperor we were reading of a few days ago, to wish that all the heads of his enemies were upon one neck, that he might cut them off at one blow. ”

Here Mrs. Villars took Cecilia by the hand, and they began to walk home. Such was the nature of Cecilia’s mind, that when any object was forcibly impressed on her imagination, it caused a temporary suspension of her reasoning faculties. Hope was too strong a stimulus for her spirits; and when fear did take possession of her mind, it was attended with total debility : her vanity was now as much mortified, as in the morning it had been elated. She walked on with Mrs. Villars in silence, until they came under the shade of the elm-tree walk, and then, fixing her eyes upon Mrs. Villars, she stopped short—“ Do you think, madam, ” said she, with hesitation, “ do you think, madam, that I have a bad heart? ”

“ A bad heart, my dear! why what put that into your head? ”

“ Leonora said that I had, ma’am, and I felt ashamed when she said so. ”

“ But, my dear, how can Leonora tell whether your heart be good or bad? However, in the first place, tell me what you mean by a bad heart. ”

“ Indeed I do not know what is meant by it, ma’am; but it is something which every body hates. ”

“ And why do they hate it? ”

“ Because they think that it will hurt them, ma’am, I believe : and that those who have bad hearts take delight in doing mischief; and that they never do any body good but for their own ends. ”

“ Then the best definition which you can give of a bad heart is, that it is some constant propensity to hurt others, and to do wrong for the sake of doing wrong. ”

“ Yes, ma'am, but that is not all neither; there is still something else meant; something which I cannot express—which, indeed, I never distinctly understood; but of which, therefore, I was the more afraid. ”

“ Well, then, to begin with what you do understand; tell me, Cecilia, do you really think it possible to be wicked merely for the love of wickedness? No human being becomes wicked all at once; a man begins by doing wrong because it is, or because he thinks it is, for his interest; if he continue to do so, he must conquer his sense of shame, and lose his love of virtue. But how can you, Cecilia, who feel such a strong sense of shame, and such an eager desire to improve, imagine that you have a bad heart? ”

“ Indeed, madam, I never did, until every body told me so, and then I began to be frightened about it; this very evening, ma'am, when I was in a passion, I threw little Louisa's strawberries away; which, I am sure, I was very sorry for afterwards; and Leonora and every body cried out that I had a bad heart—but I am sure I was only in a passion. ”

“ Very likely.—And when you are in a passion, as you call it, Cecilia, you see that you are tempted to do harm to others: if they do not feel angry themselves they do not sympathise with you; they do not perceive the motive which actuates you, and then they say that you have a bad heart.—I dare say, however, when your passion is over, and when you recollect yourself, you are very sorry for what you have done and said; are not you? ”

“ Yes, indeed, madam—very sorry. ”

“ Then make that sorrow of use to you, Cecilia; and fix it steadily in your thoughts, as you hope to be good and happy, that if you suffer yourself to yield to your passion upon every trifling occasion, anger and its consequences will become familiar to your mind; and in the same proportion your sense of

shame will be weakened, till, what you began with doing from sudden impulse, you will end with doing from habit and choice: and then you would indeed, according to our definition, have a bad heart. ”

“ O madam! I hope—I am sure I never shall. ”

“ No, indeed, Cecilia : I do, indeed, believe that you never will; on the contrary, I think that you have a very good disposition; and what is of infinitely more consequence to you, an active desire of improvement; show me that you have as much perseverance as you have candour, and I shall not despair of your becoming every thing that I could wish. ”

Here Cecilia’s countenance brightened, and she ran up the steps in almost as high spirits as she ran down them in the morning.

“ Good night to you, Cecilia, ” said Mrs. Villars, as she was crossing the hall.

“ Good night to you, madam, ” said Cecilia; and she ran up stairs to bed.

She could not go to sleep, but she lay awake, reflecting upon the events of the preceding day, and forming resolutions for the future; at the same time, considering that she had resolved, and resolved without effect, she wished to give her mind some more powerful motive : ambition she knew to be its most powerful incentive.

“ Have I not, ” said she to herself, “ already won the prize of application, and cannot the same application procure me a much higher prize? — Mrs. Villars said, that if the prize had been promised to the most amiable, it would not have been given to me : perhaps it would not yesterday — perhaps it might not to-morrow; but that is no reason that I should despair of ever deserving it.”

In consequence of this reasoning, Cecilia formed a design of proposing to her companions that they should give a prize,

the first of the ensuing month (the first of June), to the most amiable. Mrs. Villars applauded the scheme, and her companions adopted it with the greatest alacrity.

“ Let the prize,” said they, “ be a bracelet of our own hair;” and instantly their shining scissors were produced, and each contributed a lock of her hair. They formed the most beautiful gradation of colours, from the palest auburn to the brightest black. Who was to have the honour of plaiting them was now the question.

Caroline begged that she might, as she could plait very neatly, she said.

Cecilia, however, was equally sure that she could do it much better : and a dispute would inevitably have ensued, if Cecilia, recollecting herself just as her colour rose to scarlet, had not yielded—yielded, with no very good grace indeed, but as well as could be expected for the first time. For it is habit which confers ease : and without ease, even in moral actions, there can be no grace.

The bracelet was plaited in the neatest manner by Caroline, finished round the edge with silver twist, and on it was worked, in the smallest silver letters, this motto, TO THE MOST AMIABLE. The moment it was completed, every body begged to try it on : it fastened with little silver clasps, and as it was made large enough for the eldest girls, it was too large for the youngest; of this they bitterly complained, and unanimously entreated that it might be cut to fit them.

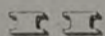
“ How foolish !” exclaimed Cecilia; “ don’t you perceive, that if you win it, you have nothing to do but to put the clasps a little further from the edge? but, if we get it, we can’t make it larger. ”

“ Very true, ” said they, “ but you need not to have called us foolish, Cecilia ! ”

It was by such hasty and unguarded expressions as these,

that Cecilia offended : a slight difference in the manner makes a very material one in the effect ; Cecilia lost more love by general petulance, than she could gain by the greatest particular exertions.

How far she succeeded in curing herself of this defect, how far she became deserving of the bracelet, and to whom the bracelet was given, shall be told in the History of the First of June.



The first of June was now arrived, and all the young competitors were in a state of the most anxious suspense. Leonora and Cecilia continued to be the foremost candidates ; their quarrel had never been finally adjusted, and their different pretensions now retarded all thoughts of a reconciliation. Cecilia, though she was capable of acknowledging any of her faults in public before all her companions, could not humble herself in private to Leonora : Leonora was her equal, they were her inferiors ; and submission is much easier to a vain mind, where it appears to be voluntary, than when it is the necessary tribute to justice or candour. So strongly did Cecilia feel this truth, that she even delayed making any apology, or coming to any explanation with Leonora, until success should once more give her the palm.

“ If I win the bracelet to-day, ” said she to herself, “ I will solicit the return of Leonora’s friendship : it will be more valuable to me than even the bracelet ; and at such a time, and asked in such a manner, she surely cannot refuse it to me. ” Animated with this hope of a double triumph, Cecilia

canvassed with the most zealous activity : by constant attention and exertion she had considerably abated the violence of her temper, and changed the course of her habits. Her powers of pleasing were now excited, instead of her abilities to excel ; and if her talents appeared less brilliant, her character was acknowledged to be more amiable ; so great an influence upon our manners and conduct have the objects of our ambition.— Cecilia was now, if possible, more than ever desirous of doing what was right, but she had not yet acquired sufficient fear of doing wrong. This was the fundamental error of her mind : it arose in a great measure from her early education.

Her mother died when she was very young ; and though her father had supplied her place in the best and kindest manner, he had insensibly infused into his daughter's mind a portion of that enterprising, independent spirit, which he justly deemed essential to the character of her brother : this brother was some years older than Cecilia, but he had always been the favourite companion of her youth : what her father's precepts inculcated, his example enforced, and Cecilia's virtues consequently became such as were more estimable in a man, than desirable in a female.

All small objects, and small errors, she had been taught to disregard as trifles, and her impatient disposition was perpetually leading her into more material faults ; yet her candour in confessing these, she had been suffered to believe, was sufficient reparation and atonement.

Leonora, on the contrary, who had been educated by her mother in a manner more suited to her sex, had a character and virtues more peculiar to a female : her judgment had been early cultivated, and her good sense employed in the regulation of her conduct ; she had been habituated to that restraint, which, as a woman, she was to expect in life, and early accustomed

to yield; complaisance in her seemed natural and graceful.

Yet, notwithstanding the gentleness of her temper, she was in reality more independent than Cecilia; she had more reliance upon her own judgment, and more satisfaction in her own approbation: though far from insensible to praise, she was not liable to be misled by the indiscriminate love of admiration: the uniform kindness of her manner, the consistency and equality of her character, had fixed the esteem and passive love of her companions.

By passive love, we mean that species of affection which makes us unwilling to offend, rather than anxious to oblige; which is more a habit than an emotion of the mind. For Cecilia her companions felt active love, for she was active in throwing her love to them.

Active love arises spontaneously in the mind, after feeling particular instances of kindness, without reflection on the past conduct or general character; it exceeds the merits of its object, and is connected with a feeling of generosity, rather than with a sense of justice.

Without determining which species of love is the more flattering to others, we can easily decide which is the most agreeable feeling to our own minds; we give our hearts more credit for being generous than for being just; and we feel more self-complacency when we give our love voluntarily, than when we yield it as a tribute which we cannot withhold. Though Cecilia's companions might not know all this in theory, they proved it in practice; for they loved her in a much higher proportion to her merits, than they loved Leonora.

Each of the young judges were to signify their choice, by putting a red or a white shell in a vase prepared for the purpose. Cecilia's colour was red, Leonora's white. In the morning nothing was to be seen but these shells, nothing talked of but the long-expected event of the evening. Cecilia,

following Leonora's example, had made it a point of honour not to inquire of any individual her vote, previous to their final determination.

They were both sitting together in Louisa's room : Louisa was recovering from the measles : every one during her illness had been desirous of attending her ; but Leonora and Cecilia were the only two that were permitted to see her, as they alone had had the distemper. They were both assiduous in their care of Louisa ; but Leonora's want of exertion to overcome any disagreeable feelings of sensibility often deprived her of presence of mind ; and prevented her from being so constantly useful as Cecilia. Cecilia, on the contrary, often made too much noise and bustle with her officious assistance, and was too anxious to invent amusements, and procure comforts for Louisa, without perceiving that illness takes away the power of enjoying them.

As she was sitting in the window in the morning exerting herself to entertain Louisa, she heard the voice of an old pedlar, who often used to come to the house. Down stairs she ran immediately to ask Mrs. Villars's permission to bring him into the hall.

Mrs. Villars consented, and away Cecilia ran to proclaim the news to her companions ; then first returning into the hall, she found the pedlar just unbuckling his box, and taking it off his shoulders. " What would you be pleased to want, miss ? " said he ; " I've all kinds of tweezer-cases, rings, and lockets of all sorts, " continued he ; opening all the glittering drawers successively.

" Oh ! " said Cecilia, shutting the drawer of lockets, which tempted her most, " these are not the things which I want ; have you any china figures, any mandarins ? "

" Alack-a-day, miss, I had a great stock of that same china-ware, but now I'm quite out of them kind of things ; but I

believe," said he, rummaging one of the deepest drawers, "I believe I have one left, and here it is."

"Oh, that is the very thing! what's its price?"

"Only three shillings, ma'am."—Cecilia paid the money, and was just going to carry off the mandarin, when the pedlar took out of his great-coat pocket a neat mahogany case: it was about a foot long, and fastened at each end by two little clasps; it had, besides, a small lock in the middle.

"What is that?" said Cecilia, eagerly.

"It's only a china figure, miss, which I am going to carry to an elderly lady, who lives nigh at hand, and who is mighty fond of such things."

"Could you let me look at it?"

"And welcome, miss," said he, and opened the case.

"Oh goodness! how beautiful!" exclaimed Cecilia.

It was the figure of Flora, crowned with roses, and carrying a basket of flowers in her hand. Cecilia contemplated it with delight, "How I should like to give this to Louisa," said she to herself, and at last, breaking silence. "Did you promise it to the old lady?"

"Oh no, miss; I didn't promise it, she never saw it; and if so be that you'd like to take it, I'd make no more words about it."

"And how much does it cost?"

"Why, miss, as to that, I'll let you have it for half-a-guinea."

Cecilia immediately produced the box in which she kept her treasure, and, emptying it upon the table, she began to count the shillings: alas! there were but six shillings. "How provoking!" said she, "then I can't have it—where's the mandarin? Oh! I have it," said she, taking it up, and looking at it with the utmost disgust; "Is this the same that I had before?"

“ Yes, miss, the very same, ” replied the pedlar, who, during this time, had been examining the little box out of which Cecilia had taken her money : it was of silver.

“ Why, ma’am, ” said he, “ since you’ve taken such a fancy to the piece, if you’ve a mind to make up the remainder of the money, I will take this here little box, if you care to part with it. ”

Now this box was a keepsake from Leonora to Cecilia. “ No, ” said Cecilia hastily, blushing a little, and stretching out her hand to receive it.

“ Oh, miss ! ” said he, returning it carelessly, “ I hope there’s no offence ; I meant but to serve you, that’s all ; such a rare piece of china work has no cause to go a-begging, ” added he, putting the Flora deliberately into the case, then turning the key with a jerk he let it drop into his pocket, and lifting up his box by the leather straps he was preparing to depart.

“ Oh, stay one minute ! ” said Cecilia, in whose mind there had passed a very warm conflict during the pedlar’s harangue. “ Louisa would so like this Flora, ” said she, arguing with herself ; “ besides, it would be so generous in me to give it to her instead of that ugly mandarin : that would be doing only common justice, for I promised it to her, and she expects it. Though, when I come to look at this mandarin, it is not even so good as hers was : the gilding is all rubbed off, so that I absolutely must buy this for her. Oh yes, I will, and she will be so delighted ! and then every body will say it is the prettiest thing they ever saw, and the broken mandarin will be forgotten for ever. ”

Here Cecilia’s hand moved, and she was just going to decide : “ Oh ! but stop, ” said she to herself, “ consider, Leonora gave me this box, and it is a keepsake ; however, now we have quarrelled, and I dare say that she would not mind my parting with it : I’m sure that I should not care if she was

to give away my keepsake the smelling-bottle, or the ring, which I gave her; so what does it signify? besides, is it not my own, and have I not a right to do what I please with it?"

At this dangerous instant for Cecilia, a party of her companions opened the door; she knew that they came as purchasers, and she dreaded her Flora's becoming the prize of some higher bidder. "Here," said she, hastily putting the box into the pedlar's hand, without looking at it; "take it, and give me the Flora." Her hand trembled, though she snatched it impatiently; she ran by, without seeming to mind any of her companions—she almost wished to turn back.

Let those who are tempted to do wrong by the hopes of future gratification, or the prospect of certain concealment and impunity, remember that, unless they are totally depraved, they bear in their own hearts a monitor, who will prevent their enjoying what they have ill obtained.

In vain Cecilia ran to the rest of her companions, to display her present, in hopes that the applause of others would restore her own self-complacency; in vain she saw the Flora pass in due pomp from hand to hand, each vying with the other in extolling the beauty of the gift, and the generosity of the giver. Cecilia was still displeased with herself, with them, and even with their praise; from Louisa's gratitude, however, she yet expected much pleasure, and immediately she ran up stairs to her room.

In the mean time Leonora had gone into the hall to buy a bodkin; she had just broken hers. In giving her change, the pedlar took out of his pocket, with some halfpence, the very box which Cecilia had sold to him. Leonora did not in the least suspect the truth, for her mind was above suspicion; and, besides, she had the utmost confidence in Cecilia. "I should like to have that box," said she, "for it is like one of which I was very fond."

The pedlar named the price, and Leonora took the box : she intended to give it to little Louisa.

On going to her room she found her asleep, and she sat down softly by her bed-side. Louisa opened her eyes.

“ I hope I didn't disturb you, ” said Leonora.

“ Oh no; I didn't hear you come in; but what have you got there? ”

“ It is only a little box; would you like to have it? I bought it on purpose for you, as I thought perhaps it would please you; because it's like that which I gave Cecilia. ”

“ O, yes! that out of which she used to give me Barbary drops : I am very much obliged to you; I always thought *that* exceedingly pretty, and this, indeed, is as like it as possible. I can't unscrew it : will you try? ”

Leonora unscrewed it.

“ Goodness! ” exclaimed Louisa, “ this must be Cecilia's box : look, don't you see a great L at the bottom of it? ”

Leonora's colour changed; “ Yes, ” she replied calmly, “ I see that, but it is no proof that it is Cecilia's; you know that I bought this box just now of the pedlar. ”

“ That may be, ” said Louisa; “ but I remember scratching that L with my own needle, and Cecilia scolded me for it, too; do go and ask her if she has lost her box—do, ” repeated Louisa, pulling her by the sleeve, as she did not seem to listen.

Leonora, indeed, did not hear, for she was lost in thought; she was comparing circumstances, which had before escaped her attention; she recollected, that Cecilia had passed her, as she came into the hall, without seeming to see her, but had blushed as she passed. She remembered that the pedlar appeared unwilling to part with the box, and was going to put it again into his pocket with the halfpence : “ and why should he keep it in his pocket, and not show it with his other things? ”

—Combining all these circumstances, Leonora had no longer any doubt of the truth; for though she had honourable confidence in her friends, she had too much penetration to be implicitly credulous.—“Louisa,” she began; but at this instant she heard a step, which, by its quickness, she knew to be Cecilia’s, coming along the passage:—“If you love me, Louisa,” said Leonora, “say nothing about the box.”

“Nay, but why not? I dare say she has lost it.”

“No, my dear, I’m afraid she has not.” Louisa looked surprised.

“But I have reasons for desiring you not to say any thing about it.”

“Well, then, I won’t indeed.”

Cecilia opened the door, came forward smiling, as if secure of a good reception, and taking the Flora out of the case, she placed it on the mantle-piece, opposite to Louisa’s bed. “Dear, how beautiful!” cried Louisa, starting up.

“Yes,” said Cecilia, “and guess who it’s for?”

“For me, perhaps!” said the ingenuous Louisa.

“Yes, take it, and keep it for my sake: you know that I broke your mandarin.”

“Oh! but this is a great deal prettier and larger than that.”

“Yes, I know it is; and I meant that it should be so; I should only have done what I was bound to do if I had only given you a mandarin.”

“Well, and that would have been enough, surely; but what a beautiful crown of roses! and then that basket of flowers! they almost look as if I could smell them. Dear Cecilia! I’m very much obliged to you, but I won’t take it by way of payment for the mandarin you broke; for I’m sure you could not help that: and, besides, I should have broken it myself by this time. You shall give it to me entirely, and I’ll keep it as long as I live as your keepsake.”

Louisa stopped short, and coloured. The word *keepsake* recalled the box to her mind, and all the train of ideas which the Flora had banished. — “But,” said she, looking up wishfully in Cecilia’s face, and holding the Flora doubtfully, “did you—”

Leonora, who was just quitting the room, turned her head back, and gave Louisa a look, which silenced her.

Cecilia was so infatuated with her vanity, that she neither perceived Leonora’s sign, nor Louisa’s confusion, but continued showing off her present, by placing it in various situations, till at length she put it into the case, and laying it down with an affected carelessness upon the bed, “I must go now, Louisa. Good bye,” said she, running up, and kissing her; “but I’ll come again presently—” then, clapping the door after her, she went.

But, as soon as the fermentation of her spirits subsided, the sense of shame, which had been scarcely felt when mixed with so many other sensations, rose uppermost in her mind. “What!” said she to herself, “is it possible that I have sold what I promised to keep for ever? and what Leonora gave me? and I have concealed it too, and have been making a parade of my generosity. Oh! what would Leonora, what would Louisa, what would every body think of me, if the truth were known?”

Humiliated and grieved by these reflections, Cecilia began to search in her own mind for some consoling idea. She began to compare her conduct with the conduct of others of her own age; and, at length, fixing her comparison upon her brother George, as the companion of whom, from her infancy, she had been habitually the most emulous, she recollected, that an almost similar circumstance had once happened to him, and that he had not only escaped disgrace, but had acquired glory by an intrepid confession of his fault. Her father’s words

to her brother on the occasion she also perfectly recollected.

“Come to me, George,” he said, holding out his hand; “you are a generous brave boy: they who dare to confess their faults will make great and good men.”

These were his words; but Cecilia, in repeating them to herself, forgot to lay that emphasis on the word *men*, which would have placed it in contradistinction to the word *women*. She willingly believed, that the observation extended equally to both sexes, and flattered herself that she should exceed her brother in merit, if she owned a fault, which she thought that it would be so much more difficult to confess.

“Yes, but,” said she, stopping herself, “how can I confess it? This very evening, in a few hours, the prize will be decided; Leonora or I shall win it: I have now as good a chance as Leonora, perhaps a better; and must I give up all my hopes? all that I have been labouring for this month past? Oh, I never can; if it were but to-morrow, or yesterday, or any day but this, I would not hesitate; but now I am almost certain of the prize, and if I win it—well, why then I will—I think, I will tell all—yes, I will; I am determined,” said Cecilia.

Here a bell summoned them to dinner; Leonora sat opposite to her, and she was not a little surprised to see Cecilia look so gay and unconstrained. “Surely,” said she to herself, “if Cecilia had done this that I suspect, she would not, she could not, look as she does.” But Leonora little knew the cause of her gaiety: Cecilia was never in higher spirits, or better pleased with herself, than when she had resolved upon a sacrifice or a confession.

“Must not this evening be given to the most amiable? Whose, then, will it be?” All eyes glanced first at Cecilia, and then at Leonora. Cecilia smiled, Leonora blushed. “I see that it is not yet decided,” said Mrs. Villars; and immediately they ran up stairs, amidst confused whisperings.

Cecilia's voice could be distinguished far above the rest. "How can she be so happy!" said Leonora to herself: "Oh, Cecilia, there was a time when you could not have neglected me so!—when we were always together, the best of friends and companions; our wishes, tastes, and pleasures, the same! Surely she did once love me," said Leonora; "but now she is quite changed, she has even sold my keepsake; and she would rather win a bracelet of hair from girls whom she did not always think so much superior to Leonora, than have my esteem, my confidence, and my friendship, for her whole life, yes, for her whole life, for I am sure she will be an amiable woman: oh! that this bracelet had never been thought of, or that I were certain of her winning it; for I am sure that I do not wish to win it from her: I would rather, a thousand times rather, that we were as we used to be, than have all the glory in the world: and how pleasing Cecilia can be when she wishes to please!—how candid she is!—how much she can improve herself!—let me be just though she has offended me; she is wonderfully improved within this last month: for one fault, and *that* against myself, shall I forget all her merits?"

As Leonora said these last words, she could but just hear the voices of her companions,—they had left her alone in the gallery; she knocked softly at Louisa's door. "Come in," said Louisa, "I'm not asleep; oh," said she, starting up with the Flora in her hand, the instant that the door was opened, "I'm so glad you are come, Leonora, for I did so long to hear what you were all making such a noise about—have you forgot that the bracelet——"

"O yes! is this the evening?"

"Well, here's my white shell for you; I've kept it in my pocket this fortnight; and though Cecilia did give me this Flora, I still love you a great deal better."

"I thank you, Louisa," said Leonora, gratefully; "I will

take your shell, and I shall value it as long as I live ; but here is a red one ; and if you wish to show me that you love me, you will give this to Cecilia ; I know that she is particularly anxious for your preference, and I am sure that she deserves it."

" Yes, if I could I would choose both of you ; but you know I can only choose which I like the best."

" If you mean, my dear Louisa," said Leonora, " that you like me the best, I am very much obliged to you ; for, indeed, I wish you to love me ; but it is enough for me to know it in private ; I should not feel the least more pleasure at hearing it in public, or in having it made known to all my companions, especially at a time when it would give poor Cecilia a great deal of pain."

" But why should it give her pain ? I don't like her for being jealous of you."

" Nay, Louisa, surely you don't think Cecilia jealous ; she only tries to excel, and to please ; she is more anxious to succeed than I am, it is true, because she has a great deal more activity, and perhaps more ambition ; and it would really mortify her to lose this prize : you know that she proposed it herself, it has been her object for this month past, and I am sure she has taken great pains to obtain it."

" But, dear Leonora, why should you lose it ?"

" Indeed, my dear, it would be no loss to me ; and, if it were, I would willingly suffer it for Cecilia ; for, though we seem not to be such good friends as we used to be, I love her very much, and she will love me again, — I'm sure she will, — when she no longer fears me as a rival, she will again love me as a friend."

Here Leonora heard a number of her companions running along the gallery. They all knocked hastily at the door, calling, " Leonora ! Leonora ! will you never come ? Cecilia has been with us this half hour."

Leonora smiled : " Well, Louisa, " said she, smiling, " will you promise me? "

" Oh, I'm sure, by the way they speak to you, that they won't give you the prize! " said the little Louisa ; and the tears started into her eyes.

" They love me though for all that ; and as for the prize, you know whom I wish to have it. "

" Leonora! Leonora! " called her impatient companions ; " don't you hear us? What are you about? "

" Oh, she never will take any trouble about any thing, " said one of the party ; " let's go away. "

" Oh, go! go! make haste, " cried Louisa ; " don't stay, they are so angry ; I will, I will, indeed! "

" Remember, then, that you have promised me, " said Leonora, and she left the room. During all this time Cecilia had been in the garden with her companions. The ambition which she had felt to win the first prize, —the prize of superior talents and superior application, —was not to be compared to the absolute anxiety which she now expressed to win this simple testimony of the love and approbation of her equals and rivals.

To employ her exuberant activity she had been dragging branches of lilacs and laburnums, roses, and sweet-briar, to ornament the bower in which her fate was to be decided. It was excessively hot, but her mind was engaged, and she was indefatigable. She stood still, at last, to admire her works ; her companions all joined in loud applause ; they were not a little prejudiced in her favour by the great eagerness which she expressed to win their prize, and by the great importance which she seemed to affix to the preference of each individual. At last, " Where is Leonora? " cried one of them, and immediately, as we have seen, they ran to call her.

Cecilia was left alone ; overcome with heat, and too violent

exertion, she had hardly strength to support herself; each moment appeared to her intolerably long; she was in a state of the utmost suspense, and all her courage failed her; even hope forsook her, and hope is a cordial which leaves the mind depressed and enfeebled. "The time is now come," said Cecilia: "in a few moments it will be decided. In a few moments! goodness! how much do I hazard! If I should not win the prize, how shall I confess what I have done? How shall I beg Leonora to forgive me? I who hoped to restore my friendship to her as an honour!—they are gone to see for her—the moment she appears I shall be forgotten. What shall—what shall I do?" said Cecilia, covering her face with her hands.

Such was her situation, when Leonora, accompanied by her companions, opened the hall door; they most of them ran forwards to Cecilia. As Leonora came into the bower, she held out her hand to Cecilia: "We are not rivals, but friends, I hope," said she. Cecilia clasped her hand, but she was in too great agitation to speak.

The table was now set in the arbour—the vase was now placed in the middle. "Well;" said Cecilia, eagerly; "who begins?" Caroline, one of her friends, came forward first, and then all the others successively. — Cecilia's emotion was hardly conceivable. "Now they are all in!—count them, Caroline!"

One, two, three, four; the numbers are both equal.

There was a dead silence.

"No, they are not," exclaimed Cecilia, pressing forward, and putting a shell into the vase; "I have not given mine, and I give it to Leonora." Then snatching the bracelet, "It is yours, Leonora," said she, "take it, and give me back your friendship." The whole assembly gave an universal clap, and shout of applause.

"I cannot be surprised at this from you, Cecilia," said Leonora; "and do you, then, still love me as you used to do?"

“ Oh, Leonora! stop! don't praise me; I don't deserve this,” said she, turning to her loudly applauding companions; “ you will soon despise me—oh, Leonora, you will never forgive me!—I have deceived you—I have sold——”

At this instant Mrs. Villars appeared—the crowd divided—she had heard all that passed from her window.

“ I applaud your generosity, Cecilia,” said she, “ but I am to tell you, that in this instance it is unsuccessful: you have it not in your power to give the prize to Leonora—it is yours—I have another vote to give to you—you have forgotten Louisa.”

“ Louisa! but surely, ma'am, Louisa loves Leonora better than she does me.”

“ She commissioned me, however,” said Mrs. Villars, “ to give you a red shell; and you will find it in this box.”

Cecilia started, and turned as pale as death—it was the fatal box.

Mrs. Villars produced another box—she opened it—it contained the Flora;—“ And Louisa also desired me,” said she, “ to return you this Flora ”—she put it into Cecilia's hand—Cecilia trembled so that she could not hold it; Leonora caught it.

“ Oh, madam! oh, Leonora!” exclaimed Cecilia; “ now I have no hope left: I intended—I was just going to tell——”

“ Dear Cecilia,” said Leonora, “ you need not tell it me; I know it already, and I forgive you with all my heart.”

“ Yes, I can prove to you,” said Mrs. Villars, “ that Leonora has forgiven you: it is she who has given you the prize; it was she who persuaded Louisa to give you her vote. I went to see her a little while ago, and, perceiving by her countenance that something was the matter, I pressed her to tell me what it was.

“ ‘ Why, madam,’ said she, ‘ Leonora has made me promise to give my shell to Cecilia; now I don't love Cecilia half so well

as I do Leonora; besides, I would not have Cecilia think I vote for her because she gave me a Flora.' Whilst Louisa was speaking," continued Mrs. Villars, "I saw this silver box lying on the bed; I took it up, and asked if it was not yours, and how she came by it.

" 'Indeed, madam,' said Louisa, 'I could have been almost certain that it was Cecilia's: but Leonora gave it me, and she said that she bought it of the pedlar this morning; if any body else had told me so, I could not have believed them, because I remembered the box so well; but I can't help believing Leonora.'

" 'But did not you ask Cecilia about it?' said I.

" 'No, madam,' replied Louisa, 'for Leonora forbade me.'

"I guessed her reason. 'Well,' said I, 'give me the box, and I will carry your shell in it to Cecilia.'

" 'Then, madam,' said she, 'if I must give it her, pray do take the Flora, and return it to her first, that she may not think it is for that I do it.'"

"Oh, generous Leonora!" exclaimed Cecilia; "but indeed, Louisa, I cannot take your shell."

"Then, dear Cecilia, accept of mine instead of it; you cannot refuse it, I only follow your example: as for the bracelet," added Leonora, taking Cecilia's hand, "I assure you I don't wish for it, and you do, and you deserve it."

"No," said Cecilia, "indeed I do not deserve it; next to you, surely Louisa deserves it."

"Louisa! oh yes, Louisa," exclaimed every body with one voice.

"Yes," said Mrs. Villars, "and let Cecilia carry the bracelet to her; she deserves that reward. For one fault I cannot forget all your merits, Cecilia; nor, I am sure, will your companions."

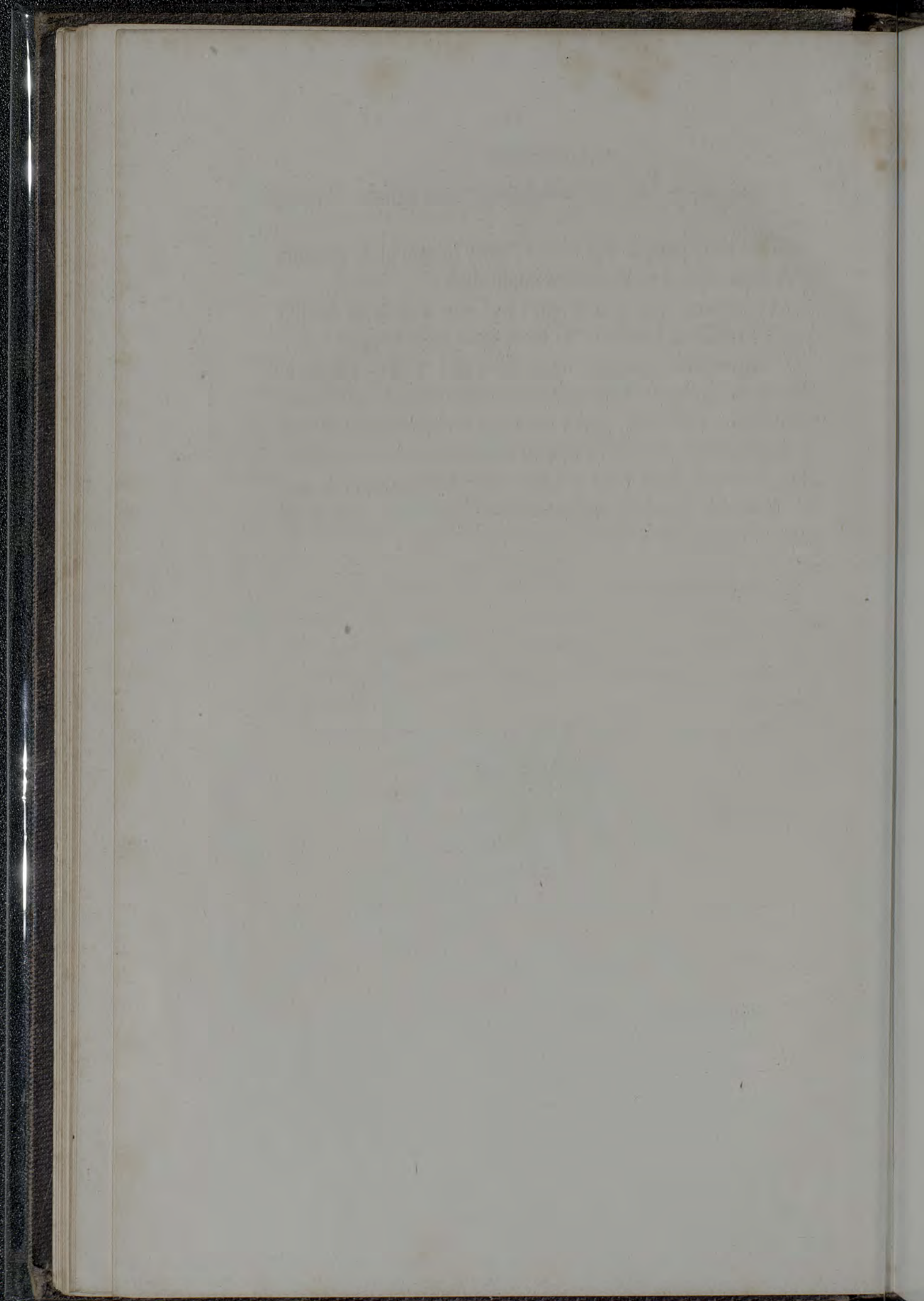
“Then, surely, not your best friend,” said Leonora, kissing her.

Every body present was moved—they looked up to Leonora with respectful and affectionate admiration.

“O Leonora, how I love you! and how I wish to be like you!” exclaimed Cecilia; “to be as good, as generous!”

“Rather wish, Cecilia,” interrupted Mrs. Villars, “to be as just; to be as strictly honourable, and as invariably consistent. Remember, that many of our sex are capable of great efforts, of making what they call great sacrifices to virtue or to friendship; but few treat their friends with habitual gentleness, or uniformly conduct themselves with prudence and good sense.”







THE ORPHANS.

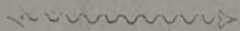


"Mary was spinning and her little sisters were measuring out some bog-berries."

imp. A. Godard



THE ORPHANS



Near the ruins of the castle of Rossmore, in Ireland, is a small cabin, in which there once lived a widow, and her four children. As long as she was able to work, she was very industrious, and was accounted the best spinner in the parish, but she overworked herself at last, and fell ill, so that she could not sit at her wheel as she used to do, and was obliged to give it up to her eldest daughter, Mary.

Mary was at this time about twelve years old. One evening she was sitting at the foot of her mother's bed, spinning, and her little brother and sisters were gathered round the fire, eating their potatoes and milk for supper.

"Bless them, the poor young creatures!" said the widow: who, as she lay on the bed, which she knew must be her death-

bed, was thinking of what would become of her children after she was gone. Mary stopped her wheel, for she was afraid that the noise of it had wakened her mother, and would hinder her from going to sleep again.

“No need to stop the wheel, Mary dear, for me,” said her mother, “I was not asleep; nor is it *that* which keeps me from sleep. But don’t overwork yourself, Mary.”

“O, no fear of that,” replied Mary; “I’m strong and hearty.”

“So was I once,” said her mother.

“And so will you be again, I hope,” said Mary, “when the fine weather comes again.”

“The fine weather will never come again to me,” said her mother; “’tis a folly, Mary, to hope for that—but what I hope is, that you’ll find some friend—some help—orphans as you’ll soon all of you be. And one thing comforts my heart, even as I *am* lying here, that not a soul in the wide world I am leaving has to complain of me. Though poor, I have, lived honest, and I have brought you up to be the same, Mary; and I am sure the little ones will take after you; for you’ll be good to them—as good to them as you can.”

Here the children, who had finished eating their suppers, came round the bed, to listen to what their mother was saying. She was tired of speaking, for she was very weak; but she shook their little hands, as they laid them on the bed; and joining them all together, she said—“Bless you, dears—Bless you—love and help one another all you can—good night—good bye.”

Mary took the children away to their bed, for she saw that their mother was too ill to say more; but Mary did not herself know how ill she was. Her mother never spoke rightly afterwards, but talked in a confused way about some debts, and one in particular, which she owed to a school-mistress for

Mary's schooling; and then she charged Mary to go and pay it, because she was not able to *go in* with it. At the end of the week she was dead and buried; and the orphans were left alone in their cabin.

The two youngest girls, Peggy and Nancy, were six and seven years old; Edmund was not yet nine, but he was a stout grown healthy boy, and well disposed to work. He had been used to bring home turf from the bog on his back, to lead car-horses, and often to go on errands for gentlemen's families, who paid him sixpence or a shilling, according to the distance which he went: so that Edmund, by some or other of these little employments, was, as he said, likely enough to earn his bread; and he told Mary, to have a good heart, for that he should every year grow able to do more and more, and that he should never forget his mother's words, when she last gave him her blessing, and joined their hands all together.

As for Peggy and Nancy, it was little that they could do; but they were good children: and Mary, when she considered that so much depended upon her, was resolved to exert herself to the utmost. Her first care was to pay those debts which her mother had mentioned to her, for which she left money done up carefully in separate papers. When all these were paid away, there was not enough left to pay both the rent of the cabin, and a year's schooling for herself and sisters, which was due to the school-mistress in a neighbouring village.

Mary was in hopes, that the rent would not be called for immediately; but in this she was disappointed. M. Harvey, the gentleman on whose estate she lived, was in England, and, in his absence, all was managed by a Mr. Hopkins, an agent, who was a *hard man*¹. The driver came to Mary about a week after her mother's death, and told her that the rent must

¹ A hard-hearted man.

be brought in the next day, and that she must leave the cabin, for a new tenant was coming into it; that she was too young to have a house to herself, and that the only thing she had to do was, to get some neighbour to take her and her brother and sisters in, for charity's sake.

The driver finished by hinting, that she would not be so hardly used, if she had not brought upon herself the ill-will of miss Alice, the agent's daughter. Mary, it is true, had refused to give miss Alice a goat, upon which she had set her fancy; but this was the only offence of which she had been guilty, and, at the time she refused it, her mother wanted the goat's milk, which was the only thing she then liked to drink.

Mary went immediately to Mr. Hopkins, the agent, to pay her rent; and she begged of him to let her stay another year in her cabin; but this he refused. It was now the 25th of September, and he said that the new tenant must come in on the 29th; so that she must quit it directly. Mary could not bear the thoughts of begging any of the neighbours to take her and her brother and sisters in *for charity's sake*, for the neighbours were all poor enough themselves: so she bethought herself, that she might find shelter in the ruins of the old castle of Rossmore, where she and her brother, in better times, had often played at hide-and-seek. The kitchen, and two other rooms near it, were yet covered-in tolerably well, and a little thatch, she thought, would make them comfortable through the winter. The agent consented to let her and her brother and sisters go in there, upon her paying him half a guinea, in hand, and promising to pay the same yearly.

Into these lodgings the orphans now removed, taking with them two bedsteads, a stool, chair, and a table, a sort of press, which contained what little clothes they had, and a chest, in which they had two hundred of meal. The chest was carried for them by some of the charitable neighbours, who likewise

added to their scanty stock of potatoes and turf, what would make it last through the winter.

These children were well thought of and pitied, because their mother was known to have been all her life honest and industrious. "Sure," says one of the neighbours, "we can do no less than give a helping hand to the poor orphans, that are so ready to help themselves." So one helped to thatch the room in which they were to sleep, and another took their cow to graze upon his bit of land, on condition of having half the milk; and one and all said, they should be welcome to take share of their potatoes and buttermilk, if they should find their own ever fall short.

The half-guinea which Mr. Hopkins, the agent, required for letting Mary into the castle, was part of what she had to pay to the school-mistress, to whom above a guinea was due. Mary went to her, and took her goat along with her, and offered it in part of payment of the debt, as she had no more left; but the school-mistress would not receive the goat. She said that she could afford to wait for her money till Mary was able to pay it; that she knew her to be an honest, industrious little girl, and she would trust her with more than a guinea. Mary thanked her; and she was glad to take the goat home again, as she was very fond of it.

Now being settled in their house, they went every day regularly to work: Mary spun nine cuts a-day, besides doing all that was to be done in the house; Edmund got fourpence a-day by his work, and Peggy and Anne earned twopence a-piece at the paper mills near Navan, where they were employed to sort rags, and to cut them into small pieces.

When they had done work one day, Anne went to the master of the paper-mill, and asked him if she might have two sheets of large white paper which were lying on the press; she offered a penny for the paper, but the master would not take any thing

from her, but gave her the paper, when he found that she wanted it to make a garland for her mother's grave. Anne and Peggy cut out the garland, and Mary, when it was finished, went along with them and Edmund to put it up : it was just a month after their mother's death¹.

It happened that, at the time the orphans were putting up this garland, two young ladies, who were returning home after their evening walk, stopped at the gate of the church-yard, to look at the red light which the setting sun cast upon the window of the church. As the ladies were standing at the gate, they heard a voice near them crying--“ O mother ! mother ! Are you gone for ever ? ” They could not see any one ; so they walked softly round to the other side of the church, and there they saw Mary kneeling beside a grave, on which her brother and sisters were hanging their white garlands.

The children all stood still when they saw the two ladies passing near them ; but Mary did not know any body was passing, for her face was hid in her hands.

Isabella and Caroline (so these ladies were called) would not disturb the poor children, but they stopped in the village to inquire about them. It was at the house of the school-mistress that they stopped, and she gave them a good account of these orphans ; she particularly commended Mary's honesty, in having immediately paid all her mother's debts to the utmost farthing, as far as her money would go ; she told the ladies how Mary had been turned out of her house, and how she had offered her goat, of which she was very fond, to discharge a debt due for her schooling ; and, in short, the school-mistress, who had known Mary for several years, spoke so well of her,

¹ Garlands are usually put on the graves of *young* people ; these children, perhaps, did not know this.

that these ladies resolved that they would go to the old castle of Rossmore, to see her, the next day.

When they went there they found the room in which the children lived as clean and neat as such a ruined place could be made. Edmund was out working with a farmer, Mary was spinning, and her little sisters were measuring out some bog-berries, of which they had gathered a basketful, for sale. Isabella, after telling Mary what an excellent character she had heard of her, inquired what it was she most wanted; and Mary said, that she had just worked up all her flax, and she was most in want of more flax for her wheel.

Isabella promised that she would send her a fresh supply of flax, and Caroline bought the bog-berries from the little girls, and gave them money enough to buy a pound of coarse cotton for knitting, as Mary said that she could teach them how to knit.

The supply of flax, which Isabella sent the next day, was of great service to Mary, as it kept her in employment for above a month: and when she sold the yarn which she had spun with it, she had money enough to buy some warm flannel, for winter wear. Besides spinning well, she had learned, at school, to do plain-work tolerably neatly, and Isabella and Caroline employed her to work for them, by which she earned a great deal more than she could by spinning. At her leisure hours she taught her sisters to read and write; and Edmund, with part of the money which he earned by his work out of doors, paid a school-master for teaching him a little arithmetic. When the winter nights came on, he used to light his rush candles for Mary to work by. He had gathered and stripped a good provision of rushes in the month of August, and a neighbour gave them grease to dip them in.

One evening, just as he had lighted his candle, a footman came in, who was sent by Isabella with some plain-work to

Mary. This servant was an Englishman, and he was but newly come over to Ireland. The rush candles caught his attention, for he had never seen any of them before, as he came from a part of England where they were not used¹.

Edmund, who was ready to oblige, and proud that his candles were noticed, showed the Englishman how they were made, and gave him a bundle of rushes. The servant was pleased with his good-nature in this trifling instance, and remembered it long after it was forgotten by Edmund.

Whenever his master wanted to send a messenger any where, Gilbert (for that was the servant's name) always employed his little friend Edmund, whom, upon further acquaintance, he liked better and better. He found that Edmund was both quick and exact in executing commissions. One day, after he had waited a great while at a gentleman's house for

¹ " See White's " Natural History of Selborne, " page 198, quarto edition. This eloquent, well-informed, and benevolent writer, thought that no subject of rural economy, which could be of general utility, was beneath his notice. We cannot forbear quoting from him the following passage : —

" The proper species of rush for *our* purpose seems to be the *juncus effusus*, or common soft rush, which is to be found in moist pastures, by the sides of streams, and under hedges. The rushes are in the best condition in the height of summer, but may be gathered so as to serve the purpose well, quite on to autumn. It would be needless to add, that the largest and longest are best. Decayed labourers, women, and children, make it their business to procure and prepare them. As soon as they are cut they must be flung into water, and kept there ; for otherwise they will dry and shrink, and the peel will not run. At first a person would find it no easy matter to divest a rush of its peel or rind, so as to leave one regular, narrow, even rib from top to bottom that may support the pith : but this, like other feats, soon becomes familiar, even to children ; and we have seen an old woman, stone-blind, performing this business with great despatch, and seldom failing to strip them with the nicest regularity. When the *junci* are thus far prepared, they must lay out on the grass to be bleached, and take the dew for some nights, and afterwards be dried in the sun. Some address is required in dipping these rushes in the scalding fat or grease ; but this knack is also to be attained by practice.—A pound of common grease may be procured for fourpence, and about six pounds of grease will dip a pound of rushes, and one pound of rushes may be bought for one shilling : so that a pound of rushes, medicated and ready for use, will cost three shil-

an answer to a letter, he was so impatient to get home, that he ran off without it. When he was questioned by Gilbert why he did not bring an answer, he did not attempt to make any excuse : he did not say "*There was no answer, please your honour,*" or, "*They bid me not wait,*" etc., but he told exactly the truth ; and though Gilbert scolded him for being so impatient as not to wait, yet his telling him the truth was more to the boy's advantage than any excuse he could have made. After this he always believed when he said, "*There was no answer,*" or "*They bid me not wait,*" for Gilbert knew that he would not tell a lie to save himself from being scolded.

The orphans continued to assist one another in their work, according to their strength and abilities ; and they went on in this manner for three years ; and with what Mary got by her spinning and plain-work, and Edmund by leading car-horses, going on errands, etc. and with little Peggy and Anne's earn-

lings. If men that keep bees will mix a little wax with the grease, it will give it a consistency, and render it more cleanly, and make the rushes burn longer. Mutton suet would have the same effect.

" A good rush, which measured in length two feet four inches, being minuted, burnt only three minutes short of an hour. In a pound of dry rushes, avoirdupois, which I caused to be weighed and numbered, we found upwards of one thousand six hundred individuals. Now, suppose each of these burns, one with another, only half an hour, then a poor man will purchase eight hundred hours of light, a time exceeding thirty-three entire days, for three shillings. According to this account, each rush, before dipping, costs one-thirty-third of a farthing, and one-eleventh afterwards. Thus, a poor family will enjoy five hours and a half of comfortable light for a farthing. An experienced old house-keeper assures me, that one pound and a half of rushes completely supply his family the year round, since working people burn no candles in the long days, because they rise and go to bed by daylight.

" Little farmers use rushes much in the short days, both morning and evening, in the dairy and kitchen ; but the very poor, who are always the worst economists, and therefore must continue very poor, buy a halfpenny candle every evening, which, in their blowing, open rooms, does not burn much more than two hours. Thus they have only two hours' light for their money, instead of eleven. "

If Mr. White had taken the trouble of extending his calculations, he would have found that the seemingly trifling article of economy which he recommends, would save to the nation a sum equal to the produce of a burdensome tax.

ings, the family contrived to live comfortably. Isabella and Caroline often visited them, and sometimes gave them clothes, and sometimes flax or cotton for their spinning and knitting; and these children did not *expect* that because the ladies did something for them, they should do every thing : they did not grow idle or wasteful.

When Edmund was about twelve years old, his friend Gilbert sent for him one day, and told him that his master had given him leave to have a boy in the house to assist him, and that his master told him he might choose one in the neighbourhood. Several were anxious to get into such a place, but Gilbert said that he preferred Edmund before them all, because he knew him to be an industrious, honest, good-natured lad, who always told the truth. So Edmund went into service at *the vicarage*, and his master was the father of Isabella and Caroline. He found his new way of life very pleasant, for he was well fed, well clothed, and well treated; and he every day learned more of his business, in which at first he was rather awkward. He was mindful to do all that Mr. Gilbert required of him; and he was so obliging to all his fellow-servants, that they could not help liking him; but there was one thing, which was at first rather disagreeable to him : he was obliged to wear shoes and stockings, and they hurt his feet. Besides this, when he waited at dinner, he made such a noise in walking, that his fellow-servants laughed at him. He told his sister Mary of this his distress; and she made for him, after many trials, a pair of cloth shoes, with soles of plaited hemp¹. In these he could walk without making the least noise; and as these shoes could not be worn out of doors, he was always sure to change them before he went out of doors,

¹ The author has seen a pair of shoes, such as are here described, made in a few hours.

and consequently he had always clean shoes to wear in the house. It was soon remarked by the men-servants, that he had left off clumping so heavily; and it was observed by the maids, that he never dirtied the stairs or passages with his shoes. When he was praised for these things, he said it was his sister Mary who should be thanked, and not he; and he showed the shoes which she had made for him.

Isabella's maid bespoke a pair immediately, and sent Mary a pretty piece of calico for the outside. The last-maker made a last for her, and over this Mary sewed the calico vamps tight. Her brother advised her to try plaited packthread instead of hemp for the soles; and she found that this looked more neat than the hemp soles, and was likely to last longer. She plaited the packthread together in strands of about half an inch thick; and these were sewed firmly together at the bottom of the shoe. When they were finished, they fitted well, and the maid showed them to her mistress. Isabella and Caroline were so well pleased with Mary's ingenuity and kindness to her brother, that they bespoke from her two dozen of these shoes, and gave her three yards of coloured fustian to make them of, and galoon for the binding. When the shoes were completed, Isabella and Caroline disposed of them for her amongst their acquaintance, and got three shillings a pair for them. The young ladies, as soon as they had collected the money, walked to the old castle, where they found every thing neat and clean as usual. They had great pleasure in giving to this industrious girl the reward of her ingenuity, which she received with some surprise and more gratitude. They advised her to continue the shoemaking trade, as they found the shoes were liked, and they knew that they could have a sale for them at the *Repository* in Dublin.

Mary, encouraged by these kind friends, went on with her little manufacture with increased activity. Peggy and Anne

plaited the packthread, and pasted the vamps and the lining together ready for her. Edmund was allowed to come home for an hour every morning, provided he was back again before eight o'clock. It was summer-time, and he got up early, because he liked to go home to see his sisters, and he took his share in the manufactory. It was his business to hammer the soles flat : and as soon as he came home every morning, he performed his task with so much cheerfulness, and sang so merrily at his work, that the hour of his arrival was always an hour of joy to the family.

Mary had presently employment enough upon her hands. Orders came to her for shoes from many families in the neighbourhood, and she could not get them finished fast enough. She, however, in the midst of her hurry, found time to make a very pretty pair with neat roses as a present for her schoolmistress, who, now that she saw her pupil in a good state of business, consented to receive the amount of her old debt. Several of the children, who went to her school, were delighted with the sight of Mary's present, and went to the little manufactory at Rossmore castle, to find out how these shoes were made. Some went from curiosity, others from idleness ; but when they saw how happy the little shoemakers seemed whilst busy at work, they longed to take some share in what was going forward. One begged Mary to let her plait some packthread for the soles ; another helped Peggy and Anne to paste in the linings ; and all who could get employment were pleased, for the idle ones were shoved out of the way. It became a custom with the children of the village, to resort to the old castle at their play-hours : and it was surprising to see how much was done by ten or twelve of them, each doing but a little at a time.

One morning Edmund and the little manufacturers were assembled very early, and they were busy at their work, all sitting round the meal-chest, which served them for a table.

“ My hands must be washed,” said George, a little boy who came running in; “ I ran so fast that I might be in time to go to work along with you all, that I tumbled down, and look how I have dirtied my hands. Most haste worse speed. My hands must be washed before I can do any thing. ”

Whilst George was washing his hands, two other little children who had just finished their morning's work, came to him to beg that he would blow some soap-bubbles for them, and they were all three eagerly blowing bubbles, and watching them mount into the air, when suddenly they were startled by a noise as loud as thunder : they were in a sort of outer court of the castle, next to the room in which all their companions were at work, and they ran precipitately into the room, exclaiming, “ Did you hear that noise? ”

“ I thought I heard a clap of thunder,” said Mary : “ but why do you look so frightened? ” As she finished speaking, another and a louder noise, and the walls round about them shook. The children turned pale, and stood motionless; but Edmund threw down his hammer, and ran out to see what was the matter. Mary followed him, and they saw that a great chimney of the old ruins at the farthest side of the castle had fallen down, and this was the cause of the prodigious noise.

The part of the castle in which they lived seemed, as Edmund said, to be perfectly safe; but the children of the village were terrified, and thinking that the whole would come tumbling down directly, they ran to their homes as fast as they could. Edmund, who was a courageous lad, and proud of showing his courage, laughed at their cowardice; but Mary who was very prudent, persuaded her brother to ask an experienced mason, who was building at his master's, to come and give his opinion whether their part of the castle was safe to live in or not. The mason came, and gave it as his opinion that the rooms they inhabited might last through the winter,

but that no part of the ruins could stand another year. Mary was sorry to leave a place of which she had grown fond, poor as it was, having lived in it in peace and content ever since her mother's death, which was now nearly four years; but she determined to look out for some place to live in; and she had now money enough to pay the rent of a comfortable cabin. Without losing any time she went to a village that was at the end of the avenue leading to *the vicarage*, for she wished to get a lodging in this village, because it was so near to her brother, and to the ladies who had been so kind to her; she found that there was one newly-built house in this village unoccupied; it belonged to Mr. Harvey, her landlord, who was still in England; it was slated, and neatly fitted up within side; but the rent of it was six guineas a year, and this was far above what Mary could afford to pay; three guineas a year she thought was the highest rent for which she could venture to engage; besides, she heard that several proposals had been made to Mr. Harvey for this house; and she knew that Mr. Hopkins, the agent, was not her friend, therefore she despaired of getting it. There was no other to be had in this village. Her brother was still more vexed than she was, that she could not find a place near him. He offered to give a guinea yearly towards the rent out of his wages; and Mr. Gilbert spoke about it for him to the steward, and inquired whether amongst any of those who had given in proposals, there might not be one who would be content with a part of the house, and who would join with Mary in paying the rent. None could be found but a woman who was a great scold, and a man who was famous for going to law about every trifle with his neighbours. Mary did not choose to have any thing to do with these people; she did not like to speak either to miss Isabella or Caroline about it, because she was not of an encroaching temper, and when they had done so much for her, she would have been

ashamed to beg for more. She returned home to the old castle, mortified that she had no good news to tell Anne and Peggy, who she knew expected to hear that she had found a nice house for them in the village near their brother.

“Bad news for you, Peggy,” cried she, as soon as she got home.

“And bad news for you, Mary,” replied her sister, who looked very sorrowful.

“What’s the matter?”

“Your poor goat is dead,” replied Peggy; “there she is yonder lying under the great corner-stone; you can just see her leg. We cannot lift the stone from off her, it is so heavy. Betsy (*one of the neighbour’s girls*) says she remembers, when she came to us to work early this morning, she saw the goat rubbing itself, and butting with its horns against the old tottering chimney.”

“Many’s the time,” said Mary, “that I have driven the poor thing away from that place; I was always afraid she would shake that great ugly stone down upon her at last.”

The goat, who had long been the favourite of Mary and her sisters, was lamented by them all. When Edmund came, he helped them to move the great stone from off the poor animal, who was crushed so as to be a terrible sight. As they were moving away this stone, in order to bury the goat, Anne found an odd looking piece of money, which seemed neither like a halfpenny, nor a shilling, nor a guinea.

“Here are more, a great many more of them,” cried Peggy; and upon searching amongst the rubbish, they discovered a small iron pot, which seemed as if it had been filled with these coins, as a vast number of them were found about the spot where it fell. On examining these coins, Edmund thought that several of them looked like gold, and the girls exclaimed with great joy—“O Mary! Mary! this is come to us just in

right time—now you can pay for the slated house. Never was any thing so lucky!”

But Mary, though nothing could have pleased her better than to have been able to pay for the house, observed, that they could not honestly touch any of this treasure, as it belonged to the owner of the castle. Edmund agreed with her, that they ought to carry it all immediately to Mr. Hopkins, the agent. Peggy and Anne were convinced by what Mary said, and they begged to go along with her and their brother, to take the coins to Mr. Hopkins. In their way they stopped at the vicarage, to show the treasure to Mr. Gilbert, who took it to the young ladies, Isabella and Caroline, and told them how it had been found.

It is not only by their superior riches, but it is yet more by their superior knowledge, that persons in the higher ranks of life may assist those in a lower condition.

Isabella, who had some knowledge of chemistry, discovered, by touching the coins with *aqua regia*, (the only acid which affects gold), that several of them were of gold, and consequently of great value. Caroline also found out, that many of the coins were very valuable as curiosities. She recollected her father having shown to her the prints of the coins at the end of each king's reign, in Rapin's History of England; and upon comparing these impressions with the coins found by the orphans, she perceived that many of them were of the reign of Henry the Seventh.

People who are fond of collecting coins set a great value on these, as they are very scarce. Isabella and Caroline, knowing something of the character of Mr. Hopkins, the agent, had the precaution to count the coins, and to mark each of them with a cross, so small that it was scarcely visible to the naked eye, though it was easily to be seen through a magnifying glass. They also begged their father, who was well acquainted with

Mr. Harvey, the gentleman to whom Rossmore castle belonged, to write to him, and tell him how well these orphans had behaved about the treasure which they had found. The value of the coins was estimated at about thirty or forty guineas.

A few days after the fall of the chimney at Rossmore castle, as Mary and her sisters were sitting at their work, there came hobbling in an old woman, leaning on a crab-stick, that seemed to have been newly cut : she had a broken tobacco-pipe in her mouth ; her head was wrapped up in two large red and blue handkerchiefs, with their corners hanging far down over the back of her neck, no shoes on her broad feet, nor stockings on her many-coloured legs ; her petticoat was jagged at the bottom, and the skirt of her gown turned up over her shoulders, to serve instead of her cloak, which she had sold for whisky. This old woman was well known amongst the country people by the name of *Goody Grope*¹ : because she had for many years, been in the habit of groping in old castles, and in moats², and at the bottom of a round tower³ in the neighbourhood, in search of treasure. In her youth she had heard some one talking, in a whisper, of an old prophecy, found in a bog, which said that, " before many St. Patrick's days should come about, there would be found a treasure underground, by one within twenty miles round."

This prophecy made a deep impression upon her ; she also dreamed of it three times ; and as the dream, she thought, was a sure token that the prophecy was to come true, she, from

¹ *Goody* is not a word used in Ireland ; *Collyogh* is the Irish appellation of an old woman : but as *Collyogh* might sound strangely to English ears, we have translated it by the word *Goody*.

² What are in Ireland called moats, are, in England, called Danish mounts, or barrows.

³ Near Kells, in Ireland, there is a round tower, which was in imminent danger of being pulled down by an old woman's rooting at its foundation, in hopes of finding treasure.

that time forwards, gave up her spinning-wheel and her knitting, and could think of nothing but hunting for the treasure, that was to be found by one "*within twenty miles round.*"—Year after year St. Patrick's day came about, without her ever finding a farthing by all her groping; and as she was always idle, she grew poorer and poorer; besides, to comfort herself for her disappointments, and to give her spirits for fresh searches, she took to drinking: she sold all she had by degrees; but still she fancied, that the lucky day would come, sooner or later, *that would pay for all.*

Goody Grope, however, reached her sixtieth year, without ever seeing this lucky day; and now, in her old age, she was a beggar, without a house to shelter her, a bed to lie on, or food to put into her mouth, but what she begged from the charity of those who had trusted more than she had to industry, and less to *luck.*

"Ah! Mary, honey! give me a potatoe, and a sup of something, for the love o'mercy; for not a bit have I had all day, except half a glass of whisky, and a halfpenny worth of tobacco!"

Mary immediately set before her some milk, and picked a good potatoe out of the bowl for her; she was sorry to see such an old woman in such a wretched condition. Goody Grope said she would rather have spirits of some kind or other than milk; but Mary had no spirits to give her: so she sat herself down close to the fire, and after she had sighed and groaned, and smoked for some time, she said to Mary—

"Well, and what have you done with the treasure you had the luck to find?"

Mary told her, that she carried it to Mr. Hopkins, the agent.

"That's not what I would have done in your place." replied the old woman. "When good luck came to you, what a shame to turn your back upon it! But it is idle talking of what's

done—that's past——but I'll try my luck in this here castle before next St. Patrick's day comes about : I was told it was more than twenty miles from our bog , or I would have been here long ago : but better late than never. ”

Mary was much alarmed, and not without reason, at this speech : for she knew that if Goody Grope once set to work at the foundation of the old castle of Rossmore, she would soon bring it all down. It was in vain to talk to Goody Grope of the danger of burying herself under the ruins, or of the improbability of her meeting with another pot of gold coins. She set her elbow upon her knees, and stopping her ears with her hands, bid Mary and her sisters not to waste their breath advising their elders ; for that, let them say what they would, she would fall to work the next morning ; “ *barring* ' you'll make it worth my while to let it alone. ”

“ And what will make it worth your while to let it alone ? ” said Mary, who saw that she must either get into a quarrel, or give up her habitation, or comply with the conditions of this provoking old woman.

Half a crown, Goody Grope said, was the least she could be content to take.

Mary paid the half-crown, and was in hopes she had got rid for ever of her tormentor : but she was mistaken ; for scarcely was the week at an end, before the old woman appeared before her again, and repeated her threats of falling to work the next morning, unless she had something given her to buy tobacco.

The next day, and the next, and the next, Goody Grope came on the same errand ; and poor Mary, who could ill afford to supply her constantly with halfpence, at last exclaimed—“ I am sure the finding of this treasure has not been any good-luck to us, but quite the contrary ; and I wish we never had found it. ”

¹ Unless.

Mary did not yet know how much she was to suffer on account of this unfortunate pot of gold coins. Mr. Hopkins, the agent, imagined that no one knew of the discovery of this treasure but himself and these poor children, so, not being as honest as they were, he resolved to keep it for his own use. He was surprised, some weeks afterwards, to receive a letter from his employer, Mr. Harvey, demanding from him the coins which had been discovered at Rossmore castle. Hopkins had sold the gold coins, and some of the others; but he flattered himself that the children, and the young ladies to whom he now found they had been shown, could not tell whether what they had seen were gold or not; and he was not in the least apprehensive that those of Henry the Seventh's reign would be reclaimed from him, as he thought they had escaped attention. So he sent over the silver coins, and others of little value, and apologized for his not having mentioned them before, by saying, that he considered them as mere rubbish.

Mr. Harvey, in reply, observed that he could not consider as rubbish the gold coins which were amongst them when they were discovered; and he inquired why these gold coins, and those of the reign of Henry the Seventh, were not now sent to him.

Mr. Hopkins denied that he had ever received any such; but he was thunderstruck when Mr. Harvey, in reply to this falsehood, sent him a list of the coins which the orphans had deposited with him, and exact drawings of those that were missing. He informed him, that this list and these drawings came from two ladies, who had seen the coins in question.

Mr. Hopkins thought, that he had no means of escape but by boldly persisting in falsehood. He replied, that it was very likely such coins had been found at Rossmore castle, and that the ladies alluded to had probably seen them; but he positively declared that they never came to his hands; that he had resto-

red all that were deposited with him ; and that as to the others, he supposed they must have been taken out of the pot by the children, or by Edmund or Mary, in their way from the ladies' house to his.

The orphans were shocked and astonished when they heard, from Isabella and Caroline, the charge that was made against them ; they looked at one another in silence for some moments ; then Peggy exclaimed—“ *Sure!* Mr. Hopkins has forgotten himself strangely!—Does not he remember Edmund's counting the things to him upon the great table in his hall, and we all standing by?—I remember it as well as if it was this instant.”

“ And so do I,” cried Anne. “ And don't you recollect, Mary, your picking out the gold ones, and telling Mr. Hopkins that they were gold ; and he said you knew nothing of the matter ; and I was going to tell him that Miss Isabella had tried them, and knew that they were gold ; but just then there came in some tenants to pay their rent, and he pushed us out, and twitched from my hand the piece of gold, which I had taken up to show him the bright spot, which Miss Isabella had cleaned by the stuff that she had poured on it? I believe he was afraid I should steal it, he twitched it from my hand in such a hurry. —Do, Edmund, do, Mary—let us go to him, and put him in mind of all this.”

“ I'll go to him no more,” said Edmund, sturdily. “ He is a bad man—I'll never go to him again.—Mary, don't be cast down—we have no need to be cast down—we are honest.”

“ True,” said Mary ; “ but is not it a hard case that we, who have lived, as my mother did all her life before us, in peace and honesty with all the world, should now have our good name taken from us, when——” —Mary's voice faltered and stopped.

“ It can't be taken from us,” cried Edmund, “ poor orphans

though we are, and he a rich gentleman, as he calls himself. Let him say and do what he will, he can't hurt our good name."

Edmund was mistaken, alas! and Mary had but too much reason for her fears. The affair was a great deal talked of; and the agent spared no pains to have the story told his own way. The orphans, conscious of their own innocence, took no pains about the matter; and the consequence was, that all who knew them well, had no doubt of their honesty; but many who knew nothing of them, concluded that the agent must be in the right and the children in the wrong. The buzz of scandal went on for some time without reaching their ears, because they lived very retiredly: but one day, when Mary went to sell some stockings of Peggy's knitting, at the neighbouring fair, the man to whom she sold them bid her write her name on the back of a note, and exclaimed on seeing it—
"Ho! ho! mistress: I'd not have had any dealings with you had I known your name sooner:—Where's the gold that you found at Rossmore castle!"

It was in vain that Mary related the fact; she saw that she gained no belief, as her character was not known to this man, or to any of those who were present. She left the fair as soon as she could; and though she struggled against it, she felt very melancholy. Still she exerted herself every day at her little manufacture; and she endeavoured to console herself by reflecting, that she had two friends left, who would not give up her character, and who continued steadily to protect her and her sisters.

Isabella and Caroline every where asserted their belief in the integrity of the orphans; but to prove it was, in this instance, out of their power. Mr. Hopkins, the agent, and his friends, constantly repeated, that the gold coins were taken away in coming from their house to his; and these la-

dies were blamed by many people for continuing to countenance those that were, with great reason, suspected to be thieves. The orphans were in a worse condition than ever when the winter came on, and their benefactresses left the country, to spend some months in Dublin. The old castle, it was true, was likely to last through the winter, as the mason said; but though the want of a comfortable house to live in was, a little while ago, the uppermost thing in Mary's thoughts, now it was not so.

One night, as Mary was going to bed, she heard some one knocking hard at the door:—"Mary, are you up?—let us in,"—cried a voice which she knew to be the voice of Betsy Green, the postmaster's daughter, who lived in the village near them.

She let Betsy in, and asked what she could want at such a time of night.

"Give me sixpence, and I'll tell you," said Betsy: "but waken Anne and Peggy.—Here's a letter just come by the post for you, and I stepped over to you with it, because I guessed you'd be glad to have it, seeing it is your brother's hand-writing."

Peggy and Anne were soon roused when they heard that there was a letter from Edmund. It was by one of his rush candles that Mary read it; and the letter was as follows:—

"Dear Mary, Nancy, and little Peg,—

"Joy! joy!—I always said the truth would come out at last; and that he could not take our good name from us.—But I will not tell you how it all came about till we meet, which will be next week, as we (I mean master and mistress, and the young ladies,—Bless them! and Mr. Gilbert and I) are coming down to the vicarage to keep the Christmas: and a happy Christmas 'tis likely to be for honest folks: as for they that are not honest, it is not for them to expect to be happy,

at Christmas, or at any other time.—You shall know all when we meet : so, till then fare ye well, dear Mary, Nancy, and little Peg! Your joyful and affectionate brother,

EDMUND.”

To comprehend why Edmund was joyful, our readers must be informed of certain things which happened after Isabella and Caroline went to Dublin.—One morning they went with their father and mother to see the magnificent library of a nobleman, who took generous and polite pleasure in thus sharing the advantages of his wealth and station with all who had any pretensions to science or literature. Knowing that the gentleman, who was now come to see his library, was skilled in antiquities, the nobleman opened a drawer of medals, to ask his opinion concerning the age of some coins, which he had lately purchased at a high price. They were the very same which the orphans had found at Rossmore castle. Isabella and Caroline knew them again instantly; and as the cross which Isabella had made on each of them was still visible through a magnifying glass, there could be no possibility of doubt.

The nobleman, who was much interested both by the story of these orphans, and the manner in which it was told to him, sent immediately for the person from whom he had purchased the coins. He was a Jew broker. At first he refused to tell from whom he got them, because he had bought them, he said, under a promise of secrecy. Being further pressed, he acknowledged that it was made a condition in his bargain, that he should not sell them to any one in Ireland; but that he had been tempted by the high price Lord———had offered.

At last, when the Jew was informed that the coins were stolen, and that he would be proceeded against as a receiver

of stolen goods, if he did not confess the whole truth, he declared that he had purchased them from a gentleman, whom he had never seen before or since; but he added that he could swear to his person, if he saw him again.

Now Mr. Hopkins, the agent, was at this time in Dublin, and Caroline's father posted the Jew, the next day, in the back parlour of a banker's house, with whom Mr. Hopkins had, on this day, appointed to settle some accounts. Mr. Hopkins came—the Jew knew him—swore that he was the man who had sold the coins to him; and thus the guilt of the agent, and the innocence of the orphans were completely proved.

A full account of all that happened was sent to England to Mr. Harvey, their landlord; and, a few posts afterwards, there came a letter from him containing a dismissal of the dishonest agent, and a reward for the honest and industrious orphans. Mr. Harvey desired, that Mary and her sisters might have the slated house, rent free, from this time forward, under the care of the ladies Isabella and Caroline, as long as Mary or her sisters should carry on in it any useful business. This was the joyful news which Edmund had to tell his sisters.

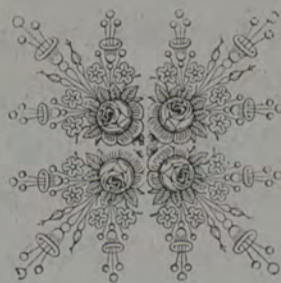
All the neighbours shared in their joy; and the day of their removal from the ruins of Rossmore castle to their new house was the happiest of the Christmas holidays. They were not envied for their prosperity: because every body saw that it was the reward of their good conduct; every body except Goody Grope: she exclaimed, as she wrung her hands with violent expressions of sorrow—“Bad luck to me! bad luck to me! Why didn't I go sooner to that there castle? It is all luck, all luck in this world; but I never had no luck. Think of the luck of these *childer*, that have found a pot of gold, and such great grand friends, and a slated house, and all: and here am I, with scarce a rag to cover me and not a potatoe to put into my mouth! I, that have been looking under ground

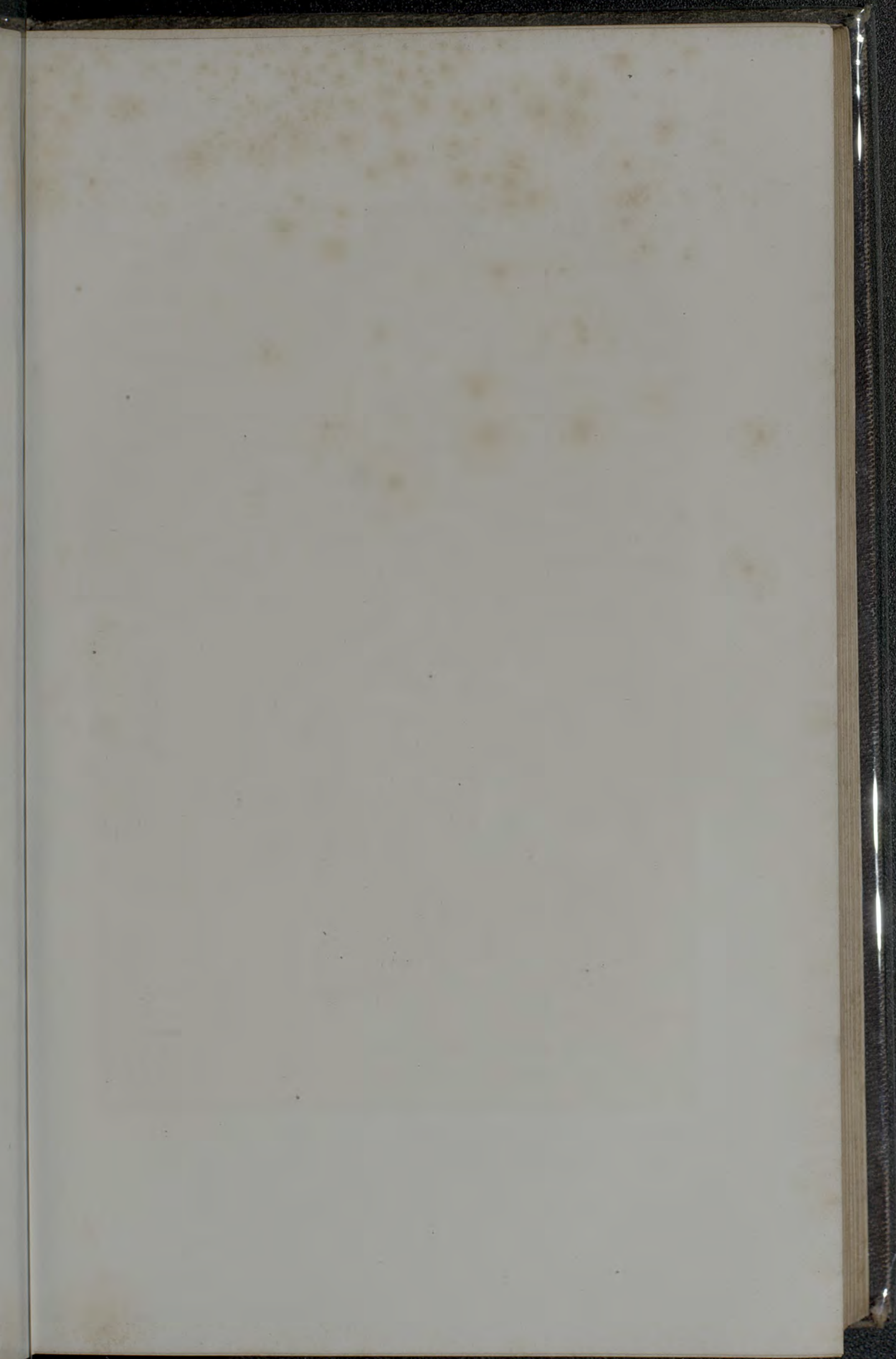
all my days for treasure, not to have a halfpenny at the last, to buy me tobacco."

"That is the very reason that you have not a halfpenny," said Betsy: "here Mary has been working hard, and so have her two little sisters and her brother, for these five years past; and they have made money for themselves by their own industry—and friends too—not by luck, but by——"

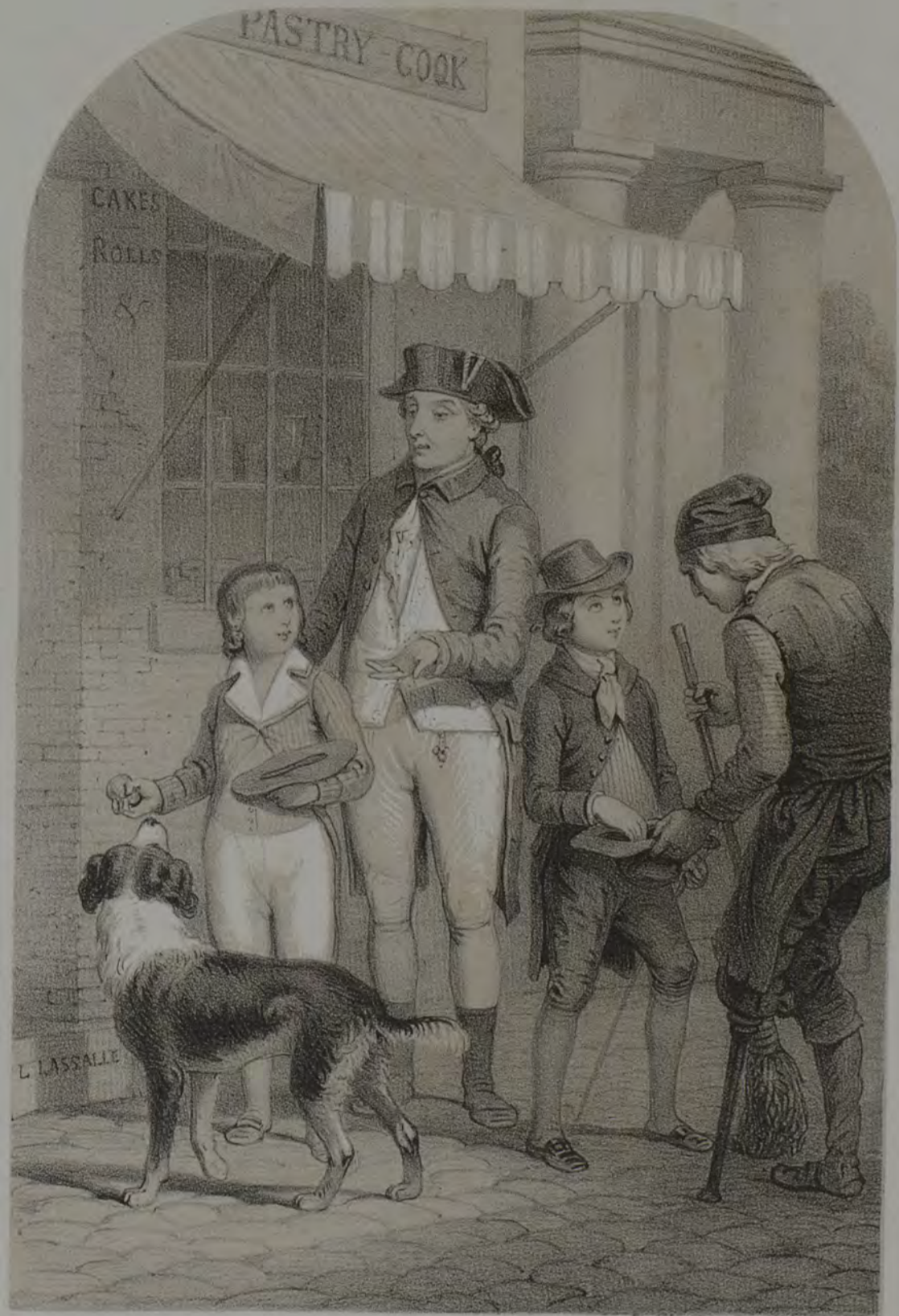
"Phoo! phoo!" interrupted Goody Grope; "don't be prating; don't I know, as well as you do, that they found a pot of gold, by *good luck*; and is not that the cause why they are going to live in the slated house now?"

"No," replied the postmaster's daughter; "this house is given to them *as a reward*—that was the word in the letter, for I saw it; Edmund showed it to me, and will show it to any one that wants to see. This house was given to them '*as a reward for their honesty.*'"





WASTE NOT WANT NOT.



"There goes twopence in the form of a queen-cake," said Mr. Gresham.

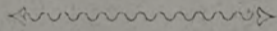
Imp. A. Godard



WASTE NOT, WANT NOT

OR

TWO STRINGS TO YOUR BOW.



Mr. Gresham, a Bristol merchant, who had, by honourable industry and economy, accumulated a considerable fortune, retired from business to a new house which he had built upon the Downs, near Clifton. Mr. Gresham, however, did not imagine, that a new house alone could make him happy : he did not purpose to live in idleness and extravagance, for such a life would have been equally incompatible with his habits and his principles. He was fond of children, and as he had no sons, he determined to adopt one of his relations. He had two nephews, and he invited both of them to his house, that he might have an opportunity of judging of their dispositions, and of the habits which they had acquired.

Hal and Benjamin, Mr. Gresham's nephews, were about ten years old; they had been educated very differently; Hal was the son of the elder branch of the family; his father was a gentleman, who spent rather more than he could afford; and Hal, from the example of the servants in his father's family, with whom he had passed the first years of his childhood, learned to waste more of every thing than he used. He had been told, that "gentlemen should be above being careful and saving," and he had unfortunately imbibed a notion, that extravagance is the sign of a generous, and economy of an avaricious, disposition.

Benjamin¹, on the contrary, had been taught habits of care and foresight: his father had but a very small fortune, and was anxious that his son should early learn, that economy ensures independence, and sometimes puts it in the power of those who are not very rich to be very generous.

The morning after these two boys arrived at their uncle's they were eager to see all the rooms in the house. Mr. Gresham accompanied them, and attended to their remarks and exclamations.

"O! what an excellent motto!" exclaimed Ben, when he read the following words, which were written in large characters over the chimney-piece, in his uncle's spacious kitchen:—

WASTE NOT, WANT NOT.

"Waste not, want not!" repeated his cousin Hal, in rather a contemptuous tone; "I think it looks stingy to servants; and no gentleman's servants, cooks especially, would like to have such a mean motto always staring them in the face."

Ben, who was not so conversant as his cousin in the ways

¹ Benjamin, so called from Dr. Benjamin Franklin.

of cooks and gentlemen's servants, made no reply to these observations.

Mr. Gresham was called away whilst his nephews were looking at the other rooms in the house. Some time afterwards he heard their voices in the hall.

"Boys," said he, "what are you doing there?"

"Nothing, sir," said Hal; "you were called away from us; and we did not know which way to go."

"And have you nothing to do?" said Mr. Gresham.

"No, sir, nothing," answered Hal, in a careless tone, like one who was well content with the state of habitual idleness.

"No, sir, nothing!" replied Ben, in a voice of lamentation.

"Come," said Mr. Gresham, "if you have nothing to do, lads, will you unpack the two parcels for me?"

The two parcels were exactly alike, both of them well tied up with good whipcord—Ben took his parcel to a table, and, after breaking off the sealing-wax, began carefully to examine the knot, and then to untie it. Hal stood still, exactly in the spot where the parcel was put into his hands, and tried first at one corner, and then at another, to pull the string off by force: "I wish these people wouldn't tie up their parcels so tight, as if they were never to be undone," cried he, as he tugged at the cord; and he pulled the knot closer instead of loosening it.

"Ben! why, how did ye get yours undone, man?—what's in your parcel?—I wonder what is in mine. I wish I could get this string off—I must cut it."

"O no," said Ben, who now had undone the last knot of his parcel, and who drew out the length of string with exultation, "don't cut it, Hal—look what a nice cord this is, and your's is the same; it's a pity to cut it; '*Waste not, want not!*' you know."

"Pooh!" said Hal, "what signifies a bit of packthread?"

"It is whipcord," said Ben.

"Well, whipcord! what signifies a bit of whipcord! you can get a bit of whipcord twice as long as that for twopence; and who cares for twopence? Not I, for one! so here it goes," cried Hal, drawing out his knife; and he cut the cord, precipitately, in sundry places.

"Lads! have you undone the parcels for me?" said Mr. Gresham, opening the parlour door as he spoke.

"Yes, sir," cried Hal; and he dragged off his half cut, half entangled string—"here's the parcel."

"And here's my parcel, uncle; and here's the string," said Ben.

"You may keep the string for your pains," said Mr. Gresham.

"Thank you, sir," said Ben: "what an excellent whipcord it is!"

"And you, Hal," continued Mr. Gresham—"you may keep your string too, if it will be of any use to you."

"It will be of no use to me, thank you, sir," said Hal.

"No, I am afraid not, if this be it," said his uncle, taking up the jagged, knotted remains of Hal's cord.

A few days after this, Mr. Gresham gave to each of his nephews a new top.

"But how's this?" said Hal; "these tops have not strings; what shall we do for strings?"

"I have a string that will do very well for mine," said Ben; and he pulled out of his pocket the fine long, smooth string, which had tied up the parcel. With this he soon set up his top, which spun admirably well.

"O, how I wish that I had but a string!" said Hal: "what shall I do for a string? I'll tell you what: I can use the string that goes round my hat."

"But then," said Ben, "what will you do for a hatband?"

"I'll manage to do without one," said Hal: and he took the string off his hat for his top. It soon was worn through; and he split his top by driving the peg too tightly into it. His cousin Ben let him set up his the next day; but Hal was not more fortunate or more careful when he meddled with other people's things than when he managed his own. He had scarcely played half an hour before he split it, by driving in the peg too violently.

Ben bore this misfortune with good-humour—"Come," said he, "it can't be helped! but give me the string, because *that* may still be of use for something else."

It happened some time afterwards, that a lady, who had been intimately acquainted with Hal's mother at Bath, that is to say, who had frequently met her at the card-table during the winter, now arrived at Clifton. She was informed by his mother that Hal was at Mr. Gresham's; and her sons, who were *friends* of his, came to see him, and invited him to spend the next day with them.

Hal joyfully accepted the invitation. He was always glad to go out to dine, because it gave him something to do, something to think of, or, at least, something to say. Besides this, he had been educated to think it was a fine thing to visit fine people; and lady Diana Sweepstakes (for that was the name of his mother's acquaintance) was a very fine lady; and her two sons intended to be very *great* gentlemen.

He was in a prodigious hurry when these young gentlemen knocked at his uncle's door the next day; but just as he got to the hall-door little Patty called to him from the top of the stairs, and told him that he had dropped his pocket-handkerchief.

"Pick it up, then, and bring it to me, quick, can't you, child," cried Hal, "for lady Di's sons are waiting for me?"

Little Patty did not know any thing about lady Di's sons;

but as she was very good-natured, and saw that her cousin Hal was, for some reason or other, in a desperate hurry, she ran down stairs as fast as she possibly could towards the landing-place, where the handkerchief lay :—but alas! before she reached the handkerchief, she fell, rolling down a whole flight of stairs; and, when her fall was at last stopped by the landing-place, she did not cry, but she writhed, as if she was in great pain.

“ Where are you hurt, my love? ” said Mr. Gresham, who came instantly, on hearing the noise of some one falling down stairs.

“ Where are you hurt, my dear? ”

“ Here, papa, ” said the little girl, touching her ankle, which she had decently covered with her gown : “ I believe I am hurt here, but not much, ” added she, trying to rise; “ only it hurts me when I move. ”

“ I’ll carry you, don’t move then, ” said her father : and he took her up in his arms.

“ My shoe, I’ve lost one of my shoes, ” said she. Ben looked for it upon the stairs, and he found it sticking in a loop of whipcord, which was entangled round one of the balusters. When this cord was drawn forth, it appeared that it was the very same jagged, entangled piece which Hal had pulled off his parcel. He had diverted himself with running up and down stairs, whipping the balusters with it, as he thought he could convert it to no better use; and with his usual carelessness, he at last left it hanging just where he happened to throw it when the dinner-bell rang. Poor little Patty’s ankle was terribly sprained, and Hal reproached himself for his folly, and would have reproached himself longer, perhaps, if lady Di Sweepstakes’ sons had not hurried him away.

In the evening, Patty could not run about as she used to do; but she sat upon the sofa, and she said that, “ she did not feel

the pain of her ankle so *much*, whilst Ben was so good as to play at *jack-straws* with her."

"That's right, Ben; never be ashamed of being good-natured to those who are younger and weaker than yourself," said his uncle, smiling at seeing him produce his whipcord, to indulge his little cousin with a game at her favourite cat's-cradle. "I shall not think you one bit less manly, because I see you playing at cat's-cradle with a little child of six years old."

Hal, however, was not precisely of his uncle's opinion; for when he returned in the evening and saw Ben playing with his little cousin, he could not help smiling contemptuously, and asked if he had been playing at cat's-cradle all night. In a heedless manner he made some inquiries after Patty's sprained ankle, and then he ran on to tell all the news he had heard at lady Diana Sweepstakes'—news which he thought would make him appear a person of vast importance.

"Do you know, uncle—Do you know, Ben," said he—"there's to be the most *famous* doings that ever were heard of upon the Downs here the first day of next month, which will be in a fortnight, thank my stars; I wish the fortnight was over; I shall think of nothing else, I know, till that happy day comes!"

Mr. Gresham inquired why the first of September was to be so much happier than any other day in the year.

"Why," replied Hal, "lady Diana Sweepstakes, you know, is a *famous* rider, and archer, and *all that*——"

"Very likely," said Mr. Gresham, soberly—"but what then?"

"Dear uncle!" cried Hal, "but you shall hear. There's to be a race upon the Downs the first of September, and after the race there's to be an archery meeting for the ladies, and lady Diana Sweepstakes is to be one of *them*. And after the ladies have done shooting—now, Ben, comes the best part of it! we boys are to have our turn, and lady Di is to give a prize

to the best marksman amongst us, of a very handsome bow and arrow! Do you know I've been practising already, and I'll show you to-morrow, as soon as it comes home, the *famous* bow and arrow that lady Diana has given me: but, perhaps," added he, with a scornful laugh, "you like a cat's-cradle better than a bow and arrow."

Ben made no reply to this taunt at the moment; but the next day, when Hal's new bow and arrow came home, he convinced him, that he knew how to use it very well.

"Ben," said his uncle, "you seem to be a good marksman, though you have not boasted of yourself. I'll give you a bow and arrow; and perhaps, if you practise, you may make yourself an archer before the first of September; and, in the mean time, you will not wish the fortnight to be over, for you will have something to do."

"O sir," interrupted Hal, "but if you mean that Ben should put in for the prize, he must have a uniform."

"Why *must* he?" said Mr. Gresham.

Why, sir because every body has—I mean every body that's any body;—and lady Diana was talking about the uniform all dinnertime, and it's settled all about it except the buttons; the young Sweepstakes are to get theirs made first for patterns; they are to be white faced with green; and they'll look very handsome, I'm sure; and I shall write to mamma to-night, as lady Diana bid me, about mine; and I shall tell her, to be sure to answer my letter, without fail, by return of the post; and then, if mamma makes no objection, which I know she won't, because she never thinks much about expense, and *all that*—then I shall bespeak my uniform, and get it made by the same tailor that makes for lady Diana and the young Sweepstakes."

"Mercy upon us!" said Mr. Gresham, who was almost stunned by the rapid vociferation with which this long speech about a uniform was pronounced.

“ I don't pretend to understand these things,” added he, with an air of simplicity, “ but we will inquire, Ben, into the necessity of the case; and if it is necessary— or if you think it necessary, that you should have a uniform—why—I'll give you one.”

“ *You*, uncle!— will you, *indeed?* ” exclaimed Hal, with amazement painted in his countenance. “ Well, that's the last thing in the world I should have expected!— You are not at all the sort of person I should have thought would care about a uniform; and now I should have supposed, you'd have thought it extravagant to have a coat on purpose only for one day; and I'm sure lady Diana Sweepstakes thought as I do: for when I told her that motto over your kitchen chimney, WASTE NOT, WANT NOT, she laughed, and said, that I had better not talk to you about uniforms, and that my mother was the proper person to write to about my uniform; but I'll tell lady Diana, uncle, how good you are, and how much she was mistaken.”

“ Take care how you do that,” said Mr. Gresham; “ for perhaps the lady was not mistaken.”

“ Nay, did not you say, just now, you would give poor Ben a uniform?”

“ I said, I would, if he thought it necessary to have one.”

“ O, I'll answer for it, he'll think it necessary,” said Hal, laughing, “ because it is necessary.”

“ Allow him, at least, to judge for himself,” said Mr. Gresham.

“ My dear uncle, but I assure you,” said Hal, earnestly, “ there's no judging about the matter, because really, upon my word, lady Diana said distinctly, that her sons were to have uniforms, white faced with green, and a green and white cockade in their hats.”

“ May be so,” said Mr. Gresham, still with the same look of calm simplicity; “ put on your hats, boys, and come with me. I know a gentleman, whose sons are to be at this archery meeting;

and we will inquire into all the particulars from him. Then, after we have seen him (it is not eleven o'clock yet), we shall have time enough to walk on to Bristol, and choose the cloth for Ben's uniform, if it is necessary."

"I cannot tell what to make of all he says," whispered Hal, as he reached down his hat; "do you think, Ben, he means to give you this uniform, or not?"

"I think, said Ben, "that he means to give me one, if it is necessary; or, as he said, if I think it is necessary."

"And that, to be sure, you will; won't you? or else you'll be a great fool, I know, after all I've told you. How can any one in the world know so much about the matter as I, who have dined with lady Diana Sweepstakes but yesterday, and heard all about it, from beginning to end? and as for this gentleman that we are going to, I'm sure, if he knows any thing about the matter, he'll say exactly the same as I do."

"We shall hear," said Ben, with a degree of composure, which Hal could by no means comprehend, when a uniform was in question.

The gentleman upon whom Mr. Gresham called, had three sons, who were all to be at this archery meeting; and they unanimously assured him, in the presence of Hal and Ben, that they had never thought of buying uniforms for this grand occasion; and that, amongst the number of their acquaintance, they knew of but three boys, whose friends intended to be at such *an unnecessary* expense. Hal stood amazed—"Such are the varieties of opinion upon all the grand affairs of life," said Mr. Gresham, looking at his nephews—"What amongst one set of people, you hear asserted to be absolutely necessary, you will hear, from another set of people, is quite unnecessary. All that can be done, my dear boys, in these difficult cases, is to judge for yourselves, which opinions, and which people, are the most reasonable."

Hal, who had been more accustomed to think of what was fashionable than of what was reasonable, without at all considering the good sense of what his uncle said to him, replied, with childish petulance, "Indeed, sir, I don't know what other people think; I only know what lady Diana Sweepstakes said."

The name of lady Diana Sweepstakes, Hal thought, must impress all present with respect; he was highly astonished, when, as he looked round, he saw a smile of contempt upon every one's countenance; and he was yet further bewildered when he heard her spoken of as a very silly, extravagant, ridiculous woman, whose opinion no prudent person would ask upon any subject, and whose example was to be shunned, instead of being imitated.

"Aye, my dear Hal," said his uncle, smiling at his look of amazement, "these are some of the things that young people must learn from experience. All the world do not agree in opinion about characters: you will hear the same person admired in one company, and blamed in another; so that we must still come round to the same point, *Judge for yourself.*"

Hal's thoughts were, however, at present, too full of the uniform to allow his judgment to act with perfect impartiality. As soon as their visit was over, and all the time they walked down the hill from Prince's-buildings, towards Bristol, he continued to repeat nearly the same arguments, which he had formerly used, respecting necessity, the uniform, and lady Diana Sweepstakes.

To all this Mr. Gresham made no reply; and longer had the young gentleman expatiated upon the subject, which had so strongly seized upon his imagination, had not his senses been forcibly assailed at this instant by the delicious odours and tempting sight of certain cakes and jellies in a pastry-cook's shop.

"O uncle," said he, as his uncle was going to turn the corner to pursue the road to Bristol, "look at those jellies!" pointing to a confectioner's shop; "I must buy some of those good things; for I have got some halfpence in my pocket."

"Your having halfpence in your pocket is an excellent reason for eating," said Mr. Gresham, smiling.

"But I really am hungry," said Hal; "you know, uncle, it is a good while since breakfast."

His uncle, who was desirous to see his nephews act without restraint, that he might judge of their characters, bid them do as they pleased.

"Come, then, Ben, if you've any halfpence in your pocket."

"I'm not hungry," said Ben.

"I suppose *that* means, that you've no halfpence," said Hal, laughing, with the look of superiority, which he had been taught to think *the rich* might assume towards those who were convicted either of poverty or economy.

"Waste not, want not," said Ben to himself. Contrary to his cousin's surmise, he happened to have two pennyworth of halfpence actually in his pocket.

At the very moment Hal stepped into the pastry-cook's shop, a poor industrious man, with a wooden leg, who usually sweeps the dirty corner of the walk which turns at this spot to the Wells, held his hat to Ben, who, after glancing his eye at the petitioner's wellworn broom, instantly produced his twopence. "I wish I had more halfpence for you, my good man," said he; "but I've only twopence."

Hal came out of Mr. Millar's, the confectioner's shop, with a hatful of cakes in his hand.

Mr. Millar's dog was sitting on the flags before the door; and he looked up, with a wistful, begging eye, at Hal, who was eating a queen-cake.

Hal, who was wasteful even in his good-nature, threw a whole queen-cake to the dog, who swallowed it for a single mouthful.

"There goes twopence in the form of a queen-cake," said Mr. Gresham.

Hal next offered some of his cakes to his uncle and cousin; but they thanked him, and refused to eat any, because, they said, they were not hungry; so he ate and ate, as he walked along, till at last he stopped, and said, "This bun tastes so bad after the queen-cakes, I can't bear it!" and he was going to fling it from him into the river.

"Oh, it is a pity to waste that good bun; we may be glad of it yet," said Ben; "give it to me, rather than throw it away."

"Why, I thought you said you were not hungry," said Hal.

"True, I am not hungry now; but that is no reason why I should never be hungry again."

"Well, there is the cake for you; take it, for it has made me sick; and I don't care what becomes of it."

Ben folded the refuse bit of his cousin's bun in a piece of paper, and put it into his pocket.

"I'm beginning to be exceedingly tired, or sick, or something," said Hal, "and as there is a stand of coaches somewhere hereabouts, had we not better take a coach, instead of walking all the way to Bristol?"

"For a stout archer," said Mr. Gresham, "you are more easily tired than one might have expected. However, with all my heart; let us take a coach; for Ben asked me to show him the cathedral yesterday, and I believe I should find it rather too much for me to walk so far, though I am not sick with eating good things."

"*The cathedral!*" said Hal, after he had been seated in

the coach about a quarter of an hour, and had somewhat recovered from his sickness. "The cathedral! Why are we only going to Bristol to see the cathedral? I thought we came out to see about a uniform."

There was a dulness and melancholy kind of stupidity in Hal's countenance, as he pronounced these words like one wakening from a dream, which made both his uncle and cousin burst out a laughing.

"Why," said Hal, who was now piqued, "I'm sure you *did* say, uncle, you would go to Mr.***'s, to choose the cloth for the uniform."

"Very true : and so I will," said Mr. Gresham ; " but we need not make a whole morning's work, need we, of looking at a piece of cloth? Cannot we see a uniform and a cathedral both in one morning? "

They went first to the cathedral. Hal's head was too full of the uniform to take any notice of the painted window, which immediately caught Ben's unembarrassed attention. He looked at the large stained figures on the Gothic window ; and he observed their coloured shadows on the floor and walls.

Mr. Gresham, who perceived that he was eager on all subjects to gain information, took this opportunity of telling him several things about the lost art of painting on glass, Gothic arches, etc., which Hal thought extremely tiresome.

"Come! come! we shall be late, indeed," said Hal ; "surely you've looked long enough, Ben, at this blue and red window."

"I'm only thinking about these coloured shadows," said Ben.

"I can show you, when we go home, Ben," said his uncle, "an entertaining paper on such shadows ¹."

¹ Vide Priestley's History on Vision, chapter on coloured shadows.

“ Hark ! ” cried Ben, “ did you hear that noise ? ”

They all listened, and heard a bird singing in the cathedral.

“ It’s our old robin, sir,” said the lad who had opened the cathedral door for them.

“ Yes,” said Mr. Gresham, “ there he is, boys—look—perched upon the organ ; he often sits there, and sings whilst the organ is playing.” “ And,” continued the lad who showed the cathedral, “ he has lived here this many winters¹ ; they say he is fifteen years old ; and he is so tame, poor fellow, that if I had a bit of bread he’d come down and feed in my hand.”

“ I’ve a bit of bun here,” cried Ben, joyfully, producing the remains of the bun which Hal but an hour before would have thrown away. “ Pray let us see the poor robin eat out of your hand.”

The lad crumbled the bun, and called to the robin, who fluttered and chirped, and seemed rejoiced at the sight of the bread ; but yet he did not come down from his pinnacle on the organ.

“ He is afraid of *us*,” said Ben ; “ he is not used to eat before strangers, I suppose.”

“ Ah, no, sir,” said the young man, with a deep sigh, “ that is not the thing : he is used enough to eat afore company ; time was, he’d have come down for me, before ever so many fine folks, and have eat his crumbs out of my hand, at my first call ; but, poor fellow, it’s not his fault now ; he does not know me now, since my accident, because of this great black patch.”

The young man put his hand to his right eye, which was covered with a huge black patch.

Ben asked what *accident* he meant, and the lad told him that,

¹ This is true.

a few weeks ago, he had lost the sight of his eye by the stroke of a stone, which reached him as he was passing under the rocks of Clifton, unluckily, when the workmen were blasting.

"I don't mind so much for myself, sir," said the lad; "but I can't work so well now, as I used to do before my accident, for my old mother, who has had *a stroke* of the palsy; and I've a many little brothers and sisters, not well able yet to get their own livelihood, though they be willing as willing can be."

"Where does your mother live?" said Mr. Gresham.

"Hard by, sir, just close to the church here: it was *her* that always had the showing of it to strangers, till she lost the use of her poor limbs."

"Shall we, may we, uncle, go that way?—This is the house: is it not?" said Ben, when they went out of the cathedral.

They went into the house: it was rather a hovel than a house; but, poor as it was, it was as neat as misery could make it.

The old woman was sitting up in her wretched bed, winding worsted; four meagre, ill-clothed, pale children were all busy, some of them sticking pins in paper for the pinmaker, and others sorting rags for the papermaker.

"What a horrid place it is!" said Hal, sighing; "I did not know there were such shocking places in the world. I've often seen terrible-looking, tumble-down places, as we drove through the town in mamma's carriage; but then I did not know who lived in them; and I never saw the inside of any of them. It is very dreadful, indeed, to think that people are forced to live in this way. I wish mamma would send me some more pocket-money, that I might do something for them. I had half-a-crown; but," continued he, feeling in his pockets, "I'm afraid I spent the last shilling of it this morning, upon

those cakes that made me sick. I wish I had my shilling now, I'd give it to *these poor people*."

Ben, though he was all this time silent, was as sorry as his talkative cousin for all these poor people. But there was some difference between the sorrow of these two boys.

Hal, after he was again seated in the hackney-coach, and had rattled through the busy streets of Bristol for a few minutes, quite forgot the spectacle of misery which he had seen : and the gay shops in Wine-street, and the idea of his green and white uniform, wholly occupied his imagination.

"Now for our uniforms!" cried he, as he jumped eagerly out of the coach, when his uncle stopped at the woollen-draper's door.

"Uncle," said Ben, stopping Mr. Gresham before he got out of the carriage, "I don't think a uniform is at all necessary for me. I'm very much obliged to you; but I would rather not have one. I have a very good coat; and I think it would be waste."

"Well, let me get out of the carriage, and we will see about it," said Mr. Gresham; "perhaps the sight of the beautiful green and white cloth, and the epaulettes (have you ever considered the epaulettes?) may tempt you to change your mind."

"O no," said Ben, laughing; "I shall not change my mind."

The green cloth, and the white cloth, and the epaulettes, were produced, to Hal's infinite satisfaction. His uncle took up a pen, and calculated for a few minutes; then, showing the back of the letter, upon which he was writing, to his nephews, "Cast up these sums, boys," said he, "and tell me whether I am right."

"Ben, do you do it," said Hal, a little embarrassed: "I am not quick at figures."

Ben *was*, and he went over his uncle's calculation very expeditiously.

"It is right, is it?" said Mr. Gresham.

"Yes, sir, quite right."

"Then by this calculation, I find I could for less than half the money your uniforms would cost purchase for each of you boys a warm great-coat, which you will want, I have a notion, this winter upon the Downs."

"O sir," said Hal, with an alarmed look; "but it is not winter *yet*; it is not cold weather yet. We sha'n't want great-coats *yet*."

"Don't you remember how cold we were, Hal, the day before yesterday, in that sharp wind, when we were flying our kite upon the Downs?—and winter will come, though it is not come yet—I am sure, I should like to have a good warm great-coat very much."

Mr. Gresham took six guineas out of his purse; and he placed three of them before Hal, and three before Ben.

"Young gentlemen," said he, "I believe your uniforms would come to about three guineas a-piece. Now I will lay out this money for you, just as you please: Hal, what say you?"

"Why, sir," said Hal, "a great-coat is a good thing, to be sure; and then, after the great-coat, as you said it would only cost half as much as the uniform, there would be some money to spare, would not there?"

"Yes, my dear, about five-and-twenty shillings."

"Five-and-twenty shillings! I could buy and do a great many things, to be sure, with five-and-twenty shillings; but then, *the thing is*, I must go without the uniform, if I have the great-coat."

"Certainly," said his uncle.

"Ah!" said Hal, sighing, as he looked at the epaulettes,

“uncle, if you would not be displeased, if I choose the uniform——”

“I shall not be displeased at your choosing whatever you like best,” said Mr. Gresham.

“Well, then, thank you, sir, I think I had better have the uniform, because if I have not the uniform now directly, it will be of no use to me, as the archery meeting is the week after next, you know; and as to the great-coat, perhaps, between this time and the *very* cold weather, which, perhaps, won't be till Christmas, papa will buy a great-coat for me; and I'll ask mamma to give me some pocket-money to give away, and she will perhaps.”

To all this conclusive, conditional, reasoning, which depended upon *perhaps*, three times repeated, Mr. Gresham made no reply; but he immediately bought the uniform for Hal, and desired that it should be sent to lady Diana Sweepstakes' sons' tailor, to be made up. The measure of Hal's happiness was now complete.

“And how am I to lay out the three guineas for you, Ben?” said Mr. Gresham; “speak, what do you wish for first?”

“A great-coat, uncle, if you please.”

“Mr. Gresham bought the coat; and after it was paid for, five-and-twenty shillings of Ben's three guineas remained.

“What's next, my boy?” said his uncle.

“Arrows, uncle, if you please: three arrows.”

“My dear, I promised you a bow and arrows.”

“No, uncle, you only said a bow.”

“Well, I meant a bow and arrows. I'm glad you are so exact, however. It is better to claim less than more than what is promised. The three arrows you shall have. But go on; how shall I dispose of these five-and-twenty shillings for you?”

“In clothes, if you will be so good, uncle, for that poor boy, who has the great black patch on his eye.”

“ I always believed, ” said Mr. Gresham, shaking hands with Ben, “ that economy and generosity were the best friends, instead of being enemies, as some silly, extravagant people would have us think them. Choose the poor blind boy’s coat, my dear nephew, and pay for it. There’s no occasion for my praising you about the matter; your best reward is in your own mind, child; and you want no other, or I’m mistaken. Now jump into the coach, boys, and let’s be off. We shall be late, I’m afraid, ” continued he, as the coach drove on; “ but I must let you stop, Ben, with your goods, at the poor boy’s door. ”

When they came to the house, Mr. Gresham opened the coach door, and Ben jumped out with his parcel under his arm.

“ Stay, stay! you must take me with you, ” said his pleased uncle; “ I like to see people made happy, as well as you do. ”

“ And so do I, too! ” said Hal; “ let me come with you, I almost wish my uniform was not gone to the tailor’s, so I do. ”

And when he saw the look of delight and gratitude with which the poor boy received the clothes which Ben gave him; and when he heard the mother and children thank him, Hal sighed, and said, “ Well, I hope mamma will give me some more pocket-money soon. ”

Upon his return home, however, the sight of the *famous* bow and arrow, which lady Diana Sweepstakes had sent him, recalled to his imagination all the joys of his green and white uniform; and he no longer wished that it had not been sent to the tailor’s.

“ But I don’t understand, cousin Hal, ” said little Patty, “ why you call this bow a *famous* bow: you say *famous* very often; and I don’t know exactly what it means — a *famous* uniform — *famous* doings — I remember you said there are to be

famous doings the first of September upon the Downs—What does *famous* mean?”

“O, why *famous* means——Now don't you know what *famous* means?——It means——It is a word that people say——It is the fashion to say it——It means—it means *famous*.”

Patty laughed and said, “*This* does not explain it to me.”

“No,” said Hal, “nor can it be explained: if you don't understand it, that's not my fault: every body but little children, I suppose, understands it; but there's no explaining *those* sort of words, if you don't *take them* at once. There's to be *famous* doings upon the Downs the first of September; that is, grand, fine.—In short, what does it signify talking any longer, Patty, about the matter?—Give me my bow; for I must go out upon the Downs, and practise.”

Ben accompanied him with the bow and the three arrows which his uncle had now given to him; and every day these two boys went out upon the Downs, and practised shooting with indefatigable perseverance. Where equal pains are taken, success is usually found to be pretty nearly equal. Our two archers, by constant practice, became expert marksmen; and before the day of trial they were so exactly matched in point of dexterity, that it was scarcely possible to decide which was superior.

The long-expected first of September at length arrived. “What sort of a day is it?” was the first question that was asked by Hal and Ben, the moment that they awakened.

The sun shone bright; but there was a sharp and high wind.

“Ha!” said Ben, “I shall be glad of my good great-coat to-day; for I've a notion it will be rather cold upon the Downs, especially when we are standing still, as we must, whilst all the people are shooting.”

“O, never mind! I don't think I shall feel it cold at all,”

said Hal, as he dressed himself in his new white and green uniform : and he viewed himself with much complacency.

“ Good morning to you, uncle ; how do you do ? ” said he, in a voice of exultation, when he entered the breakfast-room.

How do you do ? seemed rather to mean, How do you like me in my uniform ?

And his uncle’s cool “ Very well, I thank you, Hal, ” disappointed him, as it seemed only to say, Your uniform makes no difference in my opinion of you.

Even little Patty went on eating her breakfast much as usual, and talked of the pleasure of walking with her father to the Downs, and of all the little things which interested her ; so that Hal’s epaulettes were not the principal object in any one’s imagination but his own.

“ Papa, ” said Patty, “ as we go up the hill where there is so much red mud, I must take care to pick my way nicely ; and I must hold up my frock, as you desired me ; and perhaps you will be so good, if I am not troublesome, to lift me over the very bad place where there are no stepping-stones. My ankle is entirely well, and I’m glad of that, or else I should not be able to walk so far as the Downs. How good you were to me, Ben, when I was in pain, the day I sprained my ankle ! you played at jack-straws, and at cat’s-cradle with me—O, that puts me in mind—Here are your gloves, which I asked you that night to let me mend. I’ve been a great while about them, but are not they very neatly mended, papa ?—look at the sewing. ”

“ I am not a very good judge of sewing, my dear little girl, ” said Mr. Gresham, examining the work with a close and scrupulous eye ; “ but in my opinion, here is one stitch that is rather too long ; the white teeth are not quite even. ”

“ O papa, I’ll take out that long tooth in a minute, ” said

Patty, laughing; "I did not think that you would have observed it so soon."

"I would not have you trust to my blindness," said her father, stroking her head fondly: "I observe every thing. I observe, for instance, that you are a grateful little girl, and that you are glad to be of use to those who have been kind to you; and for this I forgive you the long stitch."

"But it's out, it's out, papa," said Patty; "and the next time your gloves want mending, Ben, I'll mend them better."

"They are very nice, I think," said Ben, drawing them on; "and I am much obliged to you; I was just wishing I had a pair of gloves to keep my fingers warm to-day, for I never can shoot well when my hands are numbed. Look, Hal—you know how ragged these gloves were; you said they were good for nothing but to throw away; now look, there's not a hole in them," said he, spreading his fingers.

"Now, is it not very extraordinary," said Hal to himself, "that they should go on so long talking about an old pair of gloves, without scarcely saying a word about my new uniform? Well, the young Sweepstakes and lady Diana will talk enough about it; that's one comfort."

"Is not it time to think of setting out, sir?" said Hal to his uncle; "the company, you know, are to meet at the Ostrich at twelve, and the race to begin at one, and lady Diana's horses, I know, were ordered to be at the door at ten."

Mr. Stephen, the butler, here interrupted the hurrying young gentleman in his calculations—"There's a poor lad, sir, below, with a great black patch on his right eye, who is come from Bristol, and wants to speak a word with the young gentlemen, if you please. I told him, they were just going out with you, but he says he won't detain them above half a minute."

"Show him up, show him up," said Mr. Gresham.

"But, I suppose," said Hal, with a sigh, "that Stephen

mistook, when he said the young *gentlemen*; he only wants to see Ben, I dare say; I'm sure he has no reason to want to see me."

"Here he comes—O Ben, he is dressed in the new coat you gave him," whispered Hal, who was really a good-natured boy, though extravagant. "How much better he looks than he did in the ragged coat! Ah! he looked at you first, Ben;—and well he may!"

The boy bowed without any cringing servility, but with an open, decent freedom in his manner, which expressed that he had been obliged, but that he knew his young benefactor was not thinking of the obligation. He made as little distinction as possible between his bows to the two cousins.

"As I was sent with a message, by the clerk of our parish to Redland Chapel, out on the Downs, to-day, sir," said he to Mr. Gresham, "knowing your house lay in my way, my mother, sir, bid me call, and make bold to offer the young gentlemen two little worsted balls that she had worked for them," continued the lad, pulling out of his pocket two, worsted balls worked in green and orange-coloured stripes: "they are but poor things, sir, she bid me say, to look at; but considering she had but one hand to work with, and *that* her left hand, you'll not despise'em, we hopes."

He held the balls to Ben and Hal.—"They are both alike, gentlemen," said he; "if you'll be pleased to take 'em, they are better than they look, for they bound higher than your head; I cut the cork round for the inside myself, which was all I could do."

"They are nice balls, indeed; we are much obliged to you," said the boys, as they received them, and they proved them immediately. The balls struck the floor with a delightful sound, and rebounded higher than Mr. Gresham's head. Little Patty clapped her hands joyfully: but now a thundering double rap at the door was heard.

“ The master Sweepstakes, sir,” said Stephen, “ are come for master Hal; they say, that all the young gentlemen who have archery uniforms are to walk together in a body, I think they say, sir; and they are to parade along the Well-Walk, they desired me to say, sir, with a drum and fife, and so up the hill by Prince’s Places, and all to go upon the Downs together, to the place of meeting. I am not sure I’m right, sir, for both the young gentlemen spoke at once, and the wind is very high at the street door, so that I could not well make out all they said; but I believe this is the sense of it.”

“ Yes, yes,” said Hal, eagerly, “ it’s all right; I know that is just what was settled the day I dined at lady Diana’s; and lady Diana and a great party of gentlemen are to ride——”

“ Well, that is nothing to the purpose,” interrupted Mr. Gresham. “ Don’t keep the master Sweepstakes waiting: decide—do you choose to go with them, or with us?”

“ Sir—uncle—sir, you know, since all the *uniforms* agreed to go together——”

“ Off with you then, Mr. Uniform, if you mean to go,” said Mr. Gresham.

Hal ran down stairs in such a hurry that he forgot his bow and arrows.—Ben discovered this when he went to fetch his own; and the lad from Bristol, who had been ordered by Mr. Gresham to eat his breakfast before he proceeded to Redland Chapel, heard Ben talking about his cousin’s bow and arrows.

“ I know,” said Ben, “ he will be sorry not to have his bow with him, because here are the green knots tied to it, to match his cockade; and he said that the boys were all to carry their bows as part of the show.”

“ If you’ll give me leave, sir,” said the poor Bristol lad, “ I shall have plenty of time; and I’ll run down to the Well-Walk after the young gentleman, and take him his bow and arrows.”

“ Will you ; I shall be much obliged to you,” said Ben ; and away went the boy with the bow that was ornamented with green ribands.

The public walk leading to the Wells was full of company. The windows of all the houses in St. Vincent’s parade were crowded with well-dressed ladies, who were looking out in expectation of the archery procession. Parties of gentlemen and ladies, and a motley crowd of spectators, were seen moving backwards and forwards under the rocks, on the opposite side of the water. A barge, with coloured streamers flying, was waiting to take up a party, who were going upon the water. The bargemen rested upon their oars, and gazed with broad faces of curiosity on the busy scene that appeared upon the public walk.

The archers and archeresses were now drawn up on the flags under the semi-circular piazza just before Mrs. Yearsley’s library. A little band of children, who had been mustered by lady Diana Sweepstakes’ *spirited exertions*, closed the procession. They were now all in readiness. The drummer only waited for her ladyship’s signal ; and the archers’ corps only waited for her ladyship’s word of command to march.

“ Where are your bow and arrows, my little man ? ” said her ladyship to Hal, as she reviewed her Lilliputian regiment. “ You can’t march, man, without your arms ! ”

Hal had despatched a messenger for his forgotten bow, but the messenger returned not ; he looked from side to side in great distress — “ O, there’s my bow coming, I declare ! ” cried he — “ look, I see the bow and the ribands ; look now, between the trees, Charles Sweepstakes, on the Hot-well-Walk ; it is coming ! ”

“ But you’ve kept us all waiting a confounded time,” said his impatient friend.

“ It is that good-natured poor fellow from Bristol, I protest.

that has brought it to me ; I'm sure I don't deserve it from him," said Hal to himself, when he saw the lad with the black patch on his eye running quite out of breath towards him with his bow and arrows.

" Fall back, my good friend, fall back," said the military lady, as soon as he had delivered the bow to Hal : " I mean stand out of the way, for your great patch cuts no figure amongst us. Don't follow so close, now, as if you belonged to us, pray."

The poor boy had no ambition to partake the triumph ; he *fell back* as soon as he understood the meaning of the lady's words. The drum beat, the fife played, the archers marched, the spectators admired. Hal stepped proudly, and felt as if the eyes of the whole universe were upon his epaulettes, or upon the facings of his uniform ; whilst all the time he was considered only as part of a show. The walk appeared much shorter than usual ; and he was extremely sorry, that lady Diana, when they were half way up the hill leading to Prince's Place, mounted her horse, because the road was dirty, and all the gentlemen and ladies, who accompanied her, followed her example. " We can leave the children to walk, you know," said she to the gentleman who helped her to mount her horse. " I must call to some of them, though, and leave orders where they are to *join*."

She beckoned : and Hal, who was foremost, and proud to show his alacrity, ran on to receive her ladyship's orders. Now, as we have before observed, it was a sharp and windy day ; and though lady Diana Sweepstakes was actually speaking to him, and looking at him, he could not prevent his nose from wanting to be blowed : he pulled out his handkerchief, and out rolled the new ball, which had been given to him just before he left home, and which, according to his usual careless habit, he had stuffed into his pocket in a hurry. " O, my new

ball!" cried he, as he ran after it. As he stooped to pick it up, he let go his hat, which he had hitherto held on with anxious care; for the hat, though it had a fine green and white cockade, had no band or string round it. The string, as we may recollect, our wasteful hero had used in spinning his top. The hat was too large for his head without this band; a sudden gust of wind blew it off—lady Diana's horse started, and reared. She was a *famous* horse-woman, and sat him to the admiration of all beholders; but there was a puddle of red clay and water in this spot, and her ladyship's uniform-habit was a sufferer by the accident.

"Careless brat!" said she, "why can't he keep his hat upon his head?"

In the mean time, the wind blew the hat down the hill, and Hal ran after it, amidst the laughter of his kind friends, the young Sweepstakes, and the rest of the little regiment. The hat was lodged, at length, upon a bank. Hal pursued it: he thought this bank was hard, but, alas! the moment he set his foot upon it, the foot sank. He tried to draw it back, his other foot slipped, and he fell prostrate, in his green and white uniform, into the treacherous bed of red mud. His companions who had halted upon the top of the hill, stood laughing spectators of his misfortune.

It happened that the poor boy with the black patch upon his eye, who had been ordered by lady Diana to "*fall back*" and to "*keep at a distance*," was now coming up the hill; and the moment he saw our fallen hero, he hastened to his assistance. He dragged poor Hal, who was a deplorable spectacle, out of the red mud; the obliging mistress of a lodging-house, as soon as she understood that the young gentleman was nephew to Mr. Gresham, to whom she had formerly let her house, received Hal, covered as he was with dirt.

The poor Bristol lad hastened to Mr. Gresham's for clean

stockings and shoes for Hal. He was unwilling to give up his uniform; it was rubbed and rubbed, and a spot here and there was washed out; and he kept continually repeating—"When it's dry it will all brush off; when it's dry it will all brush off, won't it?" But soon the fear of being too late at the archery meeting began to balance the dread of appearing in his stained habiliments: and he now as anxiously repeated, whilst the woman held the wet coat to the fire, "O, I shall be too late; indeed, I shall be too late, make haste; it will never dry; hold it nearer—nearer to the fire: I shall lose my turn to shoot; O, give me the coat; I don't mind how it is, if I can but get it on."

Holding it nearer and nearer to the fire dried it quickly, to be sure, but it shrank it also, so that it was no easy matter to get the coat on again.

However, Hal, who did not see the red splashes, which, in spite of all the operations, were too visible upon his shoulders and upon the skirts of his white coat behind, was pretty well satisfied to observe, that there was not one spot upon the facings. "Nobody," said he, "will take notice of my coat behind, I dare say. I think it looks as smart almost as ever!" and under this persuasion our young archer resumed his bow—his bow with green ribands now no more! and he pursued his way to the Downs.

All his companions were far out of sight. "I suppose" said he to his friend with the black patch—"I suppose my uncle and Ben had left home, before you went for the shoes and stockings for me?"

"O yes, sir; the butler said they had been gone to the Downs a matter of a good half hour or more."

Hal trudged on as fast as he possibly could. When he got on the Downs, he saw numbers of carriages, and crowds of people, all going towards the place of meeting, at the Ostrich. He pressed forwards; he was at first so much afraid of being

late, that he did not take notice of the mirth his motley appearance excited in all beholders. At length he reached the appointed spot. There was a great crowd of people: in the midst, he heard lady Diana's loud voice betting upon some one, who was just going to shoot at the mark.

"So then the shooting is begun, is it?" said Hal. "O, let me in; pray let me into the circle! I'm one of the archers—I am, indeed; don't you see my green and white uniform?"

"Your red and white uniform, you mean," said the man to whom he addressed himself: and the people, as they opened a passage for him, could not refrain from laughing at the mixture of dirt and finery which it exhibited. In vain, when he got into the midst of the formidable circle, he looked to his friends, the young Sweepstakes, for their countenance and support: they were amongst the most unmerciful of the laughers. Lady Diana also seemed more to enjoy than to pity his confusion.

"Why could you not keep your hat upon your head man?" said she, in her masculine tone. "You have been almost the ruin of my poor uniform-habit; but I've escaped rather better than you have. Don't stand there, in the middle of the circle, or you'll have an arrow in your eyes just now, I've a notion."

Hal looked round, in search of better friends—"O, where's my uncle?—where's Ben," said he. He was in such confusion, that, amongst the number of faces, he could scarcely distinguish one from another; but he felt somebody at this moment pull his elbow, and, to his great relief, he heard the friendly voice, and saw the good-natured face, of his cousin Ben.

"Come back; come behind these people," said Ben; "and put on my great-coat; here it is for you."

Right glad was Hal to cover his disgraced uniform with the rough great-coat, which he had formerly despised. He pulled the stained, drooping cockade out of his unfortunate hat; and he was now sufficiently recovered from his vexation, to give an

intelligible account of his accident to his uncle and Patty, who anxiously inquired what had detained him so long, and what had been the matter. In the midst of the history of his disaster, he was just proving to Patty, that his taking the hatband to spin his top had nothing to do with his misfortune; and he was at the same time endeavouring to refute his uncle's opinion, that the waste of the whipcord, that tied the parcel, was the original cause of all his evils, when he was summoned to try his skill with his *famous* bow.

"My hands are numbed, I can scarcely feel," said he, rubbing them, and blowing upon the ends of his fingers.

"Come, come," cried young Sweepstakes, "I'm within one inch of the mark; who'll go nearer, I shall like to see. Shoot away, Hal; but first, understand our laws: we settled them before you came on the green. You are to have three shots, with your own bow and your own arrows; and nobody's to borrow or lend under pretence of other bows being better or worse, or under any pretence. Do you hear, Hal?"

This young gentleman had good reasons for being so strict in these laws, as he had observed that none of his companions had such an excellent bow as he had provided for himself. Some of the boys had forgotten to bring more than one arrow with them, and by his cunning regulation, that each person should shoot with his own arrows, many had lost one or two of their shots.

"You are a lucky fellow; you have your three arrows," said young Sweepstakes. "Come, we can't wait whilst you rub your fingers, man—shoot away."

Hal was rather surprised at the *aspèrity* with which his friend spoke. He little knew how easily acquaintances, who call themselves friends, can change, when their interest comes in the slightest degree in competition with their friendship. Hurried by his impatient rival, and with his hands so much be-

numbed that he could scarcely feel how to fix the arrow in the string, he drew the bow. The arrow was within a quarter of an inch of master Sweepstakes' mark, which was the nearest that had yet been hit. Hal seized his second arrow—"If I have any luck," said he———But just as he pronounced the word *luck*, and as he bent his bow, the string broke in two, and the bow fell from his hands.

"There, it's all over with you," cried master Sweepstakes, with a triumphant laugh.

"Here's my bow for him and welcome," said Ben.

"No, no, sir; that is not fair; that's against the *régulation*. You may shoot with your own bow, if you choose it, or you may not, just as you think proper; but you must not lend it, sir."

It was now Ben's turn to make his trial. His first arrow was not successful. His second was exactly as near as Hal's first."

"You have but one more," said master Sweepstakes: "now for it!"

Ben, before he ventured his last arrow, prudently examined the string of his bow; and as he pulled it to try its strength, it cracked. Master Sweepstakes clapped his hands with loud exultation, and insulting laughter. But his laughter ceased, when our provident hero calmly drew from his pocket an excellent piece of whipcord.

"The everlasting whipcord, I declare!" exclaimed Hal, when he saw that it was the very same that had tied up the parcel.

"Yes," said Ben, as he fastened it to his bow, "I put it into my pocket to-day, on purpose, because I thought I might happen to want it."

He drew his bow the third and last time.

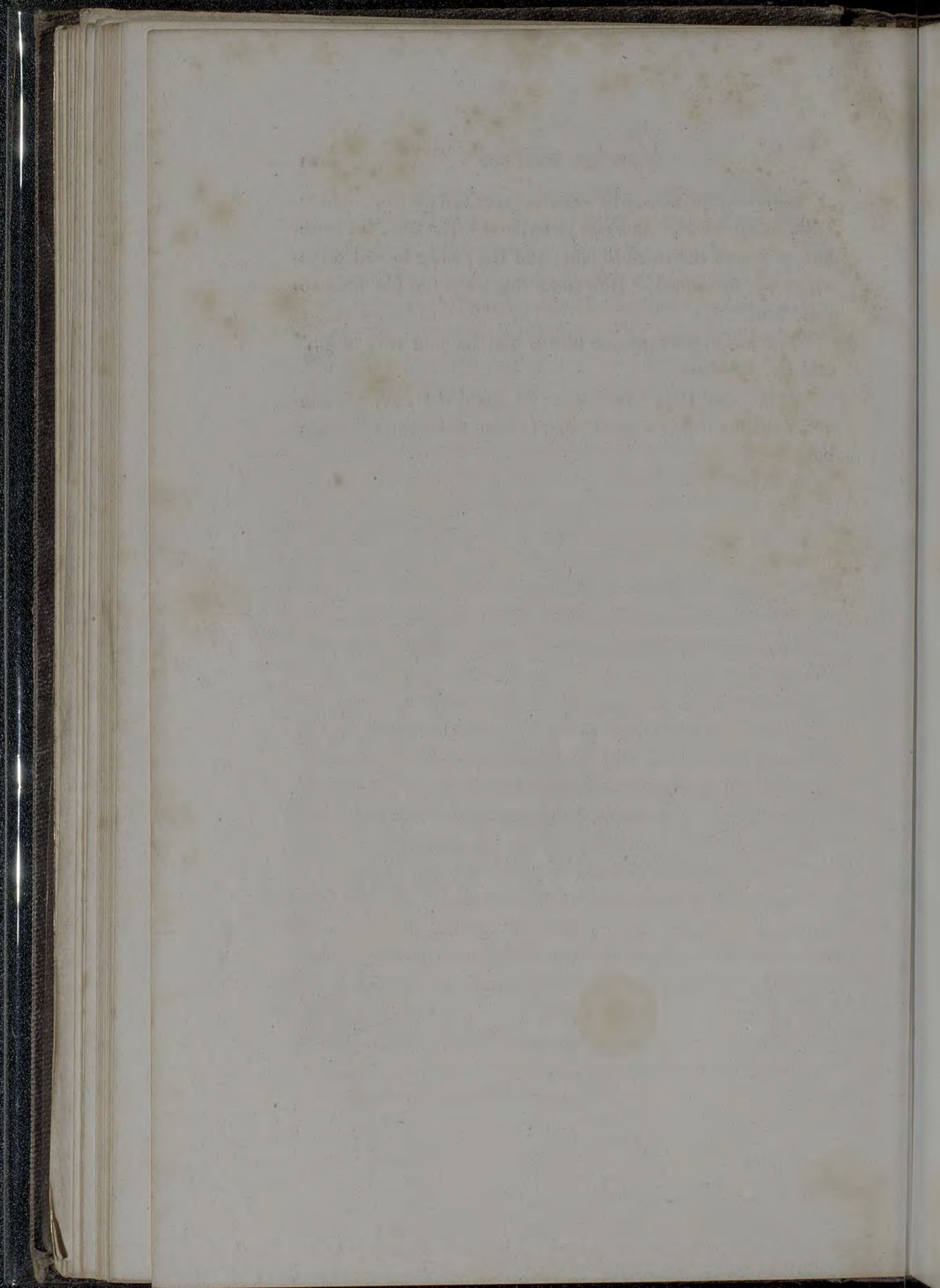
"O, papa," cried little Patty, as his arrow hit the mark, "it's the nearest; is not it the nearest?"

Master Sweepstakes, with anxiety, examined the hit. There could be no doubt. Ben was victorious! The bow, the prize bow, was now delivered to him; and Hal, as he looked at the whipcord, exclaimed, "How *lucky* this whipcord has been to you, Ben!"

"It is *lucky*, perhaps you mean, that he took care of it," said Mr. Gresham.

"Aye," said Hal, "very true; he might well say, 'Waste not, want not;' it is a good thing to have two strings to one's bow."







LAZY LAWRENCE.

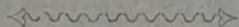


“ He is a good horse ! ”
cried Jem , throwing his arm over Lightfoot 's neck .

Imp A Godard

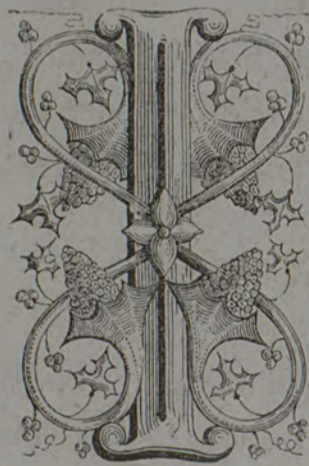


LAZY LAWRENCE



In the story of *Lazy Lawrence*, where the object was to excite a spirit of industry, care has been taken to proportion the reward to the exertion, and to point out that people feel cheerful and happy whilst they are employed. The reward of our industrious boy, though it be money, is only money considered as the means of gratifying a benevolent wish. In a commercial nation, it is especially necessary to separate, as much as possible, the spirit of industry and avarice; and to beware lest we introduce vice under the form of virtue.

MARIA EDGEWORTH.



In the pleasant valley of Ashton there lived an elderly woman of the name of Preston: she had a small neat cottage, and there was not a weed to be seen in her garden. It was upon her garden that she chiefly depended for support: it consisted of strawberry-beds, and one small border for flowers. The pinks and roses she tied up in nice nose-gays, and sent either to Clifton or Bristol to be sold; as to her strawberries, she did not send them to market, because it was the custom for numbers of people to come from Clifton, in the summer time, to eat strawberries and cream at the gardens in Ashton.

Now the widow Preston was so obliging, active, and good-humoured, that every one who came to see her was pleased. She lived happily in this manner for several years; but, alas! one autumn she fell sick, and, during her illness, every thing went wrong; her garden was neglected, her cow died, and all the money which she had saved was spent in paying for medicines. The winter passed away, while she was so weak that she could earn but little by her work; and when the summer came her rent was called for, and the rent was not ready in her little purse as usual. She begged a few months' delay, and they were granted to her; but at the end of that time there was no resource but to sell her horse Lightfoot. Now Lightfoot, though perhaps he had seen his best days, was a very great favourite; in his youth he had always carried the dame to market behind her husband; and it was now her little son Jem's turn to ride him. It was Jem's business to feed Lightfoot, and to take care of him; a charge which he never neglected, for, besides being a very good-natured, he was a very industrious boy.

"It will go near to break my Jem's heart," said dame Preston to herself, as she sat one evening beside the fire, stirring the embers, and considering how she had best open the matters to her son who stood opposite to her, eating a dry crust of bread very heartily for supper.

"Jem," said the old woman, "what, art hungry?"

"That I am, brave and hungry!"

"Aye! no wonder, you've been brave hard at work—Eh?"

"Brave hard! I wish it was not so dark, mother, that you might just step out and see the great bed I've dug; I know you'd say it was no bad day's work—and, oh mother! I've good news; Farmer Truck will give us the giant-strawberries, and I'm to go for'em to-morrow morning, and I'll be back afore breakfast!"

“ Bless the boy! how he talks!—Four mile there, and four mile back again, afore breakfast!”

“ Aye, upon Lightfoot, you know, mother, very easily, mayn’t I?”

“ Aye, child!”

“ Why do you sigh, mother?”

“ Finish thy supper, child.”

“ I’ve done!” cried Jem, swallowing the last mouthful hastily, as if he thought he had been too long at supper—“and now for the great needle. I must see and mend Lightfoot’s bridle afore I go to bed.”—To work he set, by the light of the fire; and the dame having once more stirred it, began again with, “ Jem, dear, does he go lame at all now?”—“ What, Lightfoot! Oh la, no, not he!—never was so well of his lameness in all his life—he’s growing quite young again, I think; and then he’s so fat he can hardly wag.” “ Bless him—that’s right—we must see, Jem, and keep him fat.”

“ For what, mother?”

“ For Monday fortnight at the fair. He’s to be——— sold!”

“ Lightfoot!” cried Jem, and let the bridle fall from his hand; “ and *will* mother sell Lightfoot?”

“ *Will!* no: but I *must*, Jem.”

“ Must; who says you *must*? why *must* you, mother?”

“ I must, I say, child—Why, must not I pay my debts honestly—and must not I pay my rent; and was not it called for long and long ago; and have not I had time; and did not I promise to pay it for certain Monday fortnight, and am not I two guineas short, and where am I to get two guineas? So what signifies talking child?” said the widow, leaning her head upon her arm, “ Lightfoot must go.”

Jem was silent for a few minutes. — “ Two guineas; that’s a great, great deal. If I worked, and worked, and worked

ever so hard, I could no ways earn two guineas *afore* Monday fortnight—could I mother?”

“ Lord help thee, no; not an’ work thyself to death.”

“ But I could earn something, though, I say,” cried Jem proudly; “ and I *will* earn *something*—if it be ever so little it will be *something*—and I shall do my very best; so I will.”

“ That I’m sure of, my child,” said his mother, drawing him towards her, and kissing him; “ you were always a good industrious lad, *that* I will say *afore* your face or behind your back;—but it won’t do now—Lightfoot *must* go.”

Jem turned away, struggling to hide his tears, and went to bed without saying a word more. But he knew that crying would do no good: so he presently wiped his eyes, and lay awake, considering what he could possibly do to save the horse. “ If I get ever so little,” he still said to himself, “ it will be *something*; and who knows but landlord might then wait a bit longer? and we might make it all up in time; for a penny a day might come to two guineas in time.”

But how to get the first penny was the question. Then he recollected that one day when he had been sent to Clifton to sell some flowers, he had seen an old woman with a board beside her covered with various sparkling stones, which people stopped to look at as they passed, and he remembered that some people bought the stones; one paid two-pence, another three-pence, and another six-pence for them; and Jem heard her say that she got them amongst the neighbouring rocks: so he thought that if he tried he might find some too, and sell them as she had done.

Early in the morning he wakened full of his schemes, jumped up, dressed himself, and having given one look at poor Lightfoot in his stable, set off to Clifton in search of the old woman, to inquire where she found her sparkling stones. But it was too early in the morning, the old woman was not at her seat;

so he turned back again disappointed. He did not waste his time waiting for her, but saddled and bridled Lightfoot, and went to farmer Truck's for the giant-strawberries. A great part of the morning was spent in putting them into the ground; and as soon as that was finished, he set out again in quest of the old woman, whom, to his great joy, he spied sitting at her corner of the street with her board before her. But this old woman was deaf and cross; and when, at last Jem made her hear his questions, he could get no answer from her, but that she found the fossils where he would never find any more. "But can't I look where you looked?" "Look away, nobody hinders you," replied the old woman; and these were the only words she would say. Jem was not, however, a boy to be easily discouraged; he went to the rocks and walked slowly along, looking at all the stones as he passed. Presently he came to a place where a number of men were at work loosening some large rocks, and one amongst the workmen was stooping down looking for something very eagerly; Jem ran up, and asked if he could help him. "Yes," said the man, "you can; I've just dropped, amongst this heap of rubbish, a fine piece of crystal that I got to-day." "What kind of a looking thing is it?" said Jem. "White, and like glass," said the man, and went on working whilst Jem looked very carefully over the heap of rubbish for a great while. "Come," said the man, "it's gone for ever; don't trouble yourself any more, my boy." "It's no trouble; I'll look a little longer; we'll not give it up so soon," said Jem; and, after he had looked a little longer, he found the piece of crystal. "Thank'e," said the man, "you are a fine industrious little fellow." Jem, encouraged by the tone of voice in which the man spoke this, ventured to ask him the same questions which he asked the old woman. "One good turn deserves another," said the man; "we are going to dinner just now, and shall leave

off work—wait for me here, and I'll make it worth your while."

Jem waited; and, as he was very attentively observing how the workmen went on with their work, he heard somebody near him give a great yawn, and turning round, he saw stretched upon the grass, beside the river, a boy about his own age, who he knew very well went in the village of Ashton by the name of Lazy Lawrence; a name which he most justly deserved, for he never did any thing from morning to night; he neither worked nor played, but sauntered and lounged about restless and yawning. His father was an alehouse-keeper, and, being generally drunk, could take no care of his son; so that Lazy Lawrence grew every day worse and worse. However, some of the neighbours said that he was a good-natured poor fellow enough, and would never do any one harm but himself; whilst others, who were wiser, often shook their heads, and told him that idleness was the root of all evil.

"What, Lawrence!" cried Jem to him, when he saw him lying upon the grass—"what, are you asleep?" "Not quite." "Are you awake?" "Not quite." "What are you doing there?" "Nothing." "What are you thinking of?" "Nothing." "What makes you lie there?" "I don't know—because I can't find any body to play with me to-day—Will you come and play?" "No, I can't; I'm busy." "Busy!" cried Lawrence, stretching himself, "you are always busy—I would not be you for the world, to have so much to do always." "And I," said Jem, laughing, "would not be you for the world, to have nothing to do." So they parted, for the workman just then called Jem to follow him. He took him home to his own house, and showed him a parcel of fossils which he had gathered, he said, on purpose to sell, but had never had time yet to sort them. He set about it, however, now; and having picked out those which he judged to be the

best, he put them into a small basket, and gave them to Jem to sell, upon condition that he should bring him half of what he got. Jem, pleased to be employed, was ready to agree to what the man proposed, provided his mother had no objection to it. When he went home to dinner, he told his mother his scheme; and she smiled and said he might do as he pleased, for she was not afraid of his being from home. "You are not an idle boy," said she, "so there is little danger of your getting into any mischief."

Accordingly Jem that evening took his stand, with his little basket, upon the bank of the river, just at the place where people land from a ferry-boat, and where the walk turns to the wells, where numbers of people perpetually pass to drink the waters. He chose his place well, and waited almost all evening, offering his fossils with great assiduity to every passenger: but not one person bought any. "Holloa!" cried some sailors, who had just rowed a boat to land, "bear a hand here, will you, my little fellow, and carry these parcels for us into yonder house." Jem ran down immediately for the parcels, and did what he was asked to do so quickly, and with so much good will, that the master of the boat took notice of him, and when he was going away, stopped to ask him what he had got in his little basket: and when he saw that they were fossils, he immediately told Jem to follow him, for that he was going to carry some shells he had brought from abroad to a lady in the neighbourhood who was making a grotto. "She will very likely buy your stones into the bargain; come along, my lad; we can but try."

The lady lived but a very little way, off, so that they were soon at her house. She was alone in her parlour, and was sorting a bundle of feathers of different colours: they lay on a sheet of paste-board upon a window-seat, and it happened that as the sailor was bustling round the table to show off his

shells, he knocked down the sheet of paste-board, and scattered all the feathers.

The lady looked very sorry, which Jem observing, he took the opportunity, whilst she was busy looking over the sailor's bag of shells, to gather together all the feathers, and sort them according to their different colours, as he had seen them sorted when he first came into the room.

"Where is the little boy you brought with you? I thought I saw him here just now." "And here I am, ma'am," cried Jem, creeping from under the table with some few remaining feathers which he had picked from the carpet; "I thought," added he, pointing to the others, "I had better be doing something than standing idle ma'am." She smiled, and, pleased with his activity and simplicity, began to ask him several questions; such as who he was, where he lived, what employment he had, and how much a day he earned by gathering fossils. "This is the first day I ever tried," said Jem, "I never sold any yet, and if you don't buy 'em now, ma'am, I'm afraid nobody else will, for I've asked every body else." "Come then," said the lady, laughing, "if that is the case, I think I had better buy them all." So emptying all the fossils out of his basket, she put half a crown into it. Jem's eyes sparkled with joy. "Oh, thank you, ma'am," said he, "I will be sure and bring you as many more to-morrow." "Yes, but I don't promise you," said she "to give you half a crown to-morrow." "But, perhaps, though you don't promise it, you will." "No," said the lady, "do not deceive yourself; I assure you that I will not. *That*, instead of encouraging you to be industrious, would teach you to be idle." Jem did not quite understand what she meant by this, but answered. "I'm sure I don't wish to be idle; what I want is to earn something every day, if I knew how: I'm sure I don't wish to be idle. If you knew all, you'd know I do not." "How

do you mean, *If I knew all?*” “Why, I mean, if you knew about Lightfoot.” “Who’s Lightfoot?” “Why, mammy’s horse,” added Jem, looking out of the window; “I must make haste home and feed him afore it gets dark; he’ll wonder what’s gone with me.” “Let him wonder a few minutes longer,” said the lady, “and tell me the rest of your story.” “I’ve no story, ma’am, to tell, but as how mammy says he must go to the fair Monday fortnight to be sold, if she can’t get the two guineas for her rent; and I should be main sorry to part with him, for I love him and he loves me; so I’ll work for him, I will all I can: to be sure, as mammy says, I have no chance, such a little fellow as I am, of earning two guineas afore Monday fortnight.” “But are you in earnest willing to work?” said the lady; “you know there is a great deal of difference between picking up a few stones, and working steadily every day, and all day long.” “But,” said Jem, “I would work every day, and all day long.” “Then,” said the lady, “I will give you work. Come here to-morrow morning, and my gardener will set you to weed the shrubberies, and I will pay you six-pence a day. Remember you must be at the gates by six o’clock.” Jem bowed, thanked her, and went away. It was late in the evening, and he was impatient to get home to feed Lightfoot; yet he recollected that he had promised the man who had trusted him to sell the fossils, that he would bring him half of what he got for them; so he thought that he had better go to him directly; and away he went, running along by the water-side about a quarter of a mile, till he came to the man’s house. He was just come home from work, and was surprised when Jem showed him the half-crown, saying, “Look what I got for the stones; you are to have half, you know.” “No,” said the man, when he had heard his story, “I shall not take half of that; it was given to you. I expected but a shilling at the most, and the half of that is but six-pence,

and that I'll take.—Wife! give the lad two shillings, and take his half-crown." So his wife opened an old glove, and took out two shillings; and the man, as she opened the glove, put in his fingers, and took out a little silver penny.—"There, he shall have that into the bargain for his honesty—Honesty is the best policy—There's a lucky penny for you, that I've kept ever since I can remember." "Don't you ever go to part with it, do ye hear?" cried the woman. "Let him do what he will with it, wife," said the man. "But," argued the wife, "another penny would do just as well to buy gingerbread, and that's what it will go for." "No, that it shall not, I promise you," said Jem; and so he ran away home, fed Lightfoot, stroked him, went to bed, jumped up at five o'clock in the morning, and went singing to work as gay as a lark.

Four days he worked, "every day and all day long;" and the lady every evening, when she came out to walk in the garden, looked at his work. At last she said to her gardener, "This little boy works very hard." "Never had so good a little boy about the grounds," said the gardener; "he's always at his work, let me come by when I will, and he has got twice as much done as another would do; yes, twice as much, ma'am; for look here—he began at this here rose bush, and now he's got to where you stand, ma'am; and here is the day's work that t'other boy, and he's three years older too, did to-day—I say, measure Jem's fairly, and it's twice as much, I'm sure." "Well," said the lady to her gardener, "show me how much is a fair good day's work for a boy of his age." "Come at six and go at six; why, about this much, ma'am," said the gardener, marking off a piece of the border with his spade. "Then, little boy," said the lady, "so much shall be your task every day; the gardener will mark it off for you; and when you've done, the rest of the day you may do what you please." Jem was extremely glad of this; and the

next day he had finished his task by four o'clock, so that he had all the rest of the evening to himself. Jem was as fond of play as any little boy could be, and when he was at it, played with all the eagerness and gaiety imaginable : so as soon as he had finished his task, fed Lightfoot, and put by the sixpence he had earned that day, he ran to the play-ground in the village, where he found a party of boys playing, and amongst them Lazy Lawrence, who indeed was not playing, but lounging upon a gate with his thumb in his mouth. The rest were playing at cricket. Jem joined them, and was the merriest and most active amongst them; till, at last, when quite out of breath with running, he was obliged to give up to rest himself, and sat down upon the stile, close to the gate on which Lazy Lawrence was swinging. "And why don't you play, Lawrence?" said he. "I'm tired," said Lawrence, "Tired of what?" "I don't know well what tires me : grandmother says I'm ill, and I must take something—I don't know what ails me." "Oh, pugh! take a good race, one, two, three, and away, and you'll find yourself as well as ever. Come, run—one, two, three, and away." "Ah, no, I can't run, indeed," said he, hanging back heavily; "you know I can play all day long if I like it, so I don't mind play as you do, who have only one hour for it." "So much the worse for you. Come now, I'm quite fresh again, will you have one game at ball? do." "No, I tell you, I can't; I'm as tired as if I had been working all day long as hard as a horse." "Ten times more," said Jem, "for I have been working all day long as hard as a horse, and yet you see I'm not a bit tired : only a little out of breath just now." "That's very odd," said Lawrence, and yawned, for want of some better answer; then taking out a handful of halfpence—"See what I have got from father to-day, because I asked him just at the right time, when he had drunk a glass or two; then I can get

any thing I want out of him—see! a penny, two-pence, three-pence, four-pence—there's eight-pence in all; would not you be happy if you had *eight-pence*?" "Why, I don't know," said Jem laughing, "for you don't seem happy, and you have *eight-pence*." "That does not signify though—I'm sure you only say that because you envy me—you don't know what it is to have eight-pence—you never had more than two-pence or three-pence at a time in all your life." Jem smiled. "Oh, as to that," said he, "you are mistaken, for I have at this very time more than two-pence, three-pence, or eight-pence either; I have—let me see—stones, two shillings; then five days' work, that's five six-pences, that's two shillings and six-pence, it makes in all four shillings and six-pence, and my silver penny, is four and seven-pence. Four and seven-pence!" "You have not," said Lawrence, roused so as absolutely to stand upright, "four and seven-pence! have you? Show it me, and then I'll believe you." "Follow me then," cried Jem, "and I will soon make you believe me; come." "Is it far?" said Lawrence, following half-running, half-hobbling, till he came to the stable where Jem showed him his treasure. "And how did you come by it? honestly?" "Honestly! to be sure I did; I earned it all." "Bless me, earned it! well, I've a great mind to work; but then it's such hot weather; besides, grandmother says I'm not strong enough yet for hard work; and, besides, I know how to coax daddy out of money when I want it, so I need not work—But four and seven-pence! let's see, what will you do with it all!" "That's a secret," said Jem, looking great. "I can guess. I know what I'd do with it if it was mine. First, I'd buy pocketsful of gingerbread; then I'd buy ever so many apples and nuts: don't you love nuts? I'd buy nuts enough to last me from this time to Christmas, and I'd make little Newton crack 'em for me; for that's the worst of nuts, there's the trouble of cracking 'em."

“ Well, you never deserve to have a nut.” “ But you’ll give me some of yours,” said Lawrence in a fawning tone, for he thought it easier to coax than to work—“ you’ll give me some of your good things, won’t you?” “ I shall not have any of those good things,” said Jem. “ Then what will you do with all your money?” “ Oh, I know very well what to do with it; but, as I told you, that’s a secret, and I sha’n’t tell it any body—Come now, let’s go back and play—their game’s up, I dare say.”—Lawrence went back with him full of curiosity, and out of humour with himself and his eight-pence. “ If I had four and seven-pence,” said he to himself, “ I certainly should be happy.”

The next day, as usual, Jem jumped up before six o’clock and went to his work, whilst Lazy Lawrence sauntered about without knowing what to do with himself. In the course of two days he laid out six-pence of his money in apples and gingerbread, and as long as these lasted he found himself well received by his companions; but at length the third day he spent his last halfpenny, and when it was gone, unfortunately some nuts tempted him very much, but he had no money to pay for them; so he ran home to coax his father, as he called it. When he got home he heard his father talking very loud, and at first he thought he was drunk; but when he opened the kitchen-door, he saw that he was not drunk, but angry.

“ You lazy dog!” cried he, turning suddenly upon Lawrence, and gave him such a violent box on the ear as made the light flash from his eyes; “ you lazy dog! see what you’ve done for me—look!—look, look, I say!” Lawrence looked as soon as he came to the use of his senses, and with fear, amazement, and remorse, beheld at least a dozen bottles burst; and the fine Worcestershire cider streaming over the floor. “ Now, did not I order you three days ago to carry these bottles to the cellar; and did not I charge you to wire the corks? answer me, you

lazy rascal; did not I?" "Yes," said Lawrence, scratching his head. "And why was it not done? I ask you," cried his father with renewed anger, as another bottle burst at the moment. "What do you stand there for, you lazy brat? why don't you move, I say? No, no," catching hold of him, "I believe you can't move; but I'll make you." And he shook him, till Lawrence was so giddy he could not stand. "What had you to think of? what had you to do all day long, that you could not carry my cider, my Worcestershire cider, to the cellar when I bid you? But go, you'll never be good for any thing, you are such a lazy rascal—get out of my sight!" So saying, he pushed him out of the house-door, and Lawrence sneaked off, seeing that this was no time to make his petition for halfpence.

The next day he saw the nuts again, and, wishing for them more than ever, went home in hopes that his father, as he said to himself, would be in a better humour. But the cider was still fresh in his recollection, and the moment Lawrence began to whisper the word "halfpenny" in his ear, his father swore with a loud oath, "I will not give you a halfpenny, no, not a farthing, for a month to come; if you want money, go work for it; I've had enough of your laziness—Go work!" At these terrible words Lawrence burst into tears, and going to the side of a ditch sat down and cried for an hour; and when he had cried till he could cry no more, he exerted himself so far as to empty his pockets, to see whether there might not happen to be one halfpenny left; and to his great joy, in the farthest corner of his pocket one halfpenny was found. With this he proceeded to the fruit-woman's stall. She was busy weighing out some plums, so he was obliged to wait; and, whilst he was waiting, he heard some people near him talking and laughing very loud. The fruit-woman's stall was at the gate of an inn-yard; and peeping through the gate in this yard, Lawrence saw a postilion and stable-boy about his own size playing at pitch-farthing.

He stood by watching them for a few minutes. "I began but with one halfpenny," cried the stable-boy with an oath, "and now I've got two-pence!" added he, jingling the halfpence in his waistcoat-pocket. Lawrence was moved at the sound, and said to himself, "If I begin with one halfpenny, I may end like him with having two-pence; and it is easier to play at pitch-farthing than to work."

So he stepped forward, presenting his halfpenny, offering to toss up with the stable-boy, who, after looking him full in the face, accepted the proposal, and threw his halfpenny into the air. "Head or tail?" cried he. "Head," replied Lawrence, and it came up head. He seized the penny, surprised at his own success, and would have gone instantly to have laid it out in nuts; but the stable-boy stopped him, and tempted him to throw again. This time he lost; he threw again and won; and so he went on, sometimes losing, but most frequently winning, till half the morning was gone. At last, however, he chanced to win twice running, and finding himself master of three halfpence, said he would play no more. The stable-boy, grumbling, swore he would have his revenge another time, and Lawrence went and bought the nuts.

"It is a good thing," said he to himself, "to play at pitch-farthing: the next time I want a halfpenny, I'll not ask my father for it, nor go to work neither." Satisfied with this resolution, he sat down to crack his nuts at his leisure, upon the horse-block in the inn-yard. Here, whilst he ate, he overheard the conversation of the stable-boy and postilions. At first their shocking oaths and loud wrangling frightened and shocked him; for Lawrence, though a *lazy*, had not yet learned to be a *wicked* boy. But, by degrees, he was accustomed to their swearing and quarrelling, and took a delight and interest in their disputes and battles. As this was an amusement which he could enjoy without any sort of exertion on his part,

he soon grew so fond of it, that every day he returned to the stable-yard, and the horse-block became his constant seat. Here he found some relief from the insupportable fatigue of doing nothing; and here hour after hour, with his elbows on his knees, and his head on his hands, he sat the spectator of wickedness.

Gaming, cheating, and lying, soon became, familiar to him; and, to complete his ruin, he formed a sudden and close intimacy with the stable-boy with whom he had first begun to game—a very bad boy. The consequences of this intimacy we shall presently see. But it is now time to inquire what little Jem has been doing all this while.

One day, after he had finished his task, the gardener asked him to stay a little while, to help him to carry some geranium pots into the hall. Jem, always active and obliging, readily stayed from play, and was carrying a heavy flower-pot, when his mistress crossed the hall. "What a terrible litter," said she, "you are a-making here — why don't you wipe your shoes upon the mat?" Jem turned round to look for the mat, but he saw none. "Oh!" said the lady, recollecting herself, "I can't blame you, for there is no mat." "No, ma'am," said the gardener, "nor I don't know when, if ever, the man will bring home those mats you bespoke, ma'am." "I am very sorry to hear that," said the lady; "I wish we could find somebody who would do them, if he can't—I should not care what sort of mats they were, so that one could wipe one's feet on them." Jem, as he was sweeping away the litter, when he heard these last words, said to himself, "Perhaps I could make a mat." And all the way home, as he trudged along whistling, he was thinking over a scheme for making mats, which, however bold it may appear, he did not despair of executing, with patience and industry. Many were the difficulties which his "*prophetic eye*" foresaw, but he felt within himself that spirit, which spurs

men on to great enterprises, and makes them "trample on impossibilities."

He recollected, in the first place, that he had seen Lazy Lawrence, whilst he lounged upon the gate, twist a bit of heath into different shapes; and he thought that if he could find some way of plaiting heath firmly together, it would make a very pretty green, soft mat, which would do very well for one to wipe one's shoes on. About a mile from his mother's house, on the common which Jem rode over when he went to farmer Truck's for the giant-strawberries, he remembered to have seen a great quantity of this heath; and as it was now only six o'clock in the evening, he knew that he should have time to feed Lightfoot, stroke him, go to the common, return, and make one trial of his skill before he went to bed.

Lightfoot carried him swiftly to the common, and there Jem gathered as much of the heath as he thought he should want. But, what toil, what time, what pains did it cost him, before he could make any thing like a mat! Twenty times he was ready to throw aside the heath, and give up his project, from impatience of repeated disappointments. But still he persevered. Nothing *truly great* can be accomplished without toil and time. Two hours he worked before he went to bed. All his play-hours the next day he spent at his mat; which, in all, made five hours of fruitless attempts. The sixth day, however, repaid him for the labours of the other five; he conquered his grand difficulty of fastening the heath substantially together, and at length completely finished a mat, which far surpassed his most sanguine expectations. He was extremely happy—sung, danced round it—whistled—looked at it again and again, and could hardly leave off looking at it when it was time to go to bed. He laid it by his bedside, that he might see it the moment he awoke in the morning.

And now came the grand pleasure of carrying it to his mis-

tress. She looked full as much surprised as he expected, when she saw it, and when she heard who made it. After having duly admired it, she asked him how much he expected for his mat. "Expect! — Nothing ma'am," said Jem, "I meant to give it you if you'd have it; I did not mean to sell it. I made it at my play-hours, and I was very happy making it; and I'm very glad too that you like it; and if you please to keep it, ma'am—that's all." "But that's not all," said the lady. "Spend your time no more in weeding my garden, you can employ yourself much better; you shall have the reward of your ingenuity as well as of your industry. Make as many more such mats as you can, and I will take care and dispose of them for you." "Thank'e, ma'am," said Jem, making his best bow, for he thought by the lady's looks that she meant to do him a favour, though he repeated to himself, "Dispose of them; what does that mean?"

The next day he went to work to make more mats, and he soon learned to make them so well and quickly, that he was surprised at his own success. In every one he made he found less difficulty, so that instead of making two, he could soon make four, in a day. In a fortnight he made eighteen. It was Saturday night when he finished, and he carried, in three journeys, his eighteen mats to his mistress's house; piled them all up in the hall, and stood, with his hat off, with a look of proud humility, beside the pile, waiting for his mistress's appearance. Presently a folding door, at one end of the hall, opened, and he saw his mistress, with a great many gentlemen and ladies rising from several tables.

"Oh! there is my little boy, and his mats," cried the lady; and, followed by all the rest of the company, she came into the hall. Jem modestly retired whilst they looked at his mats; but in a minute or two his mistress beckoned to him, and, when he came into the middle of the circle, he saw that his pile of mats had disappeared. "Well," said the lady, smil-

ing, "what do you see that makes you look so surprised?" "That all my mats are gone," said Jem; "but you are very welcome." "Are we?" said the lady; "well, take up your hat, and go home then, for you see that it is getting late, and you know, 'Lightfoot will wonder what's become of you.'" Jem turned round to take up his hat which he had left on the floor.

But how his countenance changed! the hat was heavy with shillings. Every one who had taken a mat had put in two shillings; so that for the eighteen mats he had got thirty-six shillings. "Thirty-six shillings!" said the lady; "five and seven-pence I think you told me you had earned already—how much does that make? I must add, I believe, one other six-pence to make out your two guineas." "Two guineas!" exclaimed Jem, now quite conquering his bashfulness, for at the moment he forgot where he was, and saw nobody that was by: "Two guineas!" cried he, clapping his hands together—"Oh Lightfoot! oh mother!" Then, recollecting himself, he saw his mistress, whom he now looked up to quite as a friend. "Will *you* thank them all," said he, scarcely daring to glance his eye round upon the company, "will *you* thank' em, for you know I don't know how to thank' em *rightly*." Every body thought, however, that they had been thanked *rightly*.

"Now we won't keep you any longer—only," said his mistress, "I have one thing to ask you, that I may be by when you show your treasure to your mother." "Come, then," said Jem, "come with me now." "Not now," said the lady laughing, "but I will come to Ashton to-morrow evening; perhaps your mother can find me a few strawberries."

"That she will," said Jem; "I'll search the garden myself." He now went home, but felt it a great restraint to wait till to-morrow evening before he told his mother. To console himself he flew to the stable; "Lightfoot, you're not

to be sold to-morrow ! poor fellow," said he, patting him, and then could not refrain from counting out his money. Whilst he was intent upon this, Jem was startled by a noise at the door ; somebody was trying to pull up the latch. It opened, and there came in Lazy Lawrence, with a boy in a red jacket, who had a cock under his arm. They started when they got into the middle of the stable, and when they saw Jem, who had been at first hidden by the horse.

" We—we—we came," stammered Lazy Lawrence—" I mean, I came to—to—to"—" To ask you," continued the stable-boy in a bold tone, " whether you will go with us to the cock-fight on Monday? See, I've a fine cock here, and Lawrence told me you were a great friend of his, so I came."

Lawrence now attempted to say something in praise of the pleasures of cock-fighting, and in recommendation of his new companion. But Jem looked at the stable-boy with dislike and a sort of dread; then turning his eyes upon the cock with a look of compassion, said in a low voice to Lawrence, " Shall you like to stand by and see its eyes pecked out?" " I don't know," said Lawrence, " as to that; but they say a cock-fight's a fine sight, and it's no more cruel in me to go than another; and a great many go; and I've nothing else to do, so I shall go." " But I have something else to do," said Jem laughing, " so I shall not go." " But," continued Lawrence, " you know Monday is the great Bristol fair, and one must be merry then, of all days in the year." " One day in the year, sure there's no harm in being merry," said the stable-boy. " I hope not," said Jem; " for I know, for my part, I am merry every day in the year." " That's very odd," said Lawrence; " but I know, for my part, I would not for all the world miss going to the fair, for at least it will be something to talk of for half a year after. Come: you'll go, won't you." " No," said Jem, still looking as if he did not like to talk before the ill-

looking stranger. "Then what will you do with all your money?" "I'll tell you about that another time," whispered Jem; "and don't you go to see that cock's eyes pecked out; it won't make you merry, I'm sure." "If I had any thing else to divert me—" said Lawrence, hesitating and yawning. "Come," cried the stable-boy, seizing his stretching arm, "come along," cried he; and, pulling him away from Jem, upon whom he cast a look of extreme contempt, "leave him alone, he's not the sort." "What a fool you are!" said he to Lawrence, the moment he got him out of the stable, "you might have known he would not go—else we should soon have trimmed him out of his four and seven-pence. But how came you to talk of four and seven-pence; I saw in the manger a hat full of silver." "Indeed!" exclaimed Lawrence. "Yes, indeed—but why did you stammer so when we first got in? you had like to have blown us all up." "I was so ashamed," said Lawrence, hanging down his head. "Ashamed! but you must not talk of shame now you are in for it, and I sha'n't let you off: you owe us half a crown, recollect, and I must be paid to-night; so see and get the money some how or other. After a considerable pause he added, "I'll answer for it he'd never miss half a crown out of all that silver." "But to steal," said Lawrence, drawing back with horror—"I never thought I should come to that—and from poor Jem too—the money that he has worked so hard for too." "But it is not stealing; we don't mean to steal; only to borrow it: and, if we win, as we certainly shall; at the cock-fight, pay it back again, and he'll never know any thing of the matter; and what harm will it do him? Besides, what signifies talking? you can't go to the cock-fight, or the fair either, if you don't; and I tell ye, we don't mean to steal it; we'll pay it again on Monday night." Lawrence made no reply, and they parted without his coming to any determination.

Here let us pause in our story—we are almost afraid to go on—the rest is very shocking—our little readers will shudder as they read. But it is better that they should know the truth, and see what the idle boy came to at last.

In the dead of the night Lawrence heard somebody tap at the window. He knew well who it was, for this was the signal agreed upon between him and his wicked companion. He trembled at the thoughts of what he was about to do, and lay quite still, with his head under the bed-clothes, till he heard the second tap. Then he got up, dressed himself, and opened his window. It was almost even with the ground. His companion said to him in a hollow voice, "Are you ready?" He made no answer, but got out of the window and followed. When he got to the stable a black cloud was just passing over the moon, and it was quite dark. "Where are you?" whispered Lawrence, groping about, "where are you? Speak to me." "I am here; give me your hand." Lawrence stretched out his hand. "Is that your hand?" said the wicked boy, as Lawrence laid hold of him; "how cold it felt!" "Let us go back," said Lawrence; "it is time yet." "It is no time to go back," replied the other, opening the door; "you've gone too far now to go back;" and he pushed Lawrence into the stable. "Have you found it? take care of the horse—have you done? what are you about? make haste, I hear a noise," said the stable-boy, who watched at the door. "I am feeling for the half-crown, but I can't find it." "Bring all together." He brought Jem's broken flower-pot, with all the money in it, to the door.

The black cloud was now passed over the moon, and the light shone full upon them. "What do we stand here for?" said the stable-boy, snatching the flower-pot out of Lawrence's trembling hands, and pulling him away from the door. "Surely," cried Lawrence, "you won't take all! You said,

you'd only take half a crown, and pay it back on Monday—you said you'd only take half a crown!" "Hold your tongue!" replied the other, walking on, deaf to all remonstrances—"if I am to be hanged ever, it sha'n't be for half a crown." Lawrence's blood ran cold in his veins, and he felt as if all his hair stood on end. Not another word passed. His accomplice carried off the money, and Lawrence crept, with all the horrors of guilt upon him, to his restless bed. All night he was starting from frightful dreams; or else, broad awake, he lay listening to every small noise, unable to stir, and scarcely daring to breathe—tormented by that most dreadful of all kinds of fear, that fear which is the constant companion of an evil conscience. He thought the morning would never come; but when it was day, when he heard the birds sing, and saw every thing look cheerful as usual, he felt still more miserable. It was Sunday morning, and the bell rang for church. All the children of the village, dressed in their Sunday clothes, innocent and gay, and little Jem, the best and gayest amongst them, went flocking by his door to church. "Well, Lawrence," said Jem, pulling his coat as he passed, and saw Lawrence leaning against his father's door, "what makes you look so black?" "I," said Lawrence, starting, "why do you say that I look black?" "Nay then," said Jem, "you look white enough now, if that will please you, for you're turned as pale as death." "Pale!" replied Lawrence, not knowing what he said; and turned abruptly away, for he dared not stand another look of Jem's; conscious that guilt was written in his face, he shunned every eye. He would now have given the world to have thrown off the load of guilt which lay upon his mind; he longed to follow Jem, to fall upon his knees, and confess all: dreading the moment when Jem should discover his loss, Lawrence dared not stay at home; and not knowing what to do, or where to go, he mechanically went to his old haunt at the

stable-yard, and lurked there-about all day, with his accomplice, who tried in vain to quiet his fears and raise his spirits, by talking of the next day's cock-fight. It was agreed, that as soon as the dusk of the evening came on, they should go together into a certain lonely field, and there divide their booty.

In the mean time, Jem, when he returned from church, was very full of business preparing for the reception of his mistress, of whose intended visit he had informed his mother; and whilst she was arranging the kitchen and their little parlour, he ran to search the strawberry beds. "Why, my Jem, how merry you are to-day!" said his mother, when he came in with the strawberries, and was jumping about the room playfully. "Now keep those spirits of yours, Jem, till you want 'em, and don't let it come upon you all at once. Have it in mind that to-morrow's fair-day, and Lightfoot must go. I bid farmer Truck call for him to-night; he said he'd take him along with his own, and he'll be here just now—and then I know how it will be with you, Jem!" "So do I!" cried Jem, swallowing his secret with great difficulty, and then turning head over heels four times running. A carriage passed the window and stopped at the door. Jem ran out; it was his mistress. She came in smiling, and soon made the old woman smile too, by praising the neatness of every thing in the house. But we shall pass over, however important they were deemed at the time, the praises of the strawberries, and of "my grandmother's china plate." Another knock was heard at the door. "Run, Jem," said his mother, "I hope it's our milk-woman with cream for the lady."—No; it was farmer Truck come for Lightfoot. The old woman's countenance fell. "Fetch him out, dear," said she, turning to her son; but Jem was gone: he flew out to the stable the moment he saw the flap of farmer Truck's great-coat. —"Sit ye down, farmer," said the old woman, after they had waited about five minutes in expectation

of Jem's return. "You'd best sit down, if the lady will give you leave; for he'll not hurry himself back again. My boy's a fool, madam, about that there horse." Trying to laugh, she added, "I knew how Lightfoot and he would be loath enough to part—he won't bring him out till the last minute; so do sit ye down, neighbour." The farmer had scarcely sat down, when Jem, with a pale wild countenance, came back. "What's the matter?" said his mistress. "God bless the boy!" said his mother, looking at him quite frightened, whilst he tried to speak, but could not. She went up to him, and then leaning his head against her, he cried, "It's gone!—it's all gone!" and bursting into tears, he sobbed as if his little heart would break. "What's gone, love?" said his mother. "My two guineas—Lightfoot's two guineas. I went to fetch 'em to give you, mammy! but the broken flower-pot that I put them in, and all's gone!—quite gone!" repeated he, checking his sobs. "I saw them safe last night, and was showing 'em to Lightfoot; and I was so glad to think I had earned them all myself; and I thought how surprised you'd look, and how glad you'd be, and how you'd kiss me, and all!"

His mother listened to him with the greatest surprise, whilst his mistress stood in silence, looking first at the old woman, and then at Jem, with a penetrating eye, as if she suspected the truth of his story, and was afraid of becoming the dupe of her own compassion. "This is a very strange thing!" said she gravely. "How came you to leave all your money in a broken flower-pot in the stable? How came you not to give it to your mother to take care of?" "Why, don't you remember," said Jem, looking up in the midst of his tears; "why don't you remember you your own self bid me not to tell her about it till you were by." "And did you not tell her?" "Nay, ask mammy," said Jem a little offended; and when afterwards the lady went on questioning him, in a severe manner, as if she did not be-

lieve him, he at last made no answer. "Oh, Jem, Jem! why don't you speak to the lady?" said his mother. "I have spoke, and spoke the truth," said Jem, proudly, "and she did not believe me."

Still the lady, who had lived too long in the world to be without suspicion, maintained a cold manner, and determined to await the event without interfering, saying only, that she hoped the money would be found; and advised Jem to have done crying. "I have done," said Jem, "I shall cry no more." And as he had the greatest command over himself, he actually did not shed another tear, not even when the farmer got up to go, saying he could wait no longer. Jem silently went to bring out Lightfoot. The lady now took her seat where she could see all that passed at the open parlour window. The old woman stood at the door, and several idle people of the village, who had gathered round the lady's carriage, examining it, turned about to listen. In a minute or two Jem appeared, with a steady countenance, leading Lightfoot; and, when he came up, without saying a word put the bridle into farmer Truck's hand. "He *has been* a good horse," said the farmer. "He *is* a good horse!" cried Jem, and threw his arm over Lightfoot's neck, hiding his own face as he leaned upon him.

At this instant a party of milk-women went by; and one of them having set down her pail, came behind Jem, and gave him a pretty smart blow upon the back. He looked up. "And don't you know me?" said she. "I forget," said Jem; "I think I have seen your face before, but I forget." "Do you so? and you'll tell me just now," said she, half-opening her hand, "that you forgot who gave you this, and who charged you not to part with it, too." Here she quite opened her large hand, and on the palm of it appeared Jem's silver penny. "Where?" exclaimed Jem, seizing it, "oh where did you find it? and have you — oh tell me, have you got the rest of my

money?" "I don't know nothing of your money — I don't know what you would be at," said the milk-woman. "But where, pray tell me, where did you find this?" "With them that you gave it to, I suppose," said the milk-woman, turning away suddenly to take up her milk-pail. But now Jem's mistress called to her through the window, begging her to stop, and joining in his entreaties to know how she came by the silver penny.

"Why, madam," said she, taking up the corner of her apron, "I came by it in an odd way, too — You must know my Betty is sick, so I come with the milk myself, though it's not what I'm used to; for my Betty — you know my Betty," said she, turning round to the old woman, "my Betty serves you, and she's a tight and stirring lassy, ma'am, I can assure —" "Yes, I don't doubt it," said the lady, impatiently; "but about the silver penny?" "Why, that's true; as I was coming along all alone, for the rest came a round, and I came a short cut across the field — No, you can't see it, madam, where you stand — but if you were here —" "I see it — I know it," said Jem, out of breath with anxiety. "Well — well — I rested my pail upon the stile, and sets me down a while, and there comes out of the hedge — I don't know well how, for they startled me, so I'd like to have thrown down my milk — two boys, one about the size of he," said she, pointing to Jem, "and one a matter taller, but ill-looking like, so I did not think to stir to make way for them, and they were like in a desperate hurry: so, without waiting for the stile, one of'em pulled at the gate, and when it would not open (for it was tied with a pretty stout cord), one of'em whips out with his knife and cuts it — —"

"Now have you a knife about you, sir?" continued the milk-woman to the farmer. He gave her his knife.

"Here now, ma'am, just sticking as it were here, between the blade and the haft, was the silver penny. He took no notice,

but when he opened it, out it falls; still he takes no heed, but cuts the cord, as I said before, and through the gate they went, and out of sight in half a minute. I picks up the penny, for my heart misgave me that it was the very one husband had had a long time, and had given against my voice to *he*," pointing to Jem; "and I charged him not to part with it; and, ma'am, when I looked, I knew it by the mark, so I thought I should show it to *he*," again pointing to Jem, "and let him give it back to those it belongs to." "It belongs to me," said Jem; "I never gave it to anybody — but —" "But," cried the farmer, "those boys have robbed him — it is they who have all his money." "Oh, which way did they go?" cried Jem, "I'll run after them."

"No, no," said the lady, calling to her servant; and she desired him to take his horse and ride after them. "Aye," added farmer Truck, "do you take the road, and I'll take the field way, and I'll be bound we'll have 'em presently."

Whilst they were gone in pursuit of the thieves, the lady, who was now thoroughly convinced of Jem's truth, desired her coachman would produce what she had ordered him to bring with him that evening. Out of the boot of the carriage the coachman immediately produced a new saddle and bridle.

How Jem's eyes sparkled when the saddle was thrown upon Lighfoot's back! "Put it on your horse yourself, Jem," said the lady—"it is yours."

Confused reports of Lighfoot's splendid accoutrements, of the pursuit of the thieves, and of the fine and generous lady, who was standing at Dame Preston's window, quickly spread through the village, and drew every body from their houses. They crowded round Jem to hear the story. The children especially, who were all fond of him, expressed the strongest indignation against the thieves. Every eye was on the stretch; and now some, who had run down the lane, came back shouting, "Here they are! they've got the thieves!"

The footman on horseback carried one boy before him; and the farmer, striding along, dragged another. The latter had on a red jacket, which little Jem immediately recollected, and scarcely dared lift his eyes to look at the boy on horseback. "Astonishing!" said he to himself, "it must be — yet surely it can't be Lawrence!" The footman rode as fast as the people would let him. The boy's hat was slouched, and his head hung down, so that nobody could see his face.

At this instant there was a disturbance in the crowd. A man who was half drunk pushed his way forwards, swearing that nobody should stop him; that he had a right to see; and he *would* see. And so he did; for, forcing through all resistance, he staggered up to the footman just as he was lifting down the boy he had carried before him. "I *will* — I tell you, I *will* see the thief!" cried the drunken man, pushing up the boy's hat. It was his own son. "Lawrence!" exclaimed the wretched father. The shock sobered him at once, and he hid his face in his hands.

There was an awful silence. Lawrence fell on his knees, and, in a voice that could scarcely be heard, made a full confession of all the circumstances of his guilt. "Such a young creature so wicked! What could put such wickedness into your head?" "Bad company," said Lawrence. "And how came you — what brought you into bad company?" "I don't know — except it was idleness." While this was saying, the farmer was emptying Lazy Lawrence's pockets; and when the money appeared, all his former companions in the village looked at each other with astonishment and terror. Their parents grasped their little hands closer, and cried, "Thanks to heaven! he is not my son — how often, when he was little, we used, as he lounged about, to tell him that idleness was the root of all evil!"

As for the hardened wretch, his accomplice, every one was

impatient to have him sent to gaol. He had put on a bold, insolent countenance, till he heard Lawrence's confession; till the money was found upon him; and he heard the milk-woman declare, that she would swear to the silver penny which he had dropped. Then he turned pale, and betrayed the strongest signs of fear. "We must take him before the justice," said the farmer, "and he'll be lodged in Bristol gaol." "Oh!" said Jem, springing forwards when Lawrence's hands were going to be tied, "let him go—won't you—can't you, let him go?" "Yes, madam, for mercy's sake," said Jem's mother to the lady, "think what a disgrace to his family to be sent to gaol!" His father stood by, wringing his hands in an agony of despair. "It's all my fault," cried he: "I brought him up in *idleness*." "But he'll never be idle any more," said Jem; "won't you speak for him, ma'am?" "Don't ask the lady to speak for him," said the farmer; "it's better he should go to Bridewell now, than to the gallows by-and-by."

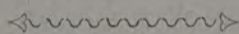
Nothing more was said, for everybody felt the truth of the farmer's speech. Lawrence was sent to Bridewell for a month, and the stable-boy was transported to Botany Bay.

During Lawrence's confinement, Jem often visited him, and carried him such little presents as he could afford to give; and Jem could afford to be *generous*, because he was *industrious*. Lawrence's heart was touched by his kindness, and his example struck him so forcibly, that, when his confinement was ended, he resolved to set immediately to work; and, to the astonishment of all who knew him, soon became remarkable for industry; he was found early and late at his work, established a new character, and for ever lost the name of *Lazy Lawrence*.



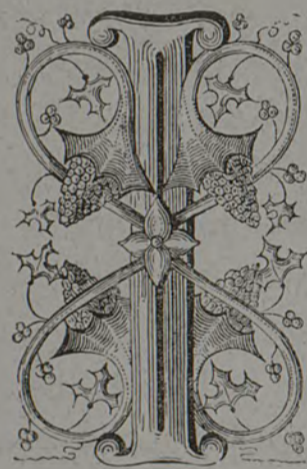


SIMPLE SUSAN



“ Waked, as her custom was before the day,
“ To do the observance due to sprightly May.”

DRYDEN.



In a retired hamlet on the borders of Wales, between Oswestry and Shrewsbury, it is still the custom to celebrate the first of May. The children of the village, who look forward to this rural festival with joyful eagerness, usually meet on the last day of April to make up their nosegays for the morning, and to choose their queen. Their customary place of meeting is at a hawthorn, which stands in a little green nook, open on one side to a shady lane, and separated on the other side by a thick sweet-brier and hawthorn hedge from the garden of an attorney.

This attorney began the world with—nothing—but he contrived to scrape together a good deal of money, every body knew how. He built a new house at the entrance of the

village, and had a large well-fenced garden; yet, notwithstanding his fences, he never felt himself secure; such were his litigious habits and his suspicious temper, that he was constantly at variance with his simple and peaceable neighbours. Some pig, or dog, or goat, or goose, was for ever trespassing: his complaints and his extortions wearied and alarmed the whole hamlet. The paths in his fields were at length unfrequented, his stiles were blocked up with stones, or stuffed with brambles and briars, so that not a gosling could creep under, or a giant get over them—and so careful were even the village children of giving offence to this irritable man of the law, that they would not venture to fly a kite near his fields, lest it should entangle in his trees, or fall upon his meadow.

Mr. Case, for this was the name of our attorney, had a son and a daughter, to whose education he had not time to attend, as his whole soul was intent upon accumulating for them a fortune. For several years he suffered his children to run wild in the village, but suddenly, upon his being appointed to a considerable agency, he began to think of making his children a little genteel. He sent his son to learn Latin: he hired a maid to wait upon his daughter Barbara, and he strictly forbade her *thenceforward* to keep company with any of the poor children, who had hitherto been her playfellows:—they were not sorry for this prohibition, because she had been their tyrant rather than their companion: she was vexed to observe, that her absence was not regretted, and she was mortified to perceive, that she could not humble them by any display of airs and finery.

There was one good girl amongst her former associates, to whom she had a peculiar dislike—Susan Price, a sweet-tempered, modest, sprightly, industrious lass, who was the pride and delight of the village. Her father rented a small

SIMPLE SUSAN



She let poor Daisy eat out of her hand some fresh
dewy trefail.



farm, and, unfortunately for him, he lived near attorney Case. Barbara used often to sit at her window watching Susan at work—sometimes she saw her in the neat garden raking the beds or weeding the borders; sometimes she was kneeling at her beehive with fresh flowers for her bees; sometimes she was in the poultry-yard scattering corn from her sieve amongst the eager chickens; and in the evening she was often seated in a little honey-suckle arbour, with a clean, light, three-legged deal table before her, upon which she put her plain-work. Susan had been taught to work neatly by her good mother, who was very fond of her, and to whom she was most gratefully attached. Mrs. Price was an intelligent, active, domestic woman, but her health was not robust; she earned money, however, by taking in plain-work, and she was famous for baking excellent bread and breakfast-cakes. She was respected in the village for her conduct as a wife and as a mother, and all were eager to show her attention. At her door the first branch of hawthorn was always placed on May-morning, and her Susan was usually queen of the May.

It was now time to choose the queen. The setting sun shone full upon the pink blossoms of the hawthorn when the merry group assembled upon their little green. Barbara was now walking in sullen state in her father's garden; she heard the busy voices in the lane, and she concealed herself behind the high hedge, that she might listen to their conversation.

"Where's Susan?" were the first unwelcome words which she overheard.——"Aye, where's Susan?" repeated Philip, stopping short in the middle of a new tune, that he was playing on his pipe. "I wish Susan would come! I want her to sing me this same tune over again; I have not it yet."

"And I wish Susan would come, I'm sure," cried a little girl, whose lap was full of primroses—"Susan will give me some thread to tie up my nosegays, and she'll show me where the

fresh violets grow, and she has promised to give me a great bunch of her double cowslips to wear to-morrow. — I wish she would come!”

“ Nothing can be done without Susan! She always shows us where the nicest flowers are to be found in the lanes and meadows,” said they. “ She shall make up the garlands, and she shall be queen of the May!” exclaimed a multitude of little voices.

“ But she does not come!” said Philip.

Rose, who was her particular friend, now came forward to assure the impatient assembly “ that she would answer for it Susan would come as soon as she possibly could, and that she probably was detained by business at home.” The little electors thought that all business should give way to theirs, and Rose was despatched to summon her friend immediately.

“ Tell her to make haste,” cried Philip—“ attorney Case dined at the Abbey to-day—luckily for us; if he comes home, and finds us here, may be he’ll drive us away, for he says this bit of ground belongs to his own garden; though that is not true, I’m sure, for farmer Price knows, and says, it was always open to the road. The attorney wants to get our play-ground, so he does. I wish he and his daughter Bab, or miss Barbara, as she must now be called, were a hundred miles off, out of our way, I know. No later than yesterday she threw down my nine pins in one of her ill-humours, as she was walking by with her gown all trailing in the dust.”

“ Yes,” cried Mary, the little primrose-girl, “ her gown is always trailing, she does not hold it up nicely, like Susan; and with all her fine clothes she never looks half so neat. Mamma says, she wishes I may be like Susan, when I grow up to be a great girl, and so do I. I should not like to look conceited as Barbara does, if I was ever so rich.”

“ Rich or poor,” said Philip, “ it does not become a girl to

look conceited, much less *bold*, as Barbara did the other day, when she was standing at her father's door, without a hat upon her head, staring at the strange gentleman who stopped here-about to let his horse drink. I know what he thought of Bab by his looks, and of Susan too,—for Susan was in her garden, bending down a branch of the laburnum tree, looking at its yellow flowers, which were just come out; and when the gentleman asked her how many miles it was from Shrewsbury, she answered him so modest!—not bashful, like as if she had never seen nobody before—but just right—and then she pulled on her straw hat, which was fallen back with her looking up at the laburnum, and she went her ways home, and the gentleman says to me, after she was gone, “ Pray, who is that neat modest girl? ”

“ But I wish Susan would come,” cried Philip, interrupting himself.

Susan was all this time, as her friend Rose rightly guessed, busy at home. She was detained by her father's returning later than usual—his supper was ready for him nearly an hour before he came home, and Susan swept up the ashes twice, and twice put on wood to make a cheerful blaze for him; but at last, when he did come in, he took no notice of the blaze nor of Susan, and when his wife asked him how he did, he made no answer, but stood with his back to the fire, looking very gloomy. Susan put his supper upon the table, and set his own chair for him, but he pushed away the chair, and turned from the table, saying—

“ I shall eat nothing, child! why have you such a fire, to roast me, at this time of the year? ”

“ You said yesterday, father, I thought, that you liked a little cheerful wood-fire in the evening, and there was a great shower of hail; your coat is quite wet, we must dry it. ”

“ Take it then, child,” said he, pulling it off—“ I shall soon

have no coat to dry—and take my hat too,” said he throwing it upon the ground.

Susan hung up his hat, put his coat over the back of a chair to dry, and then stood anxiously looking at her mother, who was not well; she had this day fatigued herself with baking, and now, alarmed by her husband's moody behaviour, she sat down pale and trembling. He threw himself into a chair, folded his arms, and fixed his eyes upon the fire—Susan was the first who ventured to break silence. Happy the father who has such a daughter as Susan!—her unaltered sweetness of temper, and her playful affectionate caresses, at last somewhat dissipated her father's melancholy: he could not be prevailed upon to eat any of the supper which had been prepared for him; however, with a faint smile, he told Susan, that he thought he could eat one of her guinea-hen's eggs. She thanked him, and with that nimble alacrity which marks the desire to please, she ran to her neat chicken-yard!—but, alas! her guinea-hen was not there!—it had strayed into the attorney's garden—she saw it through the paling, and timidly opening the little gate, she asked miss Barbara, who was walking slowly by, to let her come in and take her guinea-hen. Barbara, who was at this instant reflecting, with no agreeable feelings, upon the conversation of the village children, to which she had recently listened, started when she heard Susan's voice, and with a proud, ill-humoured look and voice refused her request. “Shut the gate,” said she; “you have no business in *our* garden, and, as for your hen, I shall keep it; it is always flying in here, and plaguing us, and my father says it is a trespasser, and he told me I might catch it, and keep it the next time it got in, and it is in now.” Then Barbara called to her maid Betty, and bid her catch the mischievous hen. “Oh my guinea-hen! my pretty guinea-hen!” cried Susan, as they hunted the frightened, screaming creature from corner to corner.

"Here we have got it!" said Betty, holding it fast by the legs.

"Now pay damages, queen Susan, or good-bye to your pretty guinea-hen!" said Barbara, in an insulting tone.

"Damages, what damages?" said Susan; "tell me what I must pay?"

"A shilling," said Barbara.

"Oh, if sixpence would do!" said Susan; "I have but sixpence of my own in the world, and here it is."

"It won't do," said Barbara, turning her back.

"Nay, but hear me," cried Susan; "let me at least come in to look for its eggs. I only want *one* for my father's supper; you shall have all the rest."

"What's your father or his supper to us? is he so nice that he can eat none but guinea-hen's eggs?" said Barbara: "if you want your hen and your eggs, pay for them, and you'll have them."

"I have but sixpence, and you say that won't do," said Susan, with a sigh, and she looked at her favourite, which was in the maid's grasping hands, struggling and screaming in vain.

Susan retired disconsolate. At the door of her father's cottage she saw her friend Rose, who was just come to summon her to the hawthorn bush.

"They are all at the hawthorn, and I'm come for you; we can do nothing without *you*, dear Susan," cried Rose, running to meet her, at the moment she saw her; "you are chosen queen of the May—come, make haste; but what's the matter? why do you look so sad?"

"Ah!" said Susan, "don't wait for me, I can't come to you; but," added she, pointing to the tuft of double cowslips in the garden, "gather those for poor little Mary; I promised them to her; and tell her the violets are under the hedge just opposite the turnstile, on the right as we go to church. Good-

bye—never mind me—I can't come—I can't stay, for my father wants me."

"But don't turn away your face, I won't keep you a moment; only tell me what's the matter," said her friend, following her into the cottage.

"Oh, nothing, not much," said Susan; "only that I wanted the egg in a great hurry for father, it would not have vexed me—to be sure I should have clipped my guinea-hen's wings, and then she could not have flown over the hedge—but let us think no more about it now," added she, twinkling away a tear.

When Rose, however, learned that her friend's guinea-hen was detained prisoner by the attorney's daughter, she exclaimed with all the honest warmth of indignation, and instantly ran back to tell the story to her companions.

"Barbara, ! aye! like father like daughter," cried farmer Price, starting from the thoughtful attitude in which he had been fixed, and drawing his chair closer to his wife.

"You see something is amiss with me, wife—I'll tell you what it is." As he lowered his voice, Susan, who was not sure that he wished she should hear what he was going to say, retired from behind his chair. "Susan, don't go; sit you down here, my sweet Susan," said he, making room for her upon his chair; "I believe I was a little cross when I came in first to-night, but I had something to vex me, as you shall hear."

"About a fortnight ago, you know, wife," continued he, "there was a balloting in our town for the militia; now at that time I wanted but ten days of forty years of age, and the attorney told me I was a fool for not calling myself plump forty; but the truth is the truth, and it is what I think fittest to be spoken at all times, come what will of it—so I was drawn for a militia-man; but when I thought how loath you and I would be to part, I was main glad to hear that I could get off

by paying eight or nine guineas for a substitute; only I had not the nine guineas, for you know we had bad luck with our sheep this year, and they died away one after another; but that was no excuse: so I went to attorney Case, and with a power of difficulty I got him to lend me the money, for which, to be sure, I gave him something, and left my lease of our farm with him, as he insisted upon it, by way of security for the loan. Attorney Case is too many for me; he has found what he calls a *flaw* in my lease, and the lease, he tells me, is not worth a farthing, and that he can turn us all out of our farm to-morrow if he pleases; and sure enough he will please, for I have thwarted him this day, and he swears he'll be revenged of me; indeed he has begun with me badly enough already. I'm not come to the worst part of my story yet——"

Here farmer Price made a dead stop, and his wife and Susan looked up in his face breathless with anxiety.

"It must come out," said he, with a short sigh; "I must leave you in three days, wife."

"Must you!" said his wife in a faint resigned voice - "Susan, love, open the window."

Susan ran to open the window, and then returned to support her mother's head.

When she came a little to herself, she sat up, begged that her husband would go on, and that nothing might be concealed from her.

Her husband had no wish indeed to conceal any thing from a wife he loved so well; but stout as he was, and steady to his maxim, that the truth was the thing the fittest to be spoken at all times, his voice faltered, and it was with some difficulty that he brought himself to speak the whole truth at this moment.

The fact was this: Case met farmer Price as he was coming home whistling, from a new-ploughed field; the attorney had just dined at *the Abbey*—the Abbey was the family seat of an

opulent baronet in the neighbourhood, to whom Mr. Case had been agent; the baronet died suddenly, and his estate and title devolved to a younger brother, who was now just arrived in the country, and to whom Mr. Case was eager to pay his court, in hopes of obtaining his favour. Of the agency he flattered himself that he was pretty secure, and he thought that he might assume the tone of command towards the tenants, especially towards one who was some guineas in debt, and in whose lease there was a flaw.

Accosting the farmer in a haughty manner, the attorney began with, "So, farmer Price, a word with you, if you please; walk on here, man, beside my horse, and you'll hear me. You have changed your opinion, I hope, about that bit of land, that corner at the end of my garden."

"As how, Mr. Case?" said the farmer.

"As how, man—why, you said something about it's not belonging to me, when you heard me talk of enclosing it the other day."

"So I did," said Price, "and so I do."

Provoked and astonished at the firm tone in which these words were pronounced, the attorney was upon the point of swearing that he would have his revenge; but as his passions were habitually attentive to the *letter* of the law, he refrained from any hasty expression, which might, he was aware, in a court of justice, be hereafter brought against him.

"My good friend, Mr. Price," said he in a soft voice, and pale with suppressed rage—he forced a smile—"I'm under the necessity of calling in the money I lent you some time ago, and you will please to take notice, that it must be paid to-morrow morning. I wish you a good evening. You have the money ready for me, I dare say."

"No," said the farmer, "not a guinea of it; but John Simpson, who was my substitute, has not left our village yet; I'll

get the money back from him, and go myself, if so be it must be so, into the militia—so I will.”

The attorney did not expect such a determination, and he represented in a friendly hypocritical tone to Price, “that he had no wish to drive him to such an extremity, that it would be the height of folly in him *to run his head against a wall for no purpose*. You don’t mean to take the corner into your own garden, do you, Price?” said he.

“I,” said the farmer, “it’s none of mine; I never take what does not belong to me.”

“True, right, very proper, of course,” said Mr. Case; “but then you have no interest in life in the land in question?”

“None.”

“Then why so stiff about it, Price? All I want of you is to say——”

“To say that black is white, which I won’t do, Mr. Case; the ground is a thing not worth talking of, but it’s neither yours nor mine; in my memory, since the *new* lane was made, it has always been open to the parish, and no man shall enclose it with my good will. Truth is truth, and must be spoken; justice is justice, and should be done, Mr. Attorney.”

“And law is law, M. Farmer, and shall have its course, to your cost,” cried the attorney, exasperated by the dauntless spirit of this village Hampden.

Here they parted—the glow of enthusiasm, the pride of virtue, which made our hero brave, could not render him insensible. As he drew nearer home many melancholy, thoughts pressed upon his heart; he passed the door of his own cottage with resolute steps, however, and went through the village in search of the man who had engaged to be his substitute. He found him, told him how the matter stood: and luckily the man, who had not yet spent the money, was willing to return it, as there were many others that had been drawn for the mi-

litia, who, he observed, would be glad to give him the same price, or more, for his services.

The moment Price got the money, he hastened to Mr. Case's house, walked straight forward into his room, and laying the money down upon his desk, "There, Mr. Attorney, are your nine guineas; count them; now I have done with you."

"Not yet," said the attorney, jingling the money triumphantly in his hand; "we'll give you a taste of the law, my good sir, or I'm mistaken. You forgot the flaw in your lease, which I have safe in this desk."

"Ah, my lease?" said the farmer, who had almost forgot to ask for it till he was thus put in mind of it by the attorney's imprudent threat. —

"Give me my lease, Mr. Case; I've paid my money, you have no right to keep the lease any longer, whether it is a bad one or a good one."

"Pardon me, said the attorney, locking his desk, and putting the key into his pocket, "possession, my honest friend," cried he, striking his hand upon the desk, "possession is nine points of the law. Good night to you. I cannot in conscience return a lease to a tenant in which I know there is a capital flaw; it is my duty to show it to my employer, or in other words, to your new landlord, whose agent I have good reasons to expect I shall be. You will live to repent your obstinacy, Mr. Price. Your servant, sir."

Price retired melancholy, but not intimidated.

Many a man returns home with a gloomy countenance, who has not quite so much cause for vexation.

When Susan heard her father's story, she quite forgot her guinea-hen, and her whole soul was intent upon her poor mother, who, notwithstanding her utmost exertion, could not support herself under this sudden stroke of misfortune. In the middle of the night Susan was called up: her mother's fever

ran high for some hours, but towards morning it abated, and she fell into a soft sleep with Susan's hand locked fast in hers.

Susan sat motionless, and breathed softly, lest she should disturb her. The rush-light, which stood beside the bed, was now burnt low, the long shadow of the tall wicker chair flitted, faded, appeared, and vanished, as the flame rose and sunk in the socket. Susan was afraid that the disagreeable smell might waken her mother, and gently disengaging her hand, she went on tiptoe to extinguish the candle—all was silent; the grey light of the morning was now spreading over every object; the sun rose slowly, and Susan stood at the lattice-window, looking through the small leaded cross-barred panes at the splendid spectacle. A few birds began to chirp, but as Susan was listening to them, her mother started in her sleep, and spoke unintelligibly. Susan hung up a white apron before the window to keep out the light, and just then she heard the sound of music at a distance in the village. As it approached nearer, she knew that it was Philip playing upon his pipe and tabor; she distinguished the merry voices of her companions, "carolling in honour of the May," and soon she saw them coming towards her father's cottage, with branches and garlands in their hands. She opened quickly, but gently, the hatch of the door, and ran out to meet them.

"Here she is!—Here's Susan!" they exclaimed joyfully; "Here's the queen of the May." "And here's her crown!" cried Rose, pressing forward; but Susan put her finger upon her lips, and pointed to her mother's window—Philip's pipe stopped instantly.

"Thank you," said Susan; "my mother is ill, I can't leave her, you know." Then gently putting aside the crown, her companions bid her say who should wear it for her.

"Will you, dear Rose?" said she, placing the garland upon her friend's head—"It's a charming May morning,"

added she, with a smile; "good by. Whe sha'n't hear your voices or the pipe when you have turned the corner into the village, so you need only stop till then, Philip."

"I shall stop for all day," said Philip; "I've no mind to play any more."

"Good by, poor Susan; it's a pity you can't come with us," said all the children; and little Mary ran after Susan to the cottage door.

"I forgot to thank you," said she, "for the double cowslips; look how pretty they are, and smell how sweet the violets are in my bosom, and kiss me quick, for I shall be left behind!"

Susan kissed the little breathless girl, and returned softly to the side of her mother's bed.

"How grateful that child is to me for a cowslip only!—How can I be grateful enough to such a mother as this?" said Susan to herself, as she bent over her sleeping mother's pale countenance.

Her mother's unfinished knitting lay upon a table near the bed, and Susan sat down in her wicker arm-chair, and went on with the row, in the middle of which her hand stopped the preceding evening.

"She taught me to knit, she taught me every thing that I know," thought Susan; "and, best of all, she taught me to love her, to wish to be like her."

Her mother, when she awakened, felt much refreshed by her tranquil sleep, and observing that it was a delightful morning, said, "that she had been dreaming she heard music, but that the drum frightened her, because she thought it was the signal for her husband to be carried away by a whole regiment of soldiers, who had pointed their bayonets at him. But that was but a dream, and I then fell asleep, and have slept soundly ever since."

How painful is it to waken to the remembrance of misfor-

tune! Gradually as this poor woman collected her scattered thoughts, she recalled the circumstances of the preceding evening; she was too certain, that she had heard from her husband's own lips the words, *I must leave you in three days*, and she wished that she could sleep again, and think it all a dream.

"But he'll want, he'll want a hundred things," said she, starting up; "I must get his linen ready for him. I'm afraid it's very late; Susan, why did you let me lie so long?"

"Every thing shall be ready, dear mother, only don't hurry yourself," said Susan.

And indeed her mother was ill able to bear any hurry, or to do any work this day.

Susan's affectionate, dexterous, sensible activity was never more wanted, or more effectual. She understood so readily, she obeyed so exactly, and, when she was left to her own discretion, judged so prudently, that her mother had little trouble and no anxiety in directing her; she said that Susan never did too little or too much.

Susan was mending her father's linen, when Rose tapped softly at the window, and beckoned to her to come out; she went out.

"How does your mother do, in the first place?" said Rose.

"Better, thank you."

"That's well, and I have a little bit of good news for you besides—here," said she, pulling out a glove, in which there was money, "we'll get the guinea-hen back again—we have all agreed about it. This is the money that has been given to us in the village this May morning; at every door they gave silver—see how generous they have been; twelve shillings, I assure you. Now we are a match for miss Barbara. You won't like to leave home. I'll go to Barbara, and you shall see your guinea-hen in ten minutes."

Rose hurried away, pleased with her commission, and eager to accomplish her business.

Miss Barbara's maid, Betty, was the first person that was visible at the attorney's house.

Rose insisted upon seeing Miss Barbara herself, and she was shown into a parlour to the young lady, who was reading a dirty novel, which she put under a heap of law papers as they entered.

"Dear, how you *startled* me? is it only you?" said she to her maid; but as soon as she saw Rose behind the maid she put on a scornful air.

"Could not ye say I was not at home, Betty? Well, my good girl, what brings you here? something to borrow or beg, I suppose."

May every ambassador—every ambassador in as good a cause, answer with as much dignity and moderation as Rose replied to Barbara upon the present occasion!

She assured her, that the person from whom she came did not send her either to beg or to borrow, that she was able to pay the full value of that for which she came to ask; and producing her well-filled purse, "I believe that this is a very good shilling," said she; "if you don't like it I will change it; and now you will be so good as to give me Susan's guinea-hen; it is in her name I ask for it."

"No matter in whose name you ask for it," replied Barbara, "you will not have it—take up your shilling, if you please. I would have taken a shilling yesterday, if it had been paid at the time properly; but I told Susan, that if it was not paid then, I should keep the hen, and so I shall, I promise her. You may go back and tell her so."

The attorney's daughter had, whilst Rose opened her negotiation, measured the depth of her purse with a keen eye, and her penetration discovered that it contained at least ten shill-

ings; with proper management she had some hopes that the guinea-hen might be made to bring in at least half the money.

Rose, who was of a warm temper, not quite so fit a match as she had thought herself for the wily Barbara, incautiously exclaimed, "Whatever it costs us, we are determined to have Susan's favourite hen; so if one shilling won't do, take two, and if two won't do, why take three."

Three shillings sounded provokingly upon the table, as she threw them down one after another, and Barbara coolly replied, "Three won't do."

"Have you no conscience, Miss Barbara? then take four."

Barbara shook her head. A fifth shilling was instantly proffered -- but Bab, who now saw plainly that she had the game in her own hands, preserved a cold cruel silence.

Rose went on rapidly, bidding shilling after shilling, till she had completely emptied her purse.

The twelve shillings were spread upon the table -- Barbara's avarice was moved, she consented for this ransom to liberate her prisoner.

Rose pushed the money towards her, but just then recollecting that she was acting for others more than for herself, and doubting whether she had full powers to conclude such an extravagant bargain, she gathered up the public treasure, and with newly-recovered prudence observed that she must go back to consult her friends.

Her generous little friends were amazed at Barbara's meanness, but with one accord declared, that they were most willing, for their parts, to give up every farthing of the money. They all went to Susan in a body, and told her so.

"There's our purse," said they, "do what you please with it."

They would not wait for one word of thanks, but ran away, leaving only Rose with her to settle the treaty for the guinea-hen.

There is a certain manner of accepting a favour, which shows true generosity of mind. Many know how to give, but few know how to accept a gift properly.

Susan was touched, but not astonished, by the kindness of her young friends, and she received the purse with as much simplicity as she would have given it.

“ Well,” said Rose, “ shall I go back for the guinea-hen?”

“ The guinea-hen!” said Susan, starting from a reverie into which she had fallen as she contemplated the purse, “ certainly I *do* long to see my pretty guinea-hen once more, but I was not thinking of her just then—I was thinking of my father.”

Now Susan had heard her mother often in the course of this day wish that she had but money enough in the world to pay Joseph Simpson for going to serve in the militia instead of her husband, “ This to be sure will go but a little way,” thought Susan, “ but still it may be of some use to my father.” She told her mind to Rose, and concluded by saying decidedly, that “ if the money was given to her to dispose of as she pleased, she would give it to her father.”

“ It is all yours, my dear good Susan,” cried Rose, with a look of warm approbation : “ this is so like you! But I’m sorry that Miss Bab must keep your guinea-hen. I would not be her for all the guinea-hens, or guineas either, in the whole world. Why, I’ll answer for it, the guinea-hen won’t make her happy, and you’ll be happy *even* without—because you are good. Let me come and help you to-morrow,” continued she, looking at Susan’s work. “ If you have any more mending-work to do—I never liked work till I worked with you—I won’t forget my thimble or my scissors,” added she, laughing, —“ though I used to forget them when I was a giddy girl. I assure you I am a great hand at my needle now—try me.”

Susan assured her friend that she did not doubt the powers

of her needle, and that she would most willingly accept of her services, but that, *unluckily*, she had finished all the needle-work that was immediately wanted.

“ But do you know,” said she, “ I shall have a great deal of business to-morrow—but I won’t tell you what it is that I have to do, for I am afraid I shall not succeed ; but if I do succeed, I’ll come and tell you directly, because you will be so glad of it.”

Susan, who had always been attentive to what her mother taught her, and who had often assisted her when she was baking bread and cakes for the family at the Abbey, had now formed the courageous, but not presumptuous idea, that she could herself undertake to bake a batch of bread. One of the servants from the Abbey had been sent all round the village in the morning, in search of bread, and had not been able to procure any that was tolerable. Mrs. Price’s last baking failed for want of good barm ; she was not now strong enough to attempt another herself ; and when the brewer’s boy came with eagerness to tell her that he had some fine fresh yeast for her, she thanked him, but sighed, and said it would be of no use to her, she was too ill for the work. Susan modestly requested permission to try her hand, and her mother would not refuse her¹. Accordingly she went to work with much prudent care, and when her bread the next morning came out of the oven it was excellent—at least her mother said so, and she was a good judge. It was sent to the Abbey, and as the family there had not tasted any good bread since their arrival in the country, they also were earnest and warm in its praise.

Inquiries were made from the housekeeper, and they heard, with some surprise, that this excellent bread was made by a young girl of twelve years old. The housekeeper, who had

¹ This circumstance is founded on fact.

known Susan from a child, was pleased to have an opportunity of speaking in her favour.

She is the most industrious little creature, ma'am, in the world," said she to her mistress, " little I can't so well call her now, since she's grown tall and slender to look at; and glad I am she is grown up likely to look at, for handsome is that handsome does—and she thinks no more of her being handsome than I do myself—yet she has as proper a respect for herself, ma'am, as you have; and I always see her neat, and with her mother, ma'am, or fit people, as a girl should be: as for her mother she doats upon her, as well she may, for I should myself if I had half such a daughter; and then she has two little brothers, and she's as good to them, and my boy Philip says, taught 'em to read more than the school-mistress, all with tenderness and good nature; but I beg your pardon, ma'am. I cannot stop myself when I once begin to talk of Susan,"

" You have really said enough to excite my curiosity," said her mistress; " pray send for her immediately; we can see her before we go out to walk."

The benevolent housekeeper despatched her boy Philip for Susan. Susan was never in such an *untidy* state, that she could not obey such a summons without a long preparation. She had, it is true, been very busy, but orderly people can be busy and neat at the same time. She put on her usual straw hat, and accompanied Rose's mother, who was going with a basket of cleared muslin to the Abbey.

The modest simplicity of Susan's appearance, and the artless good sense and propriety of the answers she gave to all the questions that were asked her, pleased the ladies at the Abbey, who were good judges of characters and manners.

Sir Arthur Somers had two sisters, sensible, benevolent women; they were not of that race of fine ladies, who are

miserable the moment they come to *the country*; nor yet were they of that bustling sort, who quack and direct all their poor neighbours, for the mere love of managing, or the want of something to do. They were judiciously generous, and whilst they wished to diffuse happiness, they were not peremptory in requiring that people should be happy precisely their own way. With these dispositions, and with a well informed brother, who, though he never wished to direct, was always willing to assist in their efforts to do good, there were reasonable hopes that these ladies would be a blessing to the poor villagers amongst whom they were now settled.

As soon as miss Somers had spoken to Susan, she inquired for her brother; but sir Arthur was in his study, and a gentleman was with him on business.

Susan was desirous of returning to her mother, and the ladies, therefore, would not detain her. Miss Somers told her, with a smile, when she took leave, that she would call upon her in the evening at six o'clock.

It was impossible that such a grand event as Susan's visit to the Abbey could long remain unknown to Barbara Case and her gossiping maid. They watched eagerly for the moment of her return, that they might satisfy their curiosity.

"There she is, I declare, just come into her garden," cried Bab. "I'll run in, and get it all out of her in a minute."

Bab could descend without shame, whenever it suited her purposes, from the height of insolent pride to the lowest meanness of fawning familiarity.

Susan was gathering some marigolds and some parsley for her mother's broth.

"So, Susan," said Bab, who came close to her before she perceived it, "how goes the world with you to-day?"

"My mother is rather better to-day, she says, ma'am—thank you," replied Susan, coldly but civilly.

“*Ma’am*, dear, how polite we are grown of a sudden!” cried Bab, winking at her maid. “One may see you’ve been in good company this morning——Hey, Susan—come, let’s hear about it?” “Did you see the ladies themselves, or was it only the housekeeper sent for you?” said the maid.

“What room did you go into?” continued Bab. “Did you see miss Somers, or Sir Arthur?”

“Miss Somers.”

“La, she saw miss Somers! Betty. I must hear about it. Can’t you stop gathering those things for a minute, and chat a bit with us, Susan?”

“I can’t stay, indeed, miss Barbara, for my mother’s broth is just wanted, and I’m in a hurry.” Susan ran home.

“Lord, her head is full of broth now,” said Bab to her maid, “and she has not a word for herself, though she has been abroad. My papa may well call her *Simple Susan*—for simple she is, and simple she will be all the world over; for my part, I think she’s little better than a downright simpleton; but however, simple or not, I’ll get what I want out of her; she’ll be able to speak, may-be, when she has settled the grand matter of the broth. I’ll step in and ask to see her mother; that will put her in a good humour in a trice.”

Barbara followed Susan into the cottage, and found her occupied with the grand affair of the broth.

“Is it ready?” said Bab, peeping into the pot that was over the fire: “dear, how savoury it smells! I’ll wait till you go in with it to your mother, for I must ask her how she does myself.”

“Will you please to sit down then, miss?” said Simple Susan, with a smile, for at this instant she forgot the guinea-hen. “I have just put the parsley into the broth, but it will soon be ready.”

During this interval Bab employed herself much to her own satisfaction, in cross-questioning Susan. She was rather pro-

voked indeed that she could not learn exactly how each of the ladies was dressed, and what there was to be for dinner at the Abbey; and she was curious beyond measure to find out what miss Somers meant, by saying that she would call at Mr. Price's cottage at six o'clock in the evening. "What do you think she could mean?"

"I thought she meant what she said," replied Susan, "that she would come here at six o'clock."

"Aye, that's as plain as a pike-staff," said Barbara; "but what else did she mean, think you? People, you know, don't always mean exactly, downright, neither more nor less than they say."

"Not always," said Susan, with an arch smile, which convinced Barbara that she was not quite a simpleton.

"*Not always*," repeated Barbara, colouring; "Oh, then, I suppose you have some guess at what miss Somers meant?"

"No," said Susan, "I was not thinking about miss Somers, when I said not always."

"How nice that broth does look!" resumed Barbara, after a pause.

Susan had now poured the broth into a basin, and as she strewed over it the bright orange-marigolds, it looked very tempting; she tasted it, and added now a little salt, and now a little more, till she thought it was just to her mother's taste.

"Oh, I must taste it," said Bab, taking the basin up greedily.

"Won't you take a spoon?" said Susan, trembling at the large mouthfuls which Barbara sucked up with a terrible noise.

"Take a spoonful, indeed!" exclaimed Barbara, setting down the basin in high anger. "The next time I taste your broth you shall affront me, if you dare! The next time I set my foot in this house, you shall be as saucy to me as you please."

And she flounced out of the house, exclaiming, "*Take a spoon, pig!* was what you meant to say."

Susan stood in amazement at the beginning of this speech, but the concluding words explained to her the mystery.

Some years before this time, when Susan was a very little girl, and could scarcely speak plain, as she was eating a basin of bread and milk for her supper at the cottage door, a great pig came up, and put his nose into the basin. Susan was willing that the pig should have some share of the bread and milk, but as she ate with a spoon, and he with his large mouth, she presently discovered that he was likely to have more than his share, and in a simple tone of expostulation, she said to him, "*Take a spoon, pig.*"¹ The saying became proverbial in the village, Susan's little companions repeated it, and applied it upon many occasions, whenever any one claimed more than his share of any thing good. Barbara, who was then not miss Barbara, but plain Bab, and who played with all the poor children in the neighbourhood, was often reprov'd in her unjust methods, of division by Susan's proverb. Susan, as she grew up, forgot the childish saying, but the remembrance of it rankled in Barbara's mind, and it was to this that she suspected Susan had alluded, when she recommended a spoon to her whilst she was swallowing the basin of broth.

"La, miss," said Barbara's maid, when she found her mistress in a passion upon her return from Susan's, "I only wondered you did her the honour to set your foot within her doors. What need have you to trouble her for news about the Abbey folks, when your own papa has been there all the morning, and is just come in, and can tell you every thing?"

Barbara did not know that her father meant to go to the Abbey that morning, for attorney Case was mysterious even to

¹ This is a true anecdote.

his own family about his morning rides. He never chose to be asked where he was going, or where he had been, and this made his servants more than commonly inquisitive to trace him.

Barbara, against whose apparent childishness and real cunning, he was not sufficiently upon his guard, had often the art of drawing him into conversation about his visits. She ran into her father's parlour, but she knew, the moment she saw his face, that it was no time to ask questions; his pen was across his mouth, and his brown wig pushed oblique upon his contracted forehead—the wig was always pushed crooked, whenever he was in a brown, or rather a black study. Barbara, who did not, like Susan, bear with her father's testy humour from affection and gentleness of disposition, but who always humoured him from artifice, tried all her skill to fathom his thoughts; and when she found that *it* would not do, she went to tell her maid so, and to complain that her father was so cross, there was no bearing him.

It is true that attorney Case was not in the happiest mood possible, for he was by no means satisfied with his morning's work at the Abbey. Sir Arthur Somers, the *new man*, did not suit him, and he began to be rather apprehensive that he should not suit Sir Arthur. He had sound reasons for his doubts.

Sir Arthur Somers was an excellent lawyer, and a perfectly honest man. This seemed to our attorney a contradiction in terms; in the course of his practice the case had not occurred, and he had no precedents ready to direct his proceedings.

Sir Arthur Somers was a man of wit and eloquence, yet of plain dealing and humanity. The attorney could not persuade himself to believe that the benevolence was any thing but enlightened cunning, and the plain dealing he one minute dreaded as the master-piece of art, and the next despised as the

characteristic of folly. In short, he had not yet decided whether he was an honest man or a knave. He had settled accounts with him for his late agency, he had talked about sundry matters of business, he constantly perceived that he could not impose upon Sir Arthur; but that he could know all the mazes of the law, and yet prefer the straight road, was incomprehensible.

Mr. Case paid him some compliments on his great legal abilities, and his high reputation at the bar.

"I have left the bar," replied Sir Arthur, coolly.

The attorney looked in unfeigned astonishment, when a man was actually making 3000 *l.* per annum at the bar, that he should leave it.

"I am come," said he, "to enjoy the kind of domestic life which I prefer to all others, in the country, amongst people whose happiness I hope to increase."

At this speech the attorney changed his ground, flattering himself that he should find his man averse to business, and ignorant of country affairs. He talked of the value of land and of new leases.

Sir Arthur wished to enlarge his domain to make a ride round it. A map of the domain was upon the table; Farmer Price's garden came exactly across the new road for the ride. Sir Arthur looked disappointed, and the keen attorney seized the moment to inform him that "Price's whole land was at his disposal."

"At my disposal! how so?" cried Sir Arthur, eagerly; "it will not be out of lease, I believe, these ten years. I'll look into the rent-roll again, perhaps I am mistaken."

"You are mistaken, my good sir, and you are not mistaken," said Mr. Case, with a shrewd smile; "the land will not be out of lease these ten years in one sense, and in another it is out of lease at this time being. To come to the point at once, the

lease is *ab origine* null and void. I have detected a capital flaw in the body of it; I pledge my credit upon it, sir; it can't stand a single term in law or equity."

The attorney observed, that at these words Sir Arthur's eye was fixed with a look of earnest attention. "Now I have him!" said the cunning tempter to himself.

"Neither in law nor equity!" repeated Sir Arthur, with apparent incredulity. "Are you sure of that, Mr. Case?"

"Sure! As I told you before, sir, I'd pledge my whole credit upon the thing—I'd stake my existence."

"*That's something,*" said Sir Arthur, as if he was pondering upon the matter.

The attorney went on with all the eagerness of a keen man, who sees a chance at one stroke of winning a rich friend, and of ruining a poor enemy; he explained with legal volubility, and technical amplification, the nature of the mistake in Mr. Price's lease. "It was, sir," said he, "a lease for the life of Peter Price, Susannah his wife, and to the survivor or survivors of them, or for the full time and term of twenty years, to be computed from the first day of May then next ensuing. Now, sir, this you see is a lease in reversion, which the late Sir Benjamin Somers had not, by his settlement, a right to make. This is a curious mistake, you see, Sir Arthur, and in filling up those printed leases there's always a good chance of some flaw; I find it perpetually, but I never found a better than this in the whole course of my practice.

Sir Arthur stood in silence.

"My dear sir," said the attorney, taking him by the button, "you have no scruple of stirring in this business?"

"A little," said Sir Arthur.

"Why, then, that can be done away in a moment; your name shall not appear in it at all; you have nothing to do but to make over the lease to me—I make all safe to you with my bond.

Now being in possession, I come forward in my own proper person. *Shall I proceed?*"

"No; you have said enough," replied Sir Arthur.

"The case, indeed, lies in a nutshell," said the attorney, who had by this time worked himself up to such a pitch of professional enthusiasm, that, intent upon his vision of a lawsuit, he totally forgot to observe the impression his words made upon Sir Arthur.

"There's only one thing we have forgotten all this time," said Sir Arthur.

"What can that be, sir?"

"That we shall ruin this poor man."

Case was thunderstruck at these words, or rather by the look which accompanied them. He recollected that he had laid himself open, before he was sure of Sir Arthur's *real* character. He softened, and said he should have had certainly more *consideration* in the case of any but a litigious pig-headed fellow, as he knew Price to be.

"If he be litigious," said Sir Arthur, "I shall certainly be glad to get him fairly out of the parish as soon as possible. When you go home you will be so good, sir, as to send me his lease, that I may satisfy myself, before we stir in this business."

The attorney, brightening up, prepared to take leave, but he would not persuade himself to take his departure, without making one push at Sir Arthur about the agency.

"I will not trouble *you*, Sir Arthur, with this lease of Price's," said he, "I'll leave it with your agent. Whom shall I apply to?"

"*To myself*, sir, if you please," replied Sir Arthur.

The courtiers of Louis the XIVth could not have looked more astounded than our attorney, when they received from their monarch a similar answer. It was this unexpected reply

of Sir Arthur's which had deranged the temper of Mr. Case, which had caused his wig to stand so crooked upon his forehead, and which rendered him impenetrably silent to his inquisitive daughter Barbara. After walking up and down his room, conversing with himself for some time, he concluded that the agency must be given to somebody, when Sir Arthur should go to attend his duty in parliament; that the agency, even for the winter season, was not a thing to be neglected, and that, if he managed well, he might yet secure in for himself. He had often found that small timely presents worked wonderfully upon his own mind, and he judged of others by himself. The tenants had been in the reluctant, but constant, practice of making him continual petty offerings, and he resolved to try the same course with Sir Arthur, whose resolution to be his own agent he thought argued a close, saving, avaricious disposition.

He had heard the housekeeper at the Abbey inquiring, as he passed through the servants, whether there was any lamb to be gotten? She said that Sir Arthur was remarkably fond of lamb, and that she wished she could get a quarter for him.

Immediately he sallied into his kitchen, as soon as the idea struck him, and asked a shepherd, who was waiting there, whether he knew of a nice fat lamb to be had any where in the neighbourhood.

"I know of one," cried Barbara; "Susan Price has a pet lamb, that's as fat as fat can be."

The attorney eagerly caught at these words, and speedily devised a scheme for obtaining Susan's lamb for nothing.

It would be something strange if an attorney of his talents and standing was not an overmatch for Simple Susan. He prowled forth in search of his prey; he found Susan packing up her father's little wardrobe, and when she looked up as she knelt, he saw that she had been in tears.

"How is your mother to-day, Susan?"

"Worse, sir. My father goes to-morrow."

"That's a pity."

"It can't be helped," said Susan, with a sigh.

"It can't be helped—how do you know that?" said he.

"Sir! *dear sir!*" cried she, looking up at him, and a sudden ray of hope beamed in her ingenuous countenance.

"And if you could help it, Susan?"

Susan clasped her hands in silence, more expressive than words.

"You *can* help it, Susan."

She started up in ecstasy.

"What would you give now to have your father at home for a whole week longer?"

"Any thing!—but I have nothing."

"Yes, but you have a lamb," said the hardhearted attorney.

"My poor little lamb," said Susan; "but what good can that do?"

"What good can any lamb do? Is not lamb good to eat? Why do you look so pale, girl? Are not sheep killed every day? and don't you eat mutton? Is your lamb better than any body else's, think you?"

"I don't know, but I love it better."

"More fool you."

"It feeds out of my hand; it follows me about; I have always taken care of it; my mother gave it to me."

"Well, say no more about it then; if you love your lamb better than your father and your mother both, keep it, and good morning to you."

"Stay, oh stay!" cried Susan, catching the skirt of his coat with an eager trembling hand;—"a whole week, did you say? My mother may get better in that time. No, I do not love my lamb half so well." The struggle of her mind ceased, and with a placid countenance and calm voice, "Take the lamb," said she.

“ Where is it? ” said the attorney.

“ Grazing in the meadow, by the river-side. ”

“ It must be brought up before night-fall for the butcher, remember. ”

“ I shall not forget it, ” said Susan, steadily. But as soon as her persecutor turned his back and quitted the house, she sat down, and hid her face in her hands. She was soon roused by the sound of her mother’s feeble voice, who was calling *Susan* from the inner room, where she lay. Susan went in, but did not undraw the curtain as she stood beside the bed.

“ Are you there, love? Undraw the curtain, that I may see you, and tell me—I thought I heard some strange voice just now talking to my child. Something’s amiss, Susan, ” said her mother, raising herself as well as she was able in the bed, to examine her daughter’s countenance.

“ Would you think it amiss, then, my dear mother, ” said Susan, stooping to kiss her, “ would you think it amiss, if my father was to stay with us a week longer? ”

“ Susan! you don’t say so? ”

“ He is indeed, a whole week—but how burning hot your hand is still. ”

“ Are you sure he will stay? How do you know? Who told you so? Tell me all quick. ”

“ Attorney Case told me so; he can get him a week’s longer leave of absence, and he has promised he will. ”

“ God bless him for it for ever and ever! ” said the poor woman, joining her hands. “ May the blessing of Heaven be with him! ”

Susan closed the curtains and was silent—she *could not say Amen*.

She was called out of the room at the moment; for a messenger was come from the Abbey for the bread bill. It was she who always made out the bills, for though she had not had

a great number of lessons from the writing-master, she had taken so much pains to learn, that she could write a very neat, legible hand, and she found this very useful; she was not, to be sure, particularly inclined to draw out a long bill at this instant, but business must be done. She set to work, ruled her lines for the pounds, shillings, and pence, made out the bill for the Abbey, and despatched the impatient messenger; then she resolved to make out all the bills for the neighbours, who had many of them taken a few loaves and rolls of her baking. "I had better get all my business finished," said she to herself, "before I go down to the meadow to take leave of my poor lamb." This was sooner said than done; for she found that she had a great number of bills to write, and the slate on which she had entered the account was not immediately to be found, and when it was found the figures were almost rubbed out; Barbara had sat down upon it; Susan pored over the number of loaves, and the names of the persons who took them, and she wrote, and cast up sums, and corrected and recorrected them, till her head grew quite puzzled.

The table was covered with little square bits of paper, on which she had been writing bills over and over again, when her father came in with a bill in his hand.

"How's this, Susan?" said he; "How can ye be so careless, child? What is your head running upon? Here, look at the bill you were sending up to the Abbey! I met the messenger, and luckily asked to see how much it was. Look at it."

Susan looked and blushed; it was written, "Sir Arthur Somers to John Price, debtor, six dozen *lambs*," so much. She altered it, and returned it to her father; but he had taken up some of the papers which lay upon the table.

"What are all these, child?"

"Some of them are wrong, and I've written them out again," said Susan.

“ Some of them! all of them, I think, seem to be wrong, if I can read,” said her father, rather angrily; and he pointed out to her sundry strange mistakes.

Her head indeed had been running upon her poor lamb. She corrected all the mistakes with so much patience, and bore to be blamed with so much good humour, that her father at last said, that it was impossible ever to scold Susan without being in the wrong at last.

As soon as all was set right, he took the bills, and said he would go round to the neighbours, and collect the money himself, for that he should be very proud to have it to say to them, that it was all earned by his own little daughter.

Susan resolved to keep the pleasure of telling him of his week's reprieve till he should come home to sup, as he had promised to do in her mother's room. She was not sorry to hear him sigh as he passed the knapsack, which she had been packing up for his journey.

“ How delighted he will be when he hears the good news!” said she to herself; “ but I know he will be a little sorry too for my poor lamb.”

As she had now settled all her business, she thought she could have time to go down to the meadow by the river-side to see her favourite; but, just as she had tied on her straw hat, the village clock struck four, and this was the hour at which she always went to fetch her little brothers home from a dame-school near the village. She knew that they would be disappointed if she was later than usual, and she did not like to keep them waiting, because they were very patient good boys; so she put off the visit to her lamb, and went immediately for her brothers.



“ Ev'n in the spring and play-time of the year'
“ That calls th' unwonted villager abroad.
“ With all her little ones, a sportive train,
“ To gather king-cups in the yellow mead,
“ And prink their heads with daisies.”

COWPER.

The dame-school, which was about a mile from the hamlet, was not a splendid mansion, but it was revered as much by the young race of village scholars, as if it had been the most stately edifice in the land; it was a low-roofed, long, thatched tenement, sheltered by a few reverend oaks, under which many generations of hopeful children had in their turn gambolled. The close shaven green, which sloped down from the hatch-door of the school-room, was paled round with a rude paling, which, though decayed in some parts by time, was not in any place broken by violence. The place bespoke order and peace. The dame who governed here was well obeyed, because she was just; and well beloved, because she was ever glad to give well-earned praise and pleasure to her little subjects.

Susan had once been under her gentle dominion, and had been deservedly her favourite scholar; the dame often cited her as the best example to the succeeding tribe of emulous youngsters.

Susan had scarcely opened the wicket which separated the green before the school-room door from the lane, when she heard the merry voices of the children, and saw the little troop issuing from the hatchway and spreading over the green.

“ Oh, there's our Susan!” cried her two little brothers, running, leaping, and bounding up to her; and many of the other rosy girls and boys crowded round her to talk of their

plays, for Susan was easily interested in all that made others happy; but she could not make them comprehend, that, if they all spoke at once, it was not possible that she could hear what was said. The voices were still raised one above another, all eager to establish some important observation about nine-pins, or marbles, or tops, or bows and arrows, when suddenly music was heard, unusual music, and the crowd was silenced. The music seemed to be near the spot where the children were standing, and they looked round to see whence it could come.

Susan pointed to the great oak tree, and they beheld, seated under its shade, an old man playing upon his harp.

The children all approached—at first timidly, for the sounds were solemn, but as the harper heard their little footsteps coming towards him, he changed his hand, and played one of his most lively tunes. The circle closed, and pressed nearer and nearer to him; some who were in the foremost row whispered to each other: “He is blind! What a pity!” and “He looks very poor; what a ragged coat he wears!” said others: “He must be very old, for all his hair is white, and he must have travelled a great way, for his shoes are quite worn out,” observed another.

All these remarks were made whilst he was tuning his harp, for when he once more began to play, not a word was uttered. He seemed pleased by their simple exclamations of wonder and delight, and, eager to amuse his young audience, he played now a gay and now a pathetic air, to suit their several humours.

Susan’s voice, which was soft and sweet, expressive of gentleness and good nature, caught his ear the moment she spoke; he turned his face eagerly to the place where she stood, and it was observed, that whenever she said that she liked any tune particularly, he played it over again.

“I am blind,” said the old man, “and cannot see your

faces, but I know you all asunder by your voices, and I can guess pretty well at all your humours and characters by your voices."

"Can you so, indeed!" cried Susan's little brother William, who had stationed himself between the old man's knees, "then you heard *my* sister Susan speak just now. Can you tell us what sort of a person she is?"

"That I can, I think, without being a conjuror," said the old man, lifting the boy up on his knee; "*your* sister Susan is good-natured."

The boy clapped his hands.

"And good tempered."

"*Right*," said little William, with a louder clap of applause.

"And very fond of the little boy who sits upon my knee."

"Oh right! right! quite right!" exclaimed the child, and "Quite right!" echoed on all sides.

"But how came you to know so much, when you are blind?" said William, examining the old man attentively.

"Hush," said John, who was a year older than his brother, and very sage, "you should not put him in mind of his being blind."

"Though I am blind," said the harper, "I can hear, you know, and I heard from your sister herself all that I told you of her, that she was good-tempered, and good-natured, and fond of you."

"Oh, that's wrong—you did not hear all that from herself, I'm sure," said John, "for nobody ever hears her praising herself."

"Did not I hear her tell you, when you first came round me, that she was in a great hurry to go home, but that she would stay a little while, since you wished it so much—was not that good-natured? and when you said you did not like the tune she liked best, she was not angry with you, but said,

‘Then, play William’s first, if you please.’ Was not that good-tempered?”

“Oh,” interrupted William, “it’s all true; but how did you find out that she was fond of me?”

“That is such a difficult question,” said the harper, “that I must take time to consider.” He tuned his harp as he pondered, or seemed to ponder; and at this instant two boys, who had been searching for bird’s-nests in the hedges, and who had heard the sound of the harp, came blustering up, and, pushing their way through the circle, one of them exclaimed,

“What’s going on here? Who are you, my old fellow? A blind harper; well, play us a tune, if you can play ever a good one—play me—let’s see, what shall he play, Bob?” added he, turning to his companion. “Bumper Squire Jones.”

The old man, though he did not seem quite pleased with the peremptory manner of the request, played, as he was desired, “Bumper Squire Jones;” and several other tunes were afterward bespoke by the same rough and tyrannical voice.

The little children shrunk back in timid silence, and eyed the great brutal boy with dislike.

This boy was the son of attorney Case, and, as his father had neglected to correct his temper when he was a child, as he grew up it became insufferable: all who were younger and weaker than himself dreaded his approach, and detested him as a tyrant.

When the old harper was so tired that he could play no more, a lad who usually carried his harp for him, and who was within call, came up, and held his master’s hat to the company, saying, “Will you be pleased to remember us?” The children readily produced their halfpence, and thought their wealth well bestowed upon this poor good-natured man, who had taken so much pains to entertain them, better even than upon the

ginger-bread-woman, whose stall they loved to frequent. The hat was held some time to the attorney's son before he chose to see it; at last he put his hand surlily into his waistcoat pocket, and pulled out a shilling; there were six-penny-worth of halfpence in the hat. "I'll take these halfpence," said he, "and here's a shilling for you."

"Bless you, sir!" said the lad; but as he took the shilling, which the young gentleman had slyly put *into the blind man's hand*, he saw that it was not worth one farthing.

"I am afraid it is not good, sir," said the lad, whose business it was to examine the money for his master.

"I am afraid, then, you'll get no other," said young Case, with an insulting laugh.

"It will never do, sir," persisted the lad, "look at it yourself, the edges are all yellow; you can see the copper through it quite plain; sir, nobody will take it from us."

"That's your affair," said the brutal boy, pushing away his hand; "you may pass it, you know, as well as I do, if you look sharp—you have taken it from me, and I sha'n't take it back again, I promise you."

A whisper of "That's very unjust" was heard.—The little assembly, though under evident constraint, could no longer suppress their indignation.

"Who says it's unjust?" cried the tyrant sternly, looking down upon his judges.

Susan's little brothers had held her gown fast to prevent her from moving at the beginning of this contest, and she was now so much interested to see the end of it, that she stood still, without making any resistance.

"Is any one here amongst yourselves a judge of silver?" said the old man.

"Yes, here's the butcher's boy," said the attorney's son; show it to him."

He was a sickly-looking boy, and of a remarkably peaceable disposition.

Young Case fancied that he would be afraid to give judgment against him; however, after some moments' hesitation, and after turning the shilling round several times, he pronounced, "that, as far as his judgment went, but he did not pretend to be downright *certain sure* of it, the shilling was not over and above good." Then turning to Susan, to screen himself from manifest danger, for the attorney's son looked upon him with a vengeful mien, "But here's Susan here, who understands silver a great deal better than I do, she takes a power of it for bread you know."

"I'll leave it to her," said the old harper; "if she says the shilling is good, keep it, Jack."

The shilling was handed to Susan, who, though she had with becoming modesty foreborne all interference, did not hesitate, when she was called upon, to speak the truth: "I think that this shilling is a bad one," said she; and the gentle but firm tone in which she pronounced the words, for a moment awed and silenced the angry and brutal boy.

"There's another then," cried he, "I have sixpences and shillings too, in plenty, thank my stars."

Susan now walked away with her two little brothers, and all the other children separated to go to their several homes.

The old harper called to Susan, and begged, that if she was going towards the village, she would be so kind as to show him the way.

His lad took up his harp, and little William took the old man by the hand: "I'll lead him, I can lead him," said he, and John ran on before them, to gather king-cups in the meadow.

There was a small rivulet, which they had to cross, and as the plank which served for a bridge over it was rather narrow,

Susan was afraid to trust the old blind man to his little conductor; she therefore went on the tottering plank first herself, and then led the old harper carefully over: they were now come to a gate, which opened upon the high road to the village.

"There is the high road straight before you," said Susan to the lad, who was carrying his master's harp, "you can't miss it; now I must bid you a good evening, for I'm in a great hurry to get home, and must go the short way across the fields here, which would not be so pleasant for you, because of the stiles. Good bye."

The old harper thanked her, and went along the high road, whilst she and her brothers tripped on as fast as they could by the short way across the fields.

"Miss Somers, I am afraid, will be waiting for us," said Susan: "you know she said she would call at six, and by the length of our shadows I'm sure it is late."

"When they came to their own cottage door, they heard many voices, and they saw, when they entered, several ladies standing in the kitchen.

"Come in, Susan, we thought you had quite forsaken us," said miss Somers to Susan, who advanced timidly. "I fancy you forgot, that we promised to pay you a visit this evening; but you need not blush so much about the matter, there is no great harm done, we have only been here about five minutes, and we have been well employed in admiring your neat garden, and your orderly shelves. Is it you, Susan, who keep these things in such nice order?" continued miss Somers, looking round the kitchen.

Before Susan could reply, little William pushed forward, and answered, "Yes, ma'am; it is *my* sister Susan that keeps every thing neat, and she always comes to school for us too, which was what caused her to be so late." "Because as how,"

continued John, she was loath to refuse us hearing a blind man play on the harp—it was we kept her, and we hopes, ma'am, as you *are*—as you *seem* so good, you won't take it amiss. ”

Miss Somers and her sister smiled at the affectionate simplicity with which Susan's little brothers undertook her defence, and they were, from this slight circumstance, disposed to think yet more favourably of a family which seemed so well united.

They took Susan along with them through the village; many came to their doors, and, far from envying, all secretly wished Susan well as she passed.

“ I fancy we shall find what we want here, ” said miss Somers, stopping before a shop, where unfolded sheets of pins and glass buttons glistened in the window, and where rolls of many-coloured ribands appeared ranged in tempting order. She went in, and was rejoiced to see the shelves at the back of the counter well furnished with glossy tires of stuffs, and gay, neat printed linens and calicoes.

“ Now, Susan, choose yourself a gown, ” said miss Somers; “ you set an example of industry and good conduct, of which we wish to take public notice, for the benefit of others. ”

The shop-keeper, who was father to Susan's friend, Rose, looked much satisfied by this speech, and as if a compliment had been paid to himself, bowed low to miss Somers, and then with alertness, which a London linen-draper might have admired, produced piece after piece of his best goods to his young customer—unrolled, unfolded, held the bright stuffs and calendered calicoes in various lights. Now stretched his arm to the highest shelves, and brought down in a trice what seemed to be beyond the reach of any but a giant's arm: now dived into some hidden recess beneath the counter, and brought to light fresh beauties and fresh temptations.

Susan looked on with more indifference than most of the

spectators. She was thinking much of her lamb, and more of her father.

Miss Somers had put a bright guinea into her hand, and had bid her pay for her own gown; but Susan, as she looked at the guinea, thought it was a great deal of money to lay out upon herself, and she wished, but did not know how to ask, that she might keep it for a better purpose.

Some people are wholly inattentive to the lesser feelings, and incapable of reading the countenances of those on whom they bestow their bounty. Miss Somers and her sister were not of this roughly charitable class.

"She does not like any of these things," whispered miss Somers to her sister.

"Her sister observed, that Susan looked as if her thoughts were far distant from gowns."

"If you don't fancy any of these things," said the civil shopkeeper to Susan, "we shall have a new assortment of calicoes for the spring season soon from town."

"Oh," interrupted Susan, with a smile and a blush, "these are all pretty and too good for me, but——"

"*But* what, Susan? said miss Somers. "Tell us what is passing in your little mind!"

Susan hesitated.

"Well then; we will not press you; you are scarcely acquainted with us yet; when you are, you will not be afraid, I hope, to speak, your mind. Put this shining yellow counter," continued she, pointing to the guinea, "in your pocket, and make what use of it you please. From what we know, and from what we have heard of you, we are persuaded that you will make a good use of it."

"I think, madam," said the master of the shop, with a shrewd good-natured look, "I could give a pretty good guess myself what will become of that guinea—but I say nothing."

“ No, that is right,” said miss Somers; “ we leave Susan entirely at liberty, and now we will not detain her any longer. Good night, Susan, we shall soon come again to your neat cottage.”

Susan curtsied with an expressive look of gratitude, and with a modest frankness in her countenance, which seemed to say, “ I would tell you and welcome what I want to do with the guinea—but I am not used to speak before so many people; when you come to our cottage again you shall know all.”

When Susan had departed, miss Somers turned to the obliging shopkeeper, who was folding up all the things he had opened. “ You have had a great deal of trouble with us, sir,” said she; “ and since Susan will not choose a gown for herself, I must.” She selected the prettiest, and whilst the man was rolling it in paper, she asked him several questions about Susan and her family, which he was delighted to answer, because he had now an opportunity of saying as much as he wished in her praise.

“ No later back, ma’am, than last May morning,” said he, “ as my daughter Rose was telling us, Susan did a turn, in her quiet way, by her mother, that would not displease you if you were to hear it. She was to have been queen of the May, ladies, which, in our little village, amongst the younger tribe, is a thing, ladies, that is thought of a good deal—but Susan’s mother was ill, and Susan, after sitting up with her all night, would not leave her in the morning, even when they brought the crown to her. She put the crown upon my daughter Rose’s head with her own hands, and to be sure Rose loves her as well as if she was her own sister; but I don’t speak from partiality, for I am no relation whatever to the Prices, only a well-wisher, as every one, I believe, who knows them, is—I’ll send the parcel up to the Abbey, shall I, ma’am?”

“ If you please,” said miss Somers, “ and let us know as soon as you receive your new things from town. You will,

I hope, find us good customers, and well-wishers," added she, with a smile; "for those who wish well to their neighbours surely deserve to have well-wishers themselves."

A few words may encourage the benevolent passions, and may dispose people to live in peace and happiness;—a few words may set them at variance, and may lead to misery and lawsuits: attorney Case and miss Somers were both equally convinced of this, and their practice was uniformly consistent with their principles.

But now to return to Susan.—She put the bright guinea carefully into the glove, with the twelve shillings which she had received from her companions on May-day. Besides this treasure, she calculated that the amount of the bills for bread could not be less than eight or nine and thirty shillings, and as her father was now sure of a week's reprieve, she had great hopes that, by some means or other, it should be possible to make up the whole sum necessary to pay for a substitute, "If that could be done," said she to herself, "how happy would my mother be! She would be quite stout again, for she certainly is a great deal better since morning, since I told her that father would stay a week longer. Ah! but she would not have blessed attorney Case though, if she had known about my poor Daisy."

Susan took the path that led to the meadow by the water-side, resolved to go by herself, and take leave of her innocent favourite. But she did not pass by unperceived; her little brothers were watching for her return, and as soon as they saw her, they ran after her, and overtook her as she reached the meadow.

"What did that good lady want with you?" cried William; but looking up in his sister's face, he saw tears in her eyes, and he was silent, and walked on quietly.

Susan saw her lamb by the water-side.

“ Who are those two men? ” said William. “ What are they going to do with *Daisy*? ”

The two men were attorney Case and the butcher. The butcher was feeling whether the lamb was fat.

Susan sat down upon the bank in silent sorrow; her little brothers ran up to the butcher, and demanded whether he was going to *do any harm* to the lamb.

The butcher did not answer, but the attorney replied, “ It is not your sister’s lamb any longer, it’s mine—mine to all intents and purposes. ”

“ Yours, ” cried the children with terror; “ and will you kill it? ”

“ That’s the butcher’s business. ”

The little boys now burst into piercing lamentations; they pushed away the butcher’s hand, they threw their arms round the neck of the lamb, they kissed its forehead—it bleated.

“ It will not bleat to-morrow; ” said William, and he wept bitterly.

The butcher looked aside, and hastily rubbed his eyes with the corner of his blue apron.

The attorney stood unmoved; he pulled up the head of the lamb, which had just stooped to crop a mouthful of clover. “ I have no time to waste, ” said he; “ butcher, you’ll account with me. If it’s fat—the sooner the better. I’ve no more to say. ” And he walked off deaf to the prayers of the poor children.

As soon as the attorney was out of sight, Susan rose from the bank where she was seated, came up to her lamb, and stooped to gather some of the fresh dewy trefoil, to let it eat out of her hand for the last time. Poor *Daisy* licked her well-known hand.

“ Now, let us go, ” said Susan.

“ I’ll wait as long as you please, ” said the butcher.

Susan thanked him, and walked away quickly, without looking again at her lamb.

Her little brothers begged the man to stay a few minutes, for they had gathered a handful of blue speedwell and yellow crowsfoot, and they were decking the poor animal.

As it followed the boys through the village, the children collected as they passed, and the butcher's own son was among the number. Susan's steadiness about the bad shilling was full in this boy's memory, it had saved him a beating; he went directly to his father to beg the life of Susan's lamb.

"I was thinking about it, boy, myself," said the butcher; "it's a sin to kill a *pet lamb*, I'm thinking—any way it's what I am not used to, and don't fancy doing, and I'll go and say as much to attorney Case—but he's a hard man; there's but one way to deal with him, and that's the way I must take, though so be I shall be the loser thereby: but we'll say nothing to the boys, for fear it might be the thing would not take, and then it would be worse again to poor Susan, who is a good girl, and always was, as well she may, being of a good breed, and well reared from the first."

"Come, lads, don't keep a crowd and a scandal about my door," continued he aloud to the children; "turn the lamb in here, John, in the paddock, for to-night, and go your ways home."

The crowd dispersed, but murmured, and the butcher went to the attorney. "Seeing that all you want is a good, fat, tender lamb, for a present for Sir Arthur, as you told me," said the butcher, "I could let you have what's as good and better for your purpose."

"Better—if it's better, I'm ready to hear reason."

The butcher had choice, tender lamb, he said, fit to eat the next day; and as Mr. Case was impatient to make his offering to Sir Arthur, he accepted the butcher's proposal, though with

such seeming reluctance, that he actually squeezed out of him, before he would complete the bargain, a bribe of a fine sweet-bread.

In the mean time Susan's brother ran home to tell her that her lamb was put into the paddock for the night; this was all they knew, and even this was some comfort to her. Rose, her good friend, was with her, and she had, before her, the pleasure of telling her father of his week's reprieve—her mother was better, and even said she was determined to sit up to supper in her wicker arm-chair.

Susan was getting things ready for supper, when little William, who was standing at the house-door, watching in the dusk for his father's return, suddenly exclaimed, "Susan! if here is not our old man!"

"Yes," said the old harper, "I have found my way to you; the neighbours were kind enough to show me whereabouts you lived, for though I didn't know your name, they guessed who I meant by what I said of you all."

Susan came to the door, and the old man was delighted to hear her speak again.

"If it would not be too bold," said he, "I'm a stranger in this part of the country, and come from afar off; my boy has got a bed for himself here in the village, but I have no place—could you be so charitable to give an old blind man a night's lodging?"

Susan said she would step and ask her mother, and she soon returned with an answer, that he was heartily welcome, if he could sleep upon the children's bed, which was but small.

The old man thankfully entered the hospitable cottage—he struck his head against the low roof as he stepped over the door-sill.

"Many roofs that are twice as high are not half so good," said he.

Of this he had just had experience at the house of attorney Case, where he had asked, but had been roughly refused all assistance by miss Barbara, who was, according to her usual custom, standing, staring at the hall-door.

The old man's harp was set down in farmer Price's kitchen, and he promised to play a tune for the boys before they went to bed; their mother giving them leave to sit up to supper with their father.

He came home with a sorrowful countenance; but how soon did it brighten, when Susan, with a smile, said to him, "Father, we've good news for you! good news for us all!—you have a whole week longer to stay with us, and perhaps," continued she, putting her little purse into his hands, "perhaps with what's here, and the breadbills, and what may some how be got together before a week's at an end, we may make up the nine guineas for the substitute, as they call him; who knows, dear mother, but we may keep him with us for ever?"—As she spoke she threw her arms round her father, who pressed her to his bosom without speaking, for his heart was full. He was some little time before he could perfectly believe that what he heard was true: but the revived smiles of his wife, the noisy joy of his little boys, and the satisfaction that shone in Susan's countenance, convinced him that he was not in a dream.

As they sat down to supper, the old harper was made welcome to his share of the cheerful though frugal meal.

Susan's father, as soon as supper was finished, even before he would let the harper play a tune for his boys, opened the little purse which Susan had given to him; he was surprised at the sight of the twelve shillings, and still more when he came to the bottom of the purse, to see the bright golden guinea.

"How did you come by all this money?" said he.

“Honestly and handsomely, that I’m sure of beforehand,” said her proud mother; “but how I can’t make out, except by the baking. Hey, Susan, is this your first baking?”

“Oh, no, no,” said her father, “I have her first baking snug here, besides, in my pocket. I kept it for a surprise, to do your mother’s heart good, Susan. Here’s twenty-nine shillings; and the Abbey bill, which is not paid yet, comes to ten more. What think you of this, wife? Have we not a right to be proud of our Susan? Why,” continued he, turning to the harper, “I ask your pardon for speaking out so free before strangers in praise of my own, which I know is not mannerly; but the truth is the fittest thing to be spoken, as I think, at all times; therefore here’s your good health, Susan;—why, by and by she’ll be worth her weight in gold—in silver at least. But tell us, child, how you came by all these riches, and how comes it that I don’t go to-morrow—All this a ppy news makes me so gay in myself, I’m afraid I shall hardly understand it rightly. But speak on, child—first bringing us a bottle of the good mead you made last night from your own honey.”

Susan did not much like to tell the history of her guinea-hen—of the gown—and of her poor lamb—part of this would seem as if she was vaunting of her own generosity, and part of it she did not like to recollect. But her mother pressed to know the whole, and she related it as simply as she could. When she came to the story of the lamb, her voice faltered, and every body present was touched. The old harper sighed once, and cleared his throat several times—he then asked for his harp, and, after tuning it for a considerable time, he recollected, for he had often fits of absence, that he sent for it to play the tune he had promised to the boys.

This harper came from a great distance, from the mountains of Wales, to contend with several other competitors for a

prize, which had been advertised by a musical society about a year before this time. There was to be a splendid ball given upon the occasion at Shrewsbury, which was about five miles from our village. The prize was ten guineas for the best performer on the harp, and the prize was now to be decided in a few days.

All this intelligence Barbara had long since gained from her maid, who often went to visit in the town of Shrewsbury, and she had long had her imagination inflamed with the idea of this splendid music-meeting and ball. Often had she sighed to be there, and often had she revolved in her mind schemes for introducing herself to some *genteel* neighbours, who might take her to the ball *in their carriage*. How rejoiced, how triumphant was she, when this very evening, just about the time when the butcher was bargaining with her father about Susan's lamb, a *livery* servant from the Abbey rapped at the door, and left a card of invitation for Mr. and miss Barbara Case!

"There," cried Bab, "*I* and *papa* are to dine and drink tea at the Abbey to-morrow. Who knows? I dare say, when they see that I am not a vulgar looking person, and all that—and if I go cunningly to work with miss Somers—as I shall—to be sure, I dare say she'll take me to the ball with her."

"To be sure," said the maid, "it's the least one may expect from a lady that *demeans* herself to visit Susan Price, and goes about a-shopping for her; the least she can do for you is to take you in her carriage, *which* costs nothing, but is just a common civility, to a ball."

"Then pray, Betty," continued miss Barbara, "don't forget to-morrow, the first thing you do, to send off to Shrewsbury for my new bonnet. I must have it to *dine in*, at the Abbey, or the ladies will think nothing of me—and, Betty, remember the mantua-maker too. I must see and coax *papa*, to buy

me a new gown against the ball. I can see, you know, something of the fashions to-morrow at the Abbey. I shall *look the ladies well over*, I promise you. And, Betty, I have thought of the most charming present for miss Somers : as papa says, it's good never to go empty-handed to a great house ; I'll make miss Somers, who is fond, as her maid told you, of such things — I'll make miss Somers a present of that guinea-hen of Susan's ; — it's of no use to me, so do you carry it up early in the morning to the Abbey with my compliments—That's the thing."

In full confidence that her present, and her bonnet, would operate effectually in her favour, miss Barbara paid her first visit to the Abbey. She expected to see wonders : she was dressed in all the finery which she had heard from her maid, who had heard from the prentice of a Shrewsbury milliner, was *the thing* in London ; and she was much surprised and disappointed when she was shown into the room where the miss Somerses, and the ladies at the Abbey, were sitting, to see that they did not, in any one part of their dress, agree with the picture her imagination had formed of fashionable ladies. She was embarrassed when she saw books, and work, and drawings, upon the table ; and she began to think, that some affront was meant to her, because the *company* did not sit with their hands before them. When miss Somers endeavoured to find out conversation that would interest her, and spoke of walks, and flowers, and gardening, of which she was herself fond, miss Barbara still thought herself undervalued, and soon contrived to expose her ignorance most completely, by talking of things which she did not understand.

Those who never attempt to appear what they are not—those who do not in their manners pretend to any thing unsuited to their habits and situation in life, never are in danger of being laughed at by sensible wellbred people of any rank ; but

affectation is the constant and just object of ridicule.

Miss Barbara Case, with her mistaken airs of gentility, aiming to be thought a woman, and a fine lady, whilst she was in reality a child, and a vulgar attorney's daughter, rendered herself so thoroughly ridiculous, that the good-natured, yet discerning spectators, were painfully divided between their sense of comic absurdity, and a feeling of shame for one who could feel nothing for herself.

One by one the ladies dropped off—miss Somers went out of the room for a few minutes to alter her dress, as it was the custom of the family, before dinner. She left a portfolio of pretty drawings and good prints, for miss Barbara's amusement; but miss Barbara's thoughts were so intent upon the harpers' ball, that she could not be entertained with such trifles.

How unhappy are those who spend their time in expectation! They can never enjoy the present.

Whilst Barbara was contriving means of interesting miss Somers in her favour, she recollected, with surprise that not one word had yet been said of her present of the guinea-hen.

Mrs. Betty, in the hurry of her dressing her young lady in the morning, had forgotten it, but it came just whilst miss Somers was dressing, and the housekeeper came into her mistress's room to announce it's arrival.

"Ma'am," said she, "here's a beautiful guinea-hen just come, *with* miss Barbara Case's compliments to you."

Miss Somers knew, by the tone in which the housekeeper delivered this message, that there was something in the business which did not perfectly please her. She made no answer, in expectation that the housekeeper, who was a woman of a very open temper, would explain her cause of dissatisfaction. In this she was not mistaken: the housekeeper came close up to the dressing-table, and continued, "I never like to speak

till I'm sure, ma'am, and I'm not quite sure, to say certain, in this case, ma'am, but still I think it right to tell you, which can't wrong any body, what came across my mind about this same guinea-hen, ma'am, and you can inquire into it, and do as you please afterwards, ma'am. Some time ago we had fine guinea-fowls of our own, and I made bold, not thinking, to be sure, that all our own would die away from us, as they have done, to give a fine couple last Christmas to Susan Price, and very fond and pleased she was at the time, and I'm sure would never have parted with the hen with her good-will; but if my eyes don't strangely mistake, this hen that comes from miss Barbara, is the self-same identic alguinea-hen that I gave to Susan. And how miss Bab came by it is the thing that puzzles me. If my boy Philip was at home, may be, as he's often at Mrs. Price's (which I don't disapprove), he might know the history of the guinea-hen. I expect him home this night, and, if you have no objection, I will sift the affair."

"The shortest way, I should think," said Henrietta, "would be to ask miss Case herself about it, which I will do this evening."

"If you please, ma'am," said the housekeeper, coldly, for she knew that miss Barbara was not famous in the village for speaking the truth.

Dinner was now served. Attorney Case expected to smell mint-sauce, and as the covers were taken from off the dishes, looked around for lamb—but no lamb appeared. He had a dexterous knack of twisting the conversation to his point.

Sir Arthur was speaking, when they sat down to dinner, of a new carving-knife, which he lately had had made for his sister; the attorney immediately went from carving-knives to poultry, thence to butcher's meat: some joints, he observed, were much more difficult to carve than others; he never saw a man carve better than the gentleman opposite him, who was

the curate of the parish. "But, sir," said the vulgar attorney, "I must make bold to differ with you in one point, and I'll appeal to Sir Arthur. Sir Arthur, pray, may I ask, when you carve a fore-quarter of lamb, do you, when you raise the shoulder, throw in salt or not?"

This well-prepared question was not lost upon Sir Arthur: the attorney was thanked for his intended present, but mortified and surprised to hear Sir Arthur say, that it was a constant rule of his never to accept of any presents from his neighbours. "If we were to accept a lamb from a rich neighbour on my estate," said he, "I am afraid we should mortify many of our poor tenants, who can have little to offer, though, perhaps, they may bear us thorough good-will notwithstanding."

After the ladies left the dining-room, as they were walking up and down the large hall, miss Barbara had a fair opportunity of imitating her keen father's method of conversing. One of the ladies observed, that this hall would be a charming place for music—Bab brought in harps, and harpers, and the harpers' ball, in a breath. — "I know so much about it, about the ball I mean," said she, "because a lady in Shrewsbury, a friend of papa's, offered to take me with her, but papa did not like to give her the trouble of sending so far for me, though she has a coach of her own."

Barbara fixed her eyes upon miss Somers, as she spoke, but she could not read her countenance as distinctly as she wished, because miss Somers was at this moment letting down the veil of her hat.

"Shall we walk out before tea?" said she to her companions. "I have a pretty guinea-hen to show you."

Barbara, secretly drawing propitious omens from the guinea-hen, followed with a confident step.

The pheasantry was well filled with pheasants, peacocks, etc., and Susan's pretty little guinea-hen appeared well, even in

this high company—it was much admired. Barbara was in glory—but her glory was of short duration. Just as miss Somers was going to inquire into the guinea-hen's history, Philip came up, to ask permission to have a bit of sycamore, to turn a nutmeg-box for his mother.

Philip was an ingenious lad, and a good turner for his age; Sir Arthur had put by a bit of sycamore on purpose for him, and miss Somers told him where it was to be found. He thanked her, but in the midst of his bow of thanks his eye was struck by the sigh of the guinea-hen, and he involuntarily exclaimed, "Susan's guinea-hen, I declare!"

"No, it's not Susan's guinea-hen," said miss Barbara, colouring furiously. "It is mine, and I've made a present of it to miss Somers."

At the sound of Bab's voice Philip turned—saw her—and indignation, unrestrained by the presence of all the amazed spectators, flashed in his countenance.

"What is the matter, Philip?" said miss Somers, in a pacifying tone; but Philip was not inclined to be pacified.

"Why, ma'am," said he, "may I speak out?" and, without waiting for permission, he spoke out, and gave a full, true, and warm account of Rose's embassy and of miss Barbara's cruel and avaricious proceedings.

Barbara denied, prevaricated, stammered, and at last was overcome with confusion, for which even the most indulgent spectators could scarcely pity her.

Miss Somers, however, mindful of what was due to her guest, was anxious to despatch Philip for his piece of sycamore.

Bab recovered herself as soon as he was out of sight, but she further exposed herself by exclaiming, "I'm sure I wish this pitiful guinea-hen had never come into my possession. I wish Susan had kept it at home, as she should have done!"

"Perhaps she will be more careful, now that she has

received so strong a lesson," said miss Somers. " Shall we try her?" continued she; " Philip will, I dare say, take the guinea-hen back to Susan, if we desire it."

" If you please, ma'am," said Barbara, sullenly; " I have nothing more to do with it."

So the guinea-hen was delivered to Philip, who set off joyfully with his prize, and was soon in sight of farmer Price's cottage.

He stopped when he came to the door; he recollected Rose, and her generous friendship for Susan; he was determined that she should have the pleasure of restoring the guinea-hen; he ran into the village; all the children who had given up their little purse on May-day were assembled on the play-green; they were delighted to see the guinea-hen once more—Philip took his pipe and tabor, and they marched in innocent triumph towards the white-washed cottage.

" Let me come with you—let me come with you," said the butcher's boy to Philip. " Stop one minute! my father has something to say to you."

He darted into his father's house. The little procession stopped, and in a few minutes the bleating of a lamb was heard. Through a back passage which led into the paddock behind the house they saw the butcher leading a lamb.

" It is Daisy," exclaimed Rose—" It's Daisy!" repeated all her companions. " Susan's lamb!" and there was a universal shout of joy.

" Well, for my part," said the good butcher, as soon as he could be heard, " for my part I would not be so cruel as attorney Case for the whole world. These poor brute-beasts don't know beforehand what's going to happen to them; and as for dying, it's what we must all do some time or another; but to keep wringing the hearts of the living, that have as much sense as one's self, is what I call cruel; and is not this what attorney

Case has been doing by poor Susan and her whole family, ever since he took a spite against them? But, at any rate, here's Susan's lamb safe and sound; I'd have taken it back sooner, but I was off before day to the fair, and am but just come back; however, Daisy has been as well off in my paddock, as he would have been in the field by the water-side."

The obliging shopkeeper, who showed the pretty calicoes to Susan, was now at his door; and when he saw the lamb, heard that it was Susan's, and learnt its history, he said that he would add his mite, and he gave the children some ends of narrow riband, with which Rose decorated her friend's lamb.

The pipe and tabor now once more began to play, and the procession moved on in joyful order, after giving the humane butcher three cheers — three cheers which were better deserved than "loud huzzas" usually are.

Susan was working in her arbour, with her little deal table before her; when she heard the sound of the music, she put down her work and listened; she saw the crowd of children coming nearer and nearer: they had closed round Daisy, so that she could not see him, but as they came up to the garden-gate she saw Rose beckon to her. Philip played as loud as he could, that she might not hear, till the proper moment, the bleating of the lamb.

Susan opened the garden-wicket, and at this signal the crowd divided, and the first thing that Susan saw in the midst of her taller friends was little smiling Mary, with the guinea-hen in her arms.

"Come on! come on!" cried Mary, as Susan started with joyful surprise, "you have more to see."

At this instant the music paused; Susan heard the bleating of a lamb, and scarcely daring to believe her senses, she pressed eagerly forwards, and beheld poor Daisy! — she burst into tears.

"I did not shed one tear when I parted with you, my dear little Daisy!" said she; "it was for my father and mother; I would not have parted with you for any thing else in the whole world. Thank you, thank you all," added she to her companions, who sympathized in her joy even more than they had sympathized in her sorrow. "Now if my father was not to go away from us next week, and if my mother was quite stout, I should be the happiest person in the world!"

As Susan pronounced these words, a voice behind the listening crowd cried, in a brutal tone, "Let us pass, if you please; you have no right to stop up the public road!" This was the voice of attorney Case, who was returning with his daughter Barbara from his visit to the Abbey. He saw the lamb, and tried to whistle as he passed on; Barbara also saw the guinea-hen, and turned her head another way, that she might avoid the contemptuous, reproachful looks of those whom she only affected to despise. Even her new bonnet, in which she had expected to be so much admired, was now only serviceable to hide her face, and conceal her mortification.

"I am glad she saw the guinea-hen," cried Rose, who now held it in her hands.

"Yes," said Philip, "she'll not forget May-day in a burry."

"Nor I neither, I hope," said Susan, looking round upon her companions with a most affectionate smile; "I hope, whilst I live, I shall never forget your goodness to me last May-day. Now I've my pretty guinea-hen safe once more, I should think of returning your money."

"No! no! no!" was the general cry. "We don't want the money—keep it, keep it—you want it for your father."

"Well," said Susan, "I am not too proud to be obliged. I *will* keep your money for my father. Perhaps some time or other I may be able to earn—"

"Oh," interrupted Philip, "don't let us talk of earning,

don't let us talk to her of money now ; she has not had time hardly to look at poor Daisy and her guinea-hen. Come, we had best go about our business, and let her have them all to herself. ”

The crowd moved away in consequence of Philip's considerate advice ; but it was observed that he was the very last to stir from the garden-wicket himself. He staid, first, to inform Susan that it was Rose who tied the ribands on Daisy's head ; then he staid a little longer to let her into the history of the guinea-hen, and to tell her who it was that brought her hen home from the Abbey.

Rose held the sieve, and Susan was feeding her long-lost favourite, whilst Philip leaned over the wicket prolonging his narration.

“ Now, my pretty guinea-hen, my naughty guinea-hen, that flew away from me, you shall never serve me so again—I must cut your nice wings, but I won't hurt you. ”

“ Take care, ” cried Philip ; “ you'd better, indeed you'd better let me hold her, whilst you cut her wings. ”

When this operation was successfully performed, which it certainly could never have been, if Philip had not held the hen for Susan, he recollected that his mother had sent him with a message to Mrs. Price.

This message led to another quarter of an hour's delay, for he had the whole history of the guinea-hen to tell over again to Mrs. Price ; and the farmer himself luckily came in whilst it was going on, so it was but civil to begin it afresh ; and then the farmer was so rejoiced to see his Susan so happy again with her two little favourites that he declared he must see Daisy fed himself, and Philip found that he was wanted to hold the jug full of milk, out of which farmer Price filled the pan for Daisy ! happy Daisy ! who lapped at his ease, whilst Susan caressed him, and thanked her fond father and her pleased mother.

“ But Philip, ” said Mrs. Price, “ I’ll hold the jug—you’ll be late with your message to your mother ; we’ll not detain you any longer. ”

Philip departed, and as he went out of the garden-wicket he looked up, and saw Bab and her maid Betty staring out of the window, as usual ; on this he immediately turned back to try whether he had shut the gate fast, lest the guinea-hen might stray out and fall again into the hands of the enemy.

Miss Barbara, in the course of this day, had felt considerable mortification, but no contrition. She was vexed that her meanness was discovered, but she felt no desire to cure herself of any of her faults. The ball was still uppermost in her vain selfish soul.

“ Well, ” said she, to her confidante Betty, “ you hear how things have turned out ; but if miss Somers won’t think of asking me to go with her, I’ve a notion I know who will. As papa says, it’s a good thing to have two strings to one’s bow. ”

Now some officers who were quartered at Shrewsbury had become acquainted with Mr. Case ; they had gotten into some quarrel with a tradesman in the town, and attorney Case had promised to bring them through the affair, as the man threatened to take the law of them. Upon the faith of this promise, and with the vain hope, that by civility they might dispose him to bring in a *reasonable* bill of costs, these officers sometimes invited Mr. Case to the mess ; and one of them, who had lately been married, prevailed upon his bride *sometimes* to take a little notice of miss Barbara. It was with this lady that miss Barbara now hoped to go to the harpers’ ball.

“ The officers and Mrs. Strathspey, or more properly Mrs. Strathspey and the officers, are to breakfast here to-morrow, do you know, ” said Bab to Betty. “ One of them dined at the Abbey to-day, and told papa they’d all come ; they are

going out on a party somewhere into the country, and breakfast here in their way. Pray, Betty, don't forget that Mrs. Strathspey can't breakfast without honey; I heard hersay so myself."

"Then, indeed," said Betty, "I'm afraid Mrs. Strathspey will be likely to go without her breakfast here, for not a spoonful of honey have we, let her long for it ever so much."

"But surely," said Bab, "we can contrive to get some honey in the neighbourhood."

"There's none to be bought, as I know of," said Betty.

"But is there none to be begged or borrowed?" said Bab, laughing. "Do you forget Susan's bee-hive? Step over to her in the morning with *my compliments* and see what you can do—tell her it is for Mrs. Strathspey."

In the morning Betty went with miss Barbara's compliments to Susan, to beg some honey for Mrs. Strathspey, who could not breakfast without it.

Susan did not like to part with her honey, because her mother loved it, and she therefore gave Betty but a small quantity: when Barbara saw how little Susan sent, she called her a *miser*, and said *must* have some more for Mrs. Strathspey.

"I'll go myself and speak to her; come you with me, Betty," said the young lady, who found it at present convenient to forget her having declared, the day that she sucked up the broth, that she never would honour Susan with another visit.

"Susan," said she, accosting the poor girl whom she had done every thing in her power to injure, "I must beg a little more honey from you for Mrs. Strathspey's breakfast. You know on a particular occasion, such as this, neighbours must help one another."

"To be sure they should," added Betty.

Susan, though she was generous, was not weak; she was willing to give to those she loved, but not disposed let any thing be taken from her, or coaxed out of her, by those she

had reason to despise. She civilly answered that she was sorry she had no more honey to spare. Barbara grew angry, and lost all command of herself, when she saw that Susan, without regarding her reproaches, went on looking through the glass pane in the bee-hive. "I'll tell you what, Susan Price," said she, in a high tone, "the honey, I *will* have, so you may as well give it to me by fair means. Yes or no? Speak! will you give it me or not; will you give that piece of the honey-comb that lies there?"

"That bit of honey-comb is for my mother's breakfast," said Susan; "I cannot give it you."

"Can't you" said Bab; "Then see if I don't get it."

She stretched across Susan for the honey-comb which was lying by some rosemary leaves that Susan had freshly gathered for her mother's tea. Bab grasped, but at her first effort she reached only the rosemary: she made a second dart at the honey-comb, and in her struggle to obtain it she upset the bee-hive. The bees swarmed about her—her maid Betty screamed and ran away. Susan, who was sheltered by a laburnum-tree, called to Barbara, upon whom the black clusters of bees were now settling, and begged her to stand still, and not to beat them away. "If you stand quietly, you won't be stung perhaps." But instead of standing quietly, Bab buffeted, and stamped, and roared, and the bees stung her terribly; her arms and her face swelled in a frightful manner. She was helped home by poor Susan and treacherous Mrs. Betty, who, now the mischief was done, thought only of exculpating herself to her master.

"Indeed, miss Barbara," said she, "this was quite wrong of you to go and get yourself into such a scrape. I shall be turned away for it, you'll see."

"I don't care whether you are turned away or not," said Barbara. "I never felt such pain in my life. Can't you do

something for me? I don't mind the pain either, so much as being such a fright. Pray, how am I to be fit to be seen at breakfast by Mrs. Strathspey? and I suppose I can't go to the ball either, to-morrow, after all!"

"No, that you can't expect to do, indeed," said Betty the comforter. "You need not think of balls, for those lumps and swellings won't go of your face this week. That's not what pains me, but I'm thinking of what your papa will say to me when he sees you, miss."

Whilst this amiable mistress and maid were, in their adversity, reviling one another, Susan, when she saw that she could be of no farther use, was preparing to depart, but at the house-door she was met by Mr. Case.

Mr. Case had revolved things in his mind; for his second visit at the Abbey pleased him as little as his first: from a few words Sir Arthur and Miss Somers dropped in speaking of Susan and Farmer Price, Mr. Case began to fear, that he had mistaken his game in quarrelling with this family. The refusal of his present dwelt upon the attorney's mind, and he was aware that, if the history of Susan's lamb ever reached the Abbey, he was undone; he now thought that the most prudent course he could possibly follow would be to *hush up* matters with the *Prices* with all convenient speed. Consequently, when he met Susan at his door, he forced a gracious smile.

"How is your mother, Susan?" said he. "Is there any thing in our house can be of service to her? I'm glad to see you here. Barbara! Barbara! Bab!" cried he, "come down stairs, child, and speak to Susan Price." And, as no Barbara answered, her father stalked up stairs directly, opened the door, and stood amazed at the spectacle of her swelled visage.

Betty instantly began to tell the story her own way. Bab contradicted her as fast as she spoke. The attorney turned the maid away upon the spot; and partly with real anger, and

partly with politic affectation of anger, he demanded from his daughter, how she dared to treat Susan Price so ill : "When she was so neighbourly and obliging as to give you some of her honey, couldn't you be content without seizing upon the honeycomb by force? This is scandalous behaviour, and what, I assure you, I can't countenance."

Susan now interceded for Barbara ; and the attorney, softening his voice, said that Susan was a great deal too good to her, "as indeed you are, Susan," added he, "to everybody. I forgive her for your sake."

Susan curtsied, in great surprise, but her lamb could not be forgotten ; and she left the attorney's house as soon as she could, to make her mother's rosemary tea for breakfast.

Mr. Case saw that Susan was not so simple as to be taken in by a few fair words. His next attempt was to conciliate farmer Price ; the farmer was a blunt, honest man, and his countenance remained inflexibly contemptuous, when the attorney addressed him in the softest tone.

So stood matters the day of the long-expected harpers' ball. Miss Barbara Case, stung by Susan's bees, could not, after all her manœuvres, go with Mrs. Strathspey to the ball.

The ball-room was filled early in the evening ; there was a numerous assembly ; the harpers, who contended for the prize, were placed under the music-gallery at the lower end of the room ; amongst them was our old blind friend, who, as he was not so well clad as his competitors, seemed to be disdained by many of the spectators. Six ladies and six gentlemen were now appointed to be judges of the performance. They were seated in a semicircle opposite to the harpers. The miss Somerses, who were fond of music, were amongst the ladies in the semicircle, and the prize was lodged in the hands of Sir Arthur. There was now silence. The first harp sounded, and as each musician tried his skill, the audience seemed to think

that each deserved the prize. The old blind man was the last; he tuned his instrument, and such a simple pathetic strain was heard as touched every heart. All were fixed in delighted attention, and when the music ceased, the silence for some moments continued. The silence was followed by an universal buzz of applause. The judges were unanimous in their opinions, and it was declared, that the old blind harper, who played the last, deserved the prize.

The simple, pathetic air, which won the suffrages of the whole assembly, was his own composition; he was pressed to give the words belonging to the music, and at last he modestly offered to repeat them, as he could not see to write. Miss Somers's ready pencil was instantly produced, and the old harper dictated the words of his ballad, which he called "*Susan's Lamentations for her Lamb.*"

Miss Somers looked at her brother from time to time, as she wrote; and Sir Arthur, as soon as the old man had finished, took him aside and asked him some questions, which brought the whole history of Susan's lamb, and of attorney Case's cruelty, to light.

The attorney himself was present when the harper began to dictate his ballad; his colour, as Sir Arthur steadily looked at him, varied continually; till at length, when he heard the words, "Susan's Lamentations for her Lamb," he suddenly shrank back, skulked through the crowd, and disappeared. We shall not follow him; we had rather follow our old friend the victorious harper.

No sooner had he received the ten guineas, his well-merited prize, than he retired into a small room belonging to the people of the house, asked for pen, ink, and paper, and dictated, in a low voice, to his boy, who was a tolerably good scribe, a letter, which he ordered him to put directly into the Shrewsbury post-office; the boy ran with the letter to the post-office; he

was but just in time, for the postman's horn was sounding.

The next morning, when farmer Price, his wife, and Susan, were sitting together, reflecting that his week's leave of absence was nearly at an end, and that the money was not yet made up for John Simpson, a substitute, a knock was heard at the door, and the person who usually delivered the letters in the village put a letter into Susan's hand, saying, "A penny, if you please — here's a letter for your father."

"For me!" said farmer Price, "here's the penny then; but who can it be from, I wonder; who can think of writing to me in this world?" He tore open the letter, but the hard name at the bottom of the page puzzled him—"your obliged friend, Llewellyn." "And what's this?" said he, opening a paper that was enclosed in the letter; "it's a song, seemingly; it must be somebody that has a mind to make an April fool of me."

"But it is not April; it is May, father," said Susan.

"Well, let us read the letter, and we shall come at the truth—all in good time."

Farmer Price sat down in his own chair, for he could not read entirely to his satisfaction in any other, and read as follows:—

"My worthy friend,

"I am sure you will be glad to hear that I have had good success this night. I have won the ten-guinea prize, and for that I am in a great measure indebted to your sweet daughter Susan, as you will see by a little ballad I enclose for her. Your hospitality to me has afforded me an opportunity of learning some of your family history. You do not, I hope, forget that I was present when you were counting the treasure in Susan's little purse, and that I heard for what purpose it was all destined. You have not, I know, yet made up the full sum for the substitute, John Simpson; therefore do me the fa-

your to use the five-guinea bank note, which you will find within the ballad. You shall not find me as hard a creditor as attorney Case. Pay me the money at your own convenience; if it is never convenient to you to pay it, I shall never ask it. I shall go my rounds again through this country, I believe, about this time next year, and will call to see how you do, and to play the new tune for Susan and the dear little boys.

“ I shall just add, to set your heart at rest about the money, that it does not distress me at all to lend it to you : I am not quite so poor as I appear to be ; but it is my humour to go about as I do. I see more of the world under my tattered garb than, perhaps, I should see in a better dress. There are many of my profession who are of the same mind as myself in this respect ; and we are glad, when it lays in our way, to do any kindness to such a worthy family as yours.—So, fare ye well.

“Your obliged friend,

“ LLEWELLYN.”

Susan now, by her father's desire, opened the ballad : he picked up the five-guinea bank note, whilst she read with surprise, “ Susan's Lamentations for her Lamb.” Her mother leaned over her shoulder to read the words, but they were interrupted, before they had finished the first stanza, by another knock at the door. It was not the postman with another letter ; it was Sir Arthur and his sisters.

They came with an intention, which they were much disappointed to find that the old harper had rendered vain ; they came to lend the farmer and his good family the money to pay for his substitute.

“But, since we are here,” said Sir Arthur, “ let me do my own business, which I had like to have forgotten. Mr. Price, will you come out with me, and let me show you a piece of

your land, through which I want to make a road? Look there," said Sir Arthur, pointing to the spot, "I am laying out a ride round my estate, and that bit of land of yours stops me."

"Why so, sir?" said Price: "the land's mine, to be sure, for that matter; but I hope you don't look upon me to be that sort of person, that would be stiff about a trifle or so."

"Why," said Sir Arthur, "I had heard you were a litigious, pig-headed fellow; but you do not seem to deserve this character."

"Hope not, sir," said the farmer; "but about the matter of the land, I don't want to make no advantage of your wishing for it: you are welcome to it, and I leave it to you to find me out another bit of land convenient to me, that will be worth neither more nor less, or else to make up the value to me some way or other. I need say no more about it."

"I hear something," continued Sir Arthur, after a short silence, "I hear something, Mr. Price, of a *flaw* in your lease. I would not speak to you of it whilst we were bargaining about your land, lest I should overawe you; but tell me what is this *flaw*?"

"In truth, and the truth is the fittest thing to be spoken at all times," said the farmer, "I didn't know myself what a *flaw*, as they call it, meant, till I heard of the word from attorney Case; and I take it, a *flaw* is neither more nor less than a mistake, as one should say. Now by reason a man does not make a mistake on purpose, it seems to me to be the fair thing, that if a man finds out his mistake, he might set it right; but attorney Case says this is not law, and I've no more to say. The man who drew up my lease made a mistake, and if I must suffer for it I must," said the farmer. "However, I can show you, Sir Arthur, just for my own satisfaction and yours, a few lines of a memorandum on a slip of paper, which was given me by your relation, the gentleman who lived here before, and let me my

farm. You'll see, by that bit of paper, what was meant; but the attorney says the paper's not worth a button in a court of justice, and I don't understand these things. All I understand is the common honesty of the matter. I've no more to say."

"This attorney, whom you speak of so often," said Sir Arthur, "you seem to have some quarrel with him. Now, would you tell me frankly what is the matter between——"

"The matter between us, then," said Price, "is a little bit of ground, not worth much, that there is open to the lane at the end of Mr. Case's garden, sir, and he wanted to take it in. Now, I told him my mind, that it belonged to the parish, and that I never would willingly give my consent to his cribbing it in that way. Sir, I was the more loath to see it shut into his garden, which moreover is large enow, of all conscience, without it, because you must know, Sir Arthur, the children in our village are fond of making a little play-green of it, and they have a custom of meeting, on May-day, at a hawthorn that stands in the middle of it, and altogether I was very loath to see 'em turned off it by those who had no right."

"Let us go and see this nook," said Sir Arthur; "it is not far off, is it?"

"Oh no, sir, hard-by here."

When they got to the ground, Mr. Case, who saw them walking together, was in a hurry to join them, that he might put a stop to any explanations. Explanations were things of which he had a great dread, but fortunately he was upon this occasion a little too late.

"Is this the nook in dispute?" said Sir Arthur.

"Yes; this is the whole thing," said Price.

"Why, Sir Arthur, don't let us talk anymore about it," said the politic attorney, with an assumed air of generosity; "let it belong to whom it will, I give it up to you."

"So great a lawyer, Mr. Case, as you are," replied Sir Ar-

thur, "must know that a man cannot give up that to which he has no legal title; and in this case it is impossible that, with the best intentions to oblige me in the world, you can give up this bit of land to me, because it is mine already, as I can convince you effectually, by a map of the adjoining land, which I have fortunately safe among my papers. This piece of ground belonged to the farm on the opposite side of the road, and it was cut off when the lane was made."

"Very possibly; I dare say you are quite correct: you must know best," said the attorney, trembling for the agency.

"Then," said Sir Arthur, "Mr. Price, you will observe that I promise this little green to the children, for a play-ground, and I hope they may gather hawthorn many a May-day at this their favourite bush."

Mr. Price bowed low, which he seldom did, even when he received a favour himself.

"And now, Mr. Case," said Sir Arthur, turning to the attorney, who did not know which way to look, "you sent me a lease to look over."

"Ye—ye—yes" stammered Mr. Case. "I thought it my duty to do so, not out of any malice or ill-will to this good man."

"You have done him no injury," said Sir Arthur coolly. "I am ready to make him a new lease, whenever he pleases, of his farm; and I shall be guided by a memorandum of the original bargain, which he has in his possession. I hope I shall never take an unfair advantage of any one."

"Heaven forbid, sir," said the attorney, sanctifying his face, "that I should suggest the taking an *unfair* advantage of any man, rich or poor—but to break a bad lease is not taking an unfair advantage."

"You really think so?" said Sir Arthur.

"Certainly I do, and I hope I have not hazarded your good

opinion by speaking my mind concerning the flaw so plainly. I always understood, that there could be nothing ungentlemanlike in the way of business, in taking advantage of a flaw in a lease."

"Now," said Sir Arthur, "you have pronounced judgment, *undesignedly*, in your own case—You intended to send me this poor man's lease, but your son, by some mistake, brought me your own, and I have discovered a fatal error in it."

"A fatal error!" said the alarmed attorney.

"Yes, sir," said Sir Arthur, pulling the lease out of his pocket; "here it is—you will observe, that it is neither signed nor sealed by the grantor."

"But you won't take advantage of me, surely, Sir Arthur," said Mr. Case, forgetting his own principles.

"I shall not take advantage of you, as you would have taken of this honest man. In both cases I shall be guided by memorandums which I have in my possession. I shall not, Mr. Case, defraud you of one shilling of your property. I am ready, at a fair valuation, to pay you the exact value of your house and land, but upon this condition, that you quit the parish within one month."

Attorney Case submitted, for he knew that he could not legally resist. He was glad to be let off so easily, and he bowed, and sneaked away, secretly comforting himself with the hope, that when they came to the valuation of the house and land, he should be the gainer perhaps of a few guineas; his reputation he justly held very cheap.

"You are a scholar, you write a good hand, you can keep accounts, cannot you?" said Sir Arthur to Mr. Price, as they walked home towards his cottage.

"I think I saw a bill of your little daughter's drawing out the other day, which was very neatly written. Did you teach her to write?"

"No, sir," said Price, "I can't say I did *that*, for she mostly

taught herself; but I taught her a little arithmetic, as far as I knew, on our winter nights, when I had nothing better to do."

"Your daughter shows that she has been well taught," said Sir Arthur, "and her good conduct and good character speak strongly in favour of her parents."

"You are very good, very good indeed, sir, to speak in this sort of way," said the delighted father.

"But I mean to do more than *pay you with words*," said Sir Arthur. "You are attached to your own family: perhaps you may become attached to me, when you come to know me, and we shall have frequent opportunities of judging of one another. I want no agent to squeeze my tenants, or to do my dirty work. I only want a steady, intelligent, honest man, like you, to collect my rents, and I hope, Mr. Price, you will have no objection to the employment."

"I hope, sir," said Price, with joy and gratitude glowing in his honest countenance, "that you'll never have no cause to repent your goodness."

"And what are my sisters about here?" said Sir Arthur, entering the cottage, and going behind his sisters, who were busily engaged in measuring an extremely pretty-coloured calico.

"It is for Susan! my dear brother," said they.

"I knew she did not keep that guinea for herself," said Miss Somers; "I have just prevailed upon her mother to tell me what became of it. Susan gave it to her father—but she must not refuse a gown of our choosing this time, and am sure she will not, because her mother, I see, likes it.—And Susan, I hear that, instead of being Queen of the May this year, you were sitting in your sick mother's room. Your mother has a little colour in her cheeks now."

"Oh, ma'am," interrupted Mrs. Price. "I'm quite well—joy, I think, has made me quite well."

"Then," said Miss Somers, "I hope you will be able to

come out on your daughter's birth-day, which I hear is the 25th of this month.—Make haste and get quite well before that day, for my brother intends that all the lads and lasses of the village shall have a dance on Susan's birth-day. ”

“ Yes, ” said Sir Arthur; “ and I hope on that day, Susan, you will be very happy with your little friends upon their play-green. I shall tell them that it is your good conduct which has obtained it for them : and if you have any thing to ask, any little favour for any of your companions, which we can grant, now ask, Susan; these ladies look as if they would not refuse you any thing that is reasonable; and I think you look as if you would not ask any thing unreasonable. ”

“ Sir, ” said Susan, after consulting her mother's eyes, “ there is, to be sure, a favour I should like to ask; it is for Rose. ”

“ Well, I don't know who Rose is, ” said Sir Arthur, smiling; “ but go on. ”

“ Ma'am, you have seen her, I believe : she is a very good girl indeed, ” said Mrs. Price.

“ And works very neatly indeed, ” continued Susan, eagerly, to miss Somers; “ and she and her mother heard you were looking out for some one to wait upon you. ”

“ Say no more, ” said miss Somers; “ your wish is granted; tell Rose to come to the Abbey to-morrow morning, or rather come with her yourself, for our housekeeper, I know, wants to talk to you about a certain cake. She wishes, Susan, that you should be the maker of the cake for the dance, and she has good things ready looked out for it already, I know. It must be large enough for every body to have a slice, and the housekeeper will slice it for you. I only hope your cake will be as good as your bread. Fare ye well. ”

How happy are those who bid farewell to a whole family, silent with gratitude, who will bless them aloud when they are far out of hearing!

“How I do wish now,” said farmer Price, “and it’s almost a sin for one, that has had such a power of favours done him, to wish for any thing more; but how I *do* wish, wife, that our good friend the harper, Susan, was only here at this time being,—it would do his old warm heart good. Well, the best of it is, we shall be able next year, when he comes his rounds, to pay him his money with thanks, being all the time, and for ever, as much obliged to him as if we kept it, and wanted it as badly as we did when he gave it so handsome. I long, so I do, to see him in this house again, drinking, as he did, just in this spot, a glass of Susan’s mead, to her very good health.”

“Yes,” said Susan, “and the next time he comes I can give him one of my guinea-hen’s eggs, and I shall show him my lamb Daisy.”

“True, love,” said her mother; “and he will play that tune, and sing that pretty ballad—where is it, for I have not finished it?”

“Rose ran away with it, mother; and I’ll step after her, and bring it back to you this minute,” said Susan.

Susan found her friend Rose at the hawthorn, in the midst of a crowded circle of her companions, to whom she was reading “Susan’s lamentation for her lamb.”

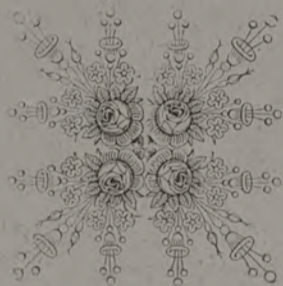
“The words are something—but the tune—the tune—I must have the tune,” cried Philip. “I’ll ask my mother to ask Sir Arthur, to try and rout out which way that good old man went after the ball; and if he’s above ground we’ll have him back by Susan’s birth-day, and he shall sit here, just exactly here, by this our bush, and he shall play—I mean if he pleases—that there tune for us; and I shall learn it—I mean if I can—in a minute.”

The good news, that farmer Price was to be employed to collect the rents, and that attorney Case was to leave the parish in a month, soon spread over the village. Many came out

of their houses to have the pleasure of hearing the joyful tidings confirmed by Susan herself; the crowd on the play-green increased every minute.

“ Yes, ” cried the triumphant Philip, “ I tell you it’s all true, every word of it. Susan’s too modest to say it herself—but I tell ye all, Sir Arthur gave us this play-green for ever, on account of her being so good. ”

You see, at last, attorney Case, with all his cunning, has not proved a match for, “ Simple Susan. ”







THE GOOD FRENCH GOVERNESS.

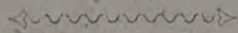


Where is he?—Where does he lodge?

Imp. A. Godard



THE
GOOD FRENCH GOVERNESS



AMONG the sufferers, during the bloody reign of Robespierre, was madame de Rosier, a lady of good family, excellent understanding, and most amiable character. Her husband, and her only son, a promising young man of about fourteen, were dragged to the horrid prison of the Conciergerie, and their names, soon afterward, appeared in the list of those who fell a sacrifice to the tyrant's cruelty. By the assistance of a faithful domestic, madame de Rosier, who was destined to be the next victim, escaped from France, and took refuge in England — England! — that generous country, which, in favour of the unfortunate, forgets her national prejudices, and to whom, in their utmost need, even her “*natural enemies*” fly for protection. — English travellers have so-

metimes been accused of forgetting the civilities which they receive in foreign countries; but their conduct towards the French emigrants has sufficiently demonstrated the injustice of this reproach.

Madame de Rosier had reason to be pleased by the delicacy of several families of distinction in London, who offered her their services under the name of gratitude; but she was incapable of encroaching upon the kindness of her friends. Misfortune had not extinguished the energy of her mind, and she still possessed the power of maintaining herself honourably by her own exertions. Her character and her abilities being well known, she easily procured recommendations as a preceptress. Many ladies anxiously desired to engage such a governess for their children, but Mrs. Harcourt had the good fortune to obtain the preference.

Mrs. Harcourt was a widow, who had been a very fine woman, and continued to be a very fine lady; she had good abilities, but, as she lived in a constant round of dissipation, she had not time to cultivate her understanding, or to attend to the education of her family; and she had satisfied her conscience by procuring for her daughters a fashionable governess and expensive masters. The governess, whose place madame de Rosier was now to supply, had quitted her pupils, to go abroad with a lady of quality, and Mrs. Harcourt knew enough of the world to bear her loss without emotion;—she, however, stayed at home one whole evening, to receive madame de Rosier, and to introduce her to her pupils. Mrs. Harcourt had three daughters and a son—Isabella, Matilda, Favoretta, and Herbert. Isabella was about fourteen; her countenance was intelligent, but rather too expressive of her confidence in her own capacity, for she had, from her infancy, been taught to believe that she was a genius. Her memory had been too much cultivated; she had learned languages with facility, and had been taught to set

a very high value upon her knowledge of history and chronology. Her temper had been hurt by flattery, yet she was capable of feeling all the generous passions.

Matilda was a year younger than Isabella; she was handsome, but her countenance, at first view, gave the idea of hopeless indolence; she did not learn the french and italian irregular verbs by rote as expeditiously as her sister, and her impatient preceptress pronounced, with an irrevocable nod, that miss Matilda was *no* genius. The phrase was quickly caught by her masters, so that Matilda, undervalued, even by her sister, lost all confidence in herself, and, with the hope of success, lost the wish for exertion. Her attention gradually turned to dress and personal accomplishments; not that she was vain of her beauty, but she had more hopes of pleasing by the graces of her person than of her mind. The timid, anxious blush, which madame de Rosier observed to vary in Matilda's countenance, when she spoke to those for whom she felt affection, convinced this lady that, if Matilda were *no* genius, it must have been the fault of her education. On sensibility, all that is called genius, perhaps, originally depends: those who are capable of feeling a strong degree of pain and pleasure may surely be excited to great and persevering exertion, by calling the proper motives into action.

Favoretta, the youngest daughter, was about six years old. At this age, the habits that constitute character are not formed, and it is, therefore, absurd to speak of the character of a child of six years old. Favoretta had been, from her birth, the plaything of her mother and of her mother's waiting-maid. She was always produced, when Mrs. Harcourt had company, to be admired and caressed by the fashionable circle; her ringlets, and her lively nonsense, were the newer-failing means of attracting attention from visitors. In the drawing-room, Favoretta, consequently, was happy, always in high spirits, and the

picture of good humour; but, change the scene, and Favoretta no longer appeared the same person: when alone, she was idle and spiritless; when with her maid, or her brother and sisters, pettish and capricious. Her usual playfellow was Herbert, but their plays regularly ended in quarrels — quarrels in which both parties were commonly in the wrong, though the whole of the blame necessarily fell upon Herbert, for Herbert was neither caressing nor caressed. Mrs. Grace, the waiting-maid, pronounced him to be the plague of her life, and prophesied evil of him, because, as she averred, if she combed his hair a hundred times a day, it would never be fit to be seen; beside this, she declared “there was no managing to keep him out of mischief;” and he was so “thick-headed at his book,” that Mrs. Grace, on whom the task of teaching him his alphabet had, during the negligent reign of the late governess, devolved, affirmed that he never would learn to read like any other young gentleman. Whether the zeal of Mrs. Grace for his literary progress were of service to his understanding may be doubted; there could be no doubt of its effect upon his temper; a sullen gloom overspread Herbert’s countenance, whenever the shrill call of “Come and say your task, master Herbert!” was heard; and the continual use of the imperative mood — “Let that alone, *do*, master Herbert!” — “Don’t make a racket, master Herbert!” — “Do hold your tongue, and sit still where I bid you, master Herbert!” operated so powerfully upon this young gentleman, that, at eight years old, he partly fulfilled his tormentor’s prophecies, for he became a little surly rebel, who took pleasure in doing exactly the contrary to every thing that he was desired to do, and who took pride in opposing his powers of endurance to the force of punishment. His situation was scarcely more agreeable in the drawing-room than in the nursery, for his mother usually announced him to the company by the appropriate appellation of *Roughhead*; and Herbert

Roughhead being assailed, at his entrance into the room, by a variety of petty reproaches and maternal witticism upon his uncouth appearance, became bashful and awkward, averse from *polite* society, and prone to the less fastidious company of servants in the stable and the kitchen. Mrs. Harcourt absolutely forbade his intercourse with the postilions, though she did not think it necessary to be so strict in her injunctions as to the butler and footman; because, argued she, "children will get to the servants when one's from home, and it is best that they should be with such of them as one can trust—now Stephen is quite a person one can entirely depend upon, and he has been so long in the family, the children are quite used to him, and safe with him."

How many mothers have a Stephen, on whom they can entirely depend!

Mrs. Harcourt, with politeness, which in this instance supplied the place of good sense, invested madame de Rosier with full powers, as the preceptress of her children, except as to their religious education; she stipulated that catholic tenets should not be instilled into them. — To this madame de Rosier replied — "that children usually follow the religion of their parents, and that proselytes seldom do honour to their conversion; that were she, on the other hand, to attempt to promote her pupils' belief in the religion of their country, her utmost powers could add nothing to the force of public religious instruction, and to the arguments of those books, which are necessarily put into the hands of every well educated person."

With these opinions, madame de Rosier readily promised to abstain from all direct or indirect interference in the religious instruction of her pupils. — Mrs. Harcourt then introduced her to them as "a friend, in whom she had entire confidence, and whom she hoped and believed they would make it their study to please."

Whilst the ceremonies of the introduction were going on, Herbert kept himself aloof, and with his whip suspended over the stick on which he was riding, eyed madame de Rosier with no friendly aspect; however, when she held out her hand to him, and when he heard the encouraging tone of her voice, he approached, held his whip fast in his right hand, but very cordially gave the lady his left to shake.

“Are you to be my governess?” said he: “you won’t give me very long tasks, will you?”

“Favoretta, my dear, what has detained you so long?” cried Mrs. Harcourt, as the door opened, and as Favoretta, with her hair in nice order, was ushered into the room by Mrs. Grace. — The little girl ran up to madame de Rosier, and, with the most caressing freedom, cried—

“Will you love me? — I have not my red shoes on to-day!”

Whilst madame de Rosier assured Favoretta that the want of the red shoes would not diminish her merit, Matilda whispered to Isabella—“Mourning is very becoming to her, though she is not fair;” and Isabella, with a look of absence, replied—“But she speaks english amazingly well, for a French woman.”

Madame de Rosier did speak english remarkably well; she had spent some years in England, in her early youth, and, perhaps, the effect of her conversation was heightened by an air of foreign novelty. As she was not hackneyed in the common language of conversation, her ideas were expressed in select and accurate terms, so that her thoughts appeared original, as well as just.

Isabella, who was fond of talents, and yet fonder of novelty, was charmed, the first evening, with her new friend, more especially as she perceived that her abilities had not escaped madame de Rosier. She displayed all her little treasures of

literature, but was surprised to observe that, though every shining thing she said was taken notice of, nothing dazzled the eyes of her judge; gradually her desire to talk subsided, and she felt some curiosity to hear. She experienced the new pleasure of conversing with a person, whom she perceived to be her superior in understanding, and whose superiority she could admire, without any mixture of envy.

“Then,” said she, pausing, one day, after having successfully enumerated the dates of the reigns of all the english kings, “I suppose you have something in french, like our Gray’s *Memoria Technica*, or else you never could have such a prodigious quantity of dates in your head. Had you as much knowledge of chronology and history, when you were of my age, as—as——”

“As you have?” said madame de Rosier—“I do not know whether I had, at your age, but I can assure you that I have not now.”

“Nay,” replied Isabella, with an incredulous smile, “but you only say that from modesty.”

“From vanity, more likely.”

“Vanity! impossible—you don’t understand *me*.”

“Pardon me, but you do not understand *me*.”

“A person,” cried Isabella, can’t, surely, be vain—what we, in english, call vain—of *not* remembering any thing.

“Is it, then, impossible that a person should be what you in english call vain of *not* remembering what is useless? I dare say you can tell me the name of that wise man who prayed for the art of forgetting.”

“No, indeed, I don’t know his name; I never heard of him before: was he a Grecian, or a Roman, or an Englishman? can’t you recollect his name? what does it begin with?”

“I do not wish, either for your sake or my own, to remember the name; let us content ourselves with the wise man’s sense,

whether he were a Grecian, a Roman, or an Englishman : even the first letter of his name might be left among the useless things—might it not?”

“ But, ” replied Isabella, a little piqued, “ I do not know what you call useless. ”

“ Those of which you can make no use, ” said madame de Rosier, with simplicity.

“ You don't mean, though, all the names, and dates, and kings, and roman emperors, and all the remarkable events that I have learned by heart? ”

“ It is useful, I allow, ” replied madame de Rosier, to know by heart the names of the english kings and roman emperors, and to remember the dates of their reigns, otherwise we should be obliged, whenever we wanted them, to search in the books in which they are to be found, and that wastes time. ”

“ Wastes time—yes ; but what's worse, ” said Isabella, “ a person looks so awkward and foolish in company, who does not know these things—things that every body knows. ”

“ And that every body is supposed to know, ” added madame de Rosier.

“ A person, ” continued Isabella, “ could make no figure in conversation, you know, amongst well-informed people, if she didn't know these things. ”

“ Certainly not, ” said madame de Rosier, “ nor could she make a figure amongst well-informed people, by telling them what, as you observed just now, every body knows. ”

“ But I do not mean, ” said Isabella, after a mortified pause, “ that every body knows *the remarkable events*, though they may have learnt the reigns of the kings by heart ; for I assure you, the other day, I found it a great advantage, when somebody was talking about the powder-tax, to be able to tell, in a room full of company, that powder for the hair was first introduced into England in the year 1614 ; and that potatoes, which, very

luckily for me, were next to powder in "the Tablet of Memory," were first brought to England in the year 1586. And the very same evening, when mamma was showing some pretty coloured note paper, which she had just got, I had an opportunity of saying, that white paper was first made in England in the year 1587; and a gentleman made me a bow, and said he would give the world for my memory. So you see that these, at least, are not to be counted amongst the *useless* things—are they?"

"Certainly not," replied madame de Rosier: "we can form some idea of the civilization of a country at any period, by knowing that such a frivolous luxury as powder was then first introduced: trifles become matters of importance to those who have the good sense to know how to make them of use; and as for paper, that and the art of printing are so intimately connected—"

"Ah!" interrupted Isabella, "if they had asked me, I could have told them when the first printing-press was established in Westminster Abbey—in 1494."

"And paper was made in England?"

"Have you forgot so soon?—in 1587."

"It is well worth remarking," said madame de Rosier, "that literature in England must have, at that time, made but a very slow progress, since a hundred years had elapsed between the establishing of your printing-press, and the making of your white paper;—I allow these are not useless facts."

"*That* never struck me before," said Isabella, ingenuously; "I only remembered these things to repeat in conversation."

Here madame de Rosier, pleased to observe that her pupil had caught an idea that was new to her, dropped the conversation, and left Isabella to apply what had passed. —Active and ingenious young people should have much left to their own intelligent exertions, and to their own candour.

Matilda, the second daughter, was at first pleased with madame de Rosier, because she looked well in mourning; and afterward she became interested for her, from hearing the history of her misfortunes, of which madame de Rosier, one evening, gave her a simple, pathetic account. Matilda was particularly touched by the account of the early death of this lady's beautiful and accomplished daughter; she dwelt upon every circumstance, and, with anxious curiosity, asked a variety of questions.

"I think I can form a perfect idea of her now," said Matilda, after she had inquired concerning the colour of her hair, of her eyes, her complexion, her height, her voice, her manners, and her dress—"I think I have a perfect idea of her now!"

"Oh no!" said madame de Rosier, with a sigh, "you cannot form a perfect idea of my Rosalie from any of these things; she was handsome and graceful, but it was not her person—it was her mind," said the mother, with a faltering voice—her voice had, till this instant, been steady and composed.

"I beg your pardon—I will ask you no more questions," said Matilda.

"My love," said madame de Rosier, "ask me as many as you please—I like to think of *her*—I may now speak of her without vanity—her character would have pleased you."

"I am sure it would," said Matilda: "do you think she would have liked me or Isabella the best?"

"She would have liked each of you for your different good qualities, I think; she would not have made her love an object of competition, or the cause of jealousy between two sisters; she could make herself sufficiently beloved, without stooping to any such mean arts. She had two friends who loved her tenderly; they knew that she was perfectly sincere, and that she would not flatter either of them—you know *that* is only

childish affection, which is without esteem—Rosalie was esteemed *autant qu'aimée*."

"How I should have liked such a friend! but I am afraid she would have been so much my superior, she would have despised me—Isabella would have had all her conversation, because she knows so much, and I know nothing!"

"If you know that you know nothing," said madame de Rosier, with an encouraging smile, "you know as much as the wisest of men. When the oracle pronounced Socrates to be the wisest of men, he explained it by observing, 'that he knew himself to be ignorant, whilst other men,' said he, 'believing that they know every thing, are not likely to improve.'"

"Then you think I am likely to improve?" said Matilda, with a look of doubtful hope.

"Certainly," said madame de Rosier: "if you exert yourself, you may be any thing you please."

"Not any thing I please, for I should please to be as clever, and as good, and as amiable, and as estimable too, as your Rosalie—but that's impossible.—Tell me, however, what she was at my age—and what sort of things she used to do and say—and what books she read—and how she employed herself from morning till night."

"That must be for to-morrow," said madame de Rosier;

"I must now show Herbert the book of prints that he wanted to see."

It was the first time that Herbert had ever asked to look into a book. Madame de Rosier had taken him entirely out of the hands of Mrs. Grace, and finding that his painful associations with the sight of the syllables in his dog's-eared spelling-book could not immediately be conquered, she prudently resolved to cultivate his powers of attention upon other subjects, and not to return to syllabic difficulties, until the young gentleman should have forgotten his literary misfortunes, and

acquired sufficient energy and patience to ensure success.

“It is of little consequence,” said she, “whether the boy read a year sooner or later; but it is of great consequence that he should love literature.”

“Certainly,” said Mrs. Harcourt, to whom this observation was addressed; “I am sure you will manage all those things properly—I leave him entirely to you.—Grace quite gives him up: if he read by the time we must think of sending him to school, I shall be satisfied—Only keep him out of my way,” added she, laughing, “when he is stammering over that unfortunate spelling-book, for I don’t pretend to be gifted with the patience of Job.”

“Have you any objection,” said madame de Rosier, “to my buying for him some new toys?”

“None in the world—buy any thing you will—do any thing you please—I give you *carte-blanc*,” said Mrs. Harcourt.

After madame de Rosier had been some time at Mrs. Harcourt’s, and had carefully studied the characters, or, more properly speaking, the habits of all her pupils, she took them with her one morning to a large toy-shop, or rather warehouse for toys, which had been lately opened, under the direction of ingenious gentleman, who had employed proper workmen to execute rational toys for the rising generation.

When Herbert entered “the rational toy-shop,” he looked all around, and with an air of disappointment, exclaimed: “Why, I see neither whips, nor horses! nor phaetons, nor coaches!”——“Nor dressed dolls!” said Favoretta, in a reproachful tone——“nor baby houses!”——“Nor soldiers—nor a drum!” continued Herbert.——“I am sure I never saw such a toy-shop,” said Favoretta; “I expected the finest things that ever were seen, because it was such a new *great* shop, and here are nothing but vulgar-lookink things—great carts and wheelbarrows, and things fit for orange-women’s daughters, I think.”

This sally of wit was not admired as much as it would have been by Favoretta's flatterers in her mother's drawing-room :—her brother seized upon the very cart which she had abused, and dragging it about the room, with noisy joy, declared he had found out that it was better than a coach and six that would hold nothing ; and he was even satisfied without horses, because he reflected that he could be the best horse himself ; and that wooden horses, after all, cannot gallop, and they never mind if you whip them ever so much ; “ you must drag them along all the time, though you make *believe*,” said Herbert, “ that they draw the coach of themselves ; if one gives them the least push, they tumble down on their sides, and one must turn back, for ever and ever, to set them up upon their wooden legs again. I don't like make-believe horses ; I had rather be both man and horse for myself.” Then, whipping himself, he galloped away, pleased with his centaur character.

When the little boy in Sacontala is offered for a plaything, “ *a peacock of earthen-ware, painted with rich colours,*” he answers : “ *I shall like the peacock if it can run and fly—not else.* ” The indian drama of Sacontala was written many centuries ago. Notwithstanding it has so long been observed, that children dislike useless, motionless playthings, it is but of late that more rational toys have been devised for their amusements.

Whilst Herbert's cart rolled on, Favoretta viewed it with scornful eyes ; but at length, cured by the neglect of the spectators of this fit of disdain, she condescended to be pleased, and spied a few things worthy of her notice. Bilboquets, battledores, and shuttlecocks, she acknowledged, were no bad things.—“ And Pray,” said she, “ what are those pretty little baskets, madame de Rosier?—And those others, which look as if they were but just begun? — And what are those strings, that look like mamma's bell cords—and is that a thing for mak-

ing laces, such as Grace laces me with?—And what are those cabinets with little drawers for?”

Madame de Rosier had taken notice of these little cabinets — They were for young mineralogists ; she was also tempted by a botanical apparatus ; but as her pupils were not immediately going into the country, where flowers could be procured, she was forced to content herself with such things as could afford them employment in town. The making of baskets, of bell-ropes, and of cords for window curtains, were occupations in which, she thought, they might successfully apply themselves. The materials for these little manufactures were here ready prepared ; and only such difficulties were left as children love to conquer. The materials for the baskets, and little magnifying glass, which Favoretta wished to have were just packed up in basket, which was to serve for a model, when Herbert's voice was heard at the other end of the shop—he was exclaiming in an impatient tone : “ I must, and I will, eat them, I say.” He had crept under the counter, and, unperceived by the busy shopman, had dragged out of a pigeon-hole, near the ground, a parcel, wrapped up in brown paper : he had seated himself upon the ground, with his back to the company, and with patience worthy of a better object, at length untied the difficult knot, pulled off the string, and opened the parcel. Within the brown paper there appeared a number of little packets, curiously folded in paper of a light brown. Herbert opened one of these, and, finding that it contained a number of little round things, which looked like comfits, he raised the paper to his mouth, which opened wide to receive them. The shopman stopped his arm, assured him that they were “ *not good to eat ;* ” but Herbert replied in the angry tone which caught madame de Rosier's ear. “ They are the seeds of radishes, my dear,” said she : “ if they be sown in the ground, they will become radishes ; then they will be fit to eat, but not till then. Taste

them now, and try." He willingly obeyed; but put the seeds very quickly out of his mouth, when he found that they were not sweet. He then said "that he wished he might have them, that he might sow them in the little garden behind his mother's house, that they might be fit to eat some time or other."

Madame de Rosier bought the radish-seeds, and ordered a little spade, a hoe, and a watering pot, to be sent home for him.

Herbert's face brightened with joy: he was surprised to find that any of his requests were granted, because Grace had regularly reprov'd him for being troublesome whenever he asked for any thing: hence he had learned to have recourse to force or fraud to obtain his objects. He ventured now to hold madame de Rosier by the gown: "Stay a little longer," said he; "I want to look at every thing;" his curiosity dilated with his hopes.

When madame de Rosier complied with his request to "stay a little longer," he had even the politeness to push a stool towards her, saying: "You'd better sit down; you will be tired of standing, as some people say they are; — but I'm not one of them. Tell'em to give me down that wonderful thing, that I may see what it is — will you?"

The wonderful thing which had caught Herbert's attention was a *dry printing press*. Madame de Rosier was glad to procure this little machine for Herbert, for she hoped that the new associations of pleasure which he would form with the types in the little compositor's stick would efface the painful remembrance of his early difficulties with the syllables in the spelling-book. She also purchased a box of models of common furniture, which were made to take to pieces, and to be put together again, and on which the names of all the parts were printed. A number of other useful toys tempted her, but she determined not to be too profuse: she did not wish to purchase the love of her little pupils by presents; her object was to provide

them with independent occupations ; to create a taste for industry, without the dangerous excitation of continual variety.

Isabella was delighted with the idea of filling up a small biographical chart, which resembled Priestley's; she was impatient also to draw the map of the world upon a small silk balloon, which could be filled with common air, or folded up flat at pleasure.

Matilda, after much hesitation, said she had decided her mind, just as they were going out of the shop. She chose a small loom for weaving riband and tape, which Isabella admired, because she remembered to have seen it described in "Townsend's Travels;" but, before the man could put up the loom for Matilda, she begged to have a little machine for drawing in perspective, because the person who showed it assured her that it required *no sort of genius* to draw perfectly well in perspective with this instrument.

In their way home, madame de Rosier stopped the carriage at a circulating library. "Are you going to ask for the novel we were talking of yesterday?" cried Matilda.

"A novel!" said Isabella, contemptuously: "no, I dare say madame de Rosier is not a novel reader."

"Zeluco, sir, if you please," said madame de Rosier.— "You see, Isabella, notwithstanding the danger of forfeiting your good opinion, I have dared to ask for a novel."

"Well, I always understood, I am sure," replied Isabella, disdainfully, "that none but trifling, silly people were novel readers."

"Were readers of trifling, silly novels, perhaps you mean," answered madame de Rosier, with temper; "but I flatter myself you will not find Zeluco either trifling or silly."

"No, not Zeluco, to be sure, said Isabella, recollecting herself, "for now I remember Mr. Gibbon, the great historian, mentions Zeluco in one of his letters; he says it is the best philosophical romance of the age. I particularly remember

that, because somebody had been talking of Zeluco the very day I was reading that letter; and I asked my governess to get it for me, but she said it was a novel — however, Mr. Gibbon calls it a philosophical romance.”

“The name,” said madame de Rosier, “will not make such difference to *us*; but I agree with you in thinking, that as people who cannot judge for themselves are apt to be misled by names, it would be advantageous to invent some new name for philosophical novels, that they may no longer be contraband goods — that they may not be confounded with the trifling, silly productions, for which you have so just a disdain.”

“Now, ma’am, will you ask,” cried Herbert, as the carriage stopped at his mother’s door, “will you ask whether the man has brought home my spade and the watering pot? I know you don’t like that I should go to the servants for what I want; but I’m in a great hurry for the spade, because I want to dig the bed for my radishes before night: I’ve got my seeds safe in my hand.”

Madame de Rosier, much pleased by this instance of obedience in her impatient pupil, instantly inquired for what he wanted, to convince him that it was possible he could have his wishes gratified by a person who was not an inhabitant of the stable or the kitchen. — Isabella might have registered it in her list of remarkable events that Herbert, this day, was not seen with the butler, the footman, or the coachman. Madame de Rosier, who was aware of the force of habit, and who thought that no evil could be greater than that of hazarding the integrity of her little pupils, did not exact from them any promise of abstaining from the company of the servants, with whom they had been accustomed to converse; but she had provided the children with occupations, that they might not be tempted, by idleness, to seek for improper companions; and, by interesting herself with unaffected good nature in their amusements,

she endeavoured to give them a taste for the sympathy of their superiors in knowledge, instead of a desire for the flattery of inferiors. She arranged their occupations in such a manner, that without watching them every instant, she might know what they were doing, and where they were; and she showed so much readiness to procure for them any thing that was reasonable, that they found it the shortest method to address their petitions to her in the first instance.—Children will necessarily delight in the company of those who make them happy: madame de Rosier knew how to make her pupils contented, by exciting them to employments in which they felt that they were successful.

“Mamma! mamma! dear mamma!” cried Favoretta, running into the hall, and stopping Mrs. Harcourt, who was dressed, and going out to dinner, “do come into the parlour, to look at my basket, my beautiful basket, that I am making *all* myself.”—“And *do*, mother, or some of ye, come out into the garden, and see the bed that I’ve dug, with my own hands, for my radishes— —I’m as hot as fire, I know,” said Herbert, pushing his hat back from his forehead.

“O! don’t come near me with the watering pot in your hand,” said Mrs. Harcourt, shrinking back, and looking at Herbert’s hands, which were not as white as her own.

“The carriage is but just come to the door, ma’am,” said Isabella, who next appeared in the hall; “I only want you for one instant, to show you something that is to hang up in your dressing-room, when I have finished it, mamma; it is really beautiful.”

“Well, don’t keep me long,” said Mrs. Harcourt, “for indeed, I am too late already.”

“O, no! indeed, you will not be too late, mamma—only look at my basket,” said Favoretta, gently pulling her mother by the hand into the parlour.— —Isabella pointed to her silk globe,

which was suspended in the window, and, taking up her camel-hair pencil, cried : " Only look, ma'am, how nicely I have traced the Rhine, the Po, the Elbe, and the Danube ; you see I have not finished Europe ; it will be quite another looking thing, when Asia, Africa, and America are done, and when the colours are quite dry. "

" Now, Isabella, pray let her look at my basket, " cried the eager Favoretta, holding up the scarcely begun basket— " I will do a row, to show you how it is done ; " and the little girl, with busy fingers, began to weave. The ingenious and delicate appearance of the work, and the happy countenance of the little work-woman, fixed the mother's pleased attention, and she, for a moment, forgot that her carriage was waiting.

" The carriage is at the door, ma'am, " said the footman.

" I must be gone ! " cried Mrs. Harcourt, starting from her reverie. " What am I doing here?—I ought to have been away this half hour —— Matilda ! — Why is not she amongst you ? "

Matilda, apart from the busy company, was reading with so much earnestness, that her mother called twice before she looked up.

" How happy you all look, " continued Mrs. Harcourt ; " and I am going to one of those terrible *great* dinners—I sha'n't eat one morsel ; — then cards all night, which I hate as much as you do, Isabella—pity me, madame de Rosier ! — Good bye, happy creatures ! " and with some real and some affected reluctance, Mrs. Harcourt departed.

It is easy to make children happy, for one evening, with new toys and new employments ; but the difficulty is to continue the pleasure of occupation after it has lost its novelty : the power of habit may well supply the place of the charm of novelty. Madame de Rosier exerted herself, for some weeks, to invent occupations for her pupils, that she might induce in their

minds a love for industry; and when they had tasted the pleasure, and formed the habit of doing *something*, she now and then suffered them to experience the misery of having nothing to do.—The state of *ennui*, when contrasted with that of pleasurable mental or bodily activity, becomes odious and insupportable to children.

Our readers must have remarked that Herbert, when he seized upon the radishseeds in the rational toy-shop, had not then learned just notions of the nature of property.—Madame de Rosier did not, like Mrs. Grace, repeat ineffectually, fifty times a day—“Master Herbert, don’t touch that!”—“Master Herbert, for shame!”—“Let that alone, sir!”—“Master Herbert, how dare you, sir!” but she prudently began by putting forbidden goods entirely out of his reach; thus she, at least, prevented the necessity for perpetual irritating prohibitions, and diminished, with the temptation, the desire to disobey; she gave him some things for his *own* use, and scrupulously refrained from encroaching upon his property: Isabella and Matilda followed her example, in this respect, and thus practically explained to Herbert the meaning of the words *mine* and *yours*. He was extremely desirous of going with madame de Rosier to different shops, but she coolly answered his entreaties by observing, “that she could not venture to take him into any one’s house, till she was sure that he would not meddle with what was not his own.”—Herbert now felt the inconvenience of his lawless habits: to enjoy the pleasures, he perceived that it was necessary to submit to the duties of society; and he began to respect *the rights of things and persons*¹.—When his new sense of right and wrong had been sufficiently exercised at home, madame de Rosier ventured to expose him to more dangerous trials abroad; she took him to a carpenter’s

¹ Blackstone.

workshop, and though the saw, the hammer, the chisel, the plane, and the vice, assailed him in various forms of temptation, his powers of forbearance came off victorious.

“ To *bear* and *forbear* ” has been said to be the sum of manly virtue : the virtue of forbearance in childhood must always be measure by the pupil’s disposition to activity ; a vivacious boy must often have occasion to forbear more, in a quarter of an hour, than a dull, indolent child in a quarter of a year.

“ May I touch this ? ” — “ May I meddle with that ? ” were questions which our prudent hero now failed not to ask, before he meddled with the property of others, and he found his advantage in this mode of proceeding. He observed that his governess was, in this respect, as scrupulous as she required that he should be, and he consequently believed in the truth and *general* utility of her precepts.

The coachmaker’s, the cooper’s, the turner’s, the cabinet-maker’s, even the black ironmonger’s and noisy tinman’s shop afforded entertainment for many a morning ; a trifling gratuity often purchased much instruction, and madame de Rosier always examined the countenance of the workman before she suffered her little pupils to attack him with questions. The eager curiosity of children is generally rather agreeable than tormenting to tradesmen, who are not too busy to be benevolent ; and the care which Herbert took not to be troublesome pleased those to whom he addressed himself. — He was delighted, at the upholsterer’s, to observe that his little models of furniture had taught him how several things were *put together*, and he soon learned the workmen’s names for his ideas. He readily understood the use of all that he saw, when he went to a bookbinder’s and to a printing office, because, in his own printing and bookbinder’s press, he had seen similar contrivances in miniature.

Prints, as well as models, were used to enlarge his ideas of

visible objects. — Madame de Rosier borrowed the *Dictionnaire des Arts et Métiers*, Buffon, and several books, which contained good prints of animals, machines, and architecture; these provided amusement on rainy days. At first, she found it difficult to fix the attention of the boisterous Herbert and the capricious Favoretta. Before they had half examined one print, they wanted to turn over the leaf to see another; but this desultory impatient curiosity she endeavoured to cure by steadily showing only one or two prints for one day's amusement. Herbert, who could but just spell words of one syllable, could not read what was written at the bottom of the prints, and he was sometimes ashamed of applying to Favoretta for assistance; — the names that were printed upon his little models of furniture he at length learned to make out. The *press was obliged to stand still* when Favoretta, or his friend, madame de Rosier, were not at hand, to tell him, letter by letter, how to spell the words that he wanted to print. He, one evening, went up to madame de Rosier, and, with a resolute face, said: "I must learn to read."

"If any body will be so good as to teach you, I suppose you mean," said she smiling¹.

"Will *you* be so good?" said he; "perhaps you could teach me, though Grace says 'tis very difficult; — I'll do my best."

"Then I'll do *my* best, too," said madame de Rosier.

The consequences of these good resolutions were surprising to Mrs. Grace. Master Herbert was quite changed, she observed; and she wondered why he would never read, when she took so much pains with him for an hour every day to hear him his task. — "Madame de What d'ye call her," added Mrs. Grace, need not boast much of the hand she has in the business: for I've been by at odd times, and watched her ways, whilst I

¹ *Vide* Rousseau.

have been dressing miss Favoretta, and she has been hearing you your task, master Herbert. ”

“ She doesn't call it my task—I hate that word. ”

“ Well, I don't know what she calls it ; for I don't pretend to be a French governess, for my part ; but I can read english, master Herbert, as well as another ; and it's strange if I could not teach my mother tongue better than an emigrant. —What I say is, that she never takes much pains one way or the other ; for by the clock in mistress's dressing-room, I minuted her twice, and she was five minutes at one time, and not above seven the other. —Easy earning money for governess, now-a-days. — No tasks ! — no, not she ! Nothing all day long but play !—play—play, laughing, and running, and walking, and going to see all the shops and sights, and going out in the coach to bring home radishes, and tongue-grass, to be sure—and every thing in the house is to be as she pleases, to be sure. —I am sure my mistress is too good to her, only because she was born a lady, they say. —Do, pray, master Herbert, stand still whilst I comb your hair, unless that's against your new governess' commandments.

“ I'll comb my own hair, Grace,” said Herbert, manfully. —“ I don't like one word you have been saying ; though I don't mind any thing you, or any body else, can say against *my friend*. —She is my friend—and she has taught me to read, I say, without bouncing me about, and shaking me, and master Herberting me for ever. And what arm did it do the coach to bring home my radishes?— My radishes are come up, and she shall have some of them. —And I like the sights and shops she shows me ; — but she does not like that I should talk to you ; therefore, I'll say no more ; — but good morning to you, Grace.”

Herbert, red with generous passion, rushed out of the room ; and Grace, pale with malicious rage, turned towards the other

door that opened into Mrs. Harcourt's bedchamber, for madame de Rosier, at this moment, appeared. — "I thought I heard a great noise?" — "It was only master Herbert, ma'am, that *won't never* stand still to have his hair combed — and says he'll comb it for himself — I am sure I wish he would."

Madame de Rosier saw, by the embarrassed manner and stifled choler of Mrs. Grace, that the whole truth of the business had not been told, and she repented her indiscretion in having left Herbert with her even for a few minutes. She forbore, however, to question Herbert, who maintained a *dignified* silence upon the subject; and the same species of silence would also become the historian upon this occasion, were it not necessary that the character of an intriguing lady's maid should, for the sake both of parents and children, be fully delineated.

Mrs. Grace, offended by madame de Rosier's success in teaching her former pupil to read; jealous of this lady's favour with her mistress and with the young ladies; irritated by the bold defiance of the indignant champion who had stood forth in his *friend's* defence, formed a *secret* resolution to obtain revenge. This she imparted, the very same day, to her confidant, Mrs. Rebecca. Mrs. Rebecca was the favourite maid of Mrs. Fanshaw, an acquaintance of Mrs. Harcourt — Grace invited Mrs. Rebecca to drink tea with her. As soon as the preliminary ceremonies of the tea-table had been adjusted she proceeded to state her grievances —

"In former times, as nobody knows better than you, Mrs. Rebecca, I had my mistress's ear, and was all in all in the house, with her and the young ladies, and the old governess; and it was I that was to teach master Herbert to read; and miss Favoretta was almost constantly from morning to night, except when she was called for by company, with me, and a sweet little well-dressed creature always, you know, she was."

"A sweet little creature, indeed, ma'am, and I was wondering, before you spoke, not to see her in your room, as usual, to night," replied Mrs. Rebecca.

"Dear Mrs. Rebecca, you need not wonder at that, or any thing else that's wonderful, in our present government above stairs, I'll assure you; for we have a new French governess, and new measures.—Do you know, ma'am, the coach is ordered to go about at all hours, whenever she pleases *for to* take the young ladies out, and she is quite like my mistress. But not one can bear two mistresses, you know, Mrs. Rebecca; wherefore, I'm come to a resolution, in short, that either she or I shall quit the house, and we shall presently see which of us it must be. Mrs. Harcourt, at the upshot of all things, must be conscious, at the bottom of her heart, that, if she is the elegantest dresser about town, it's not all her own merit."

"Very true, indeed, Mrs. Grace," replied her complaisant friend; "and what sums of money her millinery might cost her, if she had no one clever at making up things at home! You are blamed by many, let me tell you, for doing as much as you do:—Mrs. Private, the milliner, I know, from the best authority, is not your friend—now, for my part, I think it is no bad thing to have friends *abroad*, if one comes to any difficulties at home.—Indeed, my dear, your attachment to Mrs. Harcourt quite blinds you—but, to be sure, you know your own affairs best."

"Why, I am not for changing when I am well," replied Grace: "Mrs. Harcourt is abroad a great deal, and hers is, all things considered, a very eligible house. Now, what I build my hopes upon, my dear Mrs. Rebecca, is this—that ladies, like some people who have been beauties, and come, to *make themselves up*, and wear pearl powder, and false auburn hair, and twenty things that are not to be advertised, you know, don't like quarrelling with those that are in the secret—and ladies who have never made a *rout* about governesses and *edication*,

till lately, and now, perhaps, only for fashion's sake, would, upon a pinch—don't you think—rather part with a French governess, when there are so many, than with a favourite maid who knows her ways, *and has* a good taste in dress, which so few can boast?"

"O, surely! surely!" said Mrs. Rebecca; and having tasted Mrs. Grace's *crème-de-noyau*, it was decided that war should be declared against *the governess*.

Madame de Rosier, happily unconscious of the machinations of her enemies, and even unsuspecting of having any, was, during this important conference, employed in reading Marmontel's *Silvain*, with Isabella and Matilda. They were extremely interested in this little play; and Mrs. Harcourt, who came into the room whilst they were reading, actually sat down on the sofa beside Isabella, and, putting her arm round her daughter's waist, said—"Go on, love; let me have a share in some of your pleasures—lately, whenever I see you, you all look the picture of happiness—Go on, pray, madame de Rosier."

"It was I who was reading, mamma," said Isabella, pointing to the place over madame de Rosier's shoulder—

« Une femme douce et sage
A toujours tant d'avantage!
Elle a pour elle en partage
L'agrément et la raison. »

"Isabella," said Mrs. Harcourt, from whom a scarcely audible sigh had escaped—"Isabella really reads french almost as she does english."

"I am improved very much since I have heard madame de Rosier read," said Isabella.

"I don't doubt *that*, in the least; you are, all of you, much

improved, I think, in every thing;—I am sure I feel very much obliged to madame de Rosier.”

Matilda looked pleased by this speech of her mother, and affectionately said—“I am glad, mamma, you like her as well as we do—O! I forgot that madame de Rosier was by—but it is not flattery, however.”

“You see you have won all their hearts”—*from me*, Mrs. Harcourt was near saying, but she paused, and, with a faint laugh, added—“yet you see I am not jealous.—Matilda! read those lines that your sister has just read; I want to hear them again.”

Mrs. Harcourt sent for her work, and spent the evening at home. Madame de Rosier, without effort or affectation, dissipated the slight feeling of jealousy which she observed in the mother’s mind, and directed towards her the attention of her children, without disclaiming, however, the praise that was justly her due. She was aware that she could not increase her pupils’ real affection for their mother, by urging them to sentimental hypocrisy.

Whether Mrs. Harcourt understood her conduct this evening, she could not discover—for politeness does not always speak the unqualified language of the heart—but she trusted to the effect of time, on which persons of integrity may always securely rely for their reward. Mrs. Harcourt gradually discovered that, as she became more interested in the occupations and amusements of her children, they became more and more grateful for her sympathy; she consequently grew fonder of domestic life, and of the person who had introduced its pleasures into her family.

That we may not be accused of attributing any miraculous power to our French governess, we shall explain the natural means by which she improved her pupils.

We have already pointed out how she discouraged, in Isa-

bella, the vain desire to load her memory with historical and chronological facts, merely for the purpose of ostentation. She gradually excited her to read books of reasoning, and began with those in which reasoning and amusement are mixed. She also endeavoured to cultivate her imagination, by giving her a few well-chosen passages to read, from the best english, french, and italian poets. It was an easier task to direct the activity of Isabella's mind than to excite Matilda's dormant powers. Madame de Rosier patiently waited till she discovered something which seemed to please Matilda more than usual. The first book that she appeared to like particularly was "Les Conversations d'Émilie:" one passage she read with great delight aloud; and madame de Rosier, who perceived, by the manner of reading it, that she completely understood the elegance of the french, begged her to try if she could translate it into english: it was not more than half a page. Matilda was not terrified at the length of such an undertaking;—she succeeded, and the praises that were bestowed upon her translation excited in her mind some portion of ambition.

Madame de Rosier took the greatest care in conversing with Matilda, to make her feel her own powers: whenever she used good arguments, they were immediately attended to; and when Matilda perceived that a prodigious memory was not essential success, she was inspired with courage to converse unreservedly.

An accident pointed out to madame de Rosier another resource in Matilda's education. One day Herbert called his sister Matilda to look at an ant, who was trying to crawl up a stick; he seemed scarcely able to carry his large white load in his little forceps, and he frequently fell back, when he had just reached the top of the stick. Madame de Rosier, who knew how much of the art of instruction depends upon seizing the proper moments to introduce new ideas, asked Herbert whether he had ever heard of the poor snail, who, like this ant, slipped

back continually, as he was endeavouring to climb a wall twenty feet high.

“ I never heard of that snail—pray tell me the story,” cried Herbert.

“ It is not a story—it is a question in arithmetic,” replied madame de Rosier.—“ This snail was to crawl up a wall twenty feet high; he crawled up five feet every day, and slipped back again four feet every night : in how many days did he reach the top of the wall? ”

“ I love questions in arithmetic,” exclaimed Matilda, “ when they are not too difficult!” and immediately she whispered to madame de Rosier the answer to this easy question.

Her exclamation was not lost;—madame de Rosier determined to cultivate her talents for arithmetic. Without fatiguing Matilda’s attention by long exercises in the common rules, she gave her questions which obliged her *to think*, and which excited her to reason and to invent; she gradually explained to her pupil the relations of numbers, and gave her rather more clear ideas of the nature and use of the common rules of arithmetic than she had acquired from her writing-master, who had taught them only in a technical manner. Matilda’s confidence in herself was thus increased. When she had answered a difficult question, she could not doubt that she had succeeded; this was not a matter that admitted of the uncertainty which alarms timid tempers.—Madame de Rosier began by asking her young arithmetician questions only when they were by themselves—but by and by she appealed to her before the rest of the family. Matilda coloured at first, and looked as if she knew nothing of the business, but a distinct answer was given at last, and Isabella’s opinion of her sister’s abilities rose with amazing rapidity, when she heard that Matilda understood decimal fractions.

“ Now, my dear Matilda,” said madame de Rosier, “ since

you understand what even Isabella thinks difficult, you will, I hope, have sufficient confidence in yourself to attempt things which Isabella does not think difficult."

Matilda shook her head—"I am not Isabella yet," said she.

"No!" cried Isabella with generous, sincere warmth, "but you are much superior to Isabella: I am certain that I could not answer those difficult questions, though you think me so quick—and, when once you have learned any thing, you never forget it;—the ideas are not superficial," continued Isabella, turning to madame de Rosier; "they have depth, like the pins in mosaic work."

Madame de Rosier smiled at this allusion, and encouraged by her smile, Isabella's active imagination immediately produced another smile.

"I did not know my sister's abilities till lately—till you drew them out, madame de Rosier, like your drawing upon the screen in sympathetic inks;—when you first produced it, I looked, and said there was nothing; and when I looked again, after you had held it to the fire for a few moments, beautiful colours and figures appeared."

We hope our readers have observed that Isabella's conversation has become more agreeable, since she has suppressed some of her "remarkable events."—When the memory is overloaded, the imagination, or the inventive faculty, often remains inactive: wit, as well as invention, depends upon the quick combination of ideas.

Madame de Rosier, without using any artifice, succeeded in making Isabella and Matilda friends instead of rivals, by placing them, as much as possible, in situations in which they could mutually sympathise, and by discouraging all painful competition.

With Herbert and Favoretta she pursued a similar plan.

She scarcely ever left them alone together, that she might not run the hazard of their quarrelling in her absence. At this age, children have not sufficient command of their tempers—they do not understand the nature of society and of justice: the less they are left together, when they are of unequal strength, and *when they have not any employments, in which they are mutually interested*, the better. Favoretta and Herbert's petty, but loud and violent, disputes had nearly ceased since these precautions had been regularly attended to: as they had a great deal of amusement in the few hours which they spent together, they grew fond of each other's company: when Herbert was out in his little garden, he was impatient for the time when Favoretta was to come to visit his works; and Favoretta had equal pleasure in exhibiting to her brother her various manufactures.

Madame de Rosier used to hear them read in Mrs. Barbauld's excellent little books, and in "Evenings at Home:" she generally told them some interesting story when they had finished reading, and they regularly seated themselves, side by side, on the carpet, opposite to her.

One day Herbert established himself in what he called his "*happy corner*."—Favoretta placed herself close beside him, and madame de Rosier read to them that part of Sandford and Merton in which Squire Chace is represented beating Harry Sandford unmercifully, because he refused to tell which way the hare was gone. Madame de Rosier observed that this story made a great impression upon Herbert, and she thought it a good opportunity, whilst his mind was warm, to point out the difference between resolution and obstinacy. Herbert had been formerly disposed to obstinacy; but this defect in his temper never broke out towards madame de Rosier, because she carefully avoided urging him to do those things to which she knew him to be averse; and she frequently desired him to

do what she knew would be agreeable to him : she thought it best to suffer him , gradually , to forget his former bad habits and false associations , before she made any trial of his obedience ; then she endeavoured to give him new habits , by placing him in new situations . She now resolved to address herself to his understanding , which she perceived had opened to reason .

He exclaimed with admiration , upon hearing the account of Harry Sandford's fortitude — “ That's right — that's right ! — I am glad Harry did not tell that cruel Squire Chace which way the hare was gone . — I like Harry for bearing to be beaten , *rather than speak a word when he did not choose it* . — I love Harry , don't you ? ” said he , appealing to madame de Rosier .

“ Yes—I like him very much , ” said madame de Rosier ; “ but not for the reason that you have just given . ”

“ No ! ” said Herbert , starting up — “ why , ma'am , don't you like Harry for saving the poor hare ? don't you admire him for bearing all the hard blows , and for saying , when the man asked him afterward why he didn't tell which way the hare was gone — “ Because I don't choose to betray the unfortunate ? ”

“ O ! don't you love him for that ? ” said Favoretta , rising from her seat : “ I think Herbert himself would have given just such an answer , only not in such good words . — I wonder madame de Rosier don't like that answer ! ”

“ I have never said that I did not like that answer , ” said madame de Rosier , as soon as she was permitted to speak .

“ Then you *do* like it ? then you do like Harry ? ” exclaimed Herbert and Favoretta , both at once .

“ Yes—I like that answer , Herbert ; I like your friend Harry for saying that he did not *choose* to betray the unfortunate : you did not do *him* injustice , yourself , when you said just now that you liked Harry because he bore to be beaten rather than speak a word when he did not *choose it* . ”

Herbert looked puzzled.

"I mean," continued madame de Rosier, "that, before I can determine whether I like and admire any body for persisting in doing or in not doing any thing, I must hear their reasons for their resolution—"I don't choose it, is no reason—I must hear their reasons for choosing or not choosing it before I can judge."

"And I have told you the reason Harry gave for not choosing to speak when he was asked, and you said it was a good one—and you like him for his courage, don't you?" said Herbert.

"Yes," said madame de Rosier: "those who are resolute, when they have good reasons for their resolution, I admire; those who persist, merely because *they choose it*, and who cannot, or will not, tell why they choose it, I despise."

"O! so do I!" said Favoretta: "you know, brother, whenever you say you don't choose it, I am always angry, and ask you why."

"And if you were not *always* angry," said madame de Rosier. "perhaps, *sometimes*, your brother would tell you why."

"Yes, that I should," said Herbert; "I always have a good reason to give, Favoretta, though I don't always choose to give it."

"Then, said madame de Rosier, "you cannot always expect your sister to admire the justice of your decisions."

"No," replied Herbert; "but when I don't give her a reason, 'tis generally because it is not worth while. There can be no great wisdom, you know, in resolutions about trifles,—such as, whether she could be my horse, or I her horse—or whether I should water my radishes before breakfast or after."

"Certainly, you are right; there can be no great wisdom in resolutions about such trifles, therefore wise people never are obstinate about trifles."

“Do you know,” cried Herbert, after a pause, “they used, before you came, to say that I was obstinate; but with you I have never been so, because you know how to manage me: you manage me a great deal more *cunningly* than Grace used to do.”

“I would not manage you more *cunningly* than Grace used to do, if I could,” replied madame de Rosier, “for then I should manage you worse than she did.—It is no pleasure to me to govern you; I had much rather that you should use your reason to govern yourself.”

Herbert pulled down his waistcoat, and, drawing up his head, looked with conscious dignity at Favoretta.

“You know,” continued madame de Rosier, “that there are two ways of governing people, by reason, and by force. Those who have no reason, or who do not use it, must be governed by force.”

“I am not one of those,” said Herbert, “for I hate force.”

“But you must also love reason,” said madame de Rosier, “if you would not be *one of those*.”

“Well, so I do, when I hear it from *you*,” replied Herbert, bluntly; “for you give me reasons that I can understand, when you ask me to do or not to do any thing.—I wish people would always do so.”

“But, Herbert,” said madame de Rosier, “you must sometimes be contented to do as you are desired, even when I do not think it proper to give you my reasons—you will, hereafter, find that I have good ones.”

“I have found that already in a great many things,” said Herbert, “especially about the caterpillar.”

“What about the caterpillar?” said Favoretta.

“Don’t you remember,” said Herbert, “the day that I was going to tread upon what I thought was a little bit of black stick, and *she* desired me not to do it, and I did not, and

afterwards I found out that it was a caterpillar; — ever since that day I have been more ready, you know, ” continued he, turning to madame de Rosier, “ to believe that you might be in the right, and to do as you bid me—you don’t think me obstinate. do you?”

“ No, ” said madame de Rosier.

“ No! no!— do you hear that, Favoretta? ” cried Herbert, joyfully: “ Grace used to say I was as obstinate as a mule, and she used to call me an ass, too; but even poor asses are not obstinate when they are well treated. Where is the ass, in the Cabinet of Quadrupeds, Favoretta, which we were looking at the other day? — O pray let me read the account to you madame de Rosier. — It is towards the middle of the book, Favoretta let me look, I can find it in a minute. — It is not long — may I read it to you? ”

Madame de Rosier consented, and Herbert read as follows: —

“ ‘ Much has been said of the stupid and stubborn disposition of the ass, but we are greatly inclined to suspect that the aspersion is illfounded: whatever bad qualities of this kind he may sometimes possess, they do not appear to be the consequences of any natural defect in his constitution or temper, but arise from the manner used in training him, and the bad treatment he receives. We are the rather led to this assertion, from having lately seen one which experiences a very different kind of treatment from his master than is the fate of the generality of asses. — The humane owner of this individual is an old man, whose employment is the selling of vegetables, which he conveys from door to door, on the back of his ass. He is constantly baiting the poor creature with handfuls of hay, pieces of bread, or greens, which he procures in his progress. It is with pleasure we relate, for we have often curiously observed the old man’s demeanour towards his ass, that he seldom carries any instru-

ment of incitement with him, nor did we ever see him lift his hand to drive it on.

“ ‘ Upon our observing to him that he seemed to be very kind to his ass, and inquiring whether he were apt to be stubborn, how long he had had him, etc., he replied — ‘ Ah, master, it is no use to be cruel, and as for stubbornness, I cannot complain, for he is ready to do any thing, and will go any where ; I bred him myself, and have had him these two years; he is sometimes skittish and playful, and once ran away from me : — you will hardly believe it, but there were more than fifty people after him to stop him, but they were not able to effect it, yet he turned back of himself, and never stopped till he run his head kindly into my breast.’ ”

“ ‘ The countenance of this individual is open, lively, and cheerful; his pace nimble and regular; and the only inducement used to make him increase his speed is that of calling him by name, which he readily obeys.’ ”

“ I am not an ass, ” said Herbert, laughing, as he finished this sentence, “ but I think madame de Rosier is very like the good old man, and I always obey whenever she speaks to me. — By the by, ” continued Herbert, who now seemed eager to recollect something by which he could show his readiness to obey — “ by the by, Grace told me that my mother desired I should go to her, and have my hair combed every day — now I don’t like it, but I will do it, because mamma desires it, and I will go this instant; — will you come and see how still I can stand? — I will show you that I am not obstinate.”

Madame de Rosier followed the little hero, to witness, his triumph *over himself*. — Grace happened to be with her mistress, who was dressing.

“ Mamma, I am come to do as you bid me, ” cried Herbert, walking stoutly into the room : — “ Grace, here’s the comb; ” and he turned to her the tangled locks at the back of his head.

She pulled unmercifully, but he stood without moving a muscle of his countenance.

Mrs. Harcourt, who saw in her looking-glass what was passing, turned round, and said, " Gently, gently, Grace; indeed, Grace, you do pull that poor boy's hair as if you thought that his head had no feeling; — I am sure, if you were to pull my hair in that manner, I could not bear it so well. "

" Your hair! — O, dear ma'am, that's quite another thing— but master Herbert's is always in such a tangle, there's no such thing as managing it." Again Mrs. Grace gave a desperate pull: Herbert bore it, looked up at madame de Rosier, and said: " Now, that was resolution, not obstinacy you know. "

" Here is your little obedient and patient boy, " said madame de Rosier, leading Herbert to his mother, " who deserves to be rewarded with a kiss from you. "

" That he shall have, " said Mrs. Harcourt; " but why does Grace pull your hair so hard? and are not you almost able to comb your own hair? "

" Able! that I am. O, mother, I wish I might do it for myself. "

" And has madame de Rosier any objection to it? said Mrs. Harcourt.

" None in the least, " said madame de Rosier; " on the contrary, I wish that he should do every thing that he can do for himself; but he told me that it was your desire that he should apply to Mrs. Grace, and I was pleased to see his ready obedience to your wishes: you may be very certain that, even in the slightest trifle, as well as in matters of consequence, it is *our* wish, as much as it is our duty, to do exactly as you desire. "

" My dear madame, " said Mrs Harcourt, laying her hand upon madame de Rosier's, with an expression of real kindness.

mixed with her habitual politeness, "I am sensible of your goodness, but you know that in the slightest trifles, as well as in matters of consequence, I leave every thing implicitly to your better judgment; as to this business between Herbert and Grace, I don't understand it."

"Mother——" said Herbert.

"Madam," said Grace, pushing forward, but not very well knowing what she intended to say, "if you recollect, you desired me to comb master Herbert's hair, ma'am—and I told master Herbert so, ma'am — that's all."

"I do not recollect any thing about it indeed, Grace."

"O, dear ma'am! don't you recollect the last day there was company, and master Herbert came to the top of the stairs, and you was looking at the *Argan's* lamp, I said, 'Dear! master Herbert's hair's as rough as a porcupine's?' — and you said directly, ma'am, if you recollect: 'I wish you would make that boy's hair fit to be seen;' — those *was* your very words, ma'am—and thought you meant always ma'am."

"You mistook me, Grace," said Mrs. Harcourt, smiling at her maid's eager volubility: "in future, you understand that Herbert is to be entire master of his own hair."

"Thank you, mother," said Herbert.

"Nay, my dear Herbert, thank madame de Rosier: I only speak in her name. You understand, *I am sure*, Grace, *now*," said Mrs. Harcourt, calling to her maid, who seemed to be in haste to quit the room. — "You, I hope, understand, Grace, that madame de Rosier and I are always of one mind about the children; therefore, you need never be puzzled by contradictory orders—hers are to be obeyed."

Mrs. Harcourt was so much pleased when she looked at Herbert, as she concluded this sentence, to see an expression of great affection and gratitude, that she stooped instantly to kiss him.

“ Another kiss! two kisses to-day from my mother, and one of her own accord! ” exclaimed Herbert joyfully, running out of the room to tell the news to Favoretta.

“ That boy has heart, ” said Mrs. Harcourt, with some emotion—“ you have found it out for me, madame de Rosier, and I thank you. ”

Madame de Rosier seized the propitious moment to present a card of invitation, which Herbert, with much labour, had printed with his little printing-press.

“ Wat have we here? ” said Mrs. Harcourt, and she read aloud—

“ Mr. Herbert Harcourt’s love to his dear mother, and, if she be not engaged this evening, he should be exceedingly glad of her company, to meet Isabella, Matilda, Favoretta, and madame de Rosier, who have promised to sup with him upon his own radishes to-night. —They are all very impatient for *your* answer. ”

“ My answer they shall have in an instant, ” said Mrs. Harcourt: — “ why, madame de Rosier, this is the boy who could neither read nor spell six months ago. Will you be my messenger? ” — added she, putting a card into madame de Rosier’s hand, which she had written with rapidity.

“ Mrs. Harcourt’s love to her dear little Herbert — if she had a hundred other invitations, she would accept of his. ”

“ Bless me! ” said Mrs Grace, when she found the feathers, which she had placed with so much skill in her mistress’s hair, lying upon the table half an hour afterward — “ why, I thought my mistress was going out! ”

Grace’s surprise deprived her even of the power of exclamation, when she learned that her mistress staid at home to sup with master Herbert upon radishes. — At night she listened with malignant curiosity, as she sat at work in her mistress’s

dressing-room, to the frequent bursts of laughter, and to the happy little voices of the festive company who were at supper in an adjoining apartment.

“ This will never do ! ” thought Grace, but presently the laughter ceased, and, listening attentively, she heard the voice of one of *the young ladies* reading. — “ O ho ! ” thought Grace, “ if it comes to reading, master Herbert will soon be asleep. — But though it had *come to reading*, Herbert was, at this instant, broad awake.

At supper, when the radishes were distributed, Favoretta was very impatient to taste them ; the first which she tasted was *hot*, she said, and she did not quite like it.

“ *Hot!* ” cried Herbert, who criticised her language, in return for her criticism upon his radishes—“ I don’t think you can call a radish *hot*— it is cold, I think : I know what is meant by tasting sweet, or sour, or bitter.”

“ Well,” interrupted Favoretta, “ what is the name for the taste of this radish which bites my tongue ? ”

“ *Pungent,* ” said Isabella, and she eagerly produced a quotation in support of her epithet —

“ ‘ And *pungent* radish biting infant’s tongue. ’ ”

“ I know for once,” said Matilda, smiling, “ where you met with that line, I believe : is it not in Shenstone’s School-mistress, in the description of the old woman’s neat little garden ? ”

“ O ! I should like to hear about that old woman’s neat little garden,” cried Herbert.

“ And so should I,” said Mrs. Harcourt and madame de Rosier.

Isabella quickly produced the book after supper, and read the poem.

Herbert and Favoretta liked the old woman and her garden,

and they were much interested for the little boy, who was whipped for having been gazing at the pictures on the horn-book, instead of learning his lesson—but, to Isabella's great mortification, they did not understand above half of what she read—the old english expressions puzzled them.

“ You would not be surprised at this, my dear Isabella,” said madame de Rosier, “ if you had made as many experiments upon children as I have. It is quite a new language to them: and what you have just been reading is scarcely intelligible to me, though you compliment me so much upon my knowledge of the english language.” Madame de Rosier took the book, and pointed to several words which she had not understood — such as “ eftsoons,” “ *Dan Phœbus*,” and “ *ne and y*,” which had made many lines incomprehensible.

Herbert, when he heard madame de Rosier confess her ignorance, began to take courage, and came forward with his confessions.

“ *Gingerbread yrare*,” he thought, was some particular kind of gingerbread; and “ *Apples with cabbage net ycovered o'er*” presented no delightful image to his mind — because, as he said, he did not know what the word *net ycovered* could mean.

These mistakes occasioned some laughter; but as Herbert perceived that he was no longer thought stupid, he took all the laughter with good humour, and he determined to follow, in future, madame de Rosier's example, in pointing out the words which were puzzling.

Grace was astonished, at the conclusion of the evening, to find master Herbert in such high spirits. The next day she heard sounds of woe, sounds agreeable to her wishes — Favoretta crying upon the stairs. It had been a rainy morning — Favoretta and Herbert had been disappointed in not being able to walk out; and after having been amused the preceding

evening, they were less disposed to bear disappointment, and less inclined to employ themselves than usual : Favoretta had finished her little basket, and her mother had promised that it should appear at the dessert ; but it wanted some hours of dinner-time ; and between the making and the performance of a promise, how long the time appears to an impatient child ! how many events happen which may change the mind of the promiser ! Madame de Rosier had lent Favoretta and Herbert, for their amusement, the first number of " The Cabinet of Quadrupeds," in which there are beautiful prints ; but, unfortunately, some dispute arose between the children. Favoretta thought her brother looked too long at the hunchbacked camel — he accused her of turning over leaves before she had half seen the prints ; but she listened not to his just reproaches, for she had caught a glimpse of the royal tiger springing upon Mr. Munro, and she could no longer restrain her impatience. Each party began to pull at the book ; and the camel and the royal tiger were both in imminent danger of being torn in pieces, when madame de Rosier interfered, parted the combatants, and sent them into separate rooms, as it was her custom to do, whenever they could not agree together.

Grace, the moment she heard Favoretta crying, went up to the room where she was, and made her tiptoe approaches, addressing Favoretta in a tone of compassion, which, to a child's unpractised ear, might appear, perhaps, the natural voice of sympathy. The sobbing child hid her face in Grace's lap ; and when she had told her complaint against madame de Rosier, Grace comforted her for the loss of the royal tiger by the present of a queen-cake. Grace did not dare to stay long in the room, lest madame de Rosier should detect her ; she therefore left the little girl, with a strict charge " not to say a word of the queen-cake to her governess.

Favoretta kept the queen-cake, that she might divide it with

Herbert; for she now recollected that she had been most to blame in the dispute about the prints. Herbert absolutely refused, however, to have any share of the cake, and he strongly urged his sister to return it to Grace.

Herbert had, *formerly*, to use his own expression, been accused of being fond of eating, and so, perhaps, he was; but since he had acquired other pleasures, those of affection and employment, his love of eating had diminished so much, that he had eaten only one of his own radishes, because he felt more pleasure in distributing the rest to his mother and sisters.

It was with some difficulty that he prevailed upon Favoretta to restore the queen-cake: the arguments that he used we shall not detail, but he concluded with promising, that, if Favoretta would return the cake, he would ask madame de Rosier, the next time they passed by the pastry-cook's shop, to give them some queen-cake—"and I dare say she will give us some, for she is much more *really* good-natured than Grace."

Favoretta, with this hope of a future queen-cake, in addition to all her brother's arguments, at last determined to return Grace's present—"Herbert says I had better give it you back again," said she, "because madame de Rosier does not know it."

Grace was somewhat surprised by the effect of Herbert's oratory, and she saw that she must change her ground.

The next day, when the children were walking with madame de Rosier by a pastry-cook's shop, Herbert, with an honest countenance, asked madame de Rosier to give Favoretta and him a queen-cake. She complied, for she was glad to find that he always asked frankly for what he wanted, and yet that he bore refusals with good humour.

Just as Herbert was going to eat his queen-cake, he heard the sound of music in the street—he went to the door, and saw a poor man who was playing on the dulcimer—a little

boy was with him, who looked extremely thin and hungry — he asked Herbert for some halfpence.

“ I have no money of my own,” said Herbert, “ but I can give you this, which is my own.”

Madame de Rosier held his hand back, which he had just stretched out to offer his queen-cake; she advised him to exchange it for something more substantial; she told him that he might have two buns for one queen-cake. He immediately changed it for two buns, and gave them to the little boy, who thanked him heartily. The man who was playing on the dulcimer asked where Herbert lived, and promised to stop at his door to play a tune for him, which he seemed to like particularly.

Convinced by the affair of the queen-cake that Herbert's influence was a matter of some consequence in the family, Mrs. Grace began to repent that she had made him her enemy, and she resolved, upon the first convenient occasion, to make him overtures of peace—overtures which, she had no doubt, would be readily accepted.

One morning she heard him sighing and groaning, as she thought, over some difficult sum, which madame de Rosier had set for him; he cast up one row aloud several times, but could not bring the total twice to the same thing. When he took his sum to madame de Rosier, who was dressing, he was kept waiting a few minutes at the door, because Favoretta was not dressed. The young gentleman became a little impatient, and when he gained admittance, his sum was wrong.

“ Then I cannot make it right,” said Herbert, passionately.

“ Try,” said madame de Rosier; “ go into that closet by yourself, and try once more, and perhaps you will find that you can make it right.”

Herbert knelt down in the closet, though rather unwillingly, to this provoking sum.

“ Master Herbert, my dear,” said Mrs. Grace, following him, “ will you be so good as to go for miss Favoretta’s scissors if you please, which she lent you yesterday -- she wants ’em, my dear.”

Herbert, surprised by the unusually good-natured tone of this request, ran for the scissors, and, at his return, found that his difficult sum had been cast up in his absence; the total was written at the bottom of it, and he read these words, which he knew to be Mrs. Grace’s writing—“ Rub out my *figures*, and write them in your own.” — Herbert immediately rubbed out Mrs. Grace’s figures with indignation, and determined to do the sum for himself. He carried it to madame de Rosier—it was wrong: Grace stared, and when she saw Herbert patiently stand beside madame de Rosier, and repeat his efforts, she gave up all idea of obtaining any influence over him.

“ Madame de Rosier,” said she to herself, “ has bewitched ’em all, I think—it’s odd one can’t find out her art!”

Mrs. Grace seemed to think that she could catch the knack of educating children, as she had surreptitiously learnt, from a fashionable hair-dresser, the art of dressing hair. — Ever since Mrs. Harcourt had spoken in such a decided manner respecting madame de Rosier, her maid had artfully maintained the greatest appearance of respect for that lady, in her mistress’s presence, and had even been scrupulous, to a troublesome extreme, in obeying *the governess’s orders*: and by a studied show of attachment to Mrs. Harcourt, and much alacrity at her toilette, she had, as she flattered herself, secured a fresh portion of favour.

One morning Mrs. Harcourt found, when she awoke, that she had a head-ache, and a slight feverish complaint. — She had caught cold the night before in coming out of a warm assembly-room. Mrs. Grace affected to be much alarmed at

her mistress's indisposition, and urged her to send immediately for Dr. X——. To this Mrs. Harcourt half consented, and a messenger was sent for him. In the mean time Mrs Harcourt, who had been used to be much attended to in her slight indispositions, expressed some surprise that madame de Rosier, or some of her children, when they heard that she was ill, had not come to see her.

Where is Isabella? where is Matilda? or Favoretta? what is become of them all; do they know I am ill, Grace?"

"O dear! yes, ma'am; but they're all gone out in the coach, with madame de Rosier."

"All?" said Mrs. Harcourt.

"All, I believe, ma'am," said Grace; "though, indeed, I can't pretend to be sure, since I make it my business not to scrutinize, and to know as little as possible of what's going on in the house, lest I should seem to be too particular."

"Did madame de Rosier leave any message for me before she went out?"

"Not with me, ma'am."

Here the prevaricating waiting-maid told barely the truth in words: Madame de Rosier had left a message with the footman in Grace's hearing.

"I hope, ma'am," continued Grace, "you weren't disturbed with the noise in the house early this morning?"

"What noise?—I heard no noise," said Mrs. Harcourt.

"No noise! dear ma'am, I'm as glad as can possibly be of that, at any rate—but to be sure there was a great racket. I was really afraid, ma'am, it would do no good to your poor head."

"What was the matter?" said Mrs. Harcourt, drawing back the curtain.

"O! nothing, ma'am, that need alarm you—only music and dancing."

“ Music and dancing so early in the morning !—Do, Grace! say all you have to say at once, for you keep me in suspense, which, I am sure, is not good for my head. ”

“ La, ma'am, I was so afraid it would make you angry, ma'am—that was what made me so backward in mentioning it;—but, to be sure, madame de Rosier, and the young ladies, and master Herbert, I suppose, thought you couldn't hear, because it was in the back parlour, ma'am. ”

“ Hear what? what was in the back parlour? ”

“ Only a dulcimer man, ma'am, playing for the young ladies. ”

“ Did you tell them I was ill, Grace? ”

It was the second time Mrs. Harcourt had asked this question. Grace was gratified by this symptom.

“ Indeed, ma'am, ” she replied, “ I did make bold to tell master Herbert that I was afraid you would hear him jumping and making such an uproar up and down the stairs; but, to be sure, I did not say a word to the young ladies—as madame de Rosier was by, I thought she knew best. ”

A gentle knock at the door interrupted Mrs. Grace's charitable animadversions.

“ Bless me, if it isn't the young ladies! I'm sure I thought they were gone out in the coach. ”

As Isabella and Matilda came up to the side of their mother's bed, she said, in a languid voice—

“ I hope, Matilda, my dear, you did not stay at home on my account——Is Isabella there?—What book has she in her hand. ”

“ Zeluco, mamma—I thought, perhaps, you would like to hear some more of it—you liked what I read to you the other day. ”

“ But you forget that I have a terrible head-ache——Pray don't let me detain either of you, if you have any thing to do for madame de Rosier. ”

"Nothing in the world, mamma," said Matilda : "she is gone to take Herbert and Favoretta to Exeter Change."

No farther explanation could take place, for, at this instant, Mrs. Grace introduced Dr. X——. Now Dr. X—— was not one of those complaisant physicians who flatter ladies that they are very ill when they have and desire to excite tender alarm.

After satisfying himself that his patient was not quite so ill as Mrs. Grace had affected to believe, Dr. X—— insensibly led from medical inquiries to general conversation;— he had much playful wit and knowledge of the human heart, mixed with a variety of information, so that he could with happy facility amuse and interest nervous patients, who were beyond the power of the solemn apothecary.

The doctor drew the young ladies into conversation by rallying Isabella upon her simplicity in reading a novel openly in her mother's presence; he observed that she did not follow the example of the famous Serena, in "The Triumphs of Temper."—"Zeluco!" he exclaimed, in an ironical tone of disdain, "why not the charming 'Sorrows of Werter,' or some of our fashionable hobgoblin romances?"

Isabella undertook the defence of her book with much enthusiasm—and either her cause, or her defence, was so much to Dr. X——'s taste, that he gradually gave up his feigned attack.

After the argument was over, and every body, not excepting Mrs. Harcourt, who had almost forgotten her head-ache, was pleased with the vanquished doctor, he drew from his pocket-book three or four small cards;—they were tickets of admittance to lady N——'s french reading parties.

Lady N—— was an elderly lady, whose rank made literature fashionable amongst many, who aspired to the honour of being noticed by her. She was esteemed such an excellent

judge of manners, abilities, and character, that her approbation was anxiously courted, more especially by mothers, who were just introducing their daughters into the world. She was fond of encouraging youthful merit—but she was nice, some thought fastidious, in the choice of her young acquaintance.

Mrs. Harcourt had been very desirous that Isabella and Matilda should be early distinguished by a person, whose approving voice was of so much consequence in fashionable, as well as in literary society; and she was highly flattered by Dr. X——'s prophecy, that Isabella would be a great favourite of this "nice judging" lady——"Provided," added he, turning to Isabella, "you have the prudence not to be always, as you have been this morning, victorious in argument."

"I think," said Mrs. Harcourt—after the doctor had taken his leave—"I think I am much better—ring for Grace, and I will get up."

"Mamma," said Matilda, "if you will give me leave, I will give my ticket for the reading party to madame de Rosier, because, I am sure, it is an entertainment she will like particularly—and, you know, she confines herself so much with us——"

"I do not wish her to confine herself *so* much, my dear, I am sure," said Mrs. Harcourt, coldly; for, at this instant, Grace's representations of the morning's music and dancing, and some remains of her former jealousy of madame de Rosier's influence over her children's affections, operated upon her mind. Pride prevented her from explaining herself farther to Isabella or Matilda—and though they saw that she was displeased, they had no idea of the reason. As she was dressing, Mrs. Harcourt conversed with them about the books they were reading. Matilda was reading Hogarth's *Analysis of Beauty*; and she gave a distinct account of his theory.

Mrs. Harcourt, when she perceived her daughter's rapid improvement, felt a mixture of joy and sorrow.

"My dears," said she, "you will all of you be much superior to your mother—but girls were educated, in my days, quite in a different style from what they are now."

"Ah! there were no madame de Rosiers then" said Matilda innocently.

"What sort of a woman was your mother, mamma?" said Isabella, "my grand-mother, mamma?"

"She—she was a very good woman."

"Was she sensible?" said Isabella.

"Matilda, my dear," said Mrs. Harcourt, "I wish you would see if madame de Rosier has returned—I should be very glad to speak with her, for one moment, if she be not engaged."

Under the veil of politeness, Mrs. Harcourt concealed her real feelings, and declaring to madame de Rosier that she did not feel in spirits, or sufficiently well, to go out that evening, she requested that madame de Rosier would go, in her stead, to a dinner, where she knew her company would be particularly acceptable.——"You will trust me, will you, with your pupils, for one evening?" added Mrs. Harcourt.

The tone and manner, in which she pronounced these words, revealed the real state of her mind to madame de Rosier, who immediately complied with her wishes.

Conscious of this lady's quick penetration, Mrs. Harcourt was abashed by this ready compliance, and she blamed herself for feelings which she could not suppress.

"I am sorry that you were not at home this morning," she continued, in a hurried manner—"you would have been delighted with Dr. X—; he is one of the most entertaining men I am acquainted with—and you would have been vastly proud of your pupil there," pointing to Isabella; "I assure you, she pleased me extremely."

In the evening after madame de Rosier's departure, Mrs. Harcourt was not quite so happy as she had expected.—They, who have only seen children in picturesque situations, are not aware how much the duration of this domestic happiness depends upon those who have the care of them. People who, with the greatest abilities and the most anxious affection, are unexperienced in education, should not be surprised or mortified if their first attempts be not attended with success.—Mrs. Harcourt thought that she was doing what was very useful in hearing Herbert read; he read with tolerable fluency, but he stopped at the end of almost every sentence to weigh the exact sense of the words. In this habit he had been indulged, or rather encouraged, by his preceptress; but his simple questions, and his desire to have every word precisely explained, were far from amusing to one, who was little accustomed to the difficulties and misapprehensions of a young reader.

Herbert was reading a passage, which madame de Rosier had marked for him, in Xenophon's *Cyropædia*. With her explanations, it might have been intelligible to him.—Herbert read the account of Cyrus's judgment upon the two boys, who had quarrelled about their great and little coats, much to his mother's satisfaction, because he had understood every word of it, except the word *constituted*.

"*Constituted judge*—what does that mean, mamma?"

"Made a judge, my dear: go on."

"I saw a judge once, mamma, in a great wig—had Cyrus a wig, when he was con—consti—made a judge?"

Isabella and Mrs. Harcourt laughed at this question; and they endeavoured to explain the difference between a persian and an english judge.

Herbert with some difficulty separated the ideas, which he had so firmly associated, of a judge and a great wig;—and when he had, or thought he had, an abstract notion of a judge,

he obeyed his mother's repeated injunctions of "Go on—go on." He went on, after observing, that what came next was not marked by madame de Rosier for him to read.

Cyrus's mother says to him : "*Child, the same things are not accounted just with your grandfather here, and yonder in Persia.*"

At this sentence Herbert made a dead stop ; and, after pondering for some time, said ; " I don't understand what Cyrus's mother meant—what does she mean by *accounted just?*—*Accounted*, Matilda, I thought meant only about casting up

" It has another meaning my dear," Matilda mildly began.

" O, for Heaven's sake, spare me!" exclaimed Mrs. Harcourt ; " do not let me hear all the meanings of all the words in the english language.—Herbert may look for the words, that he does not understand, in the dictionary, when he has done reading—Go on, now, pray ; for," added she, looking at her watch, " you have been half an hour reading half a page :—this would tire the patience of Job."

Herbert perceiving that his mother was displeased, began, in the same instant, to be frightened ; he hurried on as fast as he could, without understanding one word more of what he was reading ; his precipitation was worse than his slowness ; he stumbled over the words, missed syllables, missed lines, made the most incomprehensible nonsense of the whole ; till, at length, Mrs. Harcourt shut the book in despair and soon afterwards despatched Herbert, who was also in despair, to bed. At this catastrophe, Favoretta looked very grave, and a general gloom seemed to overspread the company.

Mrs. Harcourt was mortified at the silence that prevailed, and made several ineffectual attempts to revive the freedom and gaiety of conversation : —" Ah!" said she to herself, " I knew it would be so ;—they cannot be happy without madame de Rosier."

Isabella had taken up a book. — “Cannot you read for our entertainment, Isabella, my dear, as well as for your own?” said her mother: “I assure you, I am as much interested always in what you read to me, as madame de Rosier herself can be.”

“I was just looking, mamma, for some lines, that we read the other day, which madame de Rosier said she was sure you would like. Can you find them Matilda?—You know, madame de Rosier said, that mamma would like them, because she has been at the opera.”

“I have been at a great many operas,” said Mrs. Harcourt, drily; “but I like other things as well as operas—and I cannot precisely guess what you mean by *the* opera—has it no name?”

“Medea and Jason, ma’am.”

“The *ballet* of Medea and Jason—It’s a very fine thing, certainly; but one has seen it so often.—Read on, my dear.”

Isabella then read a passage, which, notwithstanding Mrs. Harcourt’s inclination to be displeas’d, captivated her ear, and seized imagination.

“ ‘ Slow out of earth, before the festive crowds,
On wheels of fire, amid a night of clouds,
Drawn by fierce fiends, arose a magic car,
Receiv’d the queen, and, hov’ring, flam’d in air.
As with rais’d hands the suppliant traitors kneel,
And fear the vengeance they deserv’d to feel;
Thrice, with parch’d lips, her guiltless babes she press’d.
And thrice she clasp’d them to her tortur’d breast.
A while with white uplifted eyes she stood.
Then plung’d her trembling poniard in their blood.
Go, kiss your sire! go, share the bridal mirth!
She cried, and hurl’d their quiv’ring limbs on earth.

Rebelling thunders rack the marble tow'rs,
And red-tongued lightnings shoot their arrowy show'rs,
Earth yawns!—the crashing ruin sinks!—o'er all
Death with black hands extends his mighty pall.' ”

“ They are admirable lines , indeed ! ” exclaimed Mrs. Harcourt.

“ I knew, mamma , you would like them , ” said Isabella ; “ and I'm sure I wish I had seen the ballet too . ”

“ You were never at an opera , ” said Mrs. Harcourt, after Isabella had finished reading—“ should you either of you, or both, like to go with me to-night to the opera ? ”

“ To-night, ma'am ! ” cried Isabella, in a voice of joy.

“ To-night, mamma ! ” cried Matilda, timidly ; “ but you were not well this morning . ”

“ But I am very well now, my love ; at least quite well enough to go out with you—let me give you some pleasure.—Ring for Grace, my dear Matilda, ” added Mrs. Harcourt, looking at her watch, “ and do not let us be sentimental, for we have not a moment to lose—we must prevail upon Grace to be as quick as lightning in her operations . ”

Grace was well disposed to be quick—she was delighted with what she called *the change of measures* ;— she repeated continually, in the midst of their hurried toilette—

“ Well, I am so glad, young ladies, you're going out with your *mamma*, at last—I never saw my mistress look so well as she does to-night ”

Triumphant, and feeling herself to be a person of consequence, Grace was indefatigably busy, and Mrs. Harcourt thought that her talkative zeal was the overflowing of an honest heart.

After Mrs Harcourt, with Isabella and Matilda, were gone to the opera, Favoretta, who had been sent to bed by her mother, because she was in the way when they were dressing, called

to Grace to beg that she would close the shutters in her room, for the moon shone upon her bed, and she could not go to sleep.

“ I wish mamma would have let me sit up a little longer,” said Favoretta, “ for I am not at all sleepy. ”

“ You always go to bed a great deal earlier, you know, miss,” said Grace, “ when your governess is at home;—I would let you get up, and come down to tea with me, for I’m just going to take my late dish of tea, to rest myself, only I dare not let you because —— ”

“ Because what? ”

“ Because, miss, you remember how you served me about the queen-cake. ”

“ But I do not want you to give me any queen-cake; I only want to get up for a little while,” said Favoretta.

“ Then get up,” said Grace; “ but don’t make a noise, to waken master Herbert. ”

“ Do you think,” said Favoretta, “ that Herbert would think it wrong? ”

“ Indeed, I don’t think at all about what he thinks,” said Mrs. Grace, tossing back her head, as she adjusted her dress at the glass; “ and, if you think so much about it, you’d better lie down again. ”

“ O! I can’t lie down again,” said Favoretta, “ I have got my shoes on - stay for me, Grace—I’m just ready. ”

Grace, who was pleased with an opportunity of indulging this little girl, and who flattered herself that she should regain her former power over Favoretta’s undistinguishing affections, waited for her most willingly—Grace drank her *late* dish of tea in her mistress’s dressing-room, and did every thing in her power to humour “ her sweet Favoretta. ”

Mrs. Rebecca, Mrs. Fanshaw’s maid, was summoned; she lived in the next street.—She was quite overjoyed, she said,

at entering the room, to see miss Favoretta—it was an age since she had a sight or a glimpse of her.

We pass over the edifying conversation of those two ladies.—Miss Favoretta was kept awake, and in such high spirits by flattery that she did not perceive how late it was—she begged to stay up a little longer and a little longer.

Mrs. Rebecca joined in these entreaties, and Mrs. Grace could not refuse them; especially as she knew that the coach would not go for madame de Rosier till after her mistress's return from the opera.

The coachman had made this arrangement for his own convenience, and had placed it entirely to the account of his horses.

Mrs. Grace depended, rather imprudently, upon the coachman's arrangement; for madame de Rosier, finding that the coach did not call for her at the hour she had appointed, sent for a chair, and returned home, whilst Grace, Mrs. Rebecca, and Favoretta, were yet in Mrs. Harcourt's dressing-room.

Favoretta was making a great noise, so that they did not hear the knock at the door.

One of the house-maids apprised Mrs. Grace of madame de Rosier's arrival. "She's getting out of her chair, Mrs. Grace, in the hall."

Grace started up, put Favoretta into a little closet, and charged her not to make the least noise *for her life*.—Then, with a candle in her hand, and a treacherous smile upon her countenance, she sallied forth to the head of the stairs, to light madame de Rosier.—"Dear ma'am! my mistress will be so sorry the coach didn't go for you in time;—she found herself better after you went—and the two young ladies are gone with her to the opera."

"And where are Herbert and Favoretta?"

“ In bed, ma’am, and asleep, hours ago. — Shall I light you, ma’am, this way to your room? ”

“ No,” said madame de Rosier; “ I have a letter to write; and I’ll wait in Mrs. Harcourt’s dressing-room till she comes home.”

“ Very well, ma’am. — Mrs. Rebecca, it’s only madame de Rosier. — Madame de Rosier, it’s only Rebecca, Mrs. Fanshaw’s maid, ma’am, who’s here very often when my mistress is at home, and just stepped up to look at the young lady’s drawings, which my mistress gave me leave to show her the first time she drank tea with me, ma’am.”

Madame de Rosier, who thought all this did not concern her in the least, listened to it with cold indifference, and sat down to write her letter.

Grace fidgeted about the room, as long as she could find any pretence for moving any thing into or out of its place; and at length, in no small degree of anxiety for the prisoner she had left in the closet, quitted the dressing-room.

As madame de Rosier was writing, she once or twice thought that she heard some noise in the closet; she listened, but all was silent — and she continued to write, till Mrs. Harcourt, Isabella, and Matilda came home.

Isabella was in high spirits, and began to talk, with considerable volubility, to madame de Rosier about the opera.

Mrs. Harcourt was full of apologies about the coach — and Matilda rather anxious to discover what it was that had made a change in her mother’s manner towards madame de Rosier.

Grace, glad to see that they were all intent upon their own affairs, lighted their candles expeditiously, and stood waiting, in hopes that they would immediately leave the room, and that she should be able to release her prisoner.

Favoretta usually slept in a little closet within Mrs. Grace's room, so that she foresaw no difficulty in getting her to bed. "I heard! — did not *you* hear a noise, Isabella?" said Matilda.

"A noise!—No; where?" said Isabella, and went on talking alternately to her mother and madame de Rosier, whom she held fast, though they seemed somewhat inclined to retire to rest.

"Indeed," said Matilda, "I did hear a noise in that closet."

"O dear, miss Matilda," cried Grace, getting between Matilda and the closet, "it's nothing in life but a mouse."

"A mouse, where?" said Mrs. Harcourt.

"Nowhere, ma'am," said Grace, "only miss Matilda was hearing noises, and I said they must be mice."

"There, mamma! there! that was not a mouse, surely!" said Matilda. "It was a noise louder, certainly, than any mouse could make."

"Grace is frightened," said Isabella, laughing.

Grace, indeed, looked pale and terribly frightened.

Madame de Rosier took a candle, and walked directly to the closet.

"Ring for the men," said Mrs. Harcourt.

Matilda held back madame de Rosier; and Isabella, whose head was now just recovered from the opera, rang the bell with considerable energy.

"Dear miss Isabella, don't ring so; — dear ma'am, don't be frightened, and I'll tell you the whole truth, ma'am," said Grace to her mistress—"It's nothing in the world to frighten any body — t's only miss Favoretta, ma'am."

"Favoretta!" exclaimed every body at once, except madame de Rosier, who instantly opened the closet door, but no Favoretta appeared.

" Favoretta is not here, " said madame de Rosier.

" Then I'm undone ! " exclaimed Grace ; " she must have got out upon the leads. " — The leads were, at this place, narrow, and very dangerous.

" Don't scream, or the child is lost, " said madame de Rosier.

Mrs. Harcourt sank down into an armchair. — Madame de Rosier stopped Isabella, who pressed into the closet.

" Don't speak, Isabella—Grace, go into the closet—call Favoretta—hear me, quietly, " said madame de Rosier, steadily, for Mrs. Grace was in such confusion of mind, that she was going to call upon the child, without waiting to hear what was said to her——" Hear me, " said madame de Rosier, " or *you are* undone—go into that closet without making any bustle—call Favoretta, gently—she will not be frightened, when she hears only your voice. "

Grace did as she was ordered, and returned from the closet, in a few instants, with Favoretta.—Grace instant began an exculpatory speech, but Mrs. Harcourt, though still trembling, had sufficient firmness to say—" Leave us, Grace, and let me hear the truth from the child. "

Grace left the room. —Favoretta related exactly what had happened, and said, that when she heard all their voices in the dressing-room, and when she heard Matilda say there's a noise, she was afraid of being discovered in the closet, and had crept out through a little door, with which she was well acquainted that opened upon the leads.

Mrs. Harcourt now broke forth into indignant exclamations against Grace.—Madame de Rosier gently pacified her, and hinted, that it would be but just to give her a fair hearing in the morning.

" You are always yourself! always excellent! " cried Mrs. Harcourt ; " you have saved my child — we none of us had any presence of mind, but yourself. "

"Indeed, mamma, I *did* ring the bell, however," said Isabella.

With much difficulty those, who had so much to say, submitted to madame de Rosier's entreaty of "Let us talk of it in the morning."—She was afraid that Favoretta, who was present, would not draw any salutary moral from what might be said in the first emotions of joy for her safety.—Madame de Rosier undressed the little girl herself, and took care that she should not be treated as a heroine just escaped from imminent danger.

The morning came, and Mrs. Grace listened, with anxious ear, for the first sound of her mistress's bell—but no bell rang;—and when she heard Mrs. Harcourt walking in her bed-chamber, Grace augured ill of her own fate, and foreboded the decline and fall of her empire.

"If my mistress can get up and dress herself without me, it's all over with me," said Grace; "but I'll make one trial."—Then she knocked, with her most obliging knock, at her mistress's door, and presented herself with a Magdalen face——"Can I do any thing for you, ma'am?"

"Nothing, I thank you Grace.—Send Isabella and Matilda."

Isabella and Matilda came, but Mrs. Harcourt finished dressing herself in silence, and then said—

"Come with me, my dear girls, to madame de Rosier's room!—I believe I had better ask her the question that I was going to ask you—is she up?"

"Yes, but not dressed," said Matilda, "for we have been reading to her."

"And talking to her," added Isabella; "which, you know, hinders people very much mamma, when they are dressing."

At madame de Rosier's door they found Herbert, with his slate in his hand, and his sum ready cast up.

"May I bring this little man in with me?" said Mrs. Har-

court to madame de Rosier——“ Herbert, shake hands with me,” continued his mother: “ I believe I was a little impatient with you and your Cyrus last night, but you must not expect that every body should be as good to you as this lady has been;” leading him up to madame de Rosier.

“ Set this gentleman’s heart at ease, will you?” continued she, presenting the slate, upon which his sum was written, to madame de Rosier.—“ He looks the picture, or rather the reality, of honesty and good humour this morning, I think, I am sure that *he* has not done any thing that he is ashamed of.”

Little Herbert’s countenance glowed with pleasure at receiving such praise from his mother; but he soon checked his pride, for he discovered Favoretta, upon whom every eye had turned, as Mrs. Harcourt concluded her speech.

Favoretta was sitting in the farthest corner of the room, and she turned her face to the wall when Herbert looked at her;—but Herbert saw that she was in disgrace.—“ Your sum is quite right, Herbert,” said madame de Rosier.

“ Herbert, take your slate,” said Matilda; and the young gentleman had at length the politeness to relieve her outstretched arm.

“ Send him out of the way,” whispered Mrs. Harcourt.

“ Go out of the room, Herbert, my dear,” said madame de Rosier, who never made use of artifices upon any occasion to get rid of children—“ Go out of the room, Herbert, my dear; for we want to talk about something which we do not wish that you should hear.”

Herbert, though he was anxious to know what could be the matter with Favoretta, instantly withdrew, saying: “ Will you call me again when you’ve done talking?”

“ We can speak french,” added madame de Rosier, looking at Favoretta, “ since we cannot trust that little girl in a room by herself; we must speak in a language which she does not

understand, when we have any thing to say that we do not choose she should hear."

"After all this preparation," said Mrs. Harcourt, in french, "my little mouse will make you laugh—it will not surprise or frighten you, Matilda, quite so much as the mouse of last night. You must know that I have been much disturbed by certain noises."

"More noises!" said Matilda, drawing closer, to listen.

"More noises!" said Mrs. Harcourt, laughing; "but the noises which disturbed my repose were not heard in the dead of the night, just as the clock struck twelve—the charming hour for being frightened out of one's wits, Matilda: my noises were heard in broad daylight, about the time

'When lap-dogs give themselves the rousing shake.'

"Was not there music and dancing here, early yesterday morning, when I had the head-ache, Isabella?"

"Yes, mamma," said Isabella: "Herbert's dulcimer-boy was here!!—we call him Herbert's dulcimer-boy, because Herbert gave him two buns the other day;—the boy and his father came from gratitude to play a tune for Herbert, and we all ran and asked madame de Rosier to let them in."

"We did not know you had the head-ache, mamma," said Matilda, "till after they had played several tunes, and we heard Grace saying something to Herbert about racketing upon the stairs—he only ran up stairs once for my music-book; and the moment Grace spoke to him, he came to us, and said that you were not well; then madame de Rosier stopped the dulcimer, and we all left off dancing, and we were very sorry Grace had not told us sooner that you were ill:—at that time it was ten—nearly eleven o'clock."

"Grace strangely misrepresented all this," said Mrs. Har-

court : " as she gave her advice so late, I am sorry she gave it at all — she prevented you and Isabella from the pleasure of going out with madame de Rosier. "

" We prevented ourselves—Grace did not prevent us, I assure you, mamma, " said Isabella, eagerly : " we wished to stay at home with you — Herbert and Favoretta were only going to see the royal tiger. "

" Then you did not stay at home by madame de Rosier's desire? "

" No, indeed, madam, " said madame de Rosier, who had not appeared in any haste to justify herself ; " your children always show you affection by their own desire, never by mine : your penetration would certainly discover the difference between attention prompted by a governess, and those which are shown by artless affection. "

" My dear madame, say no more, " said Mrs. Harcourt, holding out her hand : " you are a real friend. "

Madame de Rosier now went to call Herbert ; but, on opening the door, Mrs. Grace fell forward upon her face into the room ; she had been kneeling, with her head close to the keyhole of the door ; and, probably, the sound of her own name, and a few sentences now and then spoken in english, had so fixed her attention, that she did not prepare in time for her retreat.

" Get up, Grace, and walk in, if you please, " said Mrs. Harcourt, with much calmness ; " we have not the least objection to your hearing our conversation. "

" Indeed, ma'am, " said Grace, as soon as she had recovered her feet, " I'm above listening to any body's conversations, except that when one hears one's own name, and knows that one has enemies, it is but natural to listen in one's own defence. "

" And is that all you can do, Grace in your own defence? " said Mrs. Harcourt.

"It's not all I can *say*, ma'am," replied Grace, pushed to extremities; and still with a secret hope that her mistress, *upon a pinch, would not part with a favourite maid*: "I see I'm of no farther use in the family, neither to young or old -- and new comers have put me quite out of favour, and have your ear to themselves—so, if you please, ma'am, I had better look out for another situation."

"If you please, Grace," said Mrs. Harcourt.

"I will leave the house this instant, if you think proper, ma'am."

"If you think proper, Grace," said her mistress, with immovable philosophy.

Grace burst into tears: "I never thought it would come to this, Mrs. Harcourt—I, that have lived so long such a favourite!—but I don't blame you, madam; you have been the best and kindest of mistresses to me; and, whatever becomes of me, to my dying words, I shall always give you and the dear young ladies the best of characters."

"The character we may give *you*, Grace, is of rather more consequence."

"Every thing that I say and do," interrupted the sobbing Grace, "is *vilified* and misinterpreted by those who wish me ill. I——"

"You have desired to leave me, Grace; and my desire is that you should leave me," said Mrs. Harcourt, with firmness.—"Madame de Rosier and I strictly forbade you to interfere with any of the children in our absence; you have thought proper to disregard these orders; and were you to stay longer in my house, I perceive that you would teach my children first to disobey, and afterward to deceive me."

Grace, little prepared for this calm decision, now, in a frightened humble tone, began to make promises of reformation; but her promises and apologies were vain; she was

compelled to depart, and every body was glad to have done with her.

Favoretta, young as she was, had already learned from this cunning waiting-maid habits of deceit which could not be suddenly changed. Madame de Rosier attempted her cure, by making her feel, in the first place, the inconveniences and the disgrace of not being trusted. Favoretta was ashamed to perceive that she was the only person in the house who was watched; and she was heartily glad when, by degrees, she had opportunities allowed her of obtaining a character for truth, and all the pleasures and all the advantages of confidence.

Things went on much better after the gnomelike influence of Mrs. Grace had ceased; but we must now hasten to introduce our readers to Mrs. Fanshaw.—Mrs. Fanshaw was a card-playing lady, who had been educated at a time when it was not thought necessary for women to have any knowledge, or any taste for literature. As she advanced in life, she continually recurred to the maxims as well as to the fashions of her youth; and the improvements in modern female education she treated as dangerous innovations. She had placed her daughter at a boarding-school in London, the expense of which was its chief recommendation; and she saw her regularly at the Christmas and Midsummer holidays.—At length, when miss Fanshaw was about sixteen, her prudent mother began to think that it was time to take her from school, and to introduce her into the world. Miss Fanshaw had learned to speak french passably, to read a *little* italian, to draw *a little*, to play tolerably well upon the piano-forte, and to dance as well as many other young ladies. She had been sedulously taught a sovereign contempt of whatever was called *vulgar* at the school where she was educated; but, as she was profoundly ignorant of every thing but the routine of that school, she had no pre-

cise idea of propriety; she only knew what was thought vulgar or genteel at Suxberry House; and the authority of Mrs. Suxberry, for that was the name of her school-mistress, she quoted as incontrovertible upon all occasions. Without reflecting upon what was wrong or right, she decided with pert vivacity on all subjects; and firmly believed that no one could know or could learn any thing who had not been educated precisely as she had been. She considered her mother as an inferior personage, destitute of genteel accomplishments: her mother considered her as a model of perfection, that could only have been rendered thus thoroughly accomplished by *the most expensive masters*—her only fear was, that her dear Jane should be rather too *learned*.

Mrs. Harcourt, with Isabella and Matilda, paid Mrs. Fanshaw a visit, as soon as they heard that her daughter was come home.

Miss Fanshaw, an erect stiffened figure, made her entrée; and it was impossible not to perceive that her whole soul was intent upon her manner of holding her head and placing her elbows, as she came into the room. Her person had undergone all the ordinary and extraordinary tortures of backboards, collars, stocks, dumb-bells, etc. She looked at Isabella and Matilda with some surprise and contempt during the first ten minutes after her entrance: for they were neither of them seated in the exact posture, which she had been instructed to think the only position in which a *young lady* should sit in company. Isabella got up to look at a drawing; miss Fanshaw watched every step she took, and settled it in her own mind that miss Harcourt did not walk as if she had ever been at Suxberry House. Matilda endeavoured to engage the figure that sat beside her in conversation; but the figure had no conversation, and the utmost that Matilda could obtain was a few monosyllables pronounced with affected gravity; for, at Sux-

berry House, this young lady had been taught to maintain an invincible silence when produced to strangers; but she made herself amends for this constraint, the moment she was with her companions, by a tittering, gossiping species of communication, which scarcely deserves the name of conversation.

Whilst the silent miss Fanshaw sat so as to do her dancing-master strict justice, Mrs. Fanshaw was stating to Mrs. Harcourt the enormous expense to which she had gone in her daughter's education. Though firm to her original doctrine, that women had no occasion for learning, in which word of reproach she included all literature, she nevertheless had been convinced, by the unanimous voice of fashion, that accomplishments were *most desirable for young ladies*—desirable, merely because they were fashionable; she did not, in the least, consider them as sources of independent occupation.

Isabella was struck with sudden admiration at the sight of a head of Jupiter which miss Fanshaw had just finished, and Mrs. Harcourt borrowed it for her to copy; though miss Fanshaw was secretly but decidedly of opinion, that no one who had not learned from the drawing-master at Suxberry House could copy this head of Jupiter with any chance of success.

There was a pretty little netting-box upon the table, which caught Matilda's eye, and she asked the silent figure what it was made of. The silent figure turned its head mechanically, but could give no information upon the subject. Mrs. Fanshaw, however, said that she had bought the box at the Repository for ingenious works, and that the reasons she chose it was because lady N——had recommended it to her.

"It is some kind of new manufacture, her ladyship tells me, invented by some poor little boy that she patronises; her ladyship can tell you more of the matter, miss Matilda, than I can," concluded Mrs. Fanshaw and producing her netting, she asked

Mrs. Harcourt "if she had not been vastly notable to have got forward so fast with her work."

The remainder of the visit was spent in recounting her losses at the card-table, and in exhortation to Mrs. Harcourt to send miss Isabella and Matilda to finish their education at Suxberry House.

Mrs. Harcourt was somewhat alarmed by the idea that her daughters would not be equal to miss Fanshaw in accomplishments; but, fortunately for madame de Rosier and herself, she was soon induced to change her opinion by farther opportunities of comparison.

In a few days her visit was returned—Mrs. Harcourt happened to mention the globe that Isabella was painting. Miss Fanshaw begged to see it, and she went into Mrs. Harcourt's dressing-room, where it hung. The moment she found herself with Isabella and Matilda, *out of company*, the silent figure became talkative. The charm seemed to be broken, or rather reversed, and she began to chatter with pert incessant rapidity.

"Dear me," said she, casting a scornful glance at Matilda's globe, "this is vastly pretty, but we've no such thing at Suxberry House.—I wonder Mrs. Harcourt didn't send both of you to Suxberry House—every body sends their daughters, who can afford it, now, to Suxberry House; but, to be sure, it's very expensive—we had all silver forks, and every thing in the highest style, and Mrs. Suxberry keeps a coach. I assure you, she's not at all like a school-mistress, and she thinks it very rude and vulgar of any body to call her a school-mistress.—Won't you ask your mamma to send you, if it's only for the name of it, for one year, to Suxberry House?"

"No," said Matilda; "we are so happy under the care of madame de Rosier."

"Ah, dear me! I forgot—mamma told me *you'd got* a new

french governess, lately—our french teacher, at Suxberry House, was so strict, and so cross, if one made a mistake in the tenses: it's very well for you your governess is not cross—does she give you very hard exercises?—let me look at your exercise book, and I'll tell you whether it's the right one—I mean *that that* we used to have at Suxberry House.”

Miss Fanshaw snatched up a book, in which she saw a paper, which she took for a french exercise.

“Come, show it me, and I'll correct the faults for you, before your governess sees it, and she'll be so surprised!”

“Madame de Rosier has seen it,” said Matilda;—but miss Fanshaw, in a romping manner, pulled the paper out of her hands. It was the translation of a part of “Les Conversations d'Emilie,” which we formerly mentioned.

“La!” said miss Fanshaw, “we had no such book as this at Suxberry House.”

Matilda's translation she was surprised to find correct.

“And do you write themes?” said she—“We always wrote themes once every week, at Suxberry House, which I used to hate of all things, for I never could find any thing to say—it made me hate writing, I know;—but that's all over now; thank goodness, I've done with themes, and french letters, and exercises, and translations, and all those plaguing things; and now I've left school for ever, I may do just as I please—that's the best of going to school; it's over some time or other, and there's an end of it; but you that have a governess and masters at home, you go on for ever and ever, and you have no holidays either; and you have no out-of-school hours; you are kept *hard at it* from morning till night: now I should hate that of all things. At Suxberry House, when we had got our task done, and finished with the writing-master and the drawing-master, and when we had practised for the music-master, and *all that*, we might be as idle as we pleased, and do what

we liked out of school-hours—you know that was very pleasant: I assure you, you'd like being at Suxberry House amazingly."

Isabella and Matilda, to whom it did not appear the most delightful of all things to be idle, nor the most desirable thing in the world to have their education finished, and then to lay aside all thoughts of farther improvement, could not assent to miss Fanshaw's concluding assertion. They declared that they did not feel any want of holidays; at which miss Fanshaw stared: they said that they had no tasks, and that they liked to be employed rather better than to be idle; at which miss Fanshaw laughed, and sarcastically said: "You need not talk to me as if your governess was by, for I'm not a tell-tale — I sha'n't repeat what you say."

Isabella and Matilda, who had not two methods of talking, looked rather displeased at this ill-bred speech.

"Nay," said miss Fanshaw, "I hope you aren't affronted *now* at what I said; when we are by ourselves, you know, one says just what comes into one's head. Whose handsome coach is this, pray, with a coronet?" continued she, looking out at the window: "I declare it is stopping at your door, do let us go down. I'm never afraid of going into the room when there's company, for we were taught to go into a room at Suxberry House; and Mrs. Suxberry says it's very vulgar to be ashamed, and I assure you it's all custom. I used to colour, as miss Matilda does, every minute; but I got over it before I had been long at Suxberry House."

Isabella, who had just been reading "A Father's Legacy to his Daughters," recollected at this instant Dr. Gregory's opinion, "that when a girl ceases to blush, she has lost the most powerful charm of beauty." She had not, however, time to *quote* this in Matilda's defence, for miss Fanshaw ran down stairs, and Isabella recollected, before she overtook her, that

it would not be polite to remind her of her early loss of charms.

Lady N—— was in the coach which had excited miss Fanshaw's admiration; and this young lady had a glorious opportunity of showing the graces that she had been taught at so much expense, for the room was full of company. Several morning visitors had called upon Mrs. Harcourt, and they formed a pretty large circle, which miss Fanshaw viewed upon her entrance with a sort of studied assurance.

Mrs. Fanshaw watched lady N——'s eye as her daughter came into the room; but lady N—— did not appear to be much struck with the second-hand graces of Suxberry House; her eye passed over miss Fanshaw, in search of something less affected and more interesting.

Miss Fanshaw had now resumed her *company face* and attitude; she sat in prudent silence, whilst lady N—— addressed her conversation to Isabella and Matilda, whose thoughts did not seem to be totally engrossed by their own persons.

Dr. X—— had prepared this lady to think favourably of madame de Rosier's pupils, by the account which he had given her of Isabella's remarks upon Zeluco.

A person of good sense, who has an encouraging countenance, can easily draw out the abilities of young people, and, from their manner of listening, as well as from their manner of speaking, can soon form a judgment of their temper and understanding.

Miss Fanshaw, instead of attending with a desire to improve herself from sensible conversation, sat with a look as absent as that of an unskilful actress, whilst the other performers are engaged in their parts.

There was a small book-case, in a recess, at the farthest end of the room; and upon a little table there were some books, which Isabella and Matilda had been reading with madame de

Rosier. Mrs. Fanshaw looked towards the table with a sarcastic smile, and said—

“ You are great readers, young ladies, I see : may we know what are your studies ? ”

Miss Fanshaw, to show how well she could walk, crossed the room, and took up one of the books.

“ ‘ Alison upon Taste ’ — that’s a pretty book, I dare say — but la ! what’s this, miss Isabella ? — ‘ A Smith’s Theory of Moral Sentiments ’ — dear me ! that must be a curious performance by a smith ! a common smith ! ”

Isabella, good-naturedly, stopped her from farther absurd exclamations by turning to the titlepage of the book, and showing her the words “ *Adam Smith*. ”

“ Ah ! *A* stands for *Adam* ! very true — I thought it was *a* smith,” said miss Fanshaw.

“ Well, my dear,” said her mother, who had quickness enough to perceive that her daughter had made some mistake by the countenances of the company, but who had not sufficient erudition to know what the mistake could be — “ well, my dear, and suppose it was *a* smith, there’s nothing extraordinary in that ; — nothing extraordinary in a smith’s writing a book now-a-days ; — why not a common blacksmith, as well as a common ploughman ? — I was asked, I know not long ago, to subscribe to the poems of a common ploughman. ”

“ The Ayreshire ploughman ? ” said lady N — —

“ Yes, they called him so, as I recollect, and I really had a mind to put my name down, for I think I saw your ladyship’s amongst the subscribers. ”

“ Yes, they are beautiful poems,” said lady N — —.

“ So I understand — there are some vastly pretty things in his collection — but one hears of so many good things coming out every day,” said Mrs. Fanshaw, in a plaintive voice — “ in these days, I think, every body writes — — ”

“ And reads,” said lady N ——.

“ And reads,” said Mrs. Fanshaw.

“ We have learned ladies now, wherever one goes, who tell one they never play at cards—I am sure they are very bad company. Jane,” said she, turning to her daughter, “ I hope you won’t take it into your head to turn out a reading lady?”

“ O dear, no!” said miss Fanshaw: “ we had not much time for reading at Suxberry House, we were so busy with our masters;—we had a charming english master, though, to teach us elocution, because it’s so fashionable now to read loud well.—Miss Harcourt, *isn’t it odd* to read english books to a french governess?” continued this young lady, whose constrained taciturnity now gave way to a strong desire to show herself off before lady N—-. She had observed that Isabella and Matilda had been listened to with approbation, and she imagined that, when she spoke, she should certainly eclipse them.

Mrs. Harcourt replied to her observation, that madame de Rosier not only read and spoke english remarkably well, but that she had also a general knowledge of english literature.

“ O! here are some french books,” said miss Fanshaw, taking down one out of the book-case.—“ ‘Journal Etranger’—dear me! are you translating *of* this, miss Isabella?”

“ No,” said Mrs. Harcourt; “ madame de Rosier brought it down stairs yesterday, to show us an essay of Hume’s on the study of history, which is particularly addressed to women; and madame de Rosier says that it is not to be found in several of the late editions of Hume’s Essays—she thought it singular that it should be preserved in a french translation.”

“ There is,” said Isabella, “ an entertaining account in that essay of a lady who asked Hume to lend her some novels!—He lent her Plutarch’s Lives, which she thought very amusing, till she found out that they were true. As soon as she came to the names of Cæsar and Alexander, she returned the books.”

Mrs. Fanshaw was surprised that lady N— — begged to look at this essay ; and was much disappointed to observe that the graceful manner in which miss Fanshaw presented the book to her ladyship escaped notice.

“ Pray, miss Matilda, is that a drawing ? ” said miss Fanshaw, in hopes of leading to a more favourable subject.

“ O dear me ! do pray favour us with a sigh of it ! ” cried miss Fanshaw, and she eagerly unrolled the paper though Matilda assured her that it was not a drawing.

It was Hogarth’s print of a country-dance which is prefixed to his “ Analysis of Beauty. ”

“ It is the *oddest* thing ! ” exclaimed miss Fanshaw, who thought every thing *odd* or *strange* which she had not seen at Suxberry House. Without staying to observe the innumerable strokes of humour and of original genius in the print, she ran on — “ La ! it was hardly worth any one’s while, surely, to draw such a set of vulgar figures—one hates low humour. ” Then, in a hurry to show her taste for dress, she observed that “ people, formerly, must have had no taste at all ; — one can hardly believe such things were ever worn. ”

Mrs. Fanshaw, touched by this reflection upon the taste of former times, though she seldom presumed to oppose any of her daughter’s opinions, could not here refrain from saying a few words in defence of sacks, long waists, and whalebone stays, and she pointed to a row of stays in the margin of one of these prints of Hogarth.

Miss Fanshaw, who did not consider that, with those who have a taste for propriety in manners, she could not gain any thing by a triumph over her mother, laughed in a disdainful manner at her mother’s “ *partiality for stays,* ” and wondered how any body could think long waists becoming.

“ Surely, any body who knows any thing of drawing, or has any taste for an antique figure, must acknowledge the present

fashion to be most graceful." She appealed to Isabella and Matilda.

They were so much struck with the impropriety of her manner towards her mother, that they did not immediately answer; Matilda at length said: "It is natural to like what we have been early used to;" and, from unaffected gentleness, eager to prevent Miss Fanshaw from farther exposing her ignorance, she rolled up the print; and lady N — —, smiling at Mrs. Harcourt, said: "I never saw a print more *gracefully* rolled up in my life." Miss Fanshaw immediately rolled up another of the prints, but no applause ensued.

At the next pause in the conversation, Mrs. Fanshaw and her daughter took their leave, seemingly dissatisfied with their visit.

Matilda, just after Mrs. Fanshaw left the room, recollected her pretty netting-box, and asked lady N — — whether she knew any thing of the little boy by whom it was made.

Her ladyship gave such an interesting account of him, that Matilda determined to have her share in relieving his distress.

Matilda's benevolence was formerly rather passive than active; but from madame de Rosier she had learned that sensibility should not be suffered to evaporate in sighs, or in sentimental speeches. She had also learnt that economy is necessary to generosity; and she consequently sometimes denied herself the gratification of her own tastes, that she might be able to assist those who were in distress. She had lately seen a beautiful print¹ of the king of France taking leave of his family; and, as madame de Rosier was struck with it, she wished to have bought it for her; but she now considered that a guinea, which was the price of the print, might be better

¹ By Egginton.

bestowed on this poor, little, ingenious, industrious boy ; so she begged her mother to send to the repository for one of his boxes. The servants were all busy, and Matilda did not receive her box till the next morning.

Herbert was reading to madame de Rosier, when the servant brought the box into the room. Favoretta got up to look at it, and immediately Herbert's eye glanced from his book : in spite of all his endeavours to command his attention, he heard the exclamations of " Beautiful !—How smooth !—Like tortoise-shell !—What can it be made of ? "

" My dear Herbert, shut the book, " said madame de Rosier, " if your head be in that box. Never read one moment after you have ceased to attend. "

" It is my fault, " said Matilda ; " I will put the box out of the way till he has finished reading. "

When Herbert had recalled his wandering thoughts, and had fixed his mind upon what he was about, madame de Rosier put her hand upon the book—he started—" Now let us see the *beautiful* box, " said she.

After it had passed through Favoretta and Herbert's impatient hands, Matilda, who had scarcely looked at it herself, took it to the window, to give it a sober examination.—" It is not made of paper, or pasteboard, and it is not the colour of tortoise-shell, " said Matilda : " I never saw any thing like it before ; I wonder what it can be made of ? "

Herbert, at this question, unperceived by Matilda, who was examining the box very earnestly, seized the lid, which was lying upon the table, and ran out of the room ; he returned in a few minutes, and presented the lid to Matilda.—" I can tell you one thing, Matilda, " said he, with an important face—" it is an animal—an animal substance, I mean. "

" O, Herbert, " cried Matilda, " what have you been doing !—you have blackened the corner of the box. "

“ Only the least bit in the world ,” said Herbert, “ to try an experiment.—I only put one corner to the candle that Isabella had lighted *to* seal her letter. ”

“ My dear Herbert, how could you burn your sister’s box ?” expostulated madame de Rosier : “ I thought you did not love mischief. ”

“ Mischief!—no, indeed; I thought you would be pleased that I remembered how to distinguish animal from vegetable substances. You know, the day that my hair was on fire, you told me how to do that; and Matilda wanted to know what the box was made of; so I tried. ”

“ Well, ” said Matilda, good-naturedly, “ you have not done me much harm. ”

“ But another time, ” said madame de Rosier, “ don’t burn a box, that costs a guinea, to try an experiment; and, above all things, never, upon any account, take what is not your own. ”

The corner of the lid that had been held to the candle was a little warped, so that the lid did not slide into its groove as easily as it did before. Herbert was disposed to use force upon the occasion; but Matilda with difficulty rescued her box by an argument which fortunately reached his understanding time enough to stop his hand.

“ It was the heat of the candle that warped it, ” said she : “ let us dip it into boiling water, which cannot be made *too* hot. ”

“ Not hotter than two hundred and twelve degrees, ” interposed Isabella, who had lately become proud to show her memory in *science*—“ and that will, perhaps, bring it back to its shape. ”

The lid of the box was dipped into boiling water, and restored to its shape.—Matilda, as she was wiping it dry, observed that some yellow paint, or varnish, came off, and in one spot,

on the inside of the lid, she discovered something like writing.

“ Who will lend me a magnifying glass ? ”

Favoretta produced hers.

“ I have kept it,” said she, “ a great, *great* while, ever since we were at the Rational Toyshop. ”

“ Madame de Rosier, do look at this ? ” exclaimed Matilda — “ here are letters quite plain !—I have found the name, I do believe, of the boy who made the box ! ” and she spelled, letter by letter, as she looked through the magnifying glass, the words Henri-Montmorenci.

Madame de Rosier started up ; and Matilda, surprised at her sudden emotion, put the box and magnifying glass into her hand. Madame de Rosier’s hand trembled so much that she could not fix the glass.

“ Je ne vois rien — lisez — vite ! ma chère amie — un mot de plus ! ” said she, putting the glass again into Matilda’s hand, and leaning over her shoulder with a look of agonizing expectation.

The word *de* was all Matilda could make out. — Isabella tried — it was in vain — no other letters were visible.

“ *De* what ? — *de* Rosier ! — it must be ! my son is alive ! ” said the mother.

Henri-Montmorenci was the name of madame de Rosier’s son ; but when she reflected for an instant that this might also be the name of some other person, her transport of joy was checked, and seemed to be converted into despair.

Her first emotions over, the habitual firmness of her mind returned. She sent directly to the repository — no news of the boy could there be obtained. Lady N — — was gone, for a few days, to Windsor ; so no intelligence could be had from her. Mrs. Harcourt was out — no carriage at home — but madame de Rosier set out immediately, and walked to Golden-Square, near which place she knew that a number of french emigrants

resided. She stopped first at a bookseller's shop;—she described the person of her son, and inquired if any such person had been seen in that neighbourhood.

The bookseller was making out a bill for one of his customers, but struck with madame de Rosier's anxiety, and perceiving that she was a foreigner by her accent, he put down his pen, and begged her to repeat, once more, the description of her son. He tried to recollect whether he had seen such a person—but he had not. He, however, with true english good-nature, told her that she had an excellent chance of finding him in this part of the town, if he were in London—he was sorry that his shopman was from home, or he would have sent him with her through the streets near the square, where he knew the emigrants chiefly lodged;—he gave her in writing a list of the names of these streets, and stood at his door to watch and speed her on her way.

She called at all the neighbouring shops—she walked down several narrow streets, inquiring at every house, where she thought that there was any chance of success, in vain. — At one, a slipshod maid-servant came to the door, who stared at seeing a well-dressed lady, and who was so bewildered, that she could not, for some time, answer any questions;—at another house the master was out;—at another the master was at dinner. As it got towards four o'clock, madame de Rosier found it more difficult to obtain civil answers to her inquiries, for almost all the tradesmen were at dinner, and when they came to the door, looked out of humour, at being interrupted and disappointed in not meeting with a customer. She walked on, her mind still indefatigable;—she heard a clock in the neighbourhood strike five—her strength was not equal to the energy of her mind—and the repeated answers of "We know of no such person," "No such boy lives here, ma'am"—made her at length despair of success.

One street upon her list remained unsearched—it was narrow, dark, and dirty;—she stopped for a moment at the corner, but a porter, heavily laden, with a sudden “By your leave, ma’am!” pushed forwards, and she was forced into the doorway of a small ironmonger’s shop. The master of the shop, who was weighing some iron goods, let the scale go up, and, after a look of surprise, said—

“You ’ve lost your way, madame, I presume—be pleased to rest yourself—it is but a dark place;” and wiping a stool, on which some locks had been lying, he left madame de Rosier, who was, indeed, exhausted with fatigue, to rest herself, whilst, without any officious civility, after calling his wife from a back shop, to give the lady a glass of water, he went on weighing his iron and whistling.

The woman, as soon as madame de Rosier had drunk the water, inquired if she should send for a coach for her, or could do any thing to serve her.

The extreme good-nature of the tone in which this was spoken seemed to revive madame de Rosier; she told her that she was searching for an only son, whom she had for nearly two years believed to be dead: she showed the paper on which his name was written:—the woman could not read—her husband read the name, but he shook his head—“he knew of no lad who answered to the description.”

Whilst they were speaking, a little boy came into the shop, with a bit of small iron wire in his hand, and, twitching the skirt of the ironmonger’s coat, to attract his attention, asked if he had any such wire as that in his shop. When the ironmonger went to get down a roll of wire, the little boy had a full view of madame de Rosier.—Though she was naturally disposed to take notice of children, yet now she was so intent upon her own thoughts that she did not observe him till he had bowed several times just opposite to her.

“Are you bowing to me, my good boy?” said she—“You mistake me for somebody else;—I don’t know you;” and she looked down again upon the paper on which she had written the name of her son.

“But indeed, ma’am, I know *you*,” said the little boy: “Aren’t you the lady that was with the good-natured young gentleman who met me going out of the pastry-cook’s shop, and gave me the two buns?”

Madame de Rosier now looked in his face—the shop was so dark that she could not distinguish his features, but she recollected his voice, and knew him to be the little boy belonging to the dulcimer man.

“Father would have come again to your house,” said the boy, who did not perceive her inattention — “Father would have come to your house again, to play the tune the young gentleman fancied so much, but our dulcimer is broke.”

“Is it? I am sorry for it,” said madame de Rosier. — “But can you tell me,” continued she to the ironmonger, “whether any emigrants lodge in the street to the left of your house?” — The master of the shop tried to recollect: she again repeated the name and description of her son.

“I know a young French lad of that make,” said the little dulcimer boy.

“Do you? — Where is he? — Where does he lodge?” cried madame de Rosier.

“I am not speaking as to his name, for I never heard his name,” said the little boy; “but I’ll tell you how I came to know him.—One day, lately——”

Madame de Rosier interrupted him with questions concerning the figure, height, age, eyes, of the French lad.

The little dulcimer boy, by his answers, sometimes made her doubt, and sometimes made her certain, that he was her son.

"Tell me," said she, "where he lodges, I must see him immediately."

"I am just come from him, and I'm going back to him with the wire; I'll show the way with pleasure; he is the best natured lad in the world; he is mending my dulcimer; he deserves to be a great gentleman, and I thought he was not what he seemed," continued the little boy, as he walked on, scarcely able to keep before madame de Rosier.

"This way, ma'am—this way—he lives in the corner house, turning into Golden-Square." It was a stationer's.

"I have called at this house already," said madame de Rosier; but she recollected that it was when the family were at dinner. and that a stupid maid had not understood her questions. She was unable to speak, through extreme agitation, when she came to the shop: the little dulcimer boy walked straight forward—gently drew back the short curtain that hung before a glass door, opening into a back parlour. Madame de Rosier sprang forward to the door, looked through the glass, and was alarmed to see a young man taller than her son; he was at work; his back was towards her.

When he heard the noise of some one trying to open the door, he turned and saw his mother's face! The tools dropped from his hands, and the dulcimer boy was the only person present who had strength enough to open the door.

How sudden! how powerful is the effect of joy! The mother, restored to her son in a moment, felt herself invigorated—and, forgetful of her fatigue, she felt herself another being. When she was left alone with her son, she looked round his little workshop with a mixture of pain and pleasure. She saw one of his unfinished boxes on the window-seat, which served him for a work-bench; his tools were upon the floor. "These have been my support," said her son, taking them up: how much

am I obliged to my dear father for teaching me early how to use them!

“Your father!” said madame de Rosier—“I wish he could have lived to be rewarded as—I am! But tell me your history, from the moment you were taken from me to prison—it was nearly two years ago—how did you escape? how have you supported yourself since! Sit down, and speak again, that I may be sure that I hear your voice.”

“You shall hear my voice, then, my dear mother,” said her son, “for at least half an hour, if that will not tire you. I have a long story to tell you. In the first place, you know that I was taken to prison—three months I spent in the Conciergerie, expecting every day to be ordered out to the guillotine. The gaoler’s son, a boy about my own age, who was sometimes employed to bring me food, seemed to look upon me with compassion; I had several opportunities of obliging him: his father often gave him long returns of the names of the prisoners, and various accounts to copy into a large book; the young gentleman did not like this work; he was much fonder of exercising as a soldier with some boys in the neighbourhood, who were learning the national exercise; he frequently employed me to copy his lists for him, and this I performed to his satisfaction; but what completely won his heart was my mending the lock of his fusil. One evening, he came to me in a new uniform, and in high spirits; he was just made a captain, by the unanimous voice of his corps; and he talked of *his* men, and *his* orders, with prodigious fluency; he then played *his* march upon his drum, and insisted upon teaching it to me; he was much pleased with my performance, and, suddenly embracing me, he exclaimed: ‘I have thought of an excellent thing for you; stay till I have arranged the plan in my head, and you shall see if I am not a great general.’

—The next evening he did not come to me till it was nearly

dusk; he was in his new uniform; but out of a bag which he brought in his hand, in which he used to carry his father's papers, he produced his old uniform, rolled up into a surprisingly small compass. — 'I have arranged every thing,' said he; 'put on this old uniform of mine—we are just of a size—by this light, nobody will perceive any difference; take my drum, and march out of the prison slowly; beat my march on the drum as you go out; turn to the left, down to the Place de——, where I exercise my men. You'll meet with one of my soldiers there, ready to forward your escape.' — I hesitated; for I feared that I should endanger my young general; but he assured me that he had taken his precautions so '*admirably*,' that even after my escape should be discovered, no suspicion would fall upon him. — 'But if you delay,' cried he, 'we are both of us undone.' — I hesitated not a moment longer, and never did I change my clothes so expeditiously in my life: I obeyed my little captain exactly, marched out of the prison slowly, playing deliberately the march which I had been taught; turned to the left, according to orders, and saw my punctual guide waiting for me on the Place de——, just by the broken statue of Henry the Fourth.

" 'Follow me, fellow-citizen,' said he, in a low voice: 'we are not all Robespierres.'

" Most joyfully I followed him. We walked on, in silence, till at length we came to a narrow street, where the crowd was so great, that I thought we should both of us have been squeezed to death. I saw the guillotine at a distance, and I felt sick.

" 'Come on,' said my guide, who kept fast hold of me; and he turned sharp into a yard, where I heard the noise of carts, and the voices of muleteers. 'This man,' said he, leading me up to a muleteer, who seemed to be just ready to depart, 'is my father; trust yourself to him.'

“ I had nobody else to trust myself to. I got into the muleteer’s covered cart—he began a loud song—we proceeded through the square where the crowd were assembled. The enthusiasm of the moment occupied them so entirely, that we were fortunately disregarded. — We got out of Paris safely : I will not tire you with all my terrors and escapes—I, at length, got on board a neutral vessel, and landed at Bristol.—Escaped from prison, and the fear of the guillotine, I thought myself happy ; but my happiness was not very lasting. I began to apprehend that I should be starved to death ; I had not eaten for many hours. I wandered through the bustling streets of Bristol, where every body I met seemed to be full of their own business, and brushed by me without seeing me. I was weak, and I sat down upon a stone by the door of a public house.

“ A woman was twirling a mop at the door—I wiped away the drops with which I was sprinkled by this operation. I was too weak to be angry ; but a hairdresser, who was passing by, and who had a nicely powdered wig poised upon his hand, was furiously enraged, because a few drops of the shower which had sprinkled me reached the wig. He expressed his anger half in French and half in English ; but at last I observed to him in French, that the wig was still ‘ *bien poudrée* ’ — this calmed his rage ; and he remarked that I also had been *horribly* drenched by the shower. I assured him that this was a trifle in comparison with my other sufferings.

“ He begged to hear my misfortunes, because I spoke French ; and as I followed him to the place where he was going with the wig, I told him that I had not eaten for many hours—that I was a stranger in Bristol, and had no means of earning any food. He advised me to go to a tavern, which he pointed out to me—‘ The Rummer ; ’—he told me a cir-

cunstance, which convinced me of the humanity of the master of the house¹.

“I resolved to apply to this benevolent man. When I first went into his kitchen, I saw his cook, a man with a very important face, serving out a large turtle. Several people were waiting with covered dishes, for turtle soup and turtle, which had been bespoken in different parts of the city. The dishes, as fast as they were filled, continually passed by me, tantalising me by their savoury odours. I sat down upon a stool near the fire—I saw food within my reach that honesty forbade me to touch, though I was starving: how easy is it to the rich to be honest!—I was at this time so weak, that my ideas began to be confused—my head grew dizzy—I felt the heat of the kitchen fire extremely disagreeable to me. I do not know what happened afterward, but when I came to myself, I found that I was leaning against some one who supported me near an open window—it was the master of the house. I do not know why I was ashamed to ask him for food; his humanity, however, prevented me. He first gave me a small basin of broth, and afterwards a little bit of bread, assuring me, with infinite good-nature, that he gave me food in such small quantities, because he was afraid that it would hurt me to satisfy my hunger at once—a worthy humane physician, he said, had told

¹ During Christmas week, it is the custom in Bristol to keep a cheap ordinary in taverns: the master of the Rummer observed a stranger, meanly dressed, who constantly frequented the public table. It was suspected that he carried away some of the provision, and a waiter at length communicated his suspicions to the master of the house. He watched the stranger, and actually detected him putting a large mince-pie into his pocket. Instead of publicly exposing him, the landlord, who judged from the stranger's manner that he was not an ordinary pilferer, called the man aside as he was going away, and charged him with the fact, demanding what could tempt him to such meanness. The poor man immediately acknowledged that he had for several days carried off precisely what he would have eaten himself for his starving wife—but he had eaten nothing.

The humane considerate landlord gently reproved him for his conduct, and soon found means to have him usefully and profitably employed.

him, that persons in my situation should be treated in this manner. I thanked him for his kindness, adding, that I did not mean to encroach upon his hospitality. He pressed me to stay at his house for some days; but I could not think of being a burden to him, when I had strength enough to maintain myself.

“ In the window of the little parlour, where I ate my turtle, I saw a novel, which had been left there by the landlord’s daughter, and in the beginning of this book was pasted a direction to the circulating library in Bristol—I was in hopes that I might earn my bread as a *scribe*. The landlord of the Rummer told me that he was acquainted with him, and that I might easily procure employment from him on reasonable terms.

“ Mr. S——, for that was the name of the master of the library, received me with an air of encouraging benevolence, and finding that I could read and write english tolerably well, he gave me a manuscript to copy, which he was preparing for the press. I worked hard, and made, as I fancied, a beautiful copy; but the printers complained of my upright French hand, which they could not easily decipher: — I began to new model my writing, to please the taste of my employers; and, as I had sufficient motives to make me take pains, I at last succeeded. I found it a great advantage to be able to read and write the english language fluently; and when my employers perceived my education had not been neglected, and that I had some knowledge of literature, their confidence in my abilities increased. I hope you will not think me vain if I add, that I could perceive my manners were advantageous to me — I was known to be a gentleman’s son: and even those who set but little value upon *manners* seemed to be influenced by them, without perceiving it. But, without pronouncing my own eulogium, let me content myself with telling you my history.

“ I used often, in carrying my day’s work to the printer’s, to pass through a part of the town of Bristol which has been allotted to poor emigrants, and there I saw a variety of little ingenious toys, which were sold at a high price, or at a price which appeared to me to be high. I began to consider that I might earn money by invention, as well as by mere manual labour ; but before I gave up any part of my time to my new schemes, I regularly wrote as much each day as was sufficient to maintain me. Now it was that I felt the advantage of having been taught, when I was a boy, the use of carpenter’s tools, and some degree of mechanical dexterity. I made several clumsy toys, and I tried various unsuccessful experiments, but I was not discouraged. One day I heard a dispute near me about some trinket—a tooth-pick case, I believe—which was thought by the purchaser to be too highly priced ; the man who made it repeatedly said, in recommendation of the toy— ‘ Why, sir, you could not know it from tortoise-shell.’ ”

“ I, at this instant, recollected to have seen, at the Rummer, a great heap of broken shells, which the cook had thrown aside, as if they were of no value. Upon inquiry, I found that there was part of the inside shell which was thought to be useless—it occurred to me that I might possibly make it useful. The good-natured landlord ordered that all this part of the shells should be carefully collected and given to me. I tried to polish it for many hours in vain. I was often tempted to abandon my project—there was a want of *finish*, as the workmen call it, in my manufacture, which made me despair of its being saleable. I will not weary you with a history of all my unsuccessful processes ; it was fortunate for me, my dear mother, that I remembered one of the principles which you taught me when I was a child—that it is not *genius*, but perseverance, which brings things to perfection. I persevered, and though I did not bring my manufacture to *perfection*,

I actually succeeded so far as to make a very neat looking box out of my refuse shells. I offered it to sale—it was liked ; — I made several more, and they were quickly sold for me, most advantageously, by my good friend, Mr. S——. He advised me to make them in the shape of netting-boxes; I did so, and their sale extended rapidly.

“Some benevolent lady, about this time, raised a subscription for me; but as I had now an easy means of supporting myself, and as I every day beheld numbers of my countrymen, nearly in the condition in which I was when I first went to the Rummer, I thought it was not fit to accept of the charitable assistance, which could be so much better bestowed upon others. Mr. S——told me, that the lady who raised the contribution, so far from being offended, was pleased by my conduct in declining her bounty, and she undertook to dispose of as many of my netting-boxes as I could finish. She was one of the patronesses of a repository in London, which has lately been opened, called the ‘Repository for Ingenious Works.’ When she left Bristol, she desired Mr. S—— to send my boxes thither.

“My little manufacture continued to prosper—by practice I grew more and more expert, and I had no longer any fears that I should not be able to maintain myself. It was fortunate for me that I was obliged to be constantly employed: whenever I was not actually at hard work, whenever I had leisure for reflection, I was unhappy.

“A friend of Mr. S——, who was going to London, offered to take me with him—I had some curiosity to see this celebrated metropolis, and I had hopes of meeting with some of my friends amongst the emigrants in this city—amongst all the emigrants at Bristol there was not one person with whom I had been acquainted in France.

“Impelled by these hopes, I quitted Bristol, and arrived a

few weeks ago in London. Mr. S——gave me a direction to a cabinet-maker in Leicester Fields, and I was able to pay for a decent lodging, for I was now master of what appeared to me a large sum of money—seven guineas.

“Some time after I came to town, as I was returning from a visit to an emigrant, with whom I had become acquainted, I was stopped at the corner of a street by a crowd of people—a *mob* as I have been taught to call it, since I came to England—who had gathered round a blind man, a little boy, and a virago of a woman, who stood upon the steps before a print-shop door. The woman accused the boy of being a thief. The boy protested that he was innocent, and his ingenuous countenance spoke strongly in his favour. He belonged to the blind man, who, as soon as he could make himself heard, complained bitterly of the damage which had been done to his dulcimer. The mob, in their first fury, had broken it. I was interested for the man, but more for the boy. Perhaps, said I to myself, he has neither father nor mother!

“When the woman, who was standing yet furious at the shop door, had no more words for utterance, the little boy was suffered to speak in his own defence. He said that, as he was passing by the open window of the print-shop, he put his hand in to give part of a bun which he was eating to a little dog, who was sitting on the counter, near the window; and who looked thin and miserable, as if he was half-starved. ‘But,’ continued the little boy, ‘when I put the bun to the dog’s mouth, he did not eat it; I gave him a little push to make him mind me, and he fell out of the window into my hands; and then I found that it was not a real dog, but only the picture of a dog, painted upon pasteboard. The mistress of the shop saw the dog in my hand, and snatched it away, and accused me of being a thief; so then, with the noise she made, the chairmen, who were near the door, came up, and the mob

gathered, and our dulcimer was broke, and I'm very sorry for it.'—The mistress of the print-shop observed, in a loud and contemptuous tone, 'that all this must be a lie, for that *such a one as he* could not have buns to give away to dogs!'—Here the blind man vindicated his boy, by assuring us that 'he came honestly by the bun — that two buns had been given to him about an hour before this time by a young gentleman, who met him as he was coming out of a pastry-cook's shop.' When the mob heard this explanation, they were sorry for the mischief they had done to the blind man's dulcimer; and, after examining it with expressions of sorrow, they quietly dispersed. I thought that I could perhaps mend the dulcimer, and I offered my services; they were gladly accepted, and I desired the man to leave it at the cabinet-maker's, in Leicester Fields, where I lodged. In the mean time the little boy, whilst I had been examining the dulcimer, had been wiping the dirt from off the pasteboard dog, which during the fray, had fallen into the street — 'Is it not like a real dog?' said the boy: 'Was it not enough to deceive any body?'

"It was, indeed, extremely like a *real* dog—like my dog Cæsar, whom I had taken care of from the time I was five years old, and whom I was obliged to leave at our house in Paris, when I was dragged to prison. The more I looked at this pasteboard image, the more I was convinced that the picture must have been drawn from the life. Every streak, every spot, every shade of its brown coat I remembered. Its extreme thinness was the only circumstance in which the picture was unlike my Cæsar. I inquired from the scolding woman of the shop how she came by this picture—'Honestly,' was her laconic answer; but when I asked whether it were to be sold, and when I paid its price, the lady changed her tone; no longer considering me as the partisan of the little boy, against whom she was enraged, but rather looking upon me as a customer,

who had paid too much for her goods, she condescended to inform me that the dog was painted by one of the *poor* French emigrants, who lived in her neighbourhood. She directed me to the house, and I discovered the man to be my father's old servant, Michael. He was overjoyed at the sight of me; he was infirm, and unequal to any laborious employment; he had supported himself with great difficulty by painting toys, and various figures of men, women, and animals, upon pasteboard. He showed me two excellent figures of French *poissardes*, and also a good cat, of his doing; — but my Cæsar was the best of his works.

“ My lodgings at the cabinet-maker's were too small to accommodate Michael; and yet I wished to have him with me, for he seemed so infirm as to want assistance : I consequently left my cabinet-maker, and took lodgings with this stationer; he and his wife are quiet people, and I hope poor Michael has been happier since he came to me; he has, however, been for some days confined to his bed, and I have been so busy, that I have not been able to stir from home. To-day, the poor little boy called for his dulcimer; I must own that I found it a more difficult job to mend it than I had expected. I could not match the wire, and I sent the boy out to an ironmonger's a few hours ago. How little did I expect to see him return with—my mother!”

We shall not attempt to describe the alternate emotions of joy and sorrow which quickly succeeded each other in madame de Rosier's heart, while she listened to her son's little history. Impatient to communicate her happiness to her friends, she took leave hastily of her beloved son, promising to call for him early the next day. “ Settle all your business to-night,” said she, “ and I will introduce you to *my* friends to-morrow. *My* friends, I say proudly—for I have made friends since I came to England; and England, amongst other commodities excellent

in their kind, produces incomparable friends — friends in adversity. *We* know their value. Adieu; settle your affairs here expeditiously.”

“ I have no affairs, no business, my dear mother,” interrupted Henry, “ except to mend the dulcimer, as I promised, and that I’ll finish directly. Adieu, till to-morrow morning! — What a delightful sound!”

With all the alacrity of benevolence, he returned to his work, and his mother returned to Mrs. Harcourt’s. It was nearly eight o’clock before she arrived at home. Mrs. Harcourt, Isabella, and Matilda, met her—with inquiring eyes.

“ She smiles!” said Matilda; and Herbert, with a higher jump than he had ever been known to make before, exclaimed, “ She has found her son! — I am sure of it! I knew she would find him.”

“ Let her sit down,” said Matilda, in a gentle voice.

Isabella brought her an excellent dish of coffee; and Mrs. Harcourt, with kind reproaches, asked why she had not brought her son *home* with her. She rang the bell with as much vivacity as she spoke, ordered her coach to be sent instantly to Golden-Square, and wrote an order, as she called it, for his coming *immediately* to her, quitting all dulcimers and dulcimer boys, under pain of his mother’s displeasure. “ Here, madame de Rosier,” said she, with peremptory playfulness, “ countersign my order, that I may be sure of my prisoner.”

Scarcely were the note and carriage despatched, before Herbert and Favoretta stationed themselves at the window, that they might be ready to give the first intelligence. Their notions of time and distance were not very accurate upon this occasion; for, before the carriage had been out of sight ten minutes, they expected it to return; and they exclaimed, at the sight of every coach that appeared at the end of the street: “ Here’s the carriage! — Here he is!” — But the carriages