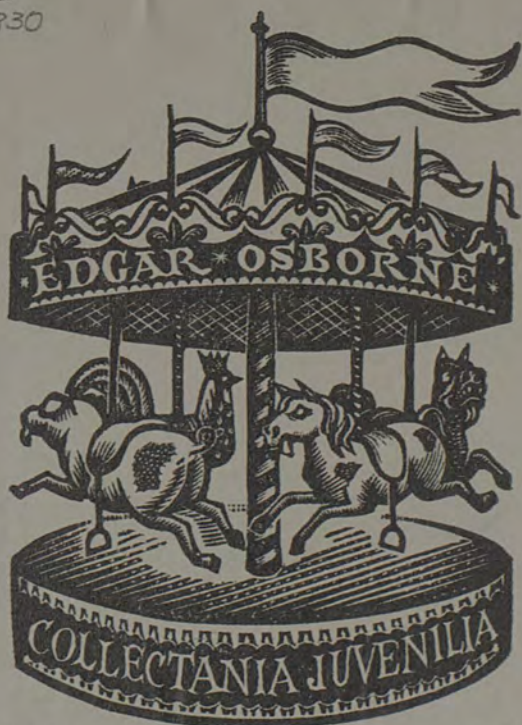
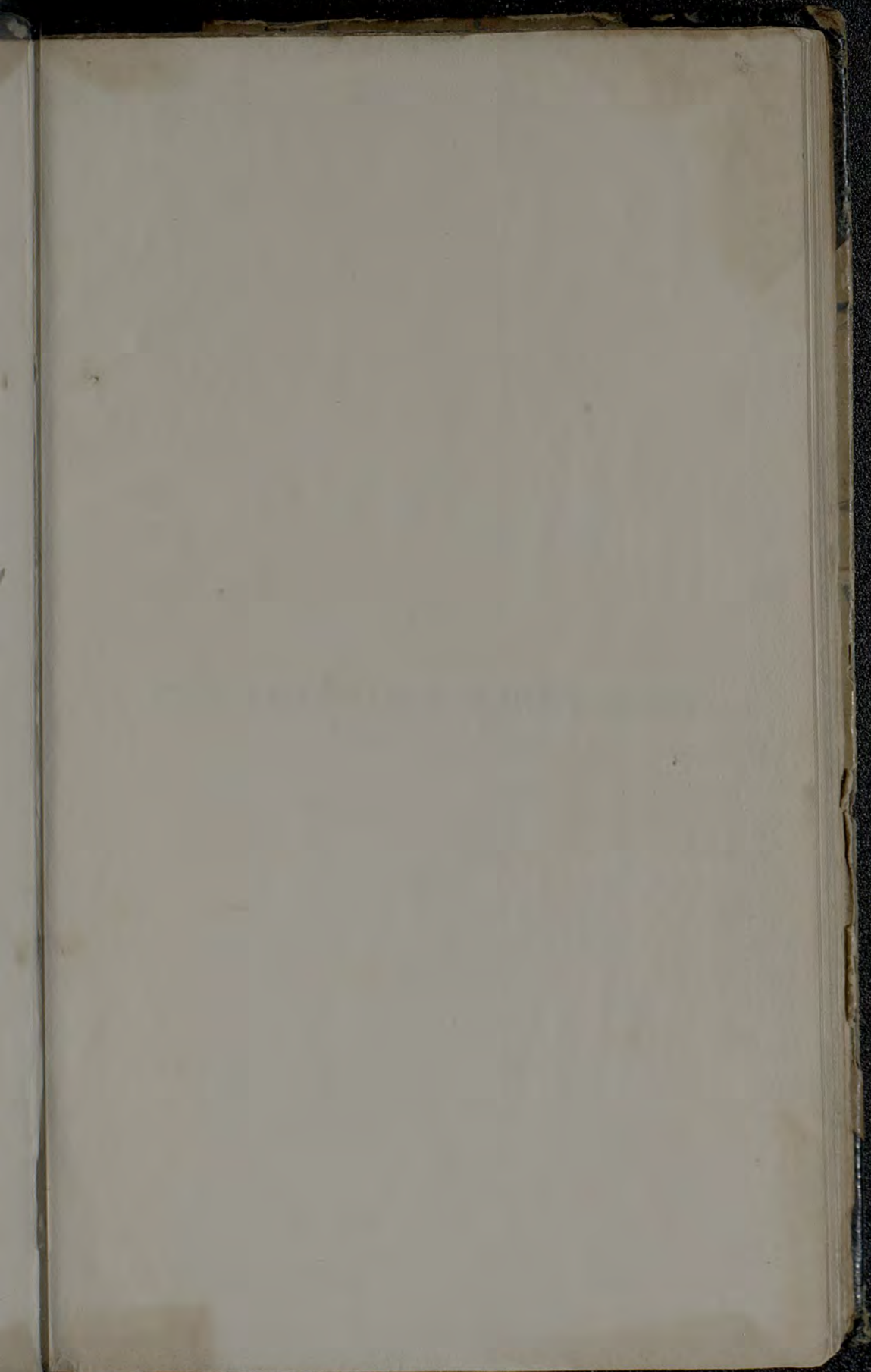


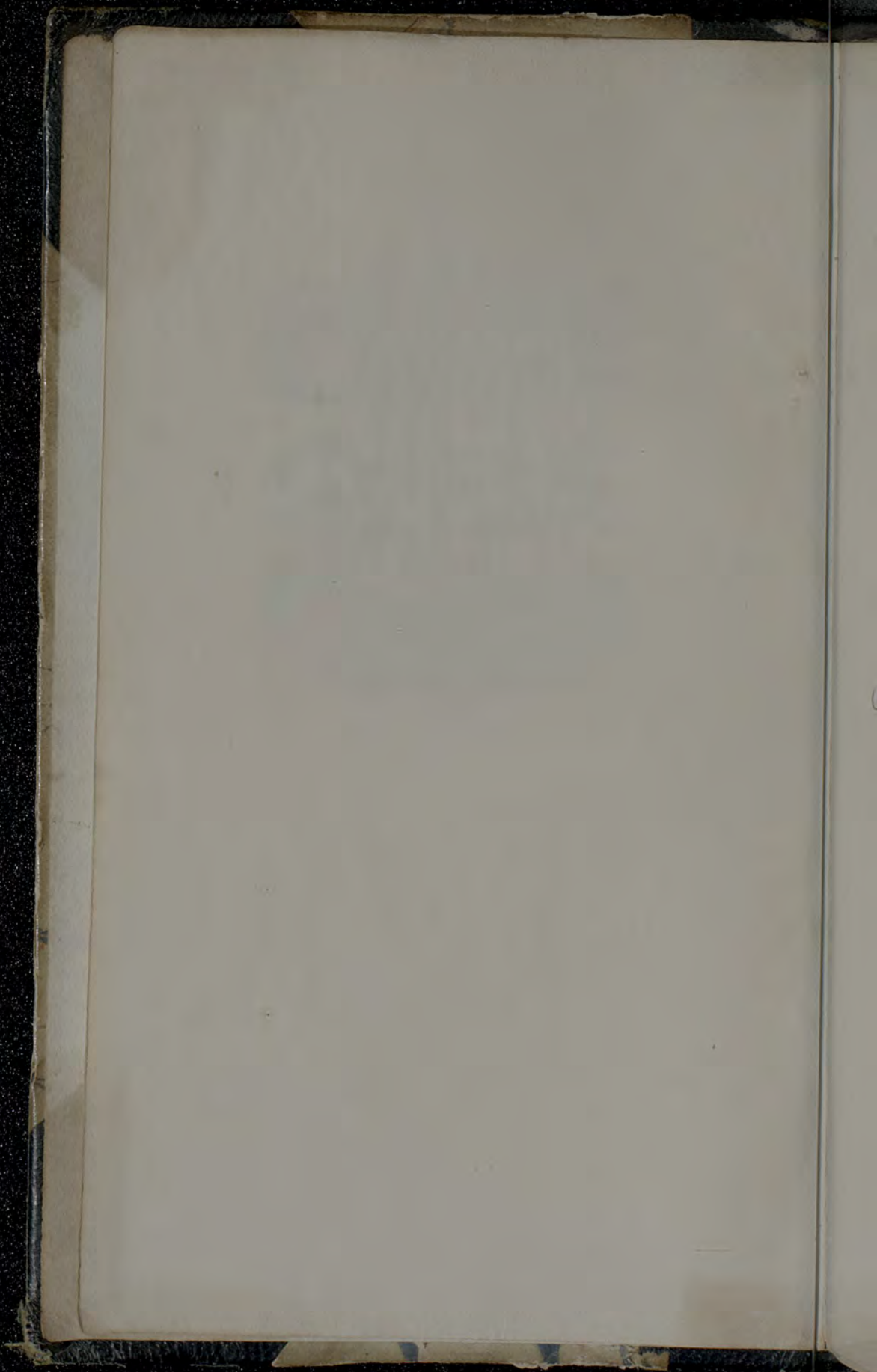
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CHRONICLES OF A SCHOOL ROOM.

CHRONICLES

SCHOOL ROOM

BY MR. F. HALL

CHRONICLES OF THE SCHOOL ROOM

LONDON

EDWARD BENTLEY AND CO. LTD.

100, BOND STREET

1898

CHRONICLES
OF A
SCHOOL ROOM.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL,
EDITOR OF "THE JUVENILE-FORGET-ME-NOT."

"Education comprehends every preparation that is made in our youth for the sequel of our years."

Paley.

"She had tales for the grave and the gay;
And each, like the bag of the bee,
Bore the honey, that many a day,
She had gathered from flower and tree."

Anon.

LONDON:
FREDERICK WESTLEY AND A. H. DAVIS,
STATIONERS' HALL COURT.

1830.

THE

SCHOOL BOOK

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John Westley and Co. 27, Ivy Lane.

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TO

MRS. HOFLAND.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I feel sincere pleasure in being able to testify publicly the feelings I have long privately entertained towards you.

In my earlier days your writings afforded me enjoyment, and supplied me with instruction. It is my earnest desire to do for my young friends, that which you have done for me, and for the thousands whom you have taught the best principles in the most winning and effective manner. To follow in your footsteps is my ambition. My first publication intended, not for childhood, but

for those *emerging* from it, I dedicate to you, even less from friendship than from a sense of duty and gratitude.

I have had some experience in the education of youth. My aim has ever been, to quote the emphatic words of scripture, "to train up a child in the way it should go;" and I fervently hope, that while the following tales may amuse and interest the yet unformed, if not unbiassed, mind, amusement will not be the only result, but that they will convey lessons, that may lead to practical improvement, upon many of the most essential points.

With respect and affection,

Your sincere friend,

ANNA MARIA HALL.

London, *March*, 1830.

CHRONICLES
OF A
SCHOOL ROOM.

Some ten or twelve years ago it was my good fortune to visit the retired and beautiful hamlet of Little-Hampton, in Sussex. I know not what it may be now; but then it combined all the advantages of pure sea air and bathing, with the delights of a pastoral country; and was comparatively free from city visitors. Well do I remember its long, unbroken line of coast, with not a cliff, nor even a rock to interrupt its uniformity; then, its smooth green downs, dotted with many thousand sheep, whose bells tinkled so musically in the twilight of the morn or eve;

the low-built sheelings of the simple shepherds; the retired village with its high steeple; and, farther on, the noble towers of Arundale, rising majestically almost to the clouds.

Our own abode was the cottage of an industrious fisherman; and a beautiful cottage it was; so perfectly *English* in all its accommodations,—the walls so white, the roses so fragrant; the good dame so clean, smiling, and civil; the master so *downright* and surly, but honest, and, in reality, kind!

The object, however, most hallowed in my Little-Hampton recollections is an elderly lady, who at that time resided in an ancient dwelling-house, against which, I had almost said over which high tides rushed, and foamed, and fretted at the obstacle it presented to their determined innovations. I always loved, and had been early taught to venerate old age; and there was something in the appearance of Mrs. Ashburton that commanded my particular attention; whether I met her in my early rambles, leaning on her ivory-headed cane, her tall figure

enveloped by her black mode cloak; or learned from her devout yet unostentatious manner in the humble church, that her heart was really communing with her God; when I saw her, my youthful heart yearned towards her. Her features seemed worn by age or sorrow, perhaps by both; yet they were sweet withal, and most pleasing to look upon, notwithstanding the firm-set mouth which told plainly of decision of character; her grey hair was combed smoothly over a noble and elevated brow; and earnestly did I wish, although I almost feared, to find some method of claiming her acquaintance.

The pure sea air, the delightful bathing, my white poney, and even the sagacious attentions of my black dog, Charger, most merry and beautiful of his species, could not save me from a serious illness; and, although for many weeks I suffered by day and by night much bodily pain, yet were they the most sunny hours of my existence; for "The handsome old Lady," as I then called her, missing me from my accustomed walks, came herself to the cottage to enquire after

my health! How sweetly her well-toned voice sounded on my ear! In after times I learnt from her the good of possessing the only advantage Nature thought proper to bestow upon me,—a cheerful countenance. “You used to look so very happy,” she would say, “that I sometimes feared a blight would visit so gay a blossom; and I would do much to avert its influence.”

She certainly was most kind to my unworthy self, and we became constant companions. Age is always gratified by the attentions of youth; and youth ought to feel the condescension of age when deigning to direct its amusements or afford it instruction. As my health improved, the old lady would accompany my still trembling steps, and sit with me for hours by the sea shore, or under the shade of an immense oak that overshadowed the entrance to one of the greenest lanes I ever trod. She was a most delightful companion, and possessed the peculiar cheerfulness that is always the result of a well-spent life.

Thirty years of her existence had been devoted to the education of youth; and I am

free to confess, that when I discovered the kind, dignified, and accomplished old lady, whom I had set down, in my own mind, as a person of rank and consequence, to be actually *a governess*, I was somewhat mortified; for, all my life I had felt a horror of school-mistresses, birch-rods, multiplication tables, and back boards. I had taken it into my silly head that a school-mistress must be a complication of severities; a union of pepper, mustard, and vinegar, without one kindly feeling in her composition; a pestilence that visited the earth for the sole purpose of tormenting the "dear little mischievous innocents," and preventing their having what they fight for from the cradle—their own way; a queen stork amongst helpless frogs; a female ogre! In short, every thing that was terrific and abominable. I dare say this foolish feeling was the consequence of my Irish nurse having so frequently told me that if I cried I should be sent to school, "where the mistress had an eye in the middle of her forehead, and eat up naughty children without a grain of salt." As I was too great a

pet in after life to be separated from kind and affectionate relatives, I never attributed my being educated at home to its real cause, —their peculiar tenderness; but to the cruelty of governesses, to whom, of course, I could not be entrusted. I heartily hope that all my young friends may have their prejudices removed in as agreeable a manner as were mine; thanks to my aged friend.

I fear she perceived my disappointment; but she only smiled. I remember that smile well, for there was a mingling of bitter with its sweetness, in just contempt of my folly; but it soon passed, and she looked on me as usual, and spoke in her own clear, calm voice.

“And so, my dear, you thought me born to better fortune than to train up children in the way they should go. I wished for no better; for, on the whole, my unwearying employments gave me more pleasure than pain: and, thank God, my life has not been a blank of frivolous amusement or useless occupation. I never received more than six pupils at a time; yet I have sent forth to the

world above a hundred young women, who, with very few exceptions, have adorned the highest circles of society, and have been examples and blessings to those who moved in an humbler sphere. I did not commence the great business of education with the intention of trafficking in intellect, for the sole purpose of accumulating wealth. I felt the awful responsibility of the task I had undertaken; that I had to answer to the world for the future conduct of my pupils; and that to me it was given to train up spirits for an eternity of woe or happiness. With such feelings I commenced and continued to the end. I have heard governesses complain that they had generally ungrateful pupils: I thank God I cannot say so. It is impossible to pass through life without frequently encountering what may almost be called the besetting sin of human nature; but I firmly believe that if a governess perform her task with her eye steadily fixed on the interests of those committed to her care, she will not have as much reason as other people to complain of the world's ingratitude. We are too

apt to think that we confer obligations, when we only perform our duty, and this occasions us sometimes to overrate our exertions."

"I have understood," said I, taking advantage of a pause in Mrs. Ashburton's conversation, "that little money could be made by schools."

"I believe there are but two ways of gaining even a very moderate income. Receiving high terms with the pupils, or condescending to the practice of little meannesses that wither the best feelings of the heart, and invariably render the governess an object of contempt to those who ought to look to her, not only for precept, but example. I need not tell you what course I pursued, but merely inform you that, by the labour of thirty years, I realized only two thousand pounds: more than enough for my wants, and leaving me something to alleviate the wants of others."

"You must have encountered many different dispositions."

"True, my dear. Some excellent systems of education have been formed, and we ought

all to feel grateful for them, because they act as beacon lights. But there are peculiarities in many—indeed, in almost all dispositions, which no system can anticipate. It is necessary to gain the affections—to enter, as it were, into the heart of a child, before you can arrange any plan, either to correct its faults or direct its feelings. When you are disposed to bear with the garrulity of an old woman,” she continued, smiling her own sweet smile, “we will sit on the smooth sand, and I will relate to you what I can truly call, ‘CHRONICLES OF MY SCHOOL ROOM,’—recollections of those beloved children, who, for so many years, were unto me even as my own.”

I always loved to listen to long stories,—a feeling that had certainly grown with my growth; for many and pleasant were those related to me in childhood, by my dear Irish nurse, either in the flickering moonlight to lull me to sleep, or on the brow of some wild mountain, or still wilder ocean-cliff, while the sea-bird screamed over us, and the waters rolled majestically at our feet. It

was long since any one had told me a tale, and I anticipated Mrs. Ashburton's narratives with the impatient eagerness of youth. The next morning was exactly what I wished,—calm and tranquil; a gentle, warm breeze passing over the small waves of the receding ocean, the sun-beams softened by light fleecy clouds, and my kind old friend punctual to her appointment, in excellent health, and even more than usually cheerful. How happy I felt, seated on the pebbly beach, by the side of one whom I both loved and respected!

“I think,” said she, “I may as well begin with the beginning, and tell you that I received, as my assistant, a well-educated French lady; one who had been driven from her own land by that dreadful revolution which sent forth hundreds of high-born nobles, as houseless, friendless wanderers into strange lands. My first tale, then, shall be that of—

MARIE DE JARIOT.

Marie and her husband possessed a splendid estate on the banks of the river Loire; and Marie, then in the first glow of youth and loveliness, was much admired at the court of France. She was not merely beautiful, she was good; she sought happiness more in the society of her family, than amongst the gay and gallant flatterers who praised her wit, and endeavoured to persuade her that she was the most charming object in the world. She never disdained the humble; and her step was as often in the peasant's cot as in the prince's palace; her presence was a blessing in both.

When the revolution, which I have just mentioned, rendered France a scene of war and bloodshed, Marie's career of splendour was terminated. Her husband, disliked by the people for his loyal attachment to the king his master, was, by the infuriated populace, condemned to death, and his fair estates

declared the property of his murderers. Marie no longer had a protector or a home; her children's lives, as well as her own, were in danger; and in the dead hour of the night she fled, with her two infants, from all that, one little month before, had been to her a scene of perfect happiness. Many of those unfortunates sought refuge in England, reeling assured that here they would be received, and treated with that kindness and affection which people in distress deserve, and always experience in our happy land. It was a bitter trial to one accustomed to so much comfort, to cross the sea in an open boat from Dieppe to the very strand on which we sit, with one baby in her arms, the other clinging to her dress, imploring, in lisping accents, that food which his weeping mother had not to give. She landed at the wooden pier on which we now gaze. All around was dark and dismal; the smooth line of strand was unbroken as far as the eye could reach; no sound disturbed the awful silence; when the boat, which her companions in exile were fastening to a prop of the rustic

pier, grated with a harsh noise over the rough shore. She turned towards the country, and, to her inexpressible relief, perceived a light twinkle in a distant cottage; it was only the hut of a poor fisherman, but she was received with a cheerful welcome; for her the fire blazed more brightly, and the fisherman's wife quitted her own bed, fed and undressed the little strangers. Although quite ignorant of their language, Marie soon felt that she was amongst affectionate, but humble friends. She arose from her hard couch, next morning, refreshed in body and mind; and long and earnestly did she pray to God, that, as he had thought fit to preserve her life through so many perils by land and sea, he would enable her, by honest industry, to provide for her innocent babes. Instead of murmuring at the dispensations of Providence, and declaring that they were too heavy for her to bear, she endeavoured, without delay, to think seriously how she could best employ her talents. She went, accompanied by the fisherman's wife, to the vicar of the parish, and described to him her

situation and wish for employment. She told him that if she were considered unfit for the situation of governess, she would labour with her hands,—nay, she would accept a menial office, rather than depend on the bounty of others, and remain indolent and inactive. Her manners and her noble feelings interested the good clergyman, and he procured her a situation in the family at Howard Pleasance. My acquaintance with Madame Marie, as she was called, commenced about this period: I was then a young and happy woman, and much of my time was spent as a visitor at Lady Howard's. Lady Howard had discernment enough to discover the excellence and value of the young Frenchwoman, and she confided to her care two nieces whom she adopted as her own: she also insisted on her bringing her little girl to the Pleasance, and educating her with her pupils; her son she placed at a respectable school in the neighbourhood. Circumstances at this time obliged me to think of using my abilities for my own support, and Lady Howard entrusted her protégées to my

care, stipulating that I was also to receive Madame Marie into my establishment; to which I joyfully acceded. She fulfilled the duties of her situation so well, instructed with so much kindness; and without assuming any airs of greatness was at once so dignified and humble, that, but for her sweet face, the Star of the Louvre could not have been recognised in the unobtrusive French governess at Pleasance Cottage.

The daughter of Madame Marie was the most fascinating creature I ever knew. At this remote period the remembrance of little Louise dwells on my memory like the sweet dream of twilight—so calm—so unearthly! The clustering curls that, according to the fashion of the time, cloaked her light and graceful form, which, as she bounded joyfully over hill and dale, almost trembled in the passing breeze; the perfect love that now brightened now dimmed her deep dark eyes, whenever they rested on her mother's face! Dear, dear Louise! (exclaimed Mrs. Ashburton with emotion) dear and beloved child! I shall never forget thee!

Where is she now?—after a pause I enquired.

Far, my dear, she replied, far beyond all earthly sorrow. Thirty years ago it was not the general custom to vaccinate children, and the fatal effects of the small-pox were felt by rich and poor, old and young. Lady Howard's neices and little Louise caught it at the same time; two recovered, the third was called to another and a better world—it was the widow's child; she drooped and died within a week. The disease that deprived this interesting girl of life, destroyed her sight a few hours before the last sigh escaped her innocent lips; she had borne her illness with gentle patience; her afflicted mother was kneeling in silent agony by her side, for well she knew that the spirit would soon depart from that form, which, beautiful as it seemed, was not destined to retain so pure an emanation of the Deity. "I cannot see you, dear mamma," said the little sufferer, "but do not cry, I *hear* your tears; why do you cry so bitterly? You know I am going to my *two* fathers who are in heaven, and you

will come to me, although I shall not return to you. O do not weep, but bless your Louise—bless, bless her once more before she dies!” As the words fell from her lips, and as she rested her head on her mother’s bosom, she expired. It was in early spring; well do I remember the sound of the village bell, straying so mournfully over the half-clad hills; and the slowly-pacing funeral, as it conveyed the once sportive child to her last home; and the misery of the poor mother, as she hung over the open grave and heard the clods of earth fall with a dense, heavy noise on the small coffin. We all sorrowed with her. She endeavoured to return to her occupations, but she wasted and wasted; and her pale cheek and sunken eye told that sorrow was busy at her heart; and then an unnatural glow would spread itself over her features, and her eye would kindle and dazzle with a wild yet flickering light, and at last the fearful fever seized upon her torn brain, and the Star of the Louvre became a wandering, but not ungentle maniac.

Oh! the misery of watching one whom

you love, but who no longer prizes your affection! To whom you speak, but to whom you are unknown!

Lady Howard, with her usual benevolence, placed my poor friend in a safe asylum, where she was carefully attended to. Another supplied, or rather, filled her situation in my house; an excellent, though somewhat austere woman,—harsh, yet intellectual, and zealous in the discharge of her duty. Often did I visit Madame Marie, and the physician assured me that time might cure her malady. Her son, through the Howard interest, had obtained a situation in the East, and it was a sad disappointment to his liberal patrons that they never received any communications from him. Summer and winter again and again revolved, and the good doctor's opinion was verified. Marie was able occasionally to enjoy our little domestic society, to listen to the simple songs of the young Howards, and to visit the grave of her departed child; still her strength returned not, and her mind was on many subjects wavering as an aspen; yet the noble feeling of independence

glowed around her heart as warmly as ever. It was the unchanging principle of her existence; and her small white fingers were daily employed in forming tokens of affection and remembrance for her friends. It was on one of the most calm and unclouded evenings in autumn, when my pupils, freed from their lessons, were enjoying in various ways the sobered perfume of their little flower-gardens, which afforded them both health and instruction, and I was in a bower, at the end of one of my longest walks, upon a turf seat the dear girls had dignified with the name of throne,—that my old friend appeared in the distance, leaning on, or rather clinging to, the arm of a noble looking youth, who overshadowed and supported her, as the sapling oak does the weak and fading woodbine. You may anticipate the rest—it was indeed her son; her lost, yet living boy, returned from the gorgeous East, to protect and cheer her declining days. Fortune had shone upon his path, and riches and honour followed his footsteps. The letters he addressed to Lady

Howard had been lost, and his arrival was a happiness his mother looked not for. It was a touching and beautiful sight to witness the delicate attentions the youth bestowed upon his parent; the turn of her eye—the expression, or slightest change of her countenance was to him as a written page, and her existence seemed to hang upon the words that fell from his lip. She might have been said for three years after his return to lead a life of unalloyed enjoyment, except when the remembrance of the past forced itself upon her recollection; but alas, she was a blighted flower, which the beams of the brightest sun might rest upon, but could not renovate!

It was in the early spring of 17—, when the delicate blossom of the snowdrop bursts from the brown earth, and the thin green leaves of the yellow crocus sparkle in the lingering hoar frost, that I learnt that Madame de Jariot was rapidly departing to that “bourne from whence no traveller returns.” I had been reading to her one afternoon, when her son entered with a flushed cheek, a light step, and a beaming eye: “Dear

mother," he exclaimed, "my dearest mother! Can you bear to be told some delightful news?" She looked affectionately in his face, then bowed her head.

"Thus, then; my friends have all been busied for me; and the fair estates of my fathers are returned. Again, my beloved parent, shall you visit your dear France; again command in your own halls! Again,"—I motioned him to be silent, for in an instant Madame de Jariot stood firm and erect by the side of the couch on which she had reclined. She pushed her hair from her forehead, gasped for breath, and, with convulsive energy, folded her son to her bosom. "Earnest," she exclaimed, "I love my country, lovely and beautiful it is!—but my murdered husband!—the infuriated populace!—the horrors of civil war! O go not, go not to France!—me in my native halls!—seared in heart—one whom even reason forsook! No, not there, Earnest—no earthly palace for me now! English friendship has formed for me a country, and your tenderness, my blessed son, has been to me a

foretaste of eternal mercy." Her strength failed, and we laid her again on the couch, from which she soon started with almost supernatural strength. "Did I," she continued in broken accents, "did I forbid you to go to the land of your fathers, my brave boy?—forgive a mother's weakness; go, do as others of your name have done, and if in defence of your laws and liberties, die, worthy of your noble birth! As for me, your father sleeps not in the sepulchre of his ancestors; even in death our ashes cannot mingle; but my Louise,—my cherub child!—let me rest with her." She articulated a few more words in earnest prayer, and so calm and lovely did she look in her departing hour, that we fancied she but slept. I held my cheek to her lips, and felt her breath like the chill yet gentle breeze of autumn. Again it had passed, even as the breeze, but never to return. Her son fulfilled her request; and little more than a year ago, I visited the humble church-yard that contains their ashes. A fresh proof of Earnest's tenderness awaited me there. A

pure and simple monument of snowy marble recorded their names and history; as it rose amid the flowers, odours breathed from the grave in sweet remembrance of their virtues, and,—

Interrupted by her own tears, Mrs. Ashburton endeavoured to smile at mine, and at last continued—you look so miserable, I shall only add, that a few years ago, the Baron de Jariot led to the altar the youngest of the house of Howard, she who had been the playmate of his sister, the beloved of his excellent parent. Thus it is, my dear, the conduct of the parent is the prelude to the child's happiness; and as we ought all to live more for the future than the present, we should invariably remember that our virtues or vices, in a great degree, insure either the happiness or misery of those who are to succeed us.

We both rose at the same moment, and agreed to meet the next time under the old oak tree; then, affectionately making our adieus, hastened to our respective homes;—

my meditations on Marie de Jariot occasionally interrupted, or rather harmonized by the soft tinkling of the sheep-bell, the merry barking of my dog, or the distant, and not unpleasing scream of the wild sea-birds, who, ever on the wing, make the solitary shore re-echo to their continued cries.

I love the music, or if you call it so, the screaming, of all the feathered race. Their different voices create corresponding feelings in my breast. Birds would form pretty emblems as well as flowers. The croaking raven, harsh, ill-omened bird of story, should tell of dark *mistrust* and *jealousy*. Poor Ralph! I have known honest ravens in my time; one, my own particular pet, who, from being the exclusive property of the stable boy, was promoted to the dignity of hall and parlour, from, as it turned out to be, the fortunate circumstance of a battle between him and a stiff, sturdy, old terrier, who lost half an eye, and Ralph a whole leg in the combat! Out of sheer pity he was petted and caressed, until he established himself in-doors, to the sad discomfort of cats and spaniels;

he could only speak one sentence, and of that he was very chary; he uttered it in a deep, gruff voice, it was, "*how are ye?*" An old friend of ours came to visit us one morning, and as he sat waiting our appearance, he stretched himself in an easy chair, so that his feet passed under a covered table; suddenly something gave his boot a terrible pull; and at the same instant a hollow voice enquired, "*how are ye?*" The gentleman was amazed, and looked around to ascertain from whence the sound came. Again another terrific tug, and a repetition of the friendly enquiry. At length Ralph was discovered, to the great amusement of the gentleman, who admired even more than his talking accomplishments, the dexterity with which our favourite balanced himself on one leg, by stretching out the opposite wing, when in the act of attacking. Notwithstanding this, as I said before, ravens should be my emblems of dark mistrust and jealousy. The humble, merry hedge-sparrow, with its nut-brown gown, its domestic bustle, and its careful industry, tells a useful lesson

to every young lady, of thrift and *good housewifery*.

The exquisite willow-wren, "chiff chaff! chiff chaff!"—so sportive, so gay:—its monotonous but cheerful tones, as it flits and climbs amongst the trees, like a fairy-bird; my sweet little favourite, who sports among the red cherries and juicy currants, and yet obs us not even of a single bud. I should be tempted to make it my emblem of *innocence*, did not that attribute belong, time out of mind, to the meek-eyed dove, who has also another claim upon our affections—she remains with us, when the blythe willow-wren, whose trembling wing is nerved for the exertion, flies from our winter wind to seek a more genial clime: but then, when the spring is most soft and sweet, the little rogue returns as merry, as gentle, and as inoffensive as ever.

The linnet, apt emblem of *cleanliness*; always dabbling in the running river, always picking and fussing about its plumage, like a little maid in a birthday-frock: but remember, the linnet is *always* neat, not garnished

for particular occasions; and as exact in the arrangements of her dress when she is certain of breakfasting tête-à-tête with Mr. Linnet, as if she expected Miss Jenny Wren, and all the blue Tom Tits, and Yellow-hammers of the heath to be her visitors. I am afraid I must note down the bullfinch, despite his beauty, as an emblem of *selfishness*; he does not contribute to the harmony of the grove, but destroys our prospect of fruit by devouring the budding blossoms.

The magpie,—noisy, beautiful, bustling;—in appearance one of the greatest ornaments of our landscapes; in reality, the very personification of *mischievousness* and low cunning! I could forgive its noisy impudence, particularly when the sun shines on its bright plumage, as it springs from the thick coppice and skims along the plain; but its assassin-like habits, its shabby tricks, pilfering from every bird's nest in the neighbourhood, and even daring the poultry yard, and striking at the innocent chickens, I cannot pardon. For shame, Mrs. Mag! Notwithstanding your domestic virtues, which, to confess the

truth, are very exemplary, for you are a good wife and mother, you can emblem nothing but mischief; you must learn that *one* virtue is very far from being enough to form a perfect character.

The owl, in all its varieties, whether "the great horned," "the spectacled," "the brown," or the sly barn-mouse-catcher, wise in appearance, but woefully stupid in reality, are all particularly disagreeable to me, for I despise pretension.

What could the goddess of wisdom have been about when she selected such a fright as her emblem? I remember a Lady-Solomon-owl, who had lived for half a century in our barn, and was much respected by the steward,—good old man, but almost as purblind as herself,—blinking and moping about in the twilight, which was earlier than she ought to move, until, through some mischance, she was found by all the birds in the grove, in broad day, under a hedge; such a noise! such a clatter! such insults heaped upon her, even by the brown wren, the conceited goldfinch, and the saucy waterwagtail, who would

not have dared approach her at night; while she, incapacitated by the glaring sunbeams from defending herself, sat moving her great eyes up and down, like the bird in the merry pantomime of "Harlequin and Cock Robin;" striking her wings, and making many contortions, that seemed only to delight her tiny tormentors. Poor thing, I pitied her situation, and conveyed her back to her old abode, where she remained contented with nightly mousing, and never ventured to the grove again. I would rather make a goose—yes, a very goose, *my* bird of wisdom; for I have known marvellously sensible geese; one, a snowy gander, who formed a singular and devoted attachment to a gentleman, and never deserted his side if he could avoid it. When the gentleman rode, the poor bird either ran or flew after him; when he walked, strolled along also, and refused food, even when pressed by hunger, except from his master's hand; at dinner-time he used to sit patiently outside the window that opened on the lawn, eyeing his protector, and standing first upon one leg, and then upon the other.

But the greatest proof of the superior intellect he evinced, was one afternoon, when following his master through some marshy ground that skirted a neighbouring bog; the gentleman, trusting to his knowledge of the dangerous district, did not heed his footsteps as he ought, and presently found himself entrapped in a bog-hole; the efforts he made to get out only sunk him deeper, and he must have been inevitably swamped had he not crossed his fowling-piece over two fallen trees and held by it, although he had not strength to free himself from the thick mud and rank, tangled weeds. His faithful dog, seeing his master in this dilemma, trotted off for assistance; and the gander, after walking around him, stretching his neck, and cackling in an under tone, at length raised himself in the air, and flew round and round over his head, making at the same time the loudest noise he could; this attracted some turf-cutters to the spot, and the gentleman was extricated, before his servants, alarmed at Rover's appearance without his master, had time to come to his assistance. Nothing

could exceed the poor gander's delight when he saw his friend at liberty : he rubbed himself like a cat, against his legs, shook his wings, and cackled with much glee ; and I can say, for the remainder of his life, was treated with that high respect to which he was so well entitled.

I am afraid that the peacock, with all his beauty, must be set down as a very coxcomb. *Vanity* personified ! Only to be admired for his splendid appearance ; for the days are past when he was considered a delicacy ; and he has no one amiable quality to recommend him. It is said that Alexander the Great was so much struck with the beauty of these birds, when he found them in India flying wild on the banks of the River Hyarotis, that he laid a severe fine and punishment, not only on any one who should kill, but on any one who should dare to disturb them. Certainly a flight of peacocks under the glowing eastern sky must have been a gorgeous object. But splendid appearances often mislead the understanding ; and Alexander did not consider, or perhaps know,

anything about the evil and greedy disposition of his beautiful favourite.

Our own domestic hen, in her homely garb, is a more pleasing subject to dwell upon; fit emblem of maternal tenderness,—careless of her own danger, devoted to her offspring; the most useful little creature in creation; her feathers supply our beds, her eggs our greatest dainties,—custards, puddings, froths, and puffs. What a dearth there would be at the pastry-cooks if hens entered into a combination not to supply us with eggs! We had one, I recollect, a fine creature, with a splendid topping and beautiful mottled wings—a thorough Dorking; so tame, yet so courageous; many a hawk has she beat down, and many a gobbling turkey turned out of the poultry-yard, while her little brood cowered and twittered in the distance, astonished no doubt at mamma's intrepidity; this bird used to lay two hundred and fifty eggs in the year. We are much indebted to Persia for so valuable a present. How magnificent the cock must look amid the woods on the Malabar coast, in his ancient state of

independence ; his black and yellow plumage finely contrasting with the deep foliage, and his yellow and purple comb and wattles sparkling in the sun-beams, as he plumes his glossy wing on the bough of some glorious tree ! I wonder how the hen manages to bring up her young there : here she builds no nests, nor does she need them, for the young birds run and feed themselves as soon as hatched—but that Being who clothes the lily of the field in light and purity, doubtless instructs the wild Indian hen to nurture her brood in safety.

But enough of my birds and emblems :—the sun had set, and the sun had risen ; and I hied to my trysting oak, even while the diamonds danced on the gossamer webs of the light-loving, industrious field spider.

It was a sweet and tranquil meeting under that wide-spreading tree : the long, straight lane, diminishing in the distance, arched over in some places, so as to be almost impervious to the sun, which, impatient of the obstacle, threw its untempered brilliancy on those patches of bright greenery that were unsha-

dowed by the full-leaved trees. Then the delicious hedge-rows, glowing with wild roses and many-coloured bind-weed; fragrant with woodbine, and feathery meadow-sweet, all animated by sparkling insects and merry birds!

Just such a lane as this, said my friend, led to the dwelling near Howard Plaisance, where I established my little community, and was at once law-giver and queen. Hannah More had but just issued her work on Education, and Miss Edgeworth had not published at all. Locke's admirable Essays were, in my opinion, the best on mental subjects; though, to a female mind, they are somewhat hard of digestion. At that time coercive measures were adopted in most schools, and the best emblem of a schoolmistress was a birch rod. This would not do for me. I felt that if I could not rule by gentle means, I could not rule at all; and I set out with the firm resolve of appealing, not only to the hearts, but to the heads of my pupils, and giving them as many comforts at school as

they could enjoy at home. My cottage was elegant and well furnished, my table simple but abundant, my garden large and well arranged, my servants respectful and attentive, and the masters who occasionally assisted in the business of instruction, well educated, gentlemanly men; so that children might not only learn from, but respect them. It was a new system, no doubt, and all wondered at my success. Constantly was I asked how I could keep even six young girls in order without much scolding, and some punishment: however, I went on, gently but firmly; never reproofing when I was really angered, and not only by words, but by actions, convincing them that it was their good I studied. The turbulent became gentle, and the timid acquired confidence, under such government. I was with them not only at stated periods, when girls put on their "governess manners," to be doffed the moment she leaves the room; but, when the hours of settled study concluded, I made one in their pastimes. If we visited the glass-hives of our industrious bees, without appear-

ing to convey instruction, I gave them a pleasing lesson in natural history. From the wild flowers they gathered in our sunny lanes, as well as the rare specimens cultivated in my green-house, I could draw the most pure and beautiful lessons of divine wisdom, and at the same time instruct them in that most healthful and feminine science, botany. Nor was the dignity of their minds lessened by occasionally visiting with me the dwellings of our peasantry, and contributing the sums saved from self-gratification, to their relief when it was needed. How much pleasure does this retrospection give me ! How does my old heart beat, when the voice of some excellent woman, who traces the regulation of her mind—the correction of her evil habits—ay, even the happiness of her present life, to the care with which I guarded and instructed her youthful years, breaks upon mine ear : when I mark in the lineaments of the children who climb her knee, and cling around her neck, the resemblance to the once joyous girl, who, by persevering in the right way, fulfils the rich promise of her early

virtues, clouded, even as all young people's are at first, by faults and failings! I would not exchange my feelings on such occasions for a mine of diamonds.

But I am talking with the garrulity of age, and forget that you are waiting for my second "Chronicle." The three first pupils I received, you know, were the two Howards, and poor Louise de Jariot. The Howards were mild, lady-like girls, who passed through life as they did through school, correctly: possessing no distinguishing quality either of good or evil, yet discharging all the duties of their situations with credit and propriety—useful but not active members of society, and sufficiently dignified in mind and manner to be worthy of their illustrious house.

My fourth élève was—

MILLICENT O'BRIAN.

Millicent O'Brian!—Picture to yourself a tall girl of twelve years, with rough red hair, prominent features,—remarkable for want of expression, and large, large development, added to a painful deficiency of every thing like grace of motion; her voice was loud and discordant, and her brogue of the most vulgar tone (her name intimates her country). These defects were heightened by contrast, as the two Howards were certainly gifted with great personal beauty and elegance of manner. Millicent was well born; but as her mother died soon after giving her birth, she was placed at nurse in an Irish cabin; while her father, a wild, thoughtless young man, squandered his property in foreign lands. He again united himself to a very lovely-looking woman, but who shrunk with horror from the ugly, vulgar step-daughter, whom she had neither talent nor inclination to improve.

I can tell you now with truth that I would much rather Millicent had been placed elsewhere; for she was such a mass of defects that I did not know what to correct first. She did nothing but cry; complained that shoes hurt her feet, and quarrelled with the Howards for laughing at her—broke my flowers and china,—and at the end of a week fretted herself into a fever.

That fever was to her, indeed, a blessing. There she lay, poor child, raving about her nurse, and the pigs, and the hills and mountains of Ireland; and it was long before she was sensible of any of the kindness that was shewn her. At length, however, when consciousness was restored—when she saw and felt that my hand smoothed her pillow, and heard my voice hourly enquire after her comforts, a visible change took place in her habits and ideas. Her great eyes would fill with tears, and her pale cheek suffuse with a faint rose colour whenever I entered her apartment.

“And *will* I get well—and *shall* you be always kind to me?” she would enquire, in

her own peculiar idiom and accent. "Ah, do love me, dear Mrs. Ashburton, do, ah, do love me like my poor nurse!"

In process of time Millicent appeared a very different being from what she had been. I had succeeded in gaining her affections, and the poor girl thought she could never sufficiently repay the kindness she had received. She was not quick, nor had she any pretension to what is generally denominated talent; but she attended to her studies; at first, because she saw that it gratified me, and afterwards from feeling more happy when employed than when idle. As her intellect expanded, her countenance became intelligent, and confidence in herself destroyed that *mauvaise honte* which is so disagreeable, both to the possessor and to those who witness it.

I never wished to educate my pupils for the purpose of exhibition. I was ambitious that they should be greatly good, rather than brilliantly accomplished. I sought to cultivate their heads and hearts more than their hands and feet; and laboured to make their

politeness the *result* of benevolent feeling. I wished that they should acquire a love for the arts and sciences; and in those days many parents feared that I should make their children too intellectual. Millicent gradually gained the affection of her companions, and discovered a love for solid information that I delighted to encourage. Her father seldom visited her, and latterly his payments became very uncertain. No home welcomed the lone girl at the merry Christmas or the glowing Midsummer; and her step-mother's letters were always cold and reserved. At last, when she had been with me about five years, her unhappy parent's career of extravagance and dissipation was terminated by an awful and sudden death. But this was not all; when his neglected affairs came to be investigated, it was discovered that a most miserable pittance could only be afforded the widow; and even for that she had to thank the mercy of creditors. Millicent, and two children, the offspring of his second marriage, were left without any provision; and it was then I found that the good seed had not been

sown in vain, and blessed Him who made it bear fruit in due season. Millicent had always occupied a small room that communicated directly with my chamber; and on the night when the death of her father and her total loss of fortune were communicated to her, you may well believe that she retired to rest with an aching head and heart. I heard her bitter sobbings long and distinctly, and trod softly to the door; it was partially open, and the beams of the harvest moon were streaming upon her simple bed, resting, as it were, upon her maiden brow, which I thought, as it was elevated towards heaven, told of high thoughts and noble actions to come. Long did she pray for strength to bear and opportunity to act: and then she arose and leaned against the window, gazing on the landscape, spreading so tranquilly in the quiet moonlight. Nothing to a feeling mind, either in the first bud of youth, or even when the heart has been harrowed by the cares and sorrows of life, brings so many tender remembrances as the still tranquillity of moonlight. It is the sweetest hour both

for praise and prayer; the heart feels more intensely its connection with another and a better world, when all nature acknowledges the delightful repose permitted by a benevolent Creator; the herbs of the field drink of the refreshing dews of heaven, and the little birds sleep on the wavering boughs, in perfect confidence and safety.

Millicent looked on the pure moon, and on the "wee stars" that were "dreeming their path through the sky;" and though her sorrowing did not cease, it was softened; the large tears that arose from her heart, and flowed from her eyes, had lost much of their bitterness, and she ceased to lift up her voice, though she still wept; murmuring prayers to Him who hears even the throb of the beating pulse, she laid herself upon her couch, and slept.

The next morning awoke my young friend to fresh anxiety; and it was then, indeed, that I felt proud of her noble mind. "I must not now remain inactive, my dear madam," she said; "God has strengthened me for exertion, and I must do my best for the good of

my father's wife and children." A cousin of Lady Howard's wanted a young lady to reside in her family; and as the situation offered great comfort, and many advantages, I proposed it to Millicent.

"I have heard," said she, "that in Bristol there are several families who employ daily or hourly governesses; and you, my dear lady, have cultivated my talent for drawing so successfully, that by being with my family I could earn more, and at the same time educate my infant brother and sister."

Her step-mother resided near Bristol, and I confess that her plan struck me as fraught with misery to herself. I knew the rooted dislike borne to her by Mrs. O'Brian, and felt assured that if she were even commonly polite to Millicent, it would be from interested motives. I represented this to her in the most delicate manner I could, but in vain; and it then became my duty to interest my Bristol friends for this excellent girl. We parted with many tears; but I had the satisfaction of knowing that some pupils were already secured to her:—this was gratifying,

and the accounts I heard from my friends were still more so.

“What an extraordinary girl you have sent among us!” said one lady; “she submits without a murmur to the greatest privations; and what in a young girl in the first blossom of youth this the more extraordinary, she spends no money on self-decoration. With cheerfulness she supplies even the whims of her capricious parent, and her evenings are devoted to the instruction of her brother and sister. Her talent in drawing has excited universal admiration; and her method of conveying instruction is peculiarly happy.

“To enable her step-mother to do without a second servant, at this bitter season Millicent rises at six, and sometimes before; with her own hands prepares the delicate breakfast for her family, of which she never partakes, apparently preferring coarser food; then, having dressed the children, she braves the wind and damp of winter, and commences her tuition at the different houses where she is employed; the night closes ere her

engagements terminate, and the cold remains of what might have been a comfortable repast is her only welcome; for the children, I am grieved to say, influenced by their mother's example, look upon her as a mere governess, not as a sister, and entertain the idea that the time she devotes to their instruction is a duty she owes, not a favour she confers."

This account occasioned me much sorrow; but you may judge how that feeling was increased when I received a letter from Millicent, stating that her step-mother had suddenly formed the resolution of leaving Bristol and residing in Cheltenham, giving as a reason for this absurd determination, that her health required the change.

Poor Milly! even when obliged to abandon the friends her good conduct had assembled around her, no murmur escaped her lips; and though her pale cheek and tearful eye told of her sufferings, her harsh relative heeded them not: unfortunately I was not acquainted with a single person at Cheltenham; and from her Bristol friends she could

only procure two letters to a resident in that swallow-like colony.

All the money due to her was barely sufficient to defray the expenses of their journey, and pay the few debts they had contracted in Bristol. Mrs. O'Brian caught a violent cold, that consigned her to her bed on their arrival; and the families she expected to receive attentions from had flown to Brighton.

She left specimens of her art in the public rooms; and day after day, hour after hour, did she watch, hoping that some one might call, some one might seek to improve themselves, while they benefited her; but "the terms were too high," or, "they did not like learning from so young a woman," or, "they would consider of it."

Mrs. O'Brian grew worse and worse, and many articles were disposed of to administer to their daily wants. It was late one summer evening, just as Millicent had put her brother and sister to bed, that she was called down to see "a gentleman who wished to

speak to the young lady who drew so beautifully." As this was the first time the landlady had heard her lodger's talents commended, and as, moreover, the person who gave the message was a person of consequence, she asked him into her best parlour, and went herself to look for Millicent.

The poor girl ran down with a flushed cheek and palpitating heart. The stranger received her with condescending kindness, the always attending attribute of exalted rank, and said, that being pleased with the specimens of art which he had seen, he was anxious his daughter should profit by her instruction, but wished for a reference in Cheltenham as to her character and respectability.

Simply and modestly she told him that she had no friends there, that the letters she brought had been rendered useless, as the families were out of town; but she mentioned those who had patronized her exertions in Bristol.

The gentleman (Mr. Grenville), although pleased with her artless manner, and the

elegant propriety of her language, was too prudent to engage any one to instruct his child without further enquiry; and, noting down my name among others, he bade her a friendly good night, in a tone which she has since said, sounded, from its gentle kindness, like music to her heart and ear. I heard from Mr. Grenville by the next post, and my answer was, of course, satisfactory.

In the mean time Mrs. O'Brian's cold had fallen on her lungs; inflammation of the most rapid kind succeeded, and she died, imploring the only friend who watched her death-bed, the scorned and ill-treated Millicent, to be both mother and sister to her helpless children.

As the poor girl sat by the stiffening corpse, wondering at death, her little relatives cried to her for food, which she had not to give them. Her wardrobe had been reduced to the faded gown which covered her fragile form; and in an agony of despair her eye wandered around the apartment, seeking some saleable article to preserve them from starvation; it rested on the wedding ring of

her step-mother ; she drew it off the yielding finger, and gazed wistfully upon it. "Give Annie mamma's ring," lisped the last born child, and then the little creature again wept. I ought not to sell it, thought Millicent, it is the only memento Annie can ever possess of her parent. "O, thou !" she exclaimed in the anguish of her bursting heart, "thou who instructed even the birds of prey to minister to thy prophet in the wilderness, have mercy upon me in this my bitter affliction !" She dropped on her knees and folded her clasped hands on her throbbing bosom ; then, almost instantly, arose, and with a half articulated expression of thankfulness rushed out of the chamber of death.

When Millicent had been with me three years she gained a prize, upon which all my pupils set a high value ; it was called "the reward of amiability," and was only given after twelve months' trial of temper and disposition. Who was to receive it was decided by votes, consequently the candidates were judged by a jury of their school-fellows. The prize was always a golden locket, of

large and peculiar form, bearing on the reverse, the name of the successful girl, by whom given, &c., and containing a lock of my hair. It is needless to say that Milly set a high value on this trinket, and the idea of disposing of it never once suggested itself; she would as soon have thought of parting with her existence; when, however, she pressed her hand to its resting place, it occurred to her, that for two or three days, perhaps, it would procure bread for her young charge, and also preserve the ring for little Annie. She did not give herself time to re-consider the case, but flew to the nearest jeweller's, where she received some fifteen shillings for her long-hoarded treasure. When she returned to the house the unfeeling landlady was in the chamber of death, but not as a ministering angel. "Fine doings, indeed," said she, "for this woman to fall ill and die in my house—coming as a lady, and taking my first floor—a parcel of Irish beggars! Then, indeed, moving up to a back two pair, and leaving me with three

young ones; but I'll settle it presently—the parish joiner will be here with the coffin in an hour, and then, my fine miss, you shall all tramp to the workhouse.”

Millicent looked stupidly on the speaker, and fancied that a fiend had taken the form of the once obsequious landlady. She was not enough of a physiognomist to have marked the low and narrow brow, the thin, purse-like lips, which speak so truly of hoard and meanness; or the twinkling grey eye, prowling from beneath its penthouse, like the sharp-sighted and poisonous spider, seeking amid the unwary what it may devour.

In vain poor Milly wept and prayed; all the mercy she could obtain, was permission for the desolate trio to occupy during that night a dismal attic. “I must have this room at once, so the body must go; sure it's only clay now.”

Whether or not you have loved the dead, there is something powerfully affecting in beholding one with whom you have associated, lifeless and unconscious before you;

and Milly's tears were indeed bitter, when she bade an everlasting adieu to the remains of her father's wife.

The grey light streamed in upon the ragged and curtainless couch, where her brother and sister, locked in the affectionate embrace of childhood, slumbered in perfect tranquillity.

"They sleep!" she sighed—and then she pressed her fingers to her swollen eyelids, which felt as if they could close no more. Again she prayed, and as the morning advanced, dressed and prepared the children for their journey.

The streets were crowded by thousands of living beings, and the sounds of cheerfulness and occupation were heard from the dwellings on either side; yet the joyous and the happy knew but little of the grief and wretchedness of many who passed them slowly and in silence by. Oh! nothing aches so much upon the sight as the solitude (if I may so call it) of populous cities—faces that smile not on you—voices that never repeated your name. The murmuring

waters, the trembling leaves, the twittering birds,—are all companions, and gentle ones too, of those who are condemned to rural loneliness. The wanderer on the mountains can pick the wild berries and drink of the clear stream. Nature relieves her children's wants; but amongst a rich and gorgeous population it is far different. Had Mrs. Hapleton (I believe I did not mention her name before) permitted Millicent to remain another day or two with her, all would have been well, as she would have heard from her friends immediately; but the poor girl had not time to consider what was to be done when her mother died, and until that unhappy event, she had lived in the hope of obtaining pupils. All she could now do was to write to me, and turn her steps, slowly and sorrowingly, holding her infant charges by either hand, towards Bristol. The little ones soon forgot the miseries they had suffered, when sun-light and green meadows, dotted with the flowers so loved in childhood, greeted their eyes and footsteps. They bounded forward with innocent enjoyment,

and Millicent, in all her trouble, delighted to see them happy.

On the very morning my heroine left Cheltenham, it chanced that Mr. Grenville, accompanied by his daughter, called at the shop of a jeweller on the parade; the young lady wished to select some trinkets for her sister, and in turning over a drawer of lockets and vinegarets, the quaint shape of my *amiability* prize attracted her attention, "Oh, Miss," said the man, "that is not worth your notice; I bought it last night, more from charitable feeling than any thing else, from a poor girl who was weeping bitterly."

"Presented to Millicent O'Brian by her true friend, Mrs. Ashburton," read aloud the little girl.

"What did you say, love?" enquired her papa, "Millicent O'Brian! why that is the name of the young drawing mistress we are going to call upon. God grant that she is not in deep distress; from what I have heard of her, she is not one to part with such a gift from an improper motive or even temporary want." The excellent man ordered the

carriage to drive to her late lodging. "The young woman is gone, sir," replied the simpering landlady to Mr. Grenville's enquiry.

"Gone!" he repeated, "when?—why?—where?"

"Her mother died and they were in great distress. I assure your honour, I would have treated her like my own child—only, sir, I have got many little ones of my own, and poor people must think of their family, your honour."

"And so," exclaimed Mr. Grenville, "you turned her into the streets!"

"The lodgings were up, and the poor lady buried," resumed the woman, "and your honour," curtseying with all the humility of cunning, "I advised her and the two children to go to Bristol, to their friends."

"What two children?" enquired Mr. Grenville.

"Her half brother and sister," was the reply, "and," she continued, a single expression of feeling passing over her countenance, "she did more for them, or as much, as if they were her own children, ten times over."

I think, if she could, she would have paid all my bill; it's only eleven and threepence—quite right, your honour; and since you seem so much her friend, perhaps you'd like to settle it.”

Mr. Grenville darted an angry look at the unfeeling creature, and calmly said, “how did Miss O'Brian travel, and when did she leave this?”

“I can't be positive, but I think she meant to walk;—it was somewhere about nine when she set off:—and as to my little account, sir,——”

“Peace, woman!” said Mr. Grenville, sternly, “had you sheltered that desolate girl in her affliction, you would have reaped a rich harvest. You, a mother!—think of the destiny that may await your own children, and learn mercy. When I see the young lady, I will ascertain what is the real sum that she owes you, and pay it. Nay, nay, don't talk to me—a woman who could turn three orphans pennyless into the streets of Cheltenham, must be a sharper, as well as a ——.” How Mr. Grenville concluded his sentence,

I do not know, for his daughter Emily could not recollect; but he sprung into the carriage, and left his little maid to get in as she could, contrary to his kind and gentlemanly custom towards his own family in particular. Suddenly he pulled the check:—"Martin, drive on the Bristol road as fast as you can without endangering lives.—Robert, enquire as we pass the turnpike, if they have seen a young woman about eighteen, accompanied by two children, on the way." As he threw himself back in his carriage, he said smilingly to his daughter; "it is not now much more than half past three, we might overtake her;" he then clasped his child to his bosom, and humbly implored the Almighty that his dear one might never be thrown on "the tender mercies of the wicked."

Mr. Grenville was, of course, as eager in the pursuit as Emily, but his anxiety was not so troublesome; the little lady fidgetted from one window to another.

"There, papa, there they are, I am sure; look!—O dear! it is only the stump of a

tree; how provoking! But now, dear papa! Robert is speaking to that old woman, now just look, I am sure she knows something about her, she seems so good natured: has she seen them, Robert?"—at the negative reply, withdrawing into the carriage her sunny face, shorn by disappointment of half its beams—"what o'clock is it papa?—Do you think I shall learn drawing quickly?—Does Miss O'Brian look kind?—Now, papa!—only do look now, this once, there, I can see them through the hedge, seated on the ground; stop, Martin, stop!—will you never stop!" reiterated Emily, who was this time correct.

Seated on the damp grass, her clothes spread on each side to secure her brother and sister from cold, sat poor Millicent. The children were crying; the novelty of a walk in the country had passed; the butterflies had folded their wings, and the sun was sinking; they had but some hard bread to eat, and their little feet were covered with blisters.

Scarcely could Milly credit her good fortune, when Emily kissed her cold cheek, and

Mr. Grenville said that she must return in his carriage to Cheltenham, and that his house should be her home, until matters were arranged for her future course.

Mr. Grenville and his lady treated the poor wanderers with genuine hospitality.

By the bye, my dear, said Mrs. Ashburton, passing for a moment from her story, there are few words in the English language, that have more reason to complain of misrepresentation than that very word: in the *beau monde*, if a lady illumines her splendid *salon*, and if she surround herself with a galaxy of beauty and fashion, she is called *hospitable*, though in nine cases out of ten, she is only heaping the shrine of self-love and personal vanity. Her object is not to "clothe the naked and feed the hungry," but to be *renommée*, to see a delicately printed column in a fashionable periodical, describe her taste, talent, and munificence; to see that the world were informed "that she had the most expensive soupés, that her blonde, at the last drawing room, was exported direct from

Paris, and that even her demi parure of *gros des Indes* was *superbe* in the extreme." Then the hunting squire, who entertains dogs, horses, and sportsmen; who destroys the life-supporting corn-fields of the industrious farmer; and whose animals "fare sumptuously every day," while the beggar at his gate is unclothed and hungry—he, too, is called *hospitable*! And so are knights and lords of high degree, who assemble in their noble halls, and around their sumptuous boards, the rich and mighty, who want not.

My dear Mrs. Ashburton, I interrupted, surely you do not intend to say that it is wrong for people of wealth to entertain and associate with their equals.

Certainly not, she replied, but I would not call people who merely did so, hospitable. There is more of that pure unadulterated feeling in the heart of the simple Irish peasant, who shares his potatoe and his straw pallet with the starving creature who roams from place to place, without any prospect of returning the kindness so cheerfully bestowed, than in all the ostenta-

tious display that loads the tables of the great and magnificent; they give to those who return it fourfold; every crumb the other bestows is so much taken from his daily food, which no circumstance within the range of probability can increase; and the poor creature who receives it has no prospect of returning it at any time. If hospitality is called the virtue of savages, I truly wish that a portion of that sacred virtue could be restored to civilized life.

Deep and sincere was Millicent's gratitude. The clouds that overshadowed her destiny were passing, and she was still in her early youth. Mr. Grenville undertook, as a tribute to Milly's virtues, to educate the little boy and provide for him in the world; and a letter from an Irish relation announced her wish to adopt Annie, in the following terms.

" Castle M'Carthy, County Galway.

" For the honour of the family of the O'Brians, Mrs. O'Grady M'Carthy O'Brian is induced to offer to take the youngest daughter of her late cousin, by her

father's side, Captain O'Brian, who ought to be entitled *the honourable*, if right was right, under her protection at Castle M'Carthy, which she inherits from her mother. With her the child will be taught all necessary accomplishments, and to hold her head high as she ought, being of uncontaminated Milesian descent. Mrs. O'Grady M'Carthy O'Brian has learnt, with much sorrow, that Captain O'Brian's eldest daughter has done what no one belonging to her ever did before: *condescended to support herself*. There were none of the name in Ireland who would not have been glad to have had her, year about, or month about, with them, rather than she should have *disgraced the family* by such degrading conduct! Mrs. O'Grady M'Carthy O'Brian can only impute *this* to her *English education*, it could not have run in her blood; however, she will prevent such notions getting into the head of Captain O'Brian's youngest daughter. Mrs. O'Grady M'Carthy O'Brian will expect an answer immediately, so as to reach her on this day week, by the cross post close by Connamara, directed to Mrs. O'Grady M'Carthy O'Brian, as above."

Mr. Grenville laughed long and loudly at this "familiar epistle." "So, Miss O'Brian," said he, "you will, I suppose, send Annie to this lady relative, it will be a good charge off your hands."

“No, Sir,” replied Millicent, “not for worlds:—what, have her young mind trammelled with the fetters of ignorance and pride! And then, when she had learned to despise that sweetest, noblest of all feelings,—independence purchased by self-exertion—subject to be turned adrift by a capricious relative, and forced to bear the taunts and rebuffs attendant upon dependence! Not so; the situation you have procured for me, kind and generous lady,” she continued, turning to Mrs. Grenville, “will enable me to do more than educate and clothe her; she shall be *my* child, and she will repay me by her gratitude and affection.”

The situation to which Millicent alluded, was with a family who were going abroad for some years; and, as I could not at that time receive her sister, she was obliged to be content with placing her near me.

I heard frequently of Millicent, and sometimes from her. Every little want of Annie’s was attended to with the most affectionate care.

All the accounts spoke in the highest

terms of her good conduct, and I need not say how proud I was of Millicent O'Brian.

One day, as I was engaged in the school room, a travelling carriage drove up to my garden gate, and a lady and gentleman alighted from it. The lady's steps could hardly keep measured pace, and at length, quitting her companion's arm, she fairly bounded onwards and rushed into the study so eagerly that she nearly overturned my old housemaid:—I was half smothered by kisses before I knew who it was that so lavishly bestowed them; the strange gentleman stood looking on, and a beloved voice exclaimed (although it was nearly choaked by emotion), "O, Mrs. Ashburton!—do you not know your own Millicent?" What a change! The red hair had mellowed into a deep auburn, and hung in rich clusters around a face beaming with intellect and affection; the eyes looked positively beautiful—not a bit too large—full of light and loveliness; the mouth certainly was extensive—I must confess that—but who ever thought of the size, while listening to the sweet-toned voice that uttered the

sentiments of truth, honour, and piety, which flowed from a *well-regulated mind*. What a joyous group assembled round my tea-table on that blessed evening!—Millicent's sister in the first blush of womanhood, and, besides my own young folk, Millicent and her husband, not merely *paired*, but *matched*. And then, as a practical lesson to my pupils, she related her "life's eventful history," and we all wept for fair joyfulness to find her sorrows past, and to see her the wife of a worthy husband—one who had long known and truly valued her; and guess, my dear, *who* he was!—

Nephew of the late Mrs. O'Grady Mac Carthy O'Brian, and possessor, in addition to some property of his own, of M'Carthy Castle! Some years before, he had heard of Millicent's determination to educate her sister by her own exertions; and such conduct, in so young a woman, excited both his astonishment and respect. He resolved to see her; and in process of time waited upon the family she was with at Milan. Acquaintance strengthened his approbation; but Millicent

would not unite her fate to his, until her sister's education was finished. "It is bad enough to take a portionless wife," she would say, "but I will never encumber you with a greater burden than myself." Millicent's history, thank God, I cannot *finish*; she lives; an exemplary wife and mother, and by judicious management, and residing on their Irish estate, Mr. and Mrs. M'Carthy have done more good for the bodies and souls of their now comfortable tenantry, than the thousand and one writers, for and against Catholic Emancipation ever did (I dare not venture to say *ever could*) effect.

So much for Millicent O'Brian.

We parted as usual, loving each other the more at every interview.

Our next place of meeting was the old pier; and half an hour before the appointed time I was there. The ocean looked even more beautiful than ever, dotted near the shore by the sea birds, and in the distance by many a light bark that danced and sparkled on the tranquil and silvery waters. I bless

the memory of Fenelon when I remember his beautiful remark, "Oh, my God, he who does not see thee in thy works, has seen nothing!" I never behold the ocean without feeling that of all the wonders of creation, it gives the most perfect idea of the unlimited power of the Almighty.

Conchology was, at that time, one of my favourite studies, and there was a large weedy stone at the base of the pier, covered with obstinate *limpets*, who, with their usual firmness, resisted all my attempts to dislodge them: how curious it is to watch the movements of this little fish!—To mark the shell loosening from its rocky base, and then the putting forth of the moveable leg that is capable of taking any form; elevating itself on edge, spring, and away it goes the distance of an inch or more. Alas, for the boast of man's invention! The torpedo defends itself by electrifying its enemies, and the poor little limpet, in its neat and variegated shell, acts as if it understood the nature of atmospheric pressure, forming a vacuum in his pyramidical house; the little rogue learned this before the

invention of air pumps. All the seven branches of this cunning family are, to my taste, beautiful; but the most distinguished is the valuable shell called "foolscap," of a pale fawn colour, the margin graced by a fringed epidermis.

Neither must we be so unpatriotic, when remembering the beauties of our native strands, as to despise our own elegant little *rotatus*, or wheeled nautilus; although in magnificence it must yield to the great "chambered nautilus." They are a capricious tribe as to size,—some of them require the aid of a powerful glass to distinguish their beauties, while others are a foot in diameter. The "piped nautilus," brought from the ruddy coral reefs on the Sicilian shores, are, I believe, the most valuable; and it is supposed to have first instructed man in the use of sails. Bright and innocent mariners! It is a pleasing sight to see your fleet calmly riding on the waves: as your name justly implies, ye are both ship and sailor; and when your pastime is over, you reef your tiny canvass, stop up the port-holes, and disappear.

How very odd are the habits and manners

of oysters! Poor lumpy things! In their youth they are active enough, and possess the faculty of swimming rapidly, but as they grow old, like other folk advancing in years, they become more attached to home; and while their young relatives go tumbling about in the water, they tie themselves by a bundle of thread to whatever rock or stone they choose to make their anchor; if they do wish to change their position, they pillow up one side of their shell by soft mud until they are nearly upright, and then wait, with due patience, until the tide turns them over. How delighted I was to find that M. de Lavoye had discovered, that within its damp habitation, the oyster hung a pale blue lamp; this looked like a phosphoric star, but on investigating it by the aid of a strong magnifier, the strange appearance was found to consist of three different animalcules, one of which had no less than forty-eight legs, and a black eye in the centre of its forehead! Fishes are powerfully attracted by light, and doubtless these creatures lure food for the good-natured oyster, who gives them house-room in return.

I have read that Pliny, and after him some

other wise men, struck with the similarity of the pearl to a dew-drop, fancied that the pearl fish rose every morning to the surface of the waters, and expanded its shell to receive the dews of heaven, which silently descending, like a liquid pearl, entered the oyster, and assumed the texture, shape, and colour, of a real pearl. The idea has been prettily versified.

A little particle of rain
 That from a passing cloud descended,
 Was heard thus idly to complain :
 " My brief existence now is ended,
 Out-cast alike from earth and sky,
 Useless to live, unknown to die."
 It chanced to fall into the sea,
 And there an open shell received it,
 And after years how rich was he,
 Who from its prison-house relieved it !
 The drop of rain has formed a gem,
 To deck a monarch's diadem !

In the year 1817, M. Beaumur, in a paper that appeared in the "Memoirs of the French Academy," conjectured, with much appearance of truth, that pearls are formed of the juice of some wounded vessel in the poor oyster, which fixes and hardens within the shell ;

while later naturalists affirm that it is a sort of preserve granted to the fish, to mend its dwelling whenever it may be injured.

Ireland once boasted of its pearl fisheries, and some fine specimens were found in the rivers of Tyrone and Donegal. One of these pearls was in the possession of Lady Glenleary, who wore it in a necklace, and refused eighty pounds which was offered for it by the Duchess of Ormond. The easterns prize the pearl more than any other gem, and frequent allusions are made to it in the Holy Scriptures.

Such were some of my sea-side meditations; and I was just in the act of reconnoitering the triumphant parading of a hermit crab, who, having battled a weaker gentleman of his own species out of a large, respectable shell, to which he had taken a fancy, strutted up and down the strand before his vanquished foe, when my friend approached, and after we were comfortably seated, sketched me some passages in the life of—

SWEET MAY DOUGLAS.

I cannot describe May to you, nor can I chronicle her as she deserves. Her companions never called her solely by her sweet and simple name, there was always some accompaniment to it. It was either "Merry May," or "Pretty May," or "Gentle May," or "Highland May," but more frequently than all, "Sweet May Douglas!" And, in truth, she united in her fairy form all the feminine virtues—a duodecimo of loves and graces—she was merry, and pretty, and gentle; of noble Scottish descent; the soul of mirth and innocence—like a sunbeam that rests upon the earth without being contaminated by its baseness. Sweet May Douglas! She was born in May, baptised in May, came to Howard Cottage in May, and left it in May, after a brief sojourn of two years. How we all loved her! If she had a fault, it was a little, *little* petulance, or rather impatience of temper; an over eagerness to

do all things—the evil attendant upon activity and genius; and it was provokingly difficult to correct it: often have I called her, intending to reprove some hasty gesture, or still more hasty word; and she would come, and raise her speaking violet eyes, swimming in tears, to my face, while the reproof still hung upon my lips. Nothing but the powerful knowledge of the responsibility of my situation would ever have forced me to visit with displeasure this lovely child of the mountain land. When I first saw her she was about fourteen, but not larger than most children of ten; the only daughter of a long-widowed father; and had never, until then, quitted his castle in the Highlands, where he shielded his lone flower with that deep and almost engrossing anxiety that a man of feeling and cultivated mind can alone conceive. He was a scholar and a gentleman; much sorrow had estranged him from the world. “But I must one day, for HER sake, return to it, and guard her there as well as in solitude,” he said to me; “and as I would not have *my* child deficient in what are called accomplishments, let her be well

tutored in music, drawing, and dancing; investigate her progress in French and Italian, as well as in general information; and my young recluse will not be found wanting." To all but May, "the Douglas" was a cold, stern man; but I never felt more keenly for the sorrow of another, than when he parted from his daughter in my little parlour, which the pupils called "The Reception Room." The full tears burst, and ran down his iron countenance; as, at last, he placed the sweet girl in my arms, and rushed to his carriage.

It would be useless to attempt to describe May's sorrow—for a time it was overwhelming; but in a few days she regained her usual cheerfulness, and was thenceforward, ever as merry as a lark on the first sunny morning of spring.

Mr. Douglas certainly made a great sacrifice for May's advantage. How desolate he must have felt in his lone castle, without that sportive creature, who knew so well how to soften and dispel his moody tempers. But oh! how deep, how devoted, is a parent's

love!—how self-sacrificing—how self-denying—how pure in its object—how firm in its purpose! It is one of the beautiful mysteries of nature, and one of the noblest doctrines of revealed religion!

May Douglas was as new to us as we were to her; and when sorrowing at her father's departure was softened, the sunniness of her disposition shone upon us all! Truly, a joyous countenance is most pleasing to look upon—it bears the stamp of the divine image with gratitude; and if clouds sometimes pass over it, they are like those of April, which overshadow a beautiful landscape—smiling even amid tears.

May was every where, yet seldom in the way. She danced, she sung, she laughed, and was as full of life as a fawn; yet never rude or boisterous:—the *beau idéal* of youth and elegance, of simplicity and grace. All the girls loved her. May Douglas corrected their exercises—French, English, and Italian. I never could understand how she learned drawing; for she conveyed to paper, whether

rice, Bristol, plain, or tinted, all flowers—from the blue harebell that she loved to twine with the bright clusters of her hair, to the stately lily, or glowing piony. She would touch up, with extraordinary facility, the pupil's first attempts; count time, for those who had no ear; and absolutely undertook to teach singing to Mariamne Talbot! Mariamne Talbot!—a great girl who could not tell one tune from another, and was always discontented.

Mariamne was the only cause of uneasiness to the merry May, during her sojourn with me; she had a long, pale face, which would have been pleasing, had it been animated; and moreover, a provoking way of always looking uninterested at whatever was going forward. She would sit for ever in one attitude, her *petite personne* stiffened to the utmost, and all her curls arranged as if they each contained the same number of hairs (the girls declared she counted them). Then she wanted to learn, but in her own way; she was unfortunately passed school-girl age, and, forgetting that she had not

school-girl knowledge, would begin at the wrong end; she wished to *finish* before she had *commenced*; she waged open war with grammar, arithmetic, and history; declared that writing exercises was a loss of time, and always began her sentences of exposition (which were very frequent) against her tasks, by saying, "I do not think it necessary for a young woman at my time of life to do so and so," forgetting that it is information, not age, which ripens intellect. Poor girl!—she was a very torment; and so thought May; and she used all her arts of persuasion, and called in all the assistance of her eloquence, to coax the obstinate Mariamne to do as others did.

"But I don't like grammar, and, in my opinion, I don't think I shall want it," sighed Miss Talbot.

"But you cannot write a correct letter, dear Mariamne, nor parse a sentence," replied May, passing her arm round her neck; "and besides, Mrs. Ashburton knows best."

"But a young woman at my time of life," recommenced the dull lady—

“Ought not to have come to school, if she did not intend to do as she was bid.” And then the little fairy in her sweetest tone would add—“Go to it cheerfully, Mariamne: you know you must attend; and what is done cheerfully will always be done well. Now do smile, and I will give you such a long singing lesson, and teach you ‘The Lass of Patie’s Mill.’”

And sometimes Miss Talbot’s formal features would relax into a marble smile, although even that was an effort. Certainly she owed Miss Douglas much gratitude. Poor Mariamne! She was too old and too opiniated to learn, and I was glad to find that soon after she left me, she married respectably, and was settled in comfort. Her husband’s income, united to her own, make a comfortable whole; and at the entertainments which their situation in life obliges them to give, she receives her guests with all the sober *étiquette* of a well-organized automaton.

May’s father was very fond of flowers, and desired that his daughter should understand the beautiful and interesting science of botany. This she of course was anxious to

accomplish, and all her leisure moments were engaged in forming a *Hortus siccus* of English, or in cultivating rare specimens of greenhouse plants, which were to accompany her to Scotland. Her impatience retarded the growth of her favourites most sadly. She would finger the young shoots, and try such various ways to make them blossom quickly, that they either shot forth too soon, and were weak and unhealthy, or they became thick and stunted. I more than once discovered her investigating the bulb of a hyacinth, after it had been some time planted, to ascertain if it were shooting!

“Well, May,” I said to her one morning, as she was returning from a hot-bed where she had just placed some mignonette pots, “have you been trying any new experiments this morning?”

“O yes, dear madam; I read in a book of a particular compost, that would make geraniums blossom three months sooner than usual; so I have just been putting some of it to that beautiful one you were so good as to give me. Only think—three months!”

“What book did you discover this won-

derful receipt in, my merry May?" I enquired.

"Oh, only think how fortunate!"—she exclaimed. "In the old tool-house, amongst a heap of trowels, and rakes, and slates, and iron, hunting for my little spade, there it was—dear old book! Don't you admire old looking books, dear madam? They seem as if there were something in them, and always put me in mind of the huge silver-clasped antique volumes in papa's library."

"In the first place, May, you ought not to have used an unauthorised or untried experiment on so valuable a plant, because you, as yet, can neither judge of causes or their effects, and you ought to have asked before you acted; and in the next place, I cannot say that I am attached to a book merely because it *looks* old; I like first to know something of its *contents* as well as its cover."

Poor May was abashed, and at last said—"You are right, I am sure, dear madam; I am too hasty; here is the recipe," and she pulled the tattered volume out of her garden basket; a glance convinced me that

it was, as I suspected, one of those nostrums that ultimately destroy a plant by forcing its strength; however, I kept my opinion to myself, resolving practically to shew my young friend the ill effects of her precipitancy.

“ Shall I transplant it, madam? ” said she, casting on me one of her beseeching looks; “ perhaps it is not yet too late to save it, if indeed the compound is injurious— ”

“ My dear May, ” I replied, “ you well know the anxiety your impatience has caused me; however, take care of the plant, and we shall then see how it will get on. ”

“ But it may die, ” persisted the little maid.

“ We shall see, ” I said, and returned to the house. I cannot tell you how constantly and tenderly the gentle girl watched her plant; the last thing in the evening, the first thing in the morning. It was watered, shaded from the noonday heat, and the midnight cold; suddenly its leaves increased, then came the delicate pink bud, and the bursting blossom. Alone it bloomed; and when May looked on its early beauty, I saw by her

smiling eyes that my remarks faded from her remembrance, precisely as the size of the leaves and flowers increased. "It looks healthy, dear madam; what think you now of the compost?"

"I will tell you this day month," I answered.

The flowers faded quickly, and then the leaves assumed a sickly hue; one by one they withered from the stem, which, from being firm and clean, became yellow and sapless; before the month had passed, poor May's geranium was quite dead: we walked slowly to the green-house, and May's step was slower than usual. When we entered I pointed to the withered shrub, and May perfectly understood my meaning.

"I know I have killed it by my impatience," she sobbed forth; "it was so lovely; the very species papa wished for; it was flourishing so well!"

"My sweet May Douglas," I said, "this time your impatience has only destroyed a flower; and fortunate will its death be if your evil habit is corrected. Had you consulted the gardener or me, *before* you doctored the

poor thing according to the fashion of the old book, for which, without any reason, you formed so violent an attachment, we would have pointed out to you *why* it must have been eventually killed by the application; but you have learnt, I hope, a useful lesson. Experience, unfortunately, is a better tutor than precept." May replied not, but carefully picked up the shrivelled remnants of the once glowing flower. "I will," she said at last; "put one of those leaves into my locket, and it shall be unto me as an amulet, to preserve me from my besetting sin. I cannot surely look upon it and be again impatient."

"I have no objection to your talisman," I answered; "but there is even a better one than that. Let the remembrance of the ill effects of impatience be impressed upon your mind, and that, with the belief in the good resulting from reflection, will preserve you from errors of a similar nature."

May, from that hour, was unto herself a severe monitor; and when was labour of this nature unrewarded? I am certain that there

is no habit, nor propensity, which cannot be overcome, *if the person be conscious of the error, and anxious to amend: and the eagerness, the longing after perfection, and at all sacrifices endeavouring to attain it, is the unerring proof of a mind of a superior cast.* The proud (in common parlance)—the selfish—the mean—the giddy, are incapable of such an exertion.

Richly was May repaid for her watchfulness, by the advantages of a well regulated mind, which, with an unchecked impatience, she never could have enjoyed.

At last the hour of separation arrived, and her father was again seated in my little green parlour; his iron front unchanged, and no symptom of feeling perceptible in his demeanour, except, that when his eye rested on the improved grace and beauty of May, the unwelcome tear would glitter, and a sort of uncontrollable quiver agitate his upper lip.

I never saw her look so lovely as at the very hour when she became to me only a vision of the past. Her figure was much

below the middle size, but it possessed all the ease and contour of early womanhood; her fair and luxuriant hair, parted on her noble brow, fell in unconstrained curls over her polished shoulders. To please her father she wore the family tartan, and ever since I have loved Highland plaids of all casts and clans. Joy lent an additional brightness to her cheek, and sorrow—for even then, returning as she was to the land of her birth, the halls of her forefathers—sorrow at leaving us caused her eyes to overflow with tears. She went; and oh, the blank that succeeded! All missed her joyous voice—her innocent mirth—and even the words of gentle admonition she so affectionately bestowed upon those who needed. We had red eyes for a month or more; even the black cat, and the lame terrier, moped and fretted! Smirk, the prettiest of all pretty spaniels, howled an entire week at her bedroom door. Frisk, briskest of squirrels, quarrelled with his nuts!

I have heard of this fairy girl from various sources. In the journal of courts I have

read of her beauty, modesty, and wit; a rare triumvirate, too seldom united! I have been told of her charities to her father's clansmen; how she has bestowed upon them comforts they had never hoped to possess.

I once received under my roof, during his sojournment in England, a stern, but upright minister of the Scottish kirk, whose gratitude for the blessings conferred by (as he called her) "The Lady Douglas" upon his family, was only surpassed by his gratitude to the Almighty. "Oh! but it's an awfu' thing," he would say, "to see the wee bonny creature set sich an example to a' the grey hairs in the Highlands; great lords and ladies thought to wile her awa' fra' us this winter; and they clavered about the great doings at the king's court, and said enow to turn the head of any mortal woman; but it wou'd na' do — the kirk wanted repairs; she's a' foremost in God's work; and the manse, (may the Almighty bless her) rebuilding; and many o' the huts, or hooses I may ca' them, in the bonny village she planned her ain sell, and that's ca'd after

her May-Bourn, were unfinished; 'I'll na' spend my father's money that like,' said she, 'while his ain people want, for the honour of his name. I was once at their shows, and he was pleased when I was praised; but my heart's with my ain fire-side; and to see the bra' wives of our clan, clean, contented, and happy, is sweeter to the heart of little May Douglas, than a' the silk attire she could don, or a' the flatteries she could hear;' she says mair words, and sweeter; but I canna' remember noo, and sure na' laverock was ever more gay or cheerfu' fra' night till morning."

This was what I expected; but it rejoiced my heart to hear my hopes confirmed. Again I listened to the venerable man.

"She is na' fond of gew-gaws; yet to her silver chain she wears a locket or *twa*; she bade me tell ye, that her 'amulet,' the dead leaf, was dear as ever to her; that poor withered thing I know is in one; the other bit o' gould is mair new; and I did hear my gude wife say something about her betrothment to a young gentleman; but that she

will never marry during her father's life, as she could na' leave him; and he could ill, she says, now in his auld age, bear a young master in his ain halls."

I had forgot to mention that every Christmas day I receive a laconic note from the old gentleman, accompanied by a small cask of whiskey, some moor fowl, and other substantial presents, which tell of the largeness of his hospitality. Nor does my kind May forget the welcome letter, and the delicate cakes and conserves that proclaim her good housewifery. May every governess who acts conscientiously, have such *élévés* as "Sweet May Douglas!"

Some of my dear and excellent friends delight much in sporting, in all its various forms, and under all its designations. I confess that to me it gives unalloyed pain; it may be a very fine sight to behold, and I should enjoy the sound of the merry horn, and the proud look of the gallant huntsman, as well as any one, provided he never killed or worried aught: even Reynard, the most

subtle and cruel of our animals,—Reynard, cowardly though he be (and I have all a woman's hatred of cowardice), I never would hunt even him; I would most certainly punish him for his wickedness, drive him from his strong holds, and execute him when taken, *but not torture*, not suffer him to be torn limb from limb by the well-trained pack; or bagged, as they call it, "for mere sport." My sympathy for this outcast race was once near costing me my hand. A poor wretch had been brought in "bagged," and locked up in a lower room. Miss Curiosity had certainly never been *told* not to visit Reynard, and so she was not guilty of disobedience; but wait, she suffered well for her *peeping* propensity; the huntsman was with his dogs, and the other servants preparing to feed the "pack" of *two-legged* animals who had been riding and driving *four-legged* animals to death; the coast was clear, I slid out of the drawing-room unperceived, that was easy enough for a little lass of seven, when it was full of gentlemen, all talking of five-barred gates, horses—Highflyer, and

Boatswain, and the black mare, Snowball. I was much delighted when I reached the apartment in which the fox had been placed; if ever room deserved to be called a "what-not," it was that; all the miscellaneous and superannuated furniture of an Irish house was there placed. In England these matters never accumulate; old furniture is parted with when new is purchased; thus the expense is lessened and lumber removed; but there, what the followers of the family do not think proper to take unto themselves, is piled into some waste room; into such a receptacle did I enter with a large plate of meat to feed the fox. I looked for some time at the bag, and then carefully undid the string, and peeped; there he lay, coiled up as indignantly sulky as possible, his nose covered by his brush, and manifesting no visible signs of existence, except by the occasional twinkling of his clear small eye; I dropped one large piece of meat into the bag, it remained untouched, unnoticed. With the kindest feeling I slid my hand to the bottom, intending to caress the animal; one bite, one spring, and before I could think,

scream, or speak, I was laid sprawling on the floor, and Reynard was perched on the top of a bureau, reconnoitering his situation with the greatest apparent calmness. He was not long in forming his plan of operations, but came, half tumbling, half jumping, over some three-legged chairs, broken stools, clocks, and old embroidery, laid on an embossed side-saddle, that had belonged to some redoubted ancestress, into the centre of a venerable brewing copper; and the family escutcheon, which for two hundred years, at least, had (upon gloomy occasions) decorated the front of the mansion, was flung into a dilapidated dust-hole. Thus, having cleared his way, he attacked the casement, a castle rack-rent concern, and in two minutes was flying across the lawn, upon which the drawing-room windows opened. Such a view halloo, as the sportsmen set up, as they rushed after the animal; the confusion of tongues was nothing to it! The kennel was again let loose, but in vain; it was too late, and Reynard destroyed the scent by crossing a horse-pond. Alas! woe to the curious! before I had recovered myself, just

as I was staunching the blood that flowed from my hand, and crying heavily over my discomfiture and my dirty frock (a new frock too, trimmed with pink), the posse, headed by the enraged huntsman, came to ascertain how the fox had escaped; of course I told the truth, but I doubt if even that would have admitted me to the dessert after dinner, had not an old, excellent friend entered, who, if he happen to read this, will well remember how warmly he interceded for his "little pet," and dressed the fox-bite with his own hands. I had several other affairs of the kind with different animals; for, living in a large, rambling country house, far from any city, and without any youthful companion, I was obliged to make acquaintance with all the beasts, birds, and fishes, in my vicinity. I was kindly indulged in what my dear grandmother called "practical natural history,"—and certainly she patiently bore with all my favourites (including a donkey, hawks, owls, badgers, and numerous birds,) with astonishing good humour; all, except my mice, were tolerated; to those little harmless creatures

she had a great antipathy, and many a reproof did I endure on their account.

While waiting on the shore for my respected friend, Mrs. Ashburton, I resolved to rest in the solitary bath house, which, at the time I allude to, was the only thing of the kind on the Little Hampton strand; a turret-like place, containing one warm-bath. As I sat looking out of the window, alternately upon the sea and land, the whole cry of a pack of harriers burst upon my ear, and gallantly over the downs came the horsemen, following the beautiful dogs, who hunted in such a way as to convince me that they were nearly up to the unfortunate hare; suddenly she came in sight; on a high hillock of moss-grown sand the little animal halted for a moment, stood on her hind legs, as if to ascertain whether there were any means of escape, and then darted into the midst of a flock of sheep who were huddling together, their bells tinkling sweetly, and forming a low and pleasing accompaniment to the shouts of the sportsmen and the bay of the hounds. Anxiously did I watch the doub-

lings and shiftings of the little animal, turning in and around the flock—it was all in vain; her strength was failing, and I was just in the act of covering my eyes, dreading that the next moment would bring on her destruction, when, with a last effort, she flew towards the beach, passed close to the door where I then stood—the pack at her very heels—absolutely ran round the house, and sprang into the window I had just quitted. The poor thing lay panting at my feet; my first act was to close the window, and then the door; instantly the house was surrounded by the disappointed dogs and horsemen. I pleaded the cause of the hare with the gentlemen, through the little casement, and with gratitude do I confess that they acted most generously, made me a present of the terrified puss, and set off, dogs and all, to look for another. Just as they departed, Mrs. Ashburton, to my great relief, came up, and we settled that the best possible thing we could do was, not (according to Mrs. Glass, of ancient memory) “to first catch our hare, then kill it,”—or, when that was accomplished, to dress it after the most

approved manner as related by Apicius, according to the Roman taste, with "parsley, rice, vinegar, cummin seed, and coriander," but quietly, when the evening closed, to set the timid thing free at the end of the green lane I have before mentioned; this I did, having previously heard the following tale. Carefully I conveyed it to a clover field, covered with fragrant dew, the nectar of hares and fairies; there I had the delightful satisfaction of restoring poor puss to liberty, and I hope it profited by experience, and never again ventured in the way of a set of harriers.

Now that my digression is ended, my young friends will, I hope, attend to Mrs. Ashburton's Chronicle of—

THE TWO INDIANS.

Laura and Dinah Van Leyden were consigned to me from Bengal, pretty much after the fashion of two bales of goods; and on their arrival in London, the following epistle (I preserve letters, and may one day publish them), which I always call a "bill of lading," was forwarded to me:—

"Bengal, May, 17—.

"MADAM,

"Herewith you will receive my two daughters, whom I consign over to you upon certain conditions, for five years. I hate writing long letters, and like every thing to be condensed; I have heard you well spoken of, or should not send you these young ladies to educate. You are to instruct them in whatever they can learn, besides singing and dancing; and, in exchange, you are to receive one hundred guineas per annum for each, which is to cover all expenses except books and clothing. I shall, at the end of the period I have mentioned, expect them carefully returned. My agents are Messrs. Mactagart, Bragant, and Co.,

Bishopsgate-street, London, and they will settle the bills half yearly. Madam, your very obedient,

“HORACE JOHN JACOBUS VAN LEYDEN.

“P. S. I wish their teeth particularly attended to, and much care taken of Dinah’s figure, who is rather square built.”

I learnt from the agents that Mr. Van Leyden was a merchant of large property and extensive influence, that he had married a young and lovely Frenchwoman, and that whatever was lady-like about the children ought to be attributed to her taste and refinement. They were remarkable but not unpleasant contrasts. Laura was a tall, finely-formed girl of twelve, with magnificent black eyes, and regular, expressive features, that clearly told of some distant Hindoo origin—some intermarriage of gone-by times; her appearance was singular and picturesque, and all her movements rather dignified than graceful; but she was evidently indolent, and every exertion appeared to give her pain; nevertheless her natural qualifications were superior,—her voice clear and flexible, her judgment correct (whenever she gave herself the trouble

to exercise it), and her disposition frank and generous in the extreme; her temper, unfortunately, had never been subdued, and was both quick and revengeful. When she injured, she never thought she could make sufficient atonement; yet the next moment, if provoked, she was ready to repeat the offence.

Dinah was a little, cheerful, timid, industrious thing; steady and persevering, with few brilliant, but many useful qualities; a cunning puss, who would creep into the very centre of your heart before you were aware that she had any interest in it; meek and mild in general, yet now and then she would fuss and fidget for an hour or two, to the annoyance of all her school-mates. I could not discover the defect in her figure which her father mentioned; she always appeared trim and tidy, and her small, laughing eyes sparkled with good nature, and a species of quaint and suppressed mirth.

The young ladies, when they arrived, were not the best friends in the world. Laura's overbearing temper was often exercised in threatening and subduing her younger sister,

and Dinah's precise ways annoyed Laura not a little; but while their disagreements were, I am sorry to say, sometimes a source of amusement to their fellow pupils, they were the cause of much anxiety to me.

I often wonder how parents can send their children to Europe, without well knowing those to whom such precious charges are committed. I have known them suffer much wrong from being confided to clever, but unfeeling governesses; and I have been told of a woman, within ten miles of London, who had the brutality to send three Indian girls to the *workhouse*, because nine months' delay had occurred in the payment of their bills.

The Misses Van Leyden possessed hardly any quality in common, and required treatment as different as if they had been beings of distinct worlds. Dinah was mild and yielding, and that would have promoted much peace between them had it not strengthened Laura in her authoritative deportment; thus it became difficult to serve one without injuring the other, as the exercise of Dinah's amiable disposition was the most likely way of

strengthening Laura's faults. They would have done better at separate schools, but as this could not be effected, I placed them in separate classes; Laura in the first, Dinah in the second. I managed never to let them clash in any way—at first directed the taste of one to landscape, of the other to flower-painting—did not suffer them to learn the same music—obliged Laura to study with a girl infinitely her superior, while Dinah was placed with one inferior to herself; thus repressing, without appearing to do so, the pride of the one, and encouraging the timidity of the other; they therefore went on pretty well together, and, instead of quarrelling as before, began to long for the evenings, when they could join company and talk of their Indian home. Laura's chief topic of conversation was an elephant, at once her favourite and friend; and she would often repine at the impossibility in this country of having one to ride upon. Dinah remembered the tricks and good nature of a favourite black ape, and wished that her father would send it over. I confess I did not join in this sentiment, as

there is plenty of mischief in every school, without monkeys, however respectable their qualifications may be. I did not wonder at Laura's friendship for her elephant; it once saved her life in a very extraordinary way, and she often related the story. In common with its species this favourite animal was very fond of gorgeous trappings; and certainly I never saw Laura so systematically industrious as when embroidering a sort of scarlet body-cloth for Trombone, as he was called. It was almost impossible to convince her that the creature could not understand all that might be said to it.

"I shall never forget," she would say, "the morning he saved my life. In summer we used to rise about five o'clock, to enjoy the cool air before the heat of the day set in, and either ride upon our horses or the elephant, which was given us as a birth-day present by mamma. The little ones teased Trombone a great deal, but he never resented it in the least, although he would not brook an insult from a grown person. One particular morning we were all mounted as usual,

I on my favourite, with the negro who had charge of him, on his neck. Dinah was seated on a horse before papa, as a great treat; and the servants took care of my brothers. Our usual ride was along the banks of a river which watered the plantation, and to please me Trombone urged his speed to gain a large thicket, where wild fruit grew in abundance. Papa had stopped to give some directions to his overseer, and was too much occupied to attend to me: just as we turned a point where the trees jutted out like a peninsula, Trombone refused to proceed, and attempted to turn round, while at the same moment he rolled up his trunk and uttered a sharp cry; his guide urged him forward, but he retreated; instantly almost a tiger sprang from the thicket and attempted to seize the negro; the man dexterously turned and avoided the grasp of the ferocious animal, while the elephant managed to receive him on his tusks and toss him in the air; in the meantime, the negro, with his own peculiar agility, leaped upon the branches of a neighbouring tree, and shouted

to our little party. Trombone did not trust to that rescue, but before the tiger had recovered himself sufficiently to make another spring, lifted me with extraordinary quickness and care into the arms of the servant, who was perched in safety; where he held me somewhat after the fashion of Dinah's black ape when he nurses the kitten. The elephant defended himself with astonishing promptitude, acting more on the defensive than the offensive, until papa came up, when his ferocious antagonist, intimidated by numbers, retreated. Talk of elephants having no expression in their countenance!" Laura would continue, "never was any face more expressive than Trombone's; the tenderness with which he caressed me when the danger was past, affected papa, who is seldom so given, even to tears. It was supposed that the tiger was some half-famished beast, who had been urged by extreme want to venture so near human habitations; and the next morning it was resolved that our little colony should assemble to discover and drive him from his new haunts. This dangerous enter-

prise seemed to give much pleasure to all whom it concerned, and the slaves particularly rejoiced at it: even Trombone walked about, flapping his ears, and, if I may so call it, wagging his tail, as if he understood the meaning of the preparations. The tiger, however, appeared to know that he incurred some risk in prowling near us any longer, and the hunting party vainly sought for him in every neighbouring jungle."

This story always interested our circle. Laura was ever animated when descanting on the high endowments of her favourite; there was something in the lofty character of this noble animal which excited her admiration; and it required no art to discover that the girl's energies could only be roused by having some great end in view, some lofty object to attain. At the time to which I allude Mr. Wilberforce's attack upon the slave trade had commenced, and Laura's free-born mind became interested in the cause, if not of emancipating, at all events in that of ameliorating, the condition of slaves; it was a glorious struggle

between early habits and generosity. She often heard the matter discussed between the few but intelligent friends who visited me, and I confess, I was pleased to see the impression made upon her mind, because I cherished the hope that in time she might be the means of sweetening the bitter draught of slavery, if she could not destroy its power. Gradually her evil temper, if not eradicated, became subdued, her natural indolence decreased, and her mind and body grew more healthful.

Dinah certainly outstripped her sister in womanly acquirements—became skilful in music and languages; thought of nothing but her school business, never shrank from fatigue, and was the earliest at her studies. I had been examining the various exercises of my young friends one morning, with more than usual attention. I believe the Indians had been with me about eighteen months, and I thought that Laura's exercise was more correct than I had ever seen it; I told her so, for I never lost an opportunity of bestowing deserved praise; the deep red

flushed her cheeks, and as she cast her eyes on the ground she said firmly, "my dear madam, it was Dinah did it." I immediately called Dinah, and enquired why she had so far deviated from my rules, as to presume to do the exercise even of her sister? Was Laura ill, I enquired.

"No."

"Was it too difficult?"

"No."

"What, then, was the reason?"

Dinah replied not.

"I will tell, if you will not," said Laura, coming forward, "I was writing something else, and when Dinah told me that it was time to attend to my exercise, I was angry at being interrupted, and refused. To save me from reproof she did it for me; dear, kind sister!" she continued, throwing her brown, but beautiful arms around Dinah's neck.

My heart rejoiced at this proof of established affection between the sisters; but I performed my duty by telling Dinah, that, although her motive was kind, she was guilty of duplicity, inasmuch as she had endeavoured

to deceive me, by passing off her own as the work of Laura; and Laura received a merited rebuke for not attending to her studies; then came the question,—what had Laura been writing? Both girls blushed at this, and neither seemed disposed to reply; at length the truth was drawn forth, but as slowly as a tangled skein is unravelled, and an awful truth it was—Laura had been writing poetry! This was a misfortune I did not anticipate; a poetical school girl is destruction to a school; it is ten to one but she turns the heads of half her companions. Indeed there had been symptoms of this disorder before; certain intimations, like a cough before a consumption; on the backs of one or two slates I had found words that rhymed, such as fire, pyre; hot, got, lot; cap, hap, sap; and once on the page of a copy book, the following distich:

I love to run, I love to race,
But do not like to wash my face.

Laura indignantly denied having had any thing to do with such doggrel lines, and I

believe, from the specimen I afterwards saw, that they were not her composition. I have got a copy here of the poem she really wrote:—and as Mrs. Ashburton spoke, she drew forth from her capacious pocket, a red leather book with a huge silver clasp; and after turning over a number of loose papers, selected the poem in question. I was afterwards permitted to copy it:

THE FREE BORN GIRL TO HER FATHER.

“ Am I not a woman and a sister ?”

“ Oh ! father, if your child is free,
As the light breeze above the wave ;
And you rejoice to look on her,
Pity the daughter of the slave.

Her father scarcely owns his child,
He cannot gaze on her with pride ;
I am *your own*, but ah ! to him
That blessed boon is half denied !

They may be parted by a word,
Never to meet on earth again ;
Then think that he like you can feel,
Subject like you to joy or pain.”

Notwithstanding my horror of school-girl verses, I was pleased to find that Laura's mind

had been gradually imbued with gentle and kindly feelings. Nothing softens more than participating in the sorrows of others. A mind that sympathises with the sufferings of its inferiors is rarely stern in its outward bearing, and this change in one whom I confess I dearly loved, gave me much pleasure. I blessed God, and hoped that it might one day be in her power to repress her father's severities; and as she was evidently one who would not pass through life like a silent stream, I trusted that she might become in the end actively useful; my only dread was, that in woman's peculiar empire, *home*, she would not be exactly what it was always my wish to make my pupils. She was so beautiful, and at times so brilliant, that I dreaded lest dangerous effects might be produced upon her mind by flattery; and in all things I endeavoured to guard her against placing much value upon the opinion of the world, which people are too apt to believe infallible when it excuses their follies, or heightens their good qualities. Dinah's steady perseverance, and strict attention to her studies,

gave me infinite delight; and her love for domestic occupation, united to her skill in feminine arts, made her a great favourite; having a settled time for each employment, she lost her restlessness, and her awkward timidity gave way before judicious praise.

If you had been at all informed in school matters, you would have known that however careful a governess may be, a girl of evil disposition—a *black sheep*, in fact, may sometimes creep into the fold, and do much mischief, before, even with the eyes of Argus, it can be discovered; the only cure is immediately to expel the incendiary; but much harm may be done before this can be effected, and bad example is like the insidious poison, which, although removed, leaves an unhealthy taint in the once healthful and well organized system. It was my misfortune to receive, more from feelings of kindness than interest, a girl, whose former habits rendered her a very unfit companion for my other pupils; this, of course, I did not know at the time; she was introduced by a highly respectable lady, who was perfectly

unacquainted with her disposition, and who wished me to take pains with Miss Duncombe, so that at some future period she might be able to provide for herself, as her family were in straightened circumstances. This to her would have been no difficult task; for it has rarely been my lot to meet with a girl endowed with such varied and powerful abilities, united to an easy and graceful deportment. Her manners were frank and kind, and but ill accorded with a sinister expression, which lurked occasionally around her well-formed mouth; her eye was quick and cat-like, and her voice capable of every dissimulating tone on the scale! The remembrance of her duplicity always gives me pain—nor would I mention her, was not her history, in some degree, entwined with that of the two Indians. She commenced her school-pranks by feigning illness, which I afterwards found was her mode of exciting sympathy. One or other of the young ladies was constantly by her bed-side, and thus she had an opportunity of ascertaining the disposition of

each; then she would talk when all thought her asleep; and beginning with me—for whom she professed the most ardent and devoted attachment and respect—advise, praise, and blame, as best suited her purpose. It was astonishing how she deceived the doctor—good, kind man!—who never dreamed of such an imposition, practised by a minx of nineteen; how tenderly he used to feel her pulse, and prescribe delicacies which she never eat, except when backs were turned, and then declare in a soft tone, “how shocking it was, that between the cat and the dog, every thing left in her room was devoured!”

Could you believe it possible that she could persevere in such conduct? But if ever a being loved evil for its own sake, it was that girl; she delighted in setting every thing that was right, wrong; and had she the power would have gloried in restoring chaos. She was the most perfect sophist I ever met, and while she created perpetual turmoil, was always calm and cool herself.

One fine summer night, in the middle of June, when the glorious moonlight steeped the far-spreading landscape in a flood of silver, and the little birds murmured one to another amid the trees, uncertain whether it was not the early and fragrant morning; the family had, as usual, assembled for worship, and then retired to their chambers. I was silently meditating at my open casement, when I fancied I heard a rustling among some fruit branches, that overhung a large strawberry bank. I thought at first that thieves had entered my garden, and listened with breathless anxiety for a minute or two, when to my astonishment, I heard the well-known voice of Jessie Duncombe, talking in an under tone, and in another moment, Dinah Van Leyden's in reply. They were coming along a path that passed under my window, and led to a summer-house at the bottom of the garden; the thick shrubbery overshadowed their figures, but at length I heard Dinah say,

“It cannot be right, Jessie.”

“What a silly puss you are!” replied the

other—"stop, does not the matter stand thus: Mrs. Ashburton always tells us the necessity there is for reading, and improving our minds—the books I want she has not got; so where is the harm of borrowing them, particularly from that good-natured gipsey, who promised that you should be an empress at the very least?"

"But why cannot she come in the daytime?" enquired Dinah, "instead of stealing like a fox into a poultry-yard, at night; and you know, Jessie, that last evening the church-clock had chimed eleven before you came to bed. I am sure Mrs. Ashburton missed the cherries you gave her, for she asked me if I had pulled them, and I was forced to tell a fib."

"As to the cherries," said the sophist, "Mrs. Ashburton tells us to take what fruit we wish for; and as to the fib, it is only fools and children who make a fuss about trifles. Come, give me the strawberries—you are unworthy the confidence of any high-minded girl. Surely, I'm only following the directions of scripture—giving 'to

those who want,'” she added, laughing. You may well, my dear, said Mrs. Ashburton to me, shudder at such profaneness—but the conclusion of my story will prove that it had its reward.

Poor Dinah had a horror of being sneered at, and this the girl knew well. As they passed on I could not hear any more of their conversation, but my resolution was formed. I threw my shawl hastily over my shoulders, and left my chamber. As I passed the rooms of the young ladies, I found them sleeping; and as the apartment occupied by Jessie and Dinah also contained the teacher’s bed, I entered, and was surprised to find her sleeping heavily and soundly—so much so, indeed, that I found it impossible to wake her. I therefore proceeded alone to the garden, having first closed the opened window; I met Dinah returning to the house, and, without speaking, shut her into the house-keeper’s room. I then walked quickly to the summer-house, and there found Miss Duncombe in earnest conversation with an old gipsey hag, the veriest thief in the coun-

try! I shall never forget the appalled looks with which the guilty pair regarded me. The woman did not wait to be commanded to leave the garden, but flew over the paling—her red cloak floating like a banner in the rear of a departing army; I then took the hand of the deceptive creature, and led her to the house. Vice is always cowardly; and in touching and even servile accents, she begged to be forgiven. I told her that she had committed an offence, not only against me, but against the little community of which she was an unworthy member; that justice demanded a public investigation into her conduct; that I had latterly observed symptoms of dissatisfaction and double-dealing, in many, for which I at first could not account, and was now resolved to sift the matter, as I felt convinced I had discovered the agitator.

I did not rest that night; and without suffering any communication to take place between my prisoners and their former companions, I entered the school room as an inflexible and upright judge. I had sent for

our venerable rector, who had ever been like a father to the young ladies in my school; he sat next me, in the great chair, which was never used but on state occasions. I spoke a few words of admonition before the commencement of my investigation, and then asked the teacher if she had never heard the young ladies move in her room after she retired to bed; she solemnly declared she never had; this I could hardly believe, as the re-dressing, the opening of the casement, and all, must have caused much noise; moreover, two torn and dirty novels were found, thrust under a chest of drawers which were her exclusive property; her protesting that she knew nothing of these either made me still more incredulous. Dinah Van Leyden was very much attached to this teacher, and she saw in a moment, from the severity of my countenance, that the poor thing, if the matter were not cleared, would be in danger of losing her situation.

“Indeed, madam,” she exclaimed, “it was I who put the books there; Miss Messenger knows nothing about them.”

“And pray,” I enquired, “how came you to place them there?—and for what purpose?”

“Jessie told me to do so—they were books her cousin had lent her; and as you often look through our drawers, she thought they might be found—and——”

I turned my eyes at that moment full upon Miss Duncombe; and as her look was fixed with painful earnestness upon Dinah, her cheek blanched, and the half-uttered word, “*forbear*,” burst from her lips.

“Perhaps you can also tell the cause of your teacher’s sound sleep,” enquired the clergyman.

“Indeed, indeed, sir, what Jessie gave her could not hurt; she did it from kindness, sir, to make her sleep more soundly, as she was tired going to bed.”

“’Tis false!” exclaimed the deceiver, stamping her foot, “she knows not what she says.”

Dinah, who happily was in her noviciate, looked upon her former friend with astonishment. The artful Duncombe had found it impossible to carry on her plans without an ac-

complice, and Dinah, being the youngest, was the most manageable. She had first won her affections, and then only trusted her as far as was absolutely necessary.

“Do not look at her—look at me, child,” said my venerable friend. “Miss Van Leyden,” he continued, addressing Laura, “do me the favour to stand between your sister and that young woman. Now, Dinah, you believe what Miss Duncombe gave to your teacher, was simply to make her sleep soundly?”

“I do, sir—we went up stairs first, and then Jessie used to mix something with Miss Messenger’s whey, which stood on the dressing table, to make her sleep soundly.”

“Can you find the *something*, as you call it?” he enquired.

“No, sir,” she replied, “Jessie locked it in her trunk.”

“Mrs. Ashburton,” said the rector, “I am sure I need not point out the propriety of immediately searching that young lady’s box.”

I demanded the key, which the guilty creature had the resolution to refuse. I soon, however, forced the lock, and an universal

shudder passed around the circle, when a bottle of laudanum was produced, and identified by Dinah.

“And so,” said I, holding it up before Miss Duncombe, “you dared to tamper with the life of a fellow-creature, and to administer poison, that you might with greater security steal from your chamber unperceived.”

It was then that the fiend darkened forth from her countenance—its expression became totally changed—the scornful smile gathered round her mouth, and her brow contracted: she saw it was useless to attempt deception any longer, and resolved to brazen it out.

“There was no harm done, and none intended,” she said; “the teacher slept all the better for it; and if I did wander a little in the moonlight, nature never meant that a beautiful landscape should be enjoyed by one person more than another.”

I was absolutely terrified, and looked upon her with horror. She continued—“I was sent unwillingly to school; I never intend to, and never will, work for my own living; I have as good a right to the world’s riches as

any one, and it is only tyrants who appropriate it to themselves. The fox lives by cunning, the lion by strength. I wished to enlarge the minds of my fellow pupils, and, but for this untoward event, would have instructed them in *rational religion*—made them feel and act ——”

“ Silence!—bold and impious girl!” exclaimed the clergyman, while the young ladies all shrank back from her as from one blackened by pestilence. “ How little could I suppose,” he continued, much affected, “ that of what appeared a living and beautiful temple, fitted to be the dwelling of God’s own Spirit, the most unholy feelings had taken possession; and that a being so fair, so young, dared to scoff at the Almighty.”

“ I only practised upon the weakness of humanity, that I might afterwards correct it. So,” and she smiled a smile of more than human bitterness, “ the young ladies must pardon the trouble my fasts and faintings occasioned—they were for their good.”

I was utterly unable to speak; but Laura Van Leyden stepped from the circle of her

schoolmates, her dark eyes flashing fire, and her figure, which was of glorious stature, drawn to its full height—

“Permit me, madam,” she said, “before you pronounce the just sentence of expulsion upon that unhappy girl, to proffer *our* request that she be immediately, within an hour, sent for ever from amongst us; and, for ourselves, we acknowledge, with sincere and perfect sorrow, that our crime has been great, inasmuch as we have read the books she has lent us without your knowledge. For myself, I am willing to undergo any punishment you may deem necessary; but, madam, I knew not how the books were procured; I thought her laundress brought them from some particular friend; and now *only* can I understand why she kept my sister so much to herself, as she used to say, for the purpose of *forming her mind*. Now I can understand why we have not been as cheerful, as contented, as before; the power of sin was over us, and the demon knew how to speak the word in season, to urge on a parcel of silly girls to destruction.”

“The unfortunate creature deserves to be turned out of doors,” said the rector, “but not so; I will accompany her to her friends, and as we journey together, God, I hope, will bless my endeavours to bring her to a right mind.”

“There is,” I said, looking at Dinah, “another culprit to pass sentence upon—come forward.”

The little creature did as I commanded, and stood tremblingly before me. Laura retreated into the midst of her companions, and as she towered above them all, covered her burning face with her hands.

“I have often had occasion to praise your industry, your attention; I have not unnecessarily checked your cheerfulness, while I have directed you to be sober-minded, Dinah; I have been to you as a tender mother; by night and day ministering to your bodily and mental wants. I appeal to all—have I ever punished unjustly, or bestowed unmerited reproof? Did I treat you merely as pupils you could have no ground for disobedience; but I have treated you as dear and beloved

children; and though, in return, I do not expect you to *love* me as you would a parent, yet do I demand the obedience which God and our country require from the child to the parent. Duplicity and *theft* are serious crimes—so serious that I must expel ——”

I was prevented finishing my sentence by the impetuous Laura's rushing and throwing herself at my feet; she embraced my knees, and while the large, full tears coursed each other down her cheeks, and her articulation was interrupted by heartfelt sobs, she exclaimed—“Not that—not that; we are helpless Indian girls, far from our country and all friends, but you!—Oh, do not, do not cast Dinah from you!—think of her youth—her naturally easy disposition; think of her many good qualities! No wonder she should be deceived by that wicked one, who deceived you—the doctor—every one she came in contact with. God has not given strength to the dove, nor humanity to the hawk. Think of her gentle cheerfulness—her industry! Dear companions, kneel with me! Mrs. Ashburton

cannot refuse when *you* ask mercy for the dark stranger in your own white land!"

It was an extraordinary scene: the rector and myself seated in judgment; the varied faces of the young and lovely girls, in the first dawn of womanhood, as they knelt around us; the dense appearance of Duncombe, like a thunder-cloud scowling in the distance of the fair landscape; but above all, the impassioned countenance of Laura Van Leyden, her clasped hands, her uplifted but sorrowful eyes,—altogether, made a powerful picture.

"My dear children! My noble, affectionate Laura!" I said at length, "I wish you had all spared yourselves this agitation—I wish Laura's impetuosity was not so overwhelming—I wish you had permitted me to finish my sentence; you would then have heard that my determination was to expel Dinah Van Leyden from my sight and favour for one calendar month, to give her time to reflect on the ills arising from deception."

We soon returned to our wonted tranquillity; my two Indians had received a lesson not

easily to be forgotten. Laura's lazy fits became few and far between, and at last appeared totally forgotten; and little Dinah ceased to be either nervous or fidgety. Three years had passed; and in another month they were to go back to their own sunny clime, as I had received one of Mr. Van Leyden's concise letters, informing me that he desired the return of his daughters forthwith, in the good ship "Fear Nought;" that he hoped to find Dinah's figure improved, and the teeth of both in good order.

It was near the end of the month of February, and our party circled round the table, in my little green parlour; the fire blazed cheerfully, and we heeded not the pattering of the cold sleet against the oriel window of our apartment; the favourite dog and my Persian cat were stretched on the hearth-rug, each upon its own particular district, when our conversation was interrupted by a feeble ring at the gate bell. "A woman, madam," said Mary, entering, "wishes to see you; she seems frozen with cold, and appears to have no covering except an old

faded cloak." I went into the hall, and there saw a poor shivering wretch; the hood of the cloak was drawn over her face and perfectly concealed her features. I approached and spoke; at last, throwing back the covering from her head, she almost sunk at my feet, while I was horror-struck at beholding the emaciated form of Jessie Duncombe. The dreadful truth appeared at once—the unfortunate creature was evidently dying; and I could scarcely believe that little more than three years could have worked so awful a change. I could not turn even her from my door at such a time, and as I led her into the housekeeper's little room, I thought she would have died on my arm. Mary furnished her with sufficient covering, and placed her in an old-fashioned lounging chair, when I administered some restoratives, which enabled her at length to articulate.

"My life has been one of evil," she said, "and I have cumbered the earth like a baneful and poisonous plant. Some of my father's friends were men of bold and dangerous principles, and their infidelity suited well

with my careless spirit. I looked upon all Christians as fools, and sported in deceiving them. I thought the finest effort of the human mind was to stand forth independent and alone in the universe. Alas! while I dared to nurture my rebellious heart in such pride and wickedness, I became the slave of phantasy, and every imposing fortune-teller could twist me to her purpose. It matters little how, while bent upon deceiving, I have been myself deceived; how I am now an outcast, even from profligacy; without home, without friends, without food; forgive me, madam, but I thought that though my life has been baneful, my death might teach a useful lesson to those young ladies still under your care, whom now I bless God I had in vain attempted to corrupt: after such an end as mine, who will dare to suppose that talent or beauty availeth, except for destruction, unless *guided as well as guarded by religious truth*. Let me once more hear the words of instruction from the excellent pastor whose counsel I rejected, and learn if Jesus really died for such as I am."

My kind friend attended the couch of that unfortunate being, who might have been every thing that is great and good. Her terror of death was dreadful, and the elder girls, who that evening heard her awful warnings, can never forget them

I left her at a late hour in a quiet sleep, to which exhausted nature yielded; and about two o'clock in the morning again visited her. I did not hear her breathe, and held my lamp to her face; her brow was as marble, the eye fixed—the spirit had indeed departed. We buried her in the green village churchyard, without a stone to mark her place of rest, for there were no virtues to record. The rank weeds have long waved over the little mound—there was no hand that loved her to remove them; and in the sweet spring time, when the pale primrose and fragrant violet mark where the innocent and lovely have been laid in an early grave, hers is dark and desolate amid the blooming tributes to departed virtue. I have found occasionally some good result from taking the proud and the self-willed to the neglected grave of

Jessie Duncombe, and telling them "her
ower true tale."

My Indians departed amid the tears and
blessings of their companions.

After they arrived at their destination, I
believe Laura abandoned the muses; but,
thank God, she ameliorated the condition of
the slaves on her father's estates—a matter of
far greater consequence. I was not surprised
at hearing that Dinah was the first married, as
she was not so difficult to please; but when
Laura did change her name, it was for one
celebrated in the annals of her country for
high intellectual and moral worth. I never
pass the dark-eyed wanderers of the east
without bestowing both relief and a blessing,
in remembrance of my beloved Indians.

We separated as usual; and as the appear-
ance of the sky threatened a stormy morrow,
I promised to visit my friend the next day at
her own home.

I had forgotten to mention that Mrs. Ash-
burton was a very enthusiast in her passion

for flowers, and I never visited her without seeing many symptoms of this simple but elegant taste in her apartment. Vases filled with green-house, or even hedge or meadow blossoms, drawings of rare and curious plants, but above all, a well-arranged *hortus-siccus*, that would have been a treasure to any botanist in the kingdom, always lay upon her table. Quoting a popular French author, who sometimes wrote sensible, but more frequently foolish things, Mrs. Ashburton would say, "that at all times of life the study of nature lessens the taste for frivolous amusements, prevents the tumults of the passions, and provides the mind with a nourishment which is salutary, by filling it with an object most worthy of its contemplation."

I always loved the perfume and appearance of flowers; luxuriated in daisy beds and cowslip bells; doated upon full-blown and budding roses; could weep over faded violets, when I bethought me, that, like the good deeds of just persons, their essence lasted longer than their lives; and in my simplicity, (children were not as wise in my early days

as they are now), fancied how happily the fairies must slumber in carnations, and lilies, and blue harebells. Yes, I certainly loved them all; I could no more have trampled on the simplest blossom that graced the wayside, than I could have flown; but it was dear Mrs. Ashburton who gave me any idea of the science of flowers, a science which I most strongly urge all my young friends to cultivate. To confess the truth, I was at first afraid of encountering the hard words, and long vocabularies. The *alphabet* of botany, if I may so call it, terrified me; and I very nearly lost much gratification by a little laziness; my better genius, in the shape of patience, however, came to my assistance; and when I acquired and understood the terms, which, after all, are not more perplexing than the multiplication table, I wondered at my former folly, because, in less than a month, I grew absolutely learned in the twenty-five classes; knew all their orders, genera, and species; procured a tin box to collect specimens; encountered perils, in search of the aforementioned specimens, that

in these book-making days, would fill a volume; lost a shoe, irrecoverably lost it, in a marsh that abounded with aquatic plants and wild ducks (the latter, be it remembered, afforded much sport to poor Charger); stung my hands with nettles, and tore them with brambles; completely spoiled a very smart hat, (a gipsy one, by the by, trimmed with pretty pale blue ribbons, *à la bergère*) in climbing after some gigantic bind-weed, and was, as a punishment for my carelessness, condemned to a close cottage poke bonnet, tied down with ugly green strings, during the remainder of my country excursion. Only think of the ugly green after the bright blue satin! Well, I deserved it. Who but a silly girl would go botanizing in a smart, *best* hat? My misfortune proceeded from an unfortunate love for having my own way; the evil habit of not taking advice: a fault much indulged in by the youth of both sexes, and one which both ought to endeavour to conquer.

It is very delightful to note the rapid strides towards perfection, this charming

study has lately made. John and Casper Bauhin, young men of Lyons, somewhat about the year 1602 or 1603, undertook a universal history of plants; but the immortal Linnæus claims our perfect homage for determining the greatest part of those known:—he also invented trivial names, which he added to the generic ones, in order to distinguish the species. It is, therefore, useless and disagreeable pedantry to answer with a string of Latin words, that sound like a magical incantation, when the name of a simple flower or herb is required. Pedantry is disgusting in all cases, but particularly so when it raises its laboured structure upon the beauties of nature.

The florist, and the mere botanist, are of very different opinions on many subjects; the beautiful family of *double* flowers are rejected by the latter, though highly prized by the former, on account of their very *full* beauty; for it is only single blossoms that determine the *species*, and this is the object of your *true* botanist.

How great a privilege it is to observe the

wisdom of the ALMIGHTY displayed in his works! How can we sufficiently admire, not only his wisdom, but his benevolence! He has clothed this beautiful world with herb, and tree, and flower; and he preserves and refreshes them with the rains and dews from his own heaven! Each is blessed to us in its season; all that he gives is beautiful—from the trembling, modest snow-drop, which bursting forth, even when the earth is robed as in a garment pure and cold as its own bosom, tells of approaching summer; to the ruddy berries that shine through the bleak December frost. How astonishing are the precautions used by the Almighty's hand-maid—kind, considerate Nature—for the preservation of those vegetables which serve for the nourishment of the human-kind; how well the twining and affectionate members of the pea family are saved from injury; how useful, and yet how pretty, is the green case which preserves the seed from wind and rain! The papilionaceous tribe, so called from their resemblance to *papilio* (a butterfly), are to me a most interesting race. The large beans,

and delicate peas, which rank first amid the delicacies of summer—the clover, that perfumes and adorns our meadows—the painted lupins, pink, blue, and yellow, more gay in colouring than Parisian belles—the deeply dying indigo, which is the source of wealth to so many India planters—are all members of my favourite family.

I remember well how delighted I was with the analyzation of the field daisy—simple and charming little flower, the very star of green fields—the play-thing of cottage infancy!—to find that it was really composed of between two and three hundred flowers; all of them perfect; all having its corolla, germ, pistil, stamens, and seed; in a word, each as perfect in its species as the stately lily, or gaudy tulip! Look with me for a moment; every one of those pretty white leaves, so delicately tinted with pink underneath, forming a fairy crown around the tiny yellow blossoms in the centre; and all, both yellow and white, perfect, perfect flowers! Oh, for a sunny summer-day; far into the meadows and woods! Oh, for a seat

beneath a fragrant hay-rick, and a lap-full of wild flowers, forgetting the world and its cares, and paying homage to the Creator by gratefully admiring his minutest works ! But this is idle ; I look out upon an endless mass of brick, and take refuge in Mrs. Ashburton's next Chronicle.

It is that of—

THE PAINTER'S SISTER.

Clarinda Davenport had little to distinguish her from the generality of girls, except an extraordinary love for her brother and painting. Her brother had gone abroad to collect pictures, and execute some copies, for a celebrated connoisseur, and committed his sister to my care during his absence. This young creature's life had been spent in his *studio*, where she had imbibed both a knowledge and love of his beautiful art.

She was a pale, delicate girl, not handsome, except when animated, and when that was passed you wondered how you could ever have thought her even pretty; that sort of fly-away beauty is astonishingly provoking; its very passing makes it more valuable when it comes; and when it goes you are on the *qui vive* for its return. She had a deep affection for her brother; he was the only earthly thing she appeared really to love, and

for his sake she cherished his art. Clarinda had the misfortune to lose her parents before she was six years old; and her only surviving relative, her painter brother, who was some ten years older than herself, from that hour treated her more like a beloved child than a sister. She was his companion; a silent and a kind one too, for she loved him with so perfect an affection, that in his eye she could read his every wish; and according to his mood she was either cheerful or sad. For hours she would sit watching the progress of his pencil, which was both powerful and judicious; and she grew up a living record of painters and terms of art. She was rather too apt to look with contempt on every acquirement but one; and when I first knew her (she was then about seventeen) it was painful to witness her devotion to this, to the exclusion of all others. If any of her school-mates were standing or sitting together she would immediately speak "of their grouping." In the arrangement of curtains or drapery she was invaluable; but the quantity of light admitted into a room made her either happy or

miserable for the day: then she would talk of "toning," and "air," and "breadth," and "*chiaro oscuro*," and "perspective," and "keeping," to the astonishment of the establishment, myself included.

I rather think her most favourite term was "effect;" she said that our old soland gander, kind and respectable bird as he was (although he had had the misfortune to lose a leg, in a pitched battle fought, to his eternal honour be it spoken, between him and the gardener's ancient mastiff, in the lawful defence of his wife and children), she said that the dear gander "produced a bad effect," as he toddled with a sort of swing hop across the lawn; then a parcel of gipsies, resting by the road side, which she termed the "*fore-ground*," with white sheep scattered over the distant meadows, according to Clary, "*in perspective*," fascinated her so much that in the midst of a pouring shower, with not a tree to shelter us, she calmly stopped, and attempted to sketch, "*to catch*," as she said, "the effect of rain on so sweet a landscape." When I refused, for her amusement, to get

wet to the skin, she begged most earnestly that I would ask the old gipsey man, the veriest rogue that ever plundered a hen-roost, to come to the school, and sit to her for his portrait! Yet even this might have been borne (for Clarinda was docile and amiable in other matters), had not, in a most unlucky moment, a letter arrived from her brother at Rome, giving a description of the carnival, and adding, in an unfortunate postscript, that he wondered how the fair and delicate girls of England would look in the costumes he had described. The day after the arrival of this letter, I was summoned to attend the sick couch of a dear and amiable friend in the neighbourhood. The lady's state of health was such that I was obliged to remain with her for some days, but Mary, my old and faithful servant, came every morning to inform me how they were going on at the cottage; and from long acquaintance I could depend upon the good conduct of my English teacher.

One morning when, as usual, I was making my enquiries, Mary, whose manners had

acquired a good deal of scholastic stiffness, curtsied very low, and said—

“ If you please, ma’am, the young ladies desire me to present to you their dutiful respects, and to say, that they would feel *so much* obliged if you would give them a half holiday to-day, and a whole holiday to-morrow.”

I could not avoid repeating the words—
“ a half holiday to-day, and a whole holiday to-morrow ! You must have mistaken your message ! ”

“ O no, ma’am ; to-morrow will be your birth-day—and that is always a holiday.”

“ True—I had forgot ; but what do they want of a half holiday to-day ? ”

“ To prepare for to-morrow, ma’am.”

“ I cannot understand what preparations *they* can have to make,” I replied, “ for *I* have hitherto always prepared for *them*.”

“ If you please, ma’am, I hope you will let them have the *half* as well as the *whole*, for their hearts are all set upon it ; and they never asked for such a thing before.”

This was true—and so I granted the

petition. I wanted Mary to take home my best cap (caps in those days were even more monstrous than they are now), and the box which contained my largest—fly, lappets, and all—was proportioned to the dignity of my situation; besides being trimmed with costly mecklin, and of the newest fashion; the box was therefore large, but it was my state cap; and as I meant to receive in person the tokens and congratulations of my young friends, home the cap must go.

“I must come back for it then, if you please, ma’am,” said Mary, gravely, “for mercy knows how I am to bring from the village half the things the ladies have put down here.”

I took the list, and read, amongst other items—

- “Half a yard of stiff pink calico.
- “Six penny worth of pink comfits (round).
- “Three yards of cheap green stuff (wide).
- “Three hoops.
- “Two shillings worth of white comfits (long ones).

“ Mary, be particular in the choice of the coarse straw hat for me. The crown must be low; and if the brim is not full seven inches deep, bring me six yards of wide plat, from pretty Letty Finch, the lame girl, at the corner.—J. L.”

“ Mary!—more than all, the little green watering-pot; and borrow old Jarvis’s crooked stick that he pens the sheep with; if the dog would come for the night so much the better, and then I would give him a shilling. The yard of fine book, and the celestial blue ribbon (satin), with half a yard of sixpenny, same colour, to bow the crook, for *effect*.—C. D.”

“ Three long tubes. Three small sheep-bells.

“ As many long feathers as Mrs. Gill will let you pick out of the tail of the red and white cock for sixpence.”

I cannot remember the other sundries, but they were quite as extraordinary—comfits forming a principal item. I looked at Mary for an explanation.

“ If you please, ma’am, I know no more than the child unborn what the young ladies are after ; but this much I make bold to say, that the teacher is in the thick of it, and that it can’t be any thing bad, as they expect you to spend to-morrow evening with them, even should you be obliged to return again to your friend.”

There was reason in this, and unwilling to interrupt the fête, meant to do me honour ; and to say the truth now, which I dared not say then, tired of being always wise, I let the matter take its course, warning Mary to purchase only a third part of the bon-bons ordered, and on no account to borrow the shepherd’s dirty cur.

The next evening, in the calm twilight, I set out for my home, leaving my friend much better, and walked smartly forward. It was, however, two miles distant, up hill all the way ; and those who sit much are seldom light of foot. When I got there, even the window of my little green parlour was barricaded ; but peals of laughter seemed to shake the dwelling, and the birds in the dove-cote were

standing on the sils of their abode enquiring of each other, in a cooing voice, the occasion of the uproar. Mary opened the door, and I started back from her in astonishment. They had converted the poor woman's head into that of an ancient satyr; but Clarinda was unable to persuade her to dress in perfect keeping; so Mary figured awkwardly indeed.

"Mary," said I firmly, "what is the reason of this mummery?—have you all taken leave of your senses?"

"No, if you please, ma'am," replied the poor girl, mildly; "not at all; *but, to do you honour*, Miss Clarinda has persuaded us to act the *Caliban*, I think she calls it, ma'am; what they do in Rome; and all the pupils, and the rector's grand-daughter, and the young ladies from Howard Pleasance, that you ask every year on your birth-day, are all dressed; and Miss Clarinda is giving the orders that she made out of her own head, and her brother's letter, madam—if you just step into the green parlour you can see into the school-room through the glass door."

The noise made by those merry girls had

prevented their hearing my arrival; and having put on my fly cap, and arranged my dress (by the way, a governess never can expect to see her pupils exact in this, or in any other particular, who is not exact in her own person) I looked for a moment through the glass door, to ascertain exactly how matters were proceeding, and to make up my mind what course to pursue.

The school-room was a long and lofty apartment, one portion, which terminated in a large bow window, being four steps higher than the other; two rooms of different elevations had been thrown into one, which occasioned the difference. My own chair, placed in the centre of this division of the chamber, sustained Clarinda Davenport, attired as Minerva—this costume I afterwards learnt she fixed upon, because, as advice was one of the attributes of wisdom, she might chide without its being “out of keeping:” her helmet appeared to me to be formed of pasteboard, covered with gilt paper, on the top of which figured the identical head of a white owl, that I recognised as having

been plundered from the barn-door, where it had been nailed a few days before by the wary gardener. She leaned gracefully upon her shield, which I shrewdly suspected was the cover of the smallest brewing copper, carefully enveloped in something bright, the nature of which I could not, at that moment, ascertain. In her left hand she held a scroll of long foolscap; and I soon learned that it contained extracts from her brother's letter. While I made these observations she commenced reading.

“‘ The first party I noticed on the Corso consisted of eight persons, in bright blue silk dresses, and black masks. They were beautifully grouped in a long car, garlanded with various flowers, drawn by six white horses, and preceded by two fantastic masques, who carried musical instruments resembling our cymbals, which struck at intervals produced a not unpleasing harmony. As they passed the balconies they shot through tin tubes, vollies of comfits.’

“ Louisa, Caroline, and Julietta,” (the rector's three lovely little grand-daughters),

said Minerva, holding the scroll gracefully forward, "mount your car." They entered an immense washing-tub, garlanded with flowers, and tied with sundry coloured cords upon a reversed form. "Louisa, dear, stand in the centre part of the car, to make the group perfect; the pyramid—bear that in mind—Julietta—kneel, dearest, on one knee, your arm extended—beautiful!"—she exclaimed, forgetting her dignity, as she gazed on the children, who certainly looked most fascinating, laughing with innocent glee at the pageant. "We cannot have horses," continued Clarinda, so "the fantastic masques" must do double service. Hold the cymbals (I saw what she so designated were silver salvers) with one hand, and draw the car with the other."

"The fantastic masques" were two friends of the Howards; and now I understood why the sheep-bells and cocks'-tails were wanted—One of the ladies intended to represent a fool in his motley, had a painted three-cornered cap for the purpose, with striped petticoats, while at each corner jingled a sheep-

bell; the other was a nondescript sort of dress, a blue flowing cloak, covered with hieroglyphics, surmounted by a conjuror's cap, over which flowed the sixpennies' worth of long cocks' feathers. "I believe, ladies," again commenced Clarinda, "you all understand, that where I now sit is the balcony—those who belong to this division had better assemble here;" then arose a bustle amid the little crowd—one came forward with the half-yard of stiff pink calico, moulded into a French apron, with a *Bernoise* cap and a *Vaudois* petticoat, being dressed, in her own estimation, perfectly *à la Suisse*. Another little miss, of four feet nothing, followed, emulating the haughty bearing of the be-hooped, be-ruffed, and be-jewelled Elizabeth of England! At a carnival too! Clarinda assured me afterwards, with a very serious countenance, that she had nothing to do with that dress; "had it been one of our own girls," said she, "the case would have been different; but as it was your friend's child, madam, and your visiter, I could not interfere with the little Janette." Then passed

up three young girls, I must confess, perfectly dressed as *Contadinas*; upon these it was evident Clarinda prided herself; she grouped them at the front of the balcony, under a trellis covered with real vine leaves, one with her distaff, spinning very industriously; another seated at her feet, her mandolin formed of a divided gourd, and a long, flat piece of board, with tightly-drawn twine for strings; while the third was to dance a *pas seul* to her music, and her own castanets; moreover, the spinning girl was furnished with a bag of comfits to fling at her assailants. Then I beheld the pet of the whole school, little Jenny Wren, as she was named, a rolypoly nondescript, with brown hair, eyes, and skin, the gayest, merriest puss that ever seven summers danced over, dressed as an English sailor—her frock somewhat shortened over her nice frilled trowsers, and on her head a smart straw hat garnished with broad black ribbon; thus did they disguise my little favourite, because she could dance a hornpipe to perfection. Meditating on this arrangement, I overheard a dispute between

Miss Marsden and Miss Douglas as to which of them had the best right to the crook, bowed with blue ribbon. This was terminated by Minerva's deciding that both should use it alternately.

I felt exceedingly perplexed as to the mode in which I ought to proceed. The light, and the dresses, and the mirth of the children, confused me. I knew that I must reprove the dramatic tendency of such an affair; and yet it was conducted with such innocent gaiety, such openness, that I feared to pull too tightly, when no duplicity had been practised, "and all," as Mary said, "to do me honour." Suddenly, Clarinda called out, "now for our last rehearsal, that we may go through it all *properly*, when dear Mrs. Ashburton comes. Mind, ladies! you must not throw the *comfits* yet—only pretend. I do not think the imps need light their torches. Where is the queen of beauty?"

At this summons one of the Howards came from behind the screen, with a crown of roses on her head, attended by two slaves, and took her seat under a canopy (formed, I was sorry

to see, of my best white muslin curtains). This fine affair was opposite to the *contadinas*; and, as silly as the rest, my English teacher took her seat in the back-ground, as no less a personage than Juno, dragging after her two painted peacocks!

Then the "fantastic masque" commenced the procession, which went on smoothly enough. Jenny Wren shouted and pirouetted on one leg, the shepherdesses carried the crook between them, and the Indian princess flourished the green watering-pot; the cymbals clashed, the *contadinas* danced, and a great girl played the piano behind the screen; the dear children in the car remembered the pyramid, and the imps flourished their torches, which (despite Clarinda's instruction) they had lighted. The painter's sister was in extasy, and declared, in a loud whisper to the goddess queen, "that the lady Howard's head was exactly turned like the *Venus de Medici*," when in an unlucky moment, the imps flourished their torches so energetically, that—whiz! and away!—blazing to the very ceiling, went my best white muslin curtains!! The

scene was changed in a moment. Minerva fainted on her shield!—the “fantastic masque” sprang through the window!—the queen of beauty’s dress caught fire, and she would have suffered severely had not Mary instantly wrapped her in the green baize canopy. The contadinas tumbled over Queen Elizabeth, who fell over the mischievous imp whose torch had occasioned the catastrophe. The washing-tub, children and all, was carried off by the gardener, who was luckily in the hall; and who immediately, with admirable promptitude, brought the garden engine to act upon the flames, which by that time had caught the trellis-work, and crackled amid the vine leaves. My dear little Wren was screaming behind the screen, and as I ran to her rescue, my new fly cap was caught by the devouring element, and my best toupee singed in such a way that I never could put it on again.

When the flames were perfectly conquered, faintings and hysterics abounded, and for the next week the house smelt of hartshorn and lavender. The queen of beauty got a stiff

neck, and poor Minerva a nervous fever. For three months afterwards we heard nought of the carnival, until one day, in a sulky humour with a dense fog, Clarinda declared that "England was destruction to every thing like effect; and that all the elements warred against improvement."

"Fire against carnivals to wit," said the laughing Douglas.

Poor Clarinda wept outright. She, however, gradually acquired a love for more extensive information; but it is a difficult matter to conquer or direct an over-heated imagination; particularly where that species of fever is caused by an admiration of so fascinating an art; and where her enthusiastic brother's letters increased her devotion to the sublime and beautiful in painting. Had I *opposed* her taste, I could never have improved her; but I sought to direct it to other objects, and by that means weaken the influence of her ruling passion, which, indulged as it had been, rendered her unfit to leave a studio, or become a useful member of society. Dear Clarinda, how often has

she since blessed me for this course! Her brother claimed her at my hands the day she completed her twentieth year; and here,—continued Mrs. Ashburton, opening the ancient red leather pocket-book which I have before-mentioned—is a letter I received from her not very long ago. I will read you an extract from it, and then, my dear, the rays of the setting sun will light you homeward.

“ *Rome, —*

“ You have asked me, my dearest madam, if my brother and myself mean always to remain unmarried. He is so wedded to his art that he thinks of nothing else; and you will believe that my dearest delight is ministering to his comforts. Our spring, and nearly our summer, of life has passed; thank God! no clouds linger over our path-way, and the bright blue sky of this sunny land is not more clear than our hopes and happiness. I can truly say that much of this is owing to Mrs. Ashburton. Devoted to his profession, my brother cares for nothing else; the idea of domestic arrangement, of saving money for the wants of age, never enters into his head, no more than it would into mine when *first I knew you*. Had I not learnt, during my happy residence under your roof, that more was necessary for a woman to be informed about, than ‘ *chiaro oscuro,*’ ‘ *toning,*’ or even ‘ *effect,*’

I should have been a burden, instead of a help, to the best of brothers. Now I regulate his affairs, and enable him to save for the time to come. The sister art, which you made me cultivate, and which I cared so little for, is a sweet solace to our solitary evenings, for—would you believe it?—he often makes me sing the ballads of Old England, which sound sweeter to *his ear* than the songs of fair and fervid Italy.

“Thus, my dear madam, I *often* think of what you often said:—‘*Nothing is despicable that tends to make woman useful.*’ We are quite gay here at present; it is the time of carnival. Do you remember my attempt at this fête in the great school-room! Good gracious!—what a wild idea it was! How good you were to bear with us! Girls never know the value of a kind governess until they leave school, and then all her goodness either is, or ought to be, remembered.”

Farewell now, my dear,—said Mrs. Ashburton, as she folded up the letter,—we will, if you please, walk along the sands to-morrow, in the direction of Bognor; it will be low water at ten o’clock.

When we met, the next morning, the good lady at first seemed more in a conversational than a story-telling humour; and I rallied her upon the apparent perfection of her pupils.

“They must have been charming creatures!” said I, saucily, “I have heard but of one bad, and one careless one, amongst them all; were there no others?”

“Indeed, my dear,” she replied, “there were good and bad, but to tell you the truth, I only wish to remember the virtuous, except where it is absolutely necessary for me to point out to you as a friend, errors which are incident to human nature, and which you ought to know, to enable you to guard against their baneful effects. Now my dear, I want to tell you, that the other evening you were talking with more enthusiasm than I thought right, of your fondness for dancing. Will you believe that I have a decided old-fashioned objection to what are denominated ‘children’s balls?’ I will tell you why. The arguments in their favour are, ‘that they familiarize the young to the customs of society, and give them ease of manner and motion.’ I entertain a very great doubt if it be indeed an advantage, to brush off that heart-subduing bashfulness, that exquisite modesty, which sends a brighter blush

to the maiden's cheek, on her first entry into society.

"There are but few who lack the power of discriminating between modesty and *mauvaise honte*. I am one who cannot admire precocious girls; nor do I think the young female who meets the admiring gaze of a ball-room, or the applauses of a crowded private concert unabashed, a whit more modest than a public performer."

"But, my dear madam," I ventured to observe, "why teach them dancing, if you object to their enjoying it as a recreation?"

"Do not misunderstand me," she replied, "it is an elegant and a healthful exercise, and I should wish all young ladies to cultivate and enjoy it; but I would never wish girls to suppose they studied any art for the purposes of exhibition. The moment a love of display takes possession of a girl's mind, there is an end to solid improvement."

"I love to see children happy," I again observed.

"So do I," replied my venerable friend, "but did you ever see children happy after

one of those puppet-like exhibitions—those baby-balls which purchase food for the parent's vanity at the expense of the child's innocence? Children, if unsophisticated, have a wonderful knack of manufacturing pleasures for themselves: give them a few simple materials, and not too much leisure, and they will make themselves happy in their own simple way. How often have I grieved over the liliputian coquettes, arranging trimmings, assorting flowers, and absolutely projecting flirtations! I have mourned over the effects of feelings, thus prematurely introduced into their young hearts, and warned their thoughtless parents of the enervating consequences to body and mind that must inevitably follow. Did you ever know a children's ball that did not unsettle an entire school or family for at least a week? The applause bestowed on Miss So-and-So's dancing, or playing, or singing, always plants thorns in the bosoms of half a score of little creatures, who, for the first time, perhaps, cherish and weep from the effects of unconscious envy.

“Did you never give balls then?” I naturally enquired.

“Never,” said Mrs. Ashburton. “We had often little parties where dancing and music were introduced, but never so as to convey to my pupils’ minds the idea that *they* were the objects of peculiar attention. But I did not mean to sermonize, and will therefore relate to you some particulars of the life of a young quaker, who, under unusual circumstances, was entrusted to my care for four or five years. She was a singular proof of the benefits of self-restraint, a girl who united to much docility under suffering, sufficient understanding for all the purposes of a useful, happy, and pious existence. She was not one calculated to make a figure in the book of fame; but glorious will be her record in that of Immortality.”

Listen, then, to my story of—

ZILLAH PENROSE.

In my early youth, my father's most intimate associates were the members of the family of Penrose, a name which sufficiently indicates their quaker origin; and, indeed, my youthful pranks (for, although I am now old and grey, I played many merry pranks in my childish days) were often restrained by the sober gravity and stiff padesua of my father's favourites. Often did I peep into the huge pockets of Ezekiel Penrose, and laugh at the neat, prim cap, and silken mittens of his help-mate, the kind and amiable Susannah. Their children were rather more to my taste; particularly Ezekiel the eldest, who was then as laughter-loving as myself—a fine spirited lad, who, I thought, could never be sobered into the self-denying and yielding quaker. As we advanced in years, this feeling increased, and Ezekiel and myself were as constantly together as our various studies

permitted; perhaps too much so; for Mr. Penrose feared that his first-born might be united to one not of his society; and, to prevent the possibility of such an event, sent my companion to New York, where his uncle was considered one of the most opulent men of the city. This separation cost us both many tears; so many, indeed, that I thought I should never be happy again. Young ladies of seventeen often take such ideas into their heads, and the sooner they are dismissed the better. Still, however, I regarded poor Ezekiel as a friend, and the good accounts his family received of his attention to business, and general good conduct, made his memory the sweeter. Years passed; my beloved father resigned his spirit unto him who gave it; old Mr. and Mrs. Penrose also sank placidly into their graves, and I was approaching into the autumn of life:—it was sometime (if I remember rightly) in the showery month of April, that I was summoned to attend a stranger in my little green parlour. “He is a very *plainish* sort of a gentleman, madam,” said Mary, “but quite

the gentleman, for all that." A tall, pale man stood at the window, and turned from it as I entered; he held a broad-leaved hat in his hand, and a sprinkling of thin, light hair shaded a well-formed brow, that was evidently furrowed more by care than by age; his coat was of the regular quaker fashion, and grey worsted stockings met the buckle-kneed under garment. To the arm of this respectable personage clung a young, fair girl, struggling with some powerful emotion; her mouth was compressed, but her large blue eyes swam in tears, which, notwithstanding her efforts to restrain them, soon coursed each other down her colourless cheeks. Her age might be about thirteen, and her tightly-fitted, slate-coloured silk dress, displayed a form of perfect and delicate symmetry. As I advanced, she grasped her father's arm closely to her bosom, and gazed upon him with a look which plainly expressed—Oh, do not—do not leave me! "Zillah," he said, "is this your promised fortitude?" The little maid's eye fell, and the gentleman held out his hand to me with the air of an old acquaintance.

“Do'st thou not remember me, friend? Hast thou forgotten thy old play-fellow, 'Zekiel Penrose?”

I could hardly believe that the care-worn man before me was the joyous companion of by-gone days, and remained silent; the remembrance of the 'Zekiel of twenty years past, contrasted with the appearance of the 'Zekiel present, pressed upon me so that I was unable to articulate.

“In truth, Lucy Ashburton, I should hardly have known thee”—pained doubtless at my silence—“Art thou not glad to see me?—Wilt thou not bid me and mine welcome to the land of my fathers?—Thou who art the only living thing I have seen since my return that *could* remember me.”

I was relieved by a flood of tears; nature would have her way for once; the quaker wept also: and that over, we talked long and earnestly of the friends and relatives whom we once were blessed with.

“Thou wilt wonder at my visit the more, Lucy Ashburton,” (how strange was the sound of my Christian name) he observed,

“ when thou knowest that I am going to leave with thee, for a time, this, my last living child. My wife is an American; and God, after having given us six children, thought it right to recall five unto himself. This was our second one, and the physicians at New York told us that she too must go, unless we removed her to France or England, for three or four years; it was a sore trial, for she has been the light and joy of our household. We have loved her more than ourselves, and think it right to use the appointed means for the preservation of her delicate life. The Friends have many schools in Great Britain, but I felt that to no one could I confide her with so much confidence as to thee; and thou wilt not disappoint me.

“ I wish Zillah to mix as little as possible in the plays of her companions; I wish her to avoid all vain shew, and to be sober-minded; to be, as much as is convenient, with thyself, thou knowest that Friends avoid all unnecessary waste of time, all temptations to what is called pleasure; nevertheless, as she has a desire to study drawing, I permit her to cul-

tivate that art, but would rather wish her to be skilled in languages, particularly French and Italian; music and dancing, of course, she must not learn. I will tell thee why, if thou wishest, another time. One thing I must request, that every morning, in the solitude of thine own chamber, thou wilt read with her a portion of the Holy Scriptures; other things will I mention in her absence; for thou knowest," he continued, turning to his daughter, "that the elders must of necessity say much that is not meet for ears so young as thine; thou, Lucy Ashburton, wilt bear with those peculiarities, for the sake of thine old friend and, I need not add, wilt be unto her as a mother, when she is far removed from home and kindred." I promised this, and firmly adhered to it. The farther directions which he gave me, were concerning the manner he wished her to pursue her studies and the accomplishments (he considered them evils) which he desired her to avoid. One thing I particularly remember; Zillah seemed so deeply affected at the idea of his departure, that I suggested to Mr. Penrose the

propriety of his sparing her the pain of a formal leave-taking; and that he should, as it were, steal away from his daughter. "Thou hast forgotten us, Lucy," he replied, with a melancholy smile, "wouldst thou have *me* practise deception towards my child, when I tell *her* to be honest in all things? Wouldst thou have me spare a few tears at the expense of inculcating a pernicious principle? Besides, an unrelaxing curb on passions and tempers can alone insure the happiness and strengthen the character, of women. I should wish Zillah to possess meekness, patience, and enduring gentleness, united to *mental firmness*; I desire for her, qualities which have more worth than splendour, and which bear resemblance to those of HIM, who did not say, learn of me, for I am great, and magnificent, and powerful; but 'learn of me, for I am meek and lowly;' whose life was truth, and whose followers must not deceive.

At first Zillah appeared too tame, even for me, but I soon discovered that it was not the tameness of insipidity; she had been much

secluded from the world, had seen her brothers and sisters drop into premature graves, and the silent tear steal down the cheeks of her tender, but resigned parents; these circumstances had given to her countenance a pale, unearthly sort of melancholy expression, and to her mind an early touch of sadness, a peculiar feeling, that, without much care, would have become morbid. Happily her nature was noble and elevated; this produced a powerful reaction, and in a little time, Zillah might have been termed the Minerva of the school room; while she tempered the excessive gaiety of many of her companions, their joyousness imparted some animation to the young quaker; she became less of a woman and more of a girl, even while her fine understanding grew in vigour and excellence.

“What a sad, tiresome little maid, Rosina Byfield is to thee,” she said one day, soon after I had been taking to task the said Rosina, who presumed on being the neice of an earl, played various pranks, and was, as she thought, perfectly aristocratic.

“She is indeed a torment,” I replied, “but

we cannot expect perfection in a young girl who never knew what contradiction was until she experienced it from me."

"Poor thing!" exclaimed Zillah, with a sigh; repeating "poor thing!" in a still more compassionate tone, she proceeded up stairs, not to dress for dancing with the other girls, but to sit at the open window of their chamber, and inhale the perfume of the flowers that blossomed in our sweet retired garden. My teacher afterwards repeated to me, the occurrences of that evening, and their result, rendered Rosina a better girl, at all events, till the next holidays.

Holidays are terribly annoying things to truly conscientious governesses, except where the parents are excellent and judicious persons. When they are the contrary, the child invariably returns to school as full of errors as when she first came. She may have had masters at home for various accomplishments, but in nine cases out of ten, her health is injured by stuffings of confectionary, wines, and trifle; her mind disordered by balls, plays, and late hours; and her little

heart corrupted by nursery and drawing-room flattery.

Surely, my dear madam, said I, you would not wish children to be estranged from their parents during their residence at school?

Certainly not, she replied, but I would have no *periodical* vacations; no six-weeks' and two-months' idleness; their home visits should be regulated by their good conduct, and their absence from school not of sufficient duration to suffer them to forget what so much labour had been bestowed to teach; but I must not diverge so frequently from my object. Old women, you know, are always garrulous.

Rosina was bustling about the room, making the necessary arrangements with much pomp. At last she seated herself opposite Zillah, and arranged the glittering contents of a small jewel casket on her lap. A group of smiling faces eagerly admired the pretty things; and loudest in her expressions of delight was the merry Selina Davendale, who certainly did and said more silly things than even the generality of little girls, from a trick

she had of always speaking before she exactly knew what she was going to say. If she had been where there were a great many girls, she would never have been out of trouble; as it was, she got into many scrapes.

“I do not think these pearls would look well on you, Rosina, she observed; so it is well for you that Mrs. Ashburton will not suffer us to wear expensive ornaments; see,” she added, taking up a necklace, and resting it on Rosina’s neck, “how yellow you look now!”

Rosina after this rude and careless speech, with no gentle hand pushed the little girl from her, and haughtily told her to “look at her own skin, and not mind the skins of others.”

“For shame!” said Zillah, “how could’st thou, Selina, be so unfeeling as to remark a personal defect?—and thou, Rosina, art equally to blame; thou ought not to be so ready to resent, but always to forgive.”

“O, I was wrong, I know,” said Selina; “indeed I am sorry,” and she held her cheek close to Rosina’s lips, who kissed her, although perhaps somewhat coldly: young as

she was, the yellow skin was a sore subject; she had fine, regular features, deep blue eyes, rather light hair, but a dark skin; and her mother, with sad want of judgment, had mourned over this circumstance in a very pathetic manner. Washes had been tried, falls and frillings, never ending in breadth or thickness, had been resorted to, to prevent even the shadow of a sun-beam from resting on her face or neck; yet all was useless; the skin still retained a most muddy hue, and whenever her foolish French maid repeated to her mamma, in her hearing, "*Vraiment, Mademoiselle Rosine est charmante, et belle comme un ange,*"* Lady Eva Byfield regularly replied, (she did not like the trouble of framing fresh sentences,) "yes, but oh, her skin!" Poor Rosina!—how much better would it have been if she had been taught that outward appearances are valueless, in comparison to purity of heart and mind.

Rosina was replacing the trinkets, one by one in the casket, nevertheless secretly

* Truly Miss Rosina is charming, and beautiful as an angel.

regretting that Mrs. Ashburton would not permit her to wear the finery, and appear, as she termed it, "like a lady." I had explained to her that a love of dress generates the worst vices amongst the poor, and vanity amongst the rich; that the most becoming ornaments of which a young female of the highest rank can be possessed are modesty and virtue; that at school the arranging of ornaments would take up too much time; and that as young ladies of different fortunes must meet even in establishments the most limited, it would create envy if one were to be more expensively attired than another. This last argument, certainly, Rosina did not quite understand, for she had been led to believe that there was no harm in displaying finery, even to the mortification of others. My pupils were all dressed alike, and as far as their wardrobes were concerned might have passed for a family of sisters. Slowly the young lady restored the gems to their white satin cushions; all were put up except a ruby sprig, and pensively raising her

eyes to those of Zillah Penrose, she said, "How beautiful that would look in your hair, Zillah; how I should like to see you wear it!"

"I thank thee for thy kindness," replied Zillah, "but if it were permitted, I assure thee I have no wish whatever for such finery."

"It is very beautiful, though, is it not?" continued Rosina, "do you know it cost ever so much money; I cannot tell you how many pounds."

"Did it?" said Zillah carelessly.

"Indeed it did—why you do not know the value of money."

"I hope I do, Rosina—I have felt its value when ——" she stopped, and blushed. Miss Fairfield finished the sentence for her—"when you so generously sacrificed your allowance to relieve the wants of your fellow-creatures, Zillah."

Zillah, after a pause, during which time the casket was locked up, looked affectionately at Rosina, and said,

"If being very dear renders every thing

valuable, of course thou lovest those best who are very rich, and can purchase a great number of beautiful things?"

"Love best?—why I do not know—mamma is rich, but I do not love my dear mamma because she is rich."

"Why then?"

"Why?—Oh, don't *you* know, Zillah?—you who love your mamma so much! Because she is so kind—so—O, you well know *why* I love mamma."

"Well then, thou lovest thy mother," said Zillah, smiling, "because she is kind, and so—et-cetera—and thou lovest the sprig because it cost a great deal."

"No, Miss Penrose, *I do not love it*, but I admire it, because it is beautiful."

Zillah took up a moss rose; the little dew-drops danced and sparkled on its soft leaves; and as she gently shook them off on some mignonette, she exclaimed, "Look, Rosina!—I will not say *Miss to thee*—look at this beautiful blushing rose—smell it—and tell me truly—is not this rose ten times more charming than your ruby sprig?"

Rosina did not reply; she had never been taught to compare works of nature with works of art, and she appeared exceedingly perplexed. Zillah continued, "our dear governess gave little Selina a moss rose-tree, because—now take away thy little hand from my mouth, Selina, for I *will* tell—because she overcame a very bad habit she once had, of never finishing any thing she began; the little girl wanted to have a rose-tree, and nothing would do but a *moss* one, in the middle of her garden; and our kind governess told her she would see if she persevered in taking care of it, for if she did, it would reward her with its beautiful blossoms. Our little friend has a two-fold reward; she ornaments us all with her charming flowers, and her reason is convinced that the conquest of a bad habit always gives us more lasting gratification than its indulgence. On the same principle, I wish thou would'st correct the love of finery."

Rosina seemed annoyed: and as sharp retorts are ever the resource of petulant tempers, she remarked, that moss roses were certainly very beautiful; there were plenty

of them at Byfield Hall; they were pretty ornaments for those who could not *afford* better; but that her mamma never thought of rewarding *her* when she was good, with any thing that was not *truly* valuable.

“Then it is the *gift* you value, and not the *giver*, Rosina?”

“I see, *Miss*, you are determined to annoy me.”

“Rosina,” said the English teacher, “I have twice, within the last ten minutes, heard you apply the epithet of *Miss* to Zillah, in a tone and manner that conveyed any idea but that of affection or politeness; the young ladies *here* treat each other as sisters; and we shall certainly look with angry feeling on any one who disturbs the harmony of our little community.”

“Oh! I am sure,” replied Zillah, with unusual eagerness, “Rosina did not mean to be unkind; she would not willingly disturb, but rather promote, harmony. Nay, Rosina, look up—fye, fye!—tears! When thou hast been here six months longer, thou wilt wonder why thou ever wept. I have been for-

tunately taught, both by precept and example, that the best conquest is that which we achieve over our own evil propensities."

"The bell!—the bell!" exclaimed Selina, jumping. "O, please tye my sash, Zillah, and I will never call you thee and thou again."

"I will tye the ribbon gladly," replied the meek maiden, imprinting a kiss on the little girl's forehead, "not to bribe thee never to call me aught but Zillah Penrose—but to oblige thee."

"You are not peevish, nor cross, nor proud, nor quarrelsome, and I love you dearly," said the merry creature, returning the kiss twofold.

"Nobody seems inclined to tye *my* sash," observed Rosina, coldly; "but I cannot *boast* of being neither peevish, nor cross, nor proud, nor—what finished the list of Zillah's qualifications, Selina?"

"Thou knowest I will arrange thy dress with pleasure; and thou could'st not possess any of the qualities thou alludest to, if thou wert inclined to *boast* of them."

“Let my sash alone, Miss!” exclaimed Rosina, as Zillah was going to tye it; at the same moment throwing her arm back so rudely that the elbow struck Zillah, who was much shorter, in the face, so as to cause a profuse bleeding from her upper lip.

“You are a violent, great, rude girl!” said Selina, holding her handkerchief to her friend’s face, “I say,”—and the little thing began to sob bitterly—“it again—a great—vio-o-o—” at this moment I entered, and felt much angered when the various circumstances were related.

“Thou wilt not punish the maiden, my dear friend,” said Zillah, in her gentle voice. “I know she did not mean to push so hard; and even if she had, I trust at my request thou would’st pardon. It is our duty to forgive injuries—do not—pray do not be angry; and in truth I know, if thou dost forgive, she will sorrow more for her impatience.”

Zillah pleaded so long, and so earnestly, that Rosina was really humbled, and she fell weeping on the neck of the young quaker.

It was the triumph of meekness over pride; and I mention it as one slight instance of the gentle power Zillah's amiability acquired.

The excellent girl, however, achieved victories over herself as well as over others. She possessed a more than commonly correct musical taste, united to a just and delicate ear; her voice was clear and flexible; indeed, all the young ladies wished for her talent. Poor Zillah! Whenever any particularly fine piece was played in her presence, her eye would brighten, her cheek flush, and her entire appearance partake of the nature of the performance, whether grave or gay. One of the pupils (Selina, I believe) urged her to request her father to permit her to learn music. "I am sure," said she, "he could refuse you nothing."

"I should be sorry," replied the reasoning girl, "that such was the case."

"Why so?"

"Because it would be a grievous error in judgment. He *must* know what is best for me; and God forbid that I should ever tempt

him to act contrary to what he considers right."

"But there can be no harm in music?"

"I should think not; but thou knowest papa is the best judge whether it would ultimately contribute to my happiness. I know that it would absorb all my attention, to the injury of graver and more useful studies. I will both fight with, and flee from the temptation. An age of self-gratification would be badly purchased at the price of a parent's tear. So tempt me not, little fairy, I *will* be content."

Her actions and words were in keeping; like a wise girl, she gave not utterance to all her thoughts; but she never uttered one that was not truth itself.

I shall never forget the gratified and thankful expression of Mr. Penrose's countenance, when, at the expiration of the appointed time I led Zillah to his embrace. First he clasped her to his bosom, then pushed her gently from him, that he might gaze upon her tranquil and lovely face, while her every gesture was followed by his watchful eye. Well

indeed might a father be proud of such a child! We separated; but when I imprinted the last kiss upon her lips, I little thought what sufferings my friends were about to encounter. The following part of my Chronicle borders upon romance; but it is, nevertheless, all unvarnished truth.

Zillah and her father left the white shores of England; and the good ship Foxwell, for a time, bore them gallantly over the wide Atlantic. The merry hearts of the blythe crew indulged in thoughts and hopes of home; proudly, day and night, was the canvass spread to the cheerful breeze, and the expanded ocean shone brightly and beautifully blue. The glorious sun rose triumphantly in its own heavens, and proceeded, from morn to eve, like a giant, proud to run its course, "till its fires were gradually obscured by the shades of night."

On the evening of a sultry day, the maiden, leaning on her father's arm, slowly paced the deck of the stately vessel, and occasionally exchanged words of kindly greeting with the crew; who, although they sometimes passed a sly jest upon quaker

gravity, entertained the highest respect for the excellent folk.

“The sun has set, Miss Penrose,” said the captain, approaching the young lady—“and as you have now been nearly ten days at sea, I hope you will not be terrified at a cap-full of wind.”

“Dost thou think we shall have a storm to-night, then, friend?” enquired Mr. Penrose.

“There are tokens that it will be so,” replied the captain; “the wind blows low. We have had too much fine weather for the season; and some of mother Carey’s chickens have been flying a-head; there are two of them now!” he exclaimed, pointing forward.

Zillah looked through the twilight, and saw two of the beautiful little petrels, whose flight is believed by sailors to portend a storm. “Pretty birds,” she said, “they can bring no danger!”

“That’s more than I’d say for them, miss,” replied a stern mariner, who, with his arms folded, and an air of calm resolution, stood eyeing the tempest that was now visibly and quickly gathering in the heavens, “but there’s

no help for it. I make bold to say, that you, young lady, had better go down to the cabin; women are worse than fresh-water sailors; better out of the way in a gale." The old man moulded his features into somewhat of a smile, and tendered his rough hand to the maiden: "I can steady the lady," he continued, looking at her father, "heaven bless her, she's like my own sweet Kate." The sailor drew the back of his hand across his eyes, for he thought of his own home and his darling child. "Don't be terrified, miss," again commenced the tar, as he assisted her over some coiled ropes, while her father followed closely behind; "she's a brave bit o' timber, and has made head against many a rough sea."

"Thanks," replied Zillah, calmly, "I shall not be frightened, for I trust in Him who said unto the waters—'Peace; be still!'"

"God bless you for that saying. I cannot *patter* myself; but I can feel—feel!"—murmured the old man, as he left her.

All on deck was bustle and preparation; the gale, blowing with increasing violence,

began to make a sensible impression on the vessel. Two or three of the passengers bitterly complained of being shut down—a precaution which is very properly adopted, in dangerous cases, on board ship; and one of the ladies made every body uncomfortable by her exclamations and tears.

Zillah sat quietly by her father's side; and if any change were perceptible in her appearance, it was, that her cheek was a little paler than usual. "Thy tears," she said, at last, to the lady who had, unhappily, no controul over her feelings, "thy tears only render thee unfit for what thou may'st have to endure; I pray thee, be composed. We are in the hands of an all-wise and mercy-loving God."

As the tempest thickened the general agitation increased; some were praying who seldom prayed before; others venting their fears in wild exclamations and wicked oaths; along the deck echoed the loud, clear voice of the captain giving orders, which were promptly obeyed by the gallant crew, and the tramp of the sailors could be heard amid the terrific howlings of the winds and waves. No

one who has not witnessed such a scene can judge of its horrors: the yawning ocean, the groaning storm, the vivid lightning flickering and flashing through the darkness, now quivering on the masts, then resting on the mountainous billows which foamed and swelled around them, while the brave ship heaved and laboured like a thing of life in mortal agony. Wave after wave swept the decks with resistless fury. The cabin became half filled with water, and the passengers, dreading suffocation, succeeded in ascending the ladder.

Still collected, amid this dreadful scene, her arm intertwined within that of her father's, stood Zillah Penrose—her hair floating wildly on the pitiless blast, and her eye wandering from the ocean to the troubled heavens, without finding one spot whereon to rest.

“Our hour is come,” whispered the father. “Zillah—my only one—my beloved!—Was it for this I journeyed, and thy mother travailed—”

The agony of my friend's mind prevented his finishing the sentence; but he pressed his daughter with a strong effort to his heart.

“ My own father!—this is weakness,” said the admirable girl; “ we may be preserved even at the eleventh hour. And if not, it is only passing a little sooner to join those who are gone before. The world is fair to look upon, and pleasant to abide in; but glorious are the courts of the most high God, and if we are taken now, doubtless we shall be saved from much sin and sorrow. Pray, father—dear, dear father, pray!”

Silently amid the roar of contending elements, amid the crash of falling masts and splintering spars, did these humble Christians lift up their hearts in prayer, for they trusted in the God of truth and mercy!

“ We must look now to our boats,” said the captain, in a deep hoarse voice, which was, nevertheless, heard distinctly by the men. Almost at the instant that he pronounced the command, a piece of timber shivered from the mast, struck Mr. Penrose so severely on the head, that he fell, and was stunned for many minutes. Zillah knelt and chafed his temples, heedless of her own safety, while the boats were lower-

ing, which was effected as the grey morning dawned, although the experienced sailors thought it was impossible they could live in such a sea.

With wild and senseless energy, many, both of the crew and passengers, rushed to the boats, while the captain vainly endeavoured to impress upon their minds the necessity of order and coolness; in a moment they were filled—when the old sailor exclaimed—“Here’s the quakers. Sure ye’r not going to shove off without them?” The brave fellow was in the act of descending when he said this. “There is room but for one!” exclaimed all in the boat, “we are too heavy already.” Then I’ll not be the one to enter it,” said the noble-hearted creature; “my timbers are old, and my cruize in this world can’t be long; so here goes, my young craft, over with ye, and God be ye’r guardian!” This was addressed to Zillah, but in vain. “Not without my father,” she replied; “I will never leave *him*. Go thou in I pray thee, but I will never be separated from my father!”

By this time the boats were loosened from their fastenings by their freight, for, urged by terror, the people still forced into them.

“We are left on the wreck to perish!” exclaimed several voices, in tones of deep emotion; and in the fixed eye of the captain, (who gallantly refused to leave while aught of life remained with the vessel,) hope had expired;—there was no feeling but despair!

About seven souls, besides the quakers, were abandoned in this dreadful situation on the wreck; however, they did not long remain inactive, and as the morning advanced they proceeded to fasten planks and spars together, to form a raft, in case the ship went down, and so trust to the mercy of God to throw them in the way of some more fortunate vessel. As it grew towards noon the storm happily abated.

“I’m thinking,” said the old sailor to one of his companions, “that God has a hand in us yet; for if ever there was an angel upon the sea, it is that young woman. Instead of being in the way, she’s more good nor any of

us; picking ropes—scraping every thing together that's useful—and clinging all the time to the boards like a ring-tailed monkey: 'twould be a blessing to throw half the fine madams in the world overboard; but she—she's a perfect angel."

Zillah had, throughout this trying scene, certainly evinced the strongest presence of mind, and afforded an example of dignified and gentle firmness, which perhaps has never been surpassed. She had collected, heedless of the danger that attended her search, a compass, knives, and various articles of real importance if the raft were launched; and, instead of murmuring, her voice, her words, her countenance, were heart-cheering to the sailors. She succeeded in rousing the captain from his lethargy, and spoke to him of hope and relief. At length, having raised a mast and fastened a rudder, they launched forth on the awful deep; Zillah and a large Newfoundland dog, the captain's especial favourite, occupying the centre, while Mr. Penrose, still unable to render any assistance

from the injury he had received, lay on the ground, with his head on his daughter's lap. The sun rose and set, and rose and set again—they had seen no sail—no land—but the Almighty, in his mercy, had withdrawn his tempest. The ocean was calm; but the quantity of food and water which they had been able to bring from the wreck was, notwithstanding the small allowance with which each from the commencement had been supplied, nearly exhausted: little as it was, the kind-hearted sailors were all anxious that Zillah should have more than themselves; and the fact that the poor girl's bodily strength was daily and hourly wasting, caused them additional sorrow.

“She'll die,” said the old sailor, “I see it in her eye, and the white of her cheek, which is as dead looking as the sail of a fresh-water pleasure-boat.”

But God, in his mercy, had willed it otherwise. On the fourth morning of their misery “a sail!—a sail!” was shouted as the day dawned; and so it was—the bright sail of an English bound ship. Gladly, joyously, were

the poor sufferers received, and conveyed again to English land, for the vessel could not change its course, and was not fortunate enough to meet an American. Need I add that I was rejoiced at this?—for my sweet Zillah spent nearly two months with me, recruiting her health and strength, doubly endeared by her intrepidity. The old sailor, too, came to see her, and from him I learned all the particulars of her heroic enduring; he always concluded his encomiums with the observation of—

“It’s quare, though, that she should be a woman:” which he meant no doubt as a compliment to the sex.

I fear I have been tedious; but I love to think upon the virtues of my pupils; and it delights me that I am able to add, that Zillah is now the mother of many children—a noble and virtuous matron, who, like her in Roman story, can shew jewels of matchless price and beauty—not perishable gems, but glorious minds well trained for immortality.

She resides in the good state of Philadelphia, and her parents have been spared

to grow rich in age and honour. The old sailor!—I had nearly forgotten to tell you, that for many years he was, to use his own phrase, “laid up in dock,” comfortably, in the kitchen or housekeeper’s-room of the gentle Zillah. Doubtless he was cross and cranky; but his Kate was the nurse of Zillah’s children, and he was as happy as a true-born sailor can be, apart from his (I had almost said *native*) element.

As the autumnal winds rustled through the trees, and the falling leaves told of the coming winter, our rambling meetings were discontinued; and we exchanged visits by the blazing fire, which in the flickering light of even-tide it is so peculiarly delightful and cheering to look upon.

I dearly love what may be called fire-side enjoyments. Music!—yes, it decidedly is or ought to be one, and a young lady employed in the exercise of that exquisite talent, for the purpose of soothing or enlivening the dear home circle, is ever an object of interest and affection. How delicious are some of

our sweet ballads, sung in the soft twilight—papa and mamma tranquilly and happily listening to the well-remembered notes of “The winter it is past,” “The Birks of Endermay,” or the thrilling combination of sense and sound in “The Exile of Erin,” and then blessing God for having given them an unspotted child, who though, it may be, rich, and young, and beautiful, derives more delight from their approval, than from the applause of the gay and the brilliant.

Books ;—what pleasure do they not impart ! Quick, draw the curtains, the circular table a little nearer the fire ; Emily, the dear little Emily, on her own particular stool, at mamma’s feet, her fine doll in her lap, which she is stealthily undressing, lest papa should be shocked at seeing it *en robe de nuit* ; Martha, the good-natured Martha, arranging some flowers in her hortus-siccus ; Rebecca, the sage, the wise young woman of the family, pondering over “The Foreign Review,” or the last “Quarterly,” or the sound yet laughing “Blackwood,” or my especial favourite, “The British Magazine ;” mamma investi-

gating the contents of a "Tidy," that newly invented receptacle of torn clothes, sighing over portions of the dilapidated wardrobe of seven children; papa turning the leaves of a musty folio, the stock-book of the household, for various purposes; while Alfred, the eldest hope of the family, stretches his feet on Pompey's silky coat, and tosses over and over an aged newspaper, from which (silly fellow), he knows he can derive no information. Gentle Reader!—fancy such a scene, in a country mansion some forty or sixty miles from London, at the beginning of November; and fancy, also, old Daniel, or old Joseph, or old Samuel—any old servant will do—entering with a parcel, a London parcel of books! Just fancy the delight such an event must occasion to such a party, who are all, with the exception of mamma, who has too much to think of, and Emily, who does not think at all, somewhat *book-wormish*; how charming! A parcel containing the best of Colburn's publications, for those seniors of the party who ought to know how the proceedings of the literary world are conducted:

books from Westley and Davis, fit for the Sabbath and the serious ; and such charming, pretty-looking things from Hailes and Harris, as make even Emily forget her doll. A heap of delightful annuals, for those who love pretty pictures and rational amusement. How much are we indebted to them during the winter evenings, when out of doors the snow is deep, and the wind piercing !

I might say, and with truth too, that for very little masters and misses, a quiet game of blind-man's-buff is seasonable at Christmas time, particularly when a steady person is present to call "fire," and prevent mischief; though I almost fear that to express such an opinion is likely to bring me into disrepute with the young *élégantes*, and those very smart juvenile gentlemen, who come under the denomination of *little dandies*—troublesome monkies ! I could better, by a thousand times, endure a good romping boy, than a mincing, finikin, perking, bowing, simpering Jemmy Jessamy, with kidded hands, perfumed handkerchief, and empty head. But I am sure all little creatures, roly-polys, under eight,

will forgive me, ay, and love me too, for tolerating blind-man's-buff.

I am sorry that needle-work goes out of fashion; it is a gentlewomanly amusement, and ought not to be neglected, particularly by those who have many brothers and sisters, and whose parents are not rich. Many girls, I am sorry to say, despise their needle, and affect to think work unfit occupation for genteel or intellectual beings. I both grieve for, and am angry with, such misses. I can tell them that many of our high-born, noble ladies, employ their fingers in framing clothes for the poor and desolate widows and orphans of our distressed country. And I can also tell them that the sensible and instructive Hofland, the playful and highly-gifted Mitford, ay, and even the graceful and elegant Landon, think it no disgrace to form, themselves, the garbs in which they are always fascinating, because always unaffected. One advantage of the generality of female occupations is that the mind can be engaged, either in hearing or reflecting, when the fingers are employed in

plain work, or even in embroidery; and nothing is more delightful than a party enlivened by alternate reading and music, where the greater number are not too fine to be industrious.

I delight in all kinds and species of riddles for my young friends; they exercise without fatiguing the ingenuity; and many who look upon this page will remember the merry laughs enjoyed at K——, when new ones were added to our store, or when we succeeded in puzzling a certain reverend and learned Doctor, whose appearance was ever the signal for happiness and good humour to enter our circle.

Mrs. Ashburton's ideas of female study might perhaps be deemed too strict, too severe; she had an utter horror of abridgments and compendiums, and would have it that books of this description made young ladies familiar with names, not things. She stood boldly forward in declaring that the study of Watts's Logic, and Locke's immortal Essay on the Understanding, were not only fitting and proper, but absolutely necessary auxili-

aries in the formation of useful and intelligent minds; "tough reading," she would say, "even though the knowledge it conveys were useless, is excellent as a habit, and the best of all possible exercises; it serves to harden the mind for more trying conflicts; lifts the reader from sensation to intellect; fixes a wandering spirit, and fortifies a weak one."

It was on the ground, I suppose, of "fixing a wandering spirit," that the dear old lady read me through many solid works, which otherwise I should never have perused; and gratefully do I now thank her for it; but your pardon, my young friends; I should ere this have related one of the most interesting of Mrs. Ashburton's Chronicles.

It is a tale of:—

THE DEAF AND BLIND.

“Hush!” said little Mary Lidyard to Grace Goodwin. (Mary and Grace were the youngest pupils I ever had, and had you been a very little girl, instead of a young lady of seventeen, I could have told you many pretty stories about them; sweet playful children!) “Hush!—the new ladies are coming, and Mrs. Ashburton said we were not to make a noise; but, Grace, you have seen them, what are they like? How big are they? How old are they? What are their names? Do they look good-natured? Was one really born deaf and the other blind?—Hush!—here they come.”

The two children, hand in hand, drew towards the opposite end of the room as the subjects of this conversation entered; the little group peeped at the new comers with eager curiosity.

Clara and Anna Damer were twin born,

and the only living daughters of a wealthy baronet of a neighbouring county. Sir Charles Damer was a rosy, laughing, blustering, heedless sportsman; a man who deliberately would not do an unkind act, yet who was always injuring the peace and happiness of others by extreme thoughtlessness; a man who never used a harsh expression except when in a passion. This happened, however, so often, that he was rating some one or other from morning till night. He so frequently acted first, and reflected afterwards, that half his time was occupied in sorrowing for faults committed during the other half. He loved his wife with continuing affection; and a beautiful and intellectual creature she was, but the victim of an overwrought sensibility, that had not been properly directed in her girlhood, and consequently was the very bane of her existence. She died about four months before Clara and Anna came to reside with me, leaving only three children out of a family of eleven. Bitterly did Sir Charles sorrow for and recall the quick words and the

abrupt manner in which he had indulged towards her when out of temper. "She always bore with me," he would say, "no murmur escaped her lips, she had a sweet voice and an endearing smile, and her remonstrances were couched in terms of such gentle tenderness that they sounded more like approbation than reproof!"

It was her last wish that those dear but afflicted girls should be committed to my care, and as I had long been honoured with their mother's friendship they came with feelings prepared to respect and love me, which I am sorry to say is seldom the case. Girls too often consider a governess as an enemy set up in authority over them. Their father and brother accompanied them to school, and poor Sir Charles appeared to me to be an altered man, so silent, so joyless was he.

Clara had been born with an organic defect of both eyes. Nothing of the disease which darkened the large dove-like orbs of the amiable girl was visible, and it was melancholy to look upon them and know, that,

lovely and gentle as they seemed under their soft, light fringes, they conveyed no delight to the sightless girl.

“ You think me in darkness,” she would often say, “ but it is not so. I can see you all. I know your height by the tone of your voice, and your age I can also guess at; then I hear others talk of your comparative beauty, while to me you are all lovely, for you are all kind.” It was impossible to be otherwise than kind to this elevated and affectionate girl. She was the very personification of purity. Her figure was pliable, and drooped slightly forward from excessive delicacy; her hair was of the palest auburn, and I never saw any arrangement so graceful as the natural waving of her beautiful ringlets; her skin was white and transparent as the lily’s bosom, and whenever emotion or exertion sent the blush to her cheek, it became bright and glowing as a carnation. The beauties of this fair girl’s person, however, could not attract attention for a moment when those of her mind were known; had she even been ugly and haggard she would have commanded

both esteem and affection, for she possessed a holy sincerity, tempered by most gentle sweetness; a self-denying spirit, that while it yielded all, seemed as if receiving favours; an unflinching good nature; a placid yet cheerful temperament, that shed its halo over her features. If ever there was perfection in mortal mould, it was in Clara Damer.

I always loved the blind; they appeal, by such a palpable misfortune, to all the kindly feelings of the heart! Look out upon a lovely landscape, gemmed with the beauties and blessings of the Almighty; then suddenly close your eyes, and if it be possible, imagine them closed for ever: the utter dreariness is heart-sickening—yet in such gloom they live, and live for ever in this fair world; inhaling the perfume of flowers which they cannot look upon; feeling the beams of the light-giving sun, yet incapable of beholding its glories! And worse than all—blind—blind to those dear, familiar faces—those household deities—a mother's smile—a father's approving look—a friend's love-beaming countenance!

Yet I have generally known such persons cheerful, I observed.

True, replied my venerable friend, knowest thou not that the ALMIGHTY not only "tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," but "carries it," like a good shepherd, "within his bosom?"

Anna's affliction—proceeded Mrs. Ashburton, after a pause—was to my thinking not so severe as Clara's; she had grown gradually deaf, and was utterly unable to hear a single sound; but Clara lent Anna ears, and Anna lent her sister eyes—thus they lived, generally, happily and lovingly together. Anna's beauty was of the same character as Clara's, but she indulged in an occasional sourness of temper, which rendered her very disagreeable to those with whom she associated. This also gave her features so different an expression from her sister's that at times you wondered how you could have thought that the one resembled the other. Anna had another great fault—the besetting sin of deaf persons—she was suspicious. The deaf are too apt to imagine

that you are either talking of them, or at them; and this renders *many*, so afflicted, unjust to their companions. Clara was ever on the watch to correct this fault; she always sat next Anna, and it was singular that from her peculiar mode of breathing she invariably knew whenever her sister was either angry or agitated. She talked with extraordinary rapidity on her fingers, and the moment she perceived, as it were, the breathing discontent of Anna, occasioned by some merry jest of her associates which she could not comprehend, Clara would pull her sleeve, or touch her hand, and explain to the irritable girl what had occurred.

Governesses err much when they take more pains with amiable and clever girls than with those to whom nature has not been so bountiful. The more stubborn the soil, the more culture it requires; and I found that I must labour unceasingly to root out Anna's nurtured faults. Towards Clara, much as she certainly loved her, she would often indulge in fits of jealousy, and embitter the poor dark girl's existence by taunts which were

perfectly undeserved; then, when she saw the tears streaming from her sightless eyes, she would kiss and fondle, and end by weeping bitterly with her forgiving sister.

I saw her one day rambling by herself up and down a dark walk, overshadowed by tall and magnificent elms; the other ladies were dancing or arranging flowers on the bright grass plot, where they frequently assembled when the studies of the day were suspended. Clara's harp had been brought out, and she was playing some joyous tunes to the merry group; her fine head raised and a little thrown back; her white, slender arms extended over the strings; her hair waving on every passing breeze, and the expression of her countenance varying with every strain she played: I never saw any thing half so lovely! But my duty compelled me to turn to another object—Anna in one of her most sulky fits:—what a different picture! The head, equally beautiful, was hanging down; the corners of the mouth were drawn towards the chin; the step was restless; the eye was pained at the pleasure it beheld; not thankful

for the blessings it enjoyed. I approached the young lady, and taking the little slate that always hung upon her arm, wrote down, "Are you ill?"

"No."

"Are you unhappy?"

Her eyes filled with tears, and she looked piteously in my face.

"What has made you unhappy, Anna?"

"They sing, they dance; I cannot hear even the sound of my own voice: besides, they all love Clara better than me."

"Are you sorry that your companions are happy, or your sister beloved?"

"Oh!—no, no, no!"

"Do you think you deserve to be loved as much as Clara? Are you as uniformly good-tempered, gentle, and obliging as she is? Or do you complain against the injustice of your companions in preferring her to you? Shall I ask them if and why they do so?"

"Oh, no; but it is always so; she steals every body's love from me."

"Anna, you are unjust; she does not *steal* every body's love from you; but you do

not *gain* every body's love as she does. Do you understand me?"

"I cannot play or sing," she exclaimed, bursting into tears; "I am deaf and stupid, and they shun me."

"She is blind, and cannot paint and write as you do, yet you love her *sometimes* though you cannot hear her play and sing. Did not the young ladies ask you to join their party? You can dance very nicely though you cannot hear. There is no necessity for a person being either cross or stupid who has the misfortune to be deaf."

"I *always* love my sister. They asked me, but they did not mean it."

"Anna!—we cannot always love those whom we envy; and I am sorry you consider your schoolmates guilty of hypocrisy."

"Indeed I do not envy Clara, I only wish I were like her; and I did not intend to accuse the young ladies of so mean a vice; I only meant that they asked me to join them from polite motives."

"If you wish to be like Clara, my dear, you would not imitate (for that is the pre-

rogative of monkeys), but endeavour to *acquire*, by constant attention, her amiable qualities. It is not because she plays and sings that we love her, but because of her endearing and excellent disposition; you are so alike in person that one is frequently mistaken for the other. You can be alike in mind, if *you* steadily set about conquering the two failings which I have before told you of. Remember, my dear Anna, that nothing is impossible to a willing mind; and remember, also, that what you call 'polite motives' would be another term for insincerity, if your companions invited you to partake of their sports and at the same time did not wish you to do so. I will love you as much as I do Clara, *if you allow me.*"

"Allow you!" she exclaimed, as I finished my long sentence, "how proud I should be, dear madam!—but I fear—"

"Fear nothing, and hope all things. Come and kiss Clara, join in the next dance, and whenever suspicion or jealousy assail you, remember—"

"I will, dear madam," she interrupted,

seizing my hand and kissing it, "remember all you say, and all Clara says. I am ever happier when I practise what you teach;" and as she said or rather wrote this, I thought she looked like her sweet sister; she passed her sponge over the slate, saying in a solemn voice, "think of it no more, dear, dear madam!"

Clara was still gaily harping when Anna went and prest her lips to her cheeks.

"You have been weeping, sister," said the sensitive girl; "your lip is warmer than usual, your cheek is moist, and I can hear the beating of your heart; dearest Anna, what has distressed you?" Her fingers signed these words more quickly than I can repeat them. Anna whispered in her ear, "indeed, dearest sister, I am happy now; I have conquered a bad inclination and am going to dance with our companions."

Anna painted beautifully, and the delight that Clara felt at hearing her sister's paintings praised, was very pleasing to witness.

"I wish," she would say, "that I could

see those flowers ; I hear so much about them : how beautiful they must be ! ”

It was the rule of my establishment, and one which, by the way, I think ought to be attended to in all schools—to sing a hymn at morning and evening service.

Prayers in schools are, unhappily, not unfrequently considered mere matters of form, and are often but words in which the feelings take no part, hurried over as they are by teachers, eager either for breakfast or for bed ; this ought to be avoided by calling in the aid of music, in domestic devotion ; the attention of young persons is thus excited, and their interest kept up to the end of the service. It is impossible almost to rivet the attention of young females ; any one who has had to do with education knows this ; and whatever means of excellent tendency can be used to effect this purpose, ought, in my opinion, to be resorted to, avoiding on the other hand, every thing bearing the least resemblance to exhibition. With me, when prayers were concluded, and a chapter of Sellon’s excel-

lent "Abridgment," read and commented upon, one of the young ladies went to the piano, another to the harp, a third to the guitar, and all joined in the soft notes of the morning or evening hymn, or some other holy melody, before either repairing to their several studies, or retiring to repose. How earnestly have I lifted my heart in supplication to the Almighty, that the voices who thus praised on earth, might praise in his everlasting courts! I confess that whenever I gazed upon the purely-minded Clara, whose upturned but sightless eyes told plainly where her thoughts reposed, the fervency of my prayer increased. It was very heart-cheering to witness the devotion of this excellent girl. She laboured to make others as well minded as herself. It was also encouraging to my exertions to find that the efforts I used to correct Anna's faults were rewarded by her improvement.

Little Mary Lidyard was heard to declare that she loved Anna quite as well as Clara. I am not, however, certain that this opinion was impartial, inasmuch as Anna, when it was delivered, had just finished dressing Mary's best

doll—a thing as big as a baby, that opened and shut its eyes, and wore real morocco shoes, made by a shoe-maker—a fine thing, believe me, in those days. Grace, I believe, always preferred Clara, “whose child,” according to school *parlance*, she was.

Poor little Grace!—she was the only child of a young and interesting widow—a creature fostered in affliction. Her mother had accompanied her husband in the fatal expedition to Holland, and closed his eyes upon a field of battle. Grace was a true soldier’s daughter, fond of enterprise and bustle, delighted in the sound of the drum, and fastened the ribbon of her hat into the form of a cockade, fought battles with pins on a sheet of paper, and preferred a scarlet sash to all the pretty blues and pinks that ever were dyed. She was nearly spoiled, though—for economy tempted her mother to place her at one of those blue board preparatory schools, which infest every neighbourhood, particularly that of London; where children acquire despicable habits, by seeing the person who assumes the reins of education and government, practise, to the

end of accumulating a few paltry pounds, every meanness under the sun. The little girl was *half* starved, and *whole* ignorant, when she came to me. Was astonished at there being no money fines! "No limitation at meals" (horrible idea in a Christian country)! No necessity for buying bread and cheese, to eat when the governess's back was turned. No subscription from the children's pockets to purchase birth-day gifts for the governess's adornment. No——

Mrs. Ashburton's indignation waxed so high that a smile passed over my countenance; she perceived it, and lowering her voice, continued:

"It is very well for you, my dear, who have never been at school, to smile at the privations children endure at petty seminaries; but to them, believe me, it is no laughing matter. Nothing calls so loudly for reform as public schools; the ignorant and vulgar so frequently meddle with education, as the *dernier resort* of broken fortunes, that when individuals capable of performing their duty

properly undertake it, they are undervalued, and confounded with illiterate pretenders. They manage these things better in France—*there* a person cannot open a '*Pension*' without being examined by the authorities, who investigate his or her qualifications for so important a task."

Mrs. Ashburton stopped, simply for want of breath; and though what she said was perfectly true, I wanted the dear old lady to get on with her story; I hinted this, and she shook her head, observing—"Ay—the story—the story; that is ever the way with young folk, they listen eagerly to *a story*, and are quick and lively about it; their eyes bright and fixed, and their fingers quiet; but the moment you digress or moralize, they begin to yawn and look stupid."

"Dear Mrs. Ashburton! I am sure I did not yawn."

"No, love—you only rolled your pocket-handkerchief round your forefinger."

"I beg your pardon—there now—I am as quiet as a mouse. You left off about Grace loving the scarlet sash, and about her poor

mother." I feared to mention the good-for-nothing preparatory schools, lest they might lead my amiable friend off again.

True,—Clara was very kind to Grace, and broke her of many little faults that would one day have been great ones. She also instructed her on the harp; her mother could not afford to pay for her learning this instrument, and Clara's eagerness to teach her was another proof of her goodness of heart; nor was Anna behind in generosity—she taught her drawing, and appropriated half her allowance to furnish her with colours, and the other necessary materials; this sweet employment was the delight of their leisure hours. It was touching to witness the young widow's gratitude to those twin sisters. "My Grace, my little Grace! Did she really paint those flowers?" Then folding the child to her bosom she said, as with tearful eyes she gazed on Clara and Anna, who sympathized in her feelings:—

"When I am sinking into the quiet grave, young ladies, I will bless you as I do now—

fervently, fondly bless you! For you have greatly assisted in giving to my child that portion which cannot be taken from her." The poor lady was grateful to me, too, for permitting them to teach Grace. I told them the truth, that they improved themselves while doing so.

"I was thinking—we were thinking," said Clara, who was led by her sister into my little green parlour, one fine summer evening in the beginning of June—her countenance more bright than usual—"What is Grace to do for a harp when she returns home in the holidays? She will lose all her practice, and that would be such a pity!"

"True, love," I replied, "but it is unavoidable; poor Grace must in this instance suffer from limited means, as others do."

"She shall not if we can help it," replied the open-hearted girl, her whole countenance glowing with generous enthusiasm. "Dear Mrs. Ashburton, papa this summer promised each of us a watch; we longed for them; although I cannot see, the gentle tick would remind me of the fleeting moments; and

Anna, though not blessed with hearing, could gaze and observe the golden marks that, I have heard say, point out how the minutes pass; but we will give them up, number our hours by our industry, and purchase a harp, a sweet small harp for our favourite."

I could not, my dear—continued Mrs. Ashburton—tell you half the circumstances that daily convinced me of Clara's purity, and Anna's improvement. But their father pined sadly for their society, and, as usual, I was obliged to part from what I so perfectly loved. They left me—but I had frequently the delight of hearing how they softened their father's harshness, and poured balm into every wound he made. I had not seen them for some time, when one day Sir Charles's carriage drove up to my door, and I found that he was accompanied only by Clara. "I have brought you a pupil, Mrs. Ashburton," said the baronet—"an ancient one, I confess, for she is now nineteen—rather old for school. Nothing, however, would serve this wayward girl of mine but she must come and spend a month with you—at a time, too, when it is highly

inconvenient for me to part with her, for my house is full of company, and her music was the delight of all her friends; but seriously, dear madam, my St. Cecilia is not well, her cheek is pale, and there is a nervousness about her which makes me unhappy. I cannot understand girls, I freely confess them great torments, with more tricks than a two years' old filly, and more timidity than a leveret. I am a plain man, Mrs. Ashburton, (go up stairs, my sweet Clara) a very plain man, and to tell you the truth, this girl puzzles me; a nobleman of princely fortune wishes her to become his wife (notwithstanding her bereavement), and I firmly believe that he is anything but disagreeable to her—yet with singular—I know not what to call it—in her it cannot be obstinacy, although it appears to savour of that most *womanly* quality!—she opposes my wishes on the subject, and absolutely quits the house. Take pity on me, Mrs. Ashburton; a man like me, with two daughters, under any circumstances, deserves pity. I can make nothing of it, nor my son either, though heaven knows, never were

there such girls as mine upon earth. They say Anna is more of my disposition—she would have been miserable, as I often am, from the effects of unrestrained temper, but for you—deeply do I thank you for it; and now, all I can say is—discover what is preying on Clara's mind; and I know you will act for the best. Anna wished to accompany her, but she would not hear of it, saying, all that her health wanted was quiet."

Was I not in a pleasant situation?—said Mrs. Ashburton, smiling—goodness knows, I had enough to do to mind twelve young ladies bordering on sixteen; and I do not think I would have taken charge of any girl upon earth except my beloved Clara, as my house was quite full at the time. I loved her too tenderly not to wish to contribute to her happiness; and I saw with sorrow that something was preying upon her mind. She slept in the little chamber within my own, which I formerly mentioned as occupied by the excellent Millicent O'Brian; and as she was retiring to bed the third night after her residence with me, seeing her paler than usual, and the

beautiful lids of her sightless eyes heavy with tears, I gently pressed her to sit a moment in my dressing-room, and resolved to ask her frankly and tenderly what had changed her light-heartedness to sorrow. Noble creature that she was—ay—thank God!—and *is* still; there was much tremor, but no affectation, no unnecessary or overstrained caution about her; her luxuriant hair was bound over her white and dignified brow, and as I gazed upon her features I thought I had never seen so exquisite a personification of delicacy and grace. Delicacy may be called the *soul* of woman's beauty; without it the most perfect symmetry and brightness become coarse and sensual; it hallows all outward things; and I really think that Clara, beautiful as she was, owed all her heart-subduing influence to this quality. Beauty and accomplishments may captivate, but simple goodness, springing from a calm and holy mind, *secures* not only affection but esteem.

“Lord Teviott, then, is not disagreeable to you, Clara,” I said, after a few observations, “your father wishes for your union, then why should you oppose it?”

“You have ever been my true friend, Mrs. Ashburton,” replied the gentle girl, shading at the same time her face with her small white hand, “and I would not have you think me capricious or absurd for the world. Circumstanced as I was at home, I could not mention, even to my sister, what now I am about to impart to you. When Lord Teviott first came to Damer Park, of course he was attentive to us both; we were the daughters of his host, and it became him so to be; he won my high esteem by his generosity and kind consideration of the poor and helpless; yet his money was not squandered, but bestowed with carefulness upon those who really needed; he spent more time in our drawing-room than at the chase, or in the revelling, which, alas! papa, though to us the best of parents, so much encourages. My dear brother delighted in and approved his society, and it would ill become me not to regard with kindness my brother’s friend. He asked my father for my hand, and I felt very, very happy; but more so when papa rejoiced greatly in the happiness that awaited his poor blind girl. Anna

was spending the evening with the vicar's family when I was informed of Lord Teviott's wishes, and eagerly did I long for her return. I wished to communicate the event, for we had often talked together of his perfections; and as I withdrew very, very early to our chamber, I thought the time lagged heavily till she appeared—at length she came; hastily my trembling fingers disclosed to her the events of the evening, and, instead of the congratulations I expected, she burst into a dreadful flood of tears. I wept with her, though I hardly knew why; but our tears and smiles had long had the same source; we had worked and laughed, and wept, and prayed together; but now, my heart shuddered within me because of her violent grief. I clasped her in my arms—I laid her damp cheek on my throbbing bosom—I conjured her to tell me the reason of her tears, but she remained firmly and immoveably silent: we went to bed—Anna sobbed herself to rest; but there was no repose for me. A suspicion had taken possession of my mind, and I sought slumber in vain. My sister had gone to sleep with

her hands clenched, I felt them, firm as if pressed within a vice; I endeavoured to unclasp them, fearing the nails might wound her delicate fingers; I succeeded, and a small scent-box was grasped in one of them; in placing this trinket under her pillow it opened, and I felt that letters were raised on the lid; I examined them carefully, and judge of my astonishment when I discovered the letters to be T-e-v-i-o-t-t. I was amazed! My first impulse was to awaken her, and enquire into the mystery; but I would rather endure any mental misery than discover a secret which my sister thought it right to conceal—stealing a secret is as bad as stealing a purse—so I closed the box and quietly placed it under her head. When she awoke, her tears gathered afresh, and all she said was, ‘dearest Clara, I rejoice in your happiness, but I shall never smile again.’ It was now too clearly shewn to me that she wished Lord Teviott for her own husband, and grieved at his selecting me. My resolution was taken:—I spoke to his lordship; I told him—— (here her voice

faultered, said Mrs. Ashburton)—that an irresistible obstacle existed to our union; that I would never marry him; but I begged that he would not leave my father's house, as I had long wished to visit you, and would do so then. Dear madam, you see my object in this; Lord Teviott cannot be firmly attached to a poor blind girl like me. Anna is so lovely, so amiable, that now I am absent, he will (knowing my determination) change the object, and in the end make her a good husband. The seniors of both families wish for a union, and, Heaven knows," she continued, with a deep and heavy sigh, "I shall, indeed I shall rejoice greatly at my sister's good fortune. Lord Teviott will be my brother then, and Anna would secure happiness to any man. What can I wish for more on earth than the happiness of two such beings?—Anna will smile again, and so will I—after a little time."

This noble and disinterested conduct filled me with surprise, regret, and thankfulness. I hardly knew what to say; I foresaw obstacles which her generous enthusiasm never dreamed

of, and I simply enquired if she had ever ascertained aught in reference to the vinegaret.

“ I could not ask,” she replied, “ *it would have pained Anna.*”

How I loved her for such noble feelings ! But I bethought me that I ought to inform Sir Charles of the transaction, for the vinegaret was a puzzle. I knew Clara’s sense of touch to be so exquisite that she could not have been mistaken as to the letters. Accordingly, as an act of grace, I bestowed a holiday upon my establishment, and ordered a post-chaise, having previously directed Mary to put my best cap and my brown padesuay (silks, my dear young lady, were of very different fabric then to what they are now, that very dress would have stood alone without wadding) into my light blue oblong bandbox ; I then directed old Simon to wait at the end of the lane, for had the pupils (and all school-girls are lynx-eyed, some indeed see, or say they see, more than ever occurred) seen me set out in a post-chaise, the whole school would have been in an uproar to

know where I was going, and what I was going about. I particularly wished that Clara should not guess aught of the matter, but one little toad—a cocked-nosed puss—with the ear of a hare, and the eye of a hawk, espied the entire *menage* from the upper window, through a hole in the blind, which she made, I do believe, for the express purpose of reconnoitering over the hedges; of course before Mary re-entered at the back gate, every body knew that Mrs. Ashburton was gone out in a post-chaise, and the poor servant was both teased and coaxed to prate of my whereabouts. She wisely held her peace, and then the little folk had plenty of employment to guess and conjecture on the probabilities of my taking a journey—an exertion which, to say the truth, I decidedly disliked.

When I arrived at Damer Park, I informed Sir Charles of the sentiments of his noble child; at first he got into a passion, and walked up and down the saloon, as if he could walk off his excitement. “She is a young fool,” he exclaimed, and again as the

old man's ken rested upon the portrait of his lovely and loving wife, the unbidden tear burst from his swollen eyelids, and with a trembling lip, and a softened voice, he said, "too much feeling—too much honour for the world, or for me, or for any thing but heaven;" then, while an expression of the deepest melancholy passed over his countenance, he continued in a subdued voice, "She will die, Mrs. Ashburton, she will die! See Anna and speak to her. I may say in the words of a book which I have studied too little—'If I am bereaved of my children, I am bereaved.'"

Anna rejoiced to see me, but she, too, was looking pale and dejected. My communication with her was tedious, as, remember, she was deaf, and I was obliged to write my queries; it was difficult to manage this, as some of the haughty leaven lingered around her heart, and I did not wish to wound her feelings.

I cautiously enquired as to the state of her mind, and was astonished at her declaring unequivocally that never had she the slightest

preference for Lord Teviott; she assured me that she was at a loss to account for Clara's decision; "it is so strange," she said, "that she should leave us under these circumstances; but I have lost her confidence, and I know not why." At last I ventured, "Anna, dearest!—have you not a vinegaret marked with the name of *Teviot*? How did that come into your possession; and from whence proceeded the grief you manifested when Clara told you of her approaching union with the young lord?"

Poor Anna paused over the written tablet; her colour deepened, and tears flowed rapidly down her glowing cheeks.

"It is I, then, who have been the cause of Clara's misery! Dearest madam, our vicar's name, you know, is *Teviol*, and his son often assured me of his affection for me. I dared not say this to Clara—I will not deny it, I dreaded her reproof; she would have told me of the impropriety of listening to any proposal unsanctioned by my father, and I knew he would not sanction this. I trembled at my own imprudence, and yet I

wanted resolution to avoid, or flee. The evening I spent at the vicarage was the last that Augustus Tevioll could spend at his father's for months; he was going to Oxford, and his return was very uncertain; he pressed this (producing the vinegaret) on me as a parting token—see, Tevioll is engraved on the lid; the similarity of l and t, of the two l's and two t's, might well deceive even Clara's accurate finger. When I returned home, my sister's happiness, and the sorrow I felt at Augustus Tevioll's departure, overpowered me; perhaps selfishness, the vice, dear madam, you *almost* conquered, was at the bottom. I might have thought it unjust that Clara was always happy, and I never so.—God forgive this lingering sin! I should have remembered that she deserves happiness more than I, and that the *practice of deception is the forerunner of disgrace*. Her rejection of Lord Teviott, her silence, her departure, came so suddenly, that, absorbed by my own feelings, I saw her agitation, and heartless that I am, heeded it not! I little thought what she was prepared to sacri-

fice for me! However, now I will endeavour to imitate her virtues. Mrs. Ashburton, tell papa the entire circumstance; do not in the slightest degree shield me, I have deserved his displeasure, and will bear it. Moreover, I will return the token, and act entirely, let it cost me what it will, by his direction. The excellent vicar was not aware of the feelings that existed between his son and me. I mention this particularly, that no coolness may arise between my father and his. I do not ask, my dear madam, even for your intercession, for I deserve punishment."

Here was a pretty development!—likely to occasion more trouble to pupil and governess than a score of double lessons: however, (arranging my dress with peculiar care), I requested to speak with Sir Charles in the library. What a passion, to be sure, the old gentleman got into! Never was any thing like it—now eulogizing Clara, now blaming Anna—declaring at one moment that Clara should be crowned with diamonds, and anon dooming Anna to two years' residence in a

French convent. For three long hours and more, I sat endeavouring to bring him to reason—at last I conquered; the storm, like all storms, subsided; and then he became more tractable than usual. Anna returned the *gage d' amour*, and faithfully promised to avoid all clandestine arrangements as long as she lived; a promise that I believe she most religiously kept. I could not remain at the park that night, although it was fifteen miles from the cottage (no small distance in those times), for I longed to make Clara happy. Anna wanted to accompany me, but this her father forbade; so I agreed that my sweet girl should return next day, and thus soothed her penitent sister. Leaving Lord Teviott, whom I found a most elegant and accomplished gentleman, and Sir Charles Damer, to explain occurrences after dinner, I re-entered my post-chaise and proceeded homeward in the clear moonlight: the sky was almost cloudless, and I thought of the lines on those bright, but beautiful, vapours, which formed the theme of the poet's song. Some ran thus:—

“ But when the day was almost done,
 The clouds were beautiful indeed;
 When from his daily duty freed,
 Still in his glorious strength the sun,
 Shone forth upon the twilight skies,
 And graced them with his myriad dyes.”

I forget:—there were some intervening stanzas, and then they thus continued:—

“ They took all shapes, as fancy wrought
 Her web, and mingled thought with thought.
 Some like familiar forms—the themes
 Of early love that fade to dreams;
 Some were of rainbow shape and hues,
 Some glistened, like our earth, with dews;
 Some were like forests, seen afar,
 Some like the restless wandering star;
 While some appeared like coral caves,
 Half hidden by the ocean waves.”

They conclude, I remember me, in the following way, which I consider no less appropriate than beautiful.

“ Behold the Christian’s shining light,
 Makes all that once was darkness bright,
 And see, how like the clouds on high,
 His every feeling, every thought,
 Adorn and bless the mental sky,
 And then his glories never die!”

But,—said Mrs. Ashburton, smiling on me kindly—the poetry, be it good or bad, is thrown away on you, and you want me to get to the END of MY CHRONICLES; not that my store is exhausted, but as you, my dear, return to London to-morrow, it is the last tale that you can hear from me for a long time.

I found Mary waiting for me, though it was much past midnight when I saw the tall chimnies of “mine own home,” resting, as it were, against the clear blue sky, and casting their long, lean shadows on the moonlit lawn.

I entered my room stealthily as a thief, but my young friend slumbered not, and a soft, low voice from the little chamber murmured, “Mrs. Ashburton—Mrs. Ashburton!” Her head was turned anxiously towards the door, and she eagerly enquired where I had been. I told her all; and can you believe it—such was the disinterested generosity of that creature’s mind, that sympathy with her sister was its first feeling.

The next morning, before even breakfast was finished, the impatient Sir Charles drove

up to my door; that man always topsy-turvied my house; he scolded Clara, with tears of love and tenderness rushing down his furrowed cheeks; he (I was going to say) *frightened* me into giving my pupils nearly a week's holidays (I did not, however, permit them to go home at Easter, to make up for it), and why?—Because he had issued his dictum that Clara was to be married within three days, and my girls' heads were set running after wedding favours and bride cake, with which they were abundantly—too abundantly supplied.

The bride and her sister, also, sent an ample quantity of both food and clothing to several aged women of my parish, and Lord Teviott's munificent donation to our charity school, enabled us to provide for six additional children.

I never saw any thing of earth's mould look so spotless, so pure, as that young maiden in her sightless beauty, as she stood before the altar, plighting her unsullied troth to him whom she might well be proud of; her long veil shaded, but could not obscure her features, though it heightened their delicacy—

and I was gratified by observing that the tears which dimmed her sister's eyes were those of feeling, not sorrow; Sir Charles and myself wept outright—I do believe from positive happiness; and I had the honour, I must tell you, of tiring the bride for the occasion, which office, I confess to my shame, I very awkwardly performed, twice pushing the silver comb, that was delicately enriched with pearls and sparkling amethysts, into her head instead of her hair; and, after all, completing the task so imperfectly that a long tress, bright as a sun-beam, escaped from its confinement just as the ceremony was concluded. I wanted to put it up, in the vestry, but she smiled sweetly upon me and whispered, “cut it off, my dear friend, to remind you of your grateful Clara.” Here it is, not a hair missing.—Mrs. Ashburton drew it forth from one of the inmost recesses of the old silver-clasped red-leather pocket book, and displayed its glossy softness to my eye and touch; she then carefully replaced it in its first wrapping of pale blue satin, and enclasped it with her other treasures.

In a few years, I must tell you, Anna married a gentleman of rank and fortune; and the vicar's son also was happily settled with an amiable young lady in his own sphere of life.

The deaf and blind are as warmly as ever attached to each other; the character of their beauty is changed, but it is beauty still. Although Clara's golden tresses are carefully arranged under a suitable head dress, and Anna's numerous little ones prevent her devoting much time to her pencil, neither neglect the accomplishments which their husbands admire.

They teach their offspring the moral and social duties of life, according to the best system of education—EXAMPLE.

There is something exceedingly sad in parting from an aged friend. When the young are separated from each other, though their farewell be filled with sorrow, yet the bright eye, the agile step, the full cheek, the cloudless brow, give promise of a reunion, however distant it may be. But when the sands of life are nearly expended, when the step falters, when the eye dims, when the smile plays feebly over the wrinkled features, and seldom visits the once ruby lip, it is melancholy; but most especially so to those who having garnered their hearts in some sinking frame, cannot be permitted to watch it, even unto the end of its earthly career.

The evening before I returned to London, the *last* evening I spent in the society of the excellent old lady who had done so much to gratify and instruct me, I felt all that I have said, and much, much more which I have not forgotten—never can forget—but am unwilling to express, because I should be sorry to part in sadness of spirit from those youthful

friends who have accompanied me to the last page of my little book. If I had failed to please them, I hardly think they would have gone with me thus far.

I may now be permitted humbly yet earnestly to hope that the perusal of *CHRONICLES OF A SCHOOL ROOM*, will have made them more dearly love those gentle and feminine virtues, which alone can render them truly happy.

Maidens of England!—it rests with *you* to reform the vices and follies of the land. Nay, nay, do not smile. I do not wish you to brace on a corslet, or poise a spear; I am not an advocate for female lawyers or lady doctors; nor would I ever wish ye to be legislators—a woman unsexes herself when she turns politician; and I am certain even *your* eyes would cease to sparkle, under a judge's wig—Nevertheless, dear girls, I repeat it, it rests with you to reform the vices and follies of the land. Smile only upon the good and noble-minded; suffer not fashion to sanctify vice, nor to sneer at religion; reward with the unbought affections of your guileless

hearts, those who dare to be good, however they may be tempted to evil. And make your home a temple, into which the profane, the low-minded, the detractor, the licentious in look, in word, or in deed, cannot enter.

Farewell, for a time!—do not, I beseech you, suffer the tinsel of fashionable accomplishments to bewilder you, or draw your attention from the solid duties of life:—Ever remembering, that, however hackneyed the sentence, the feeling should be hallowed in the fair bosoms of English maidens—“BE IT EVER SO HUMBLE, THERE’S NO PLACE LIKE HOME.”

