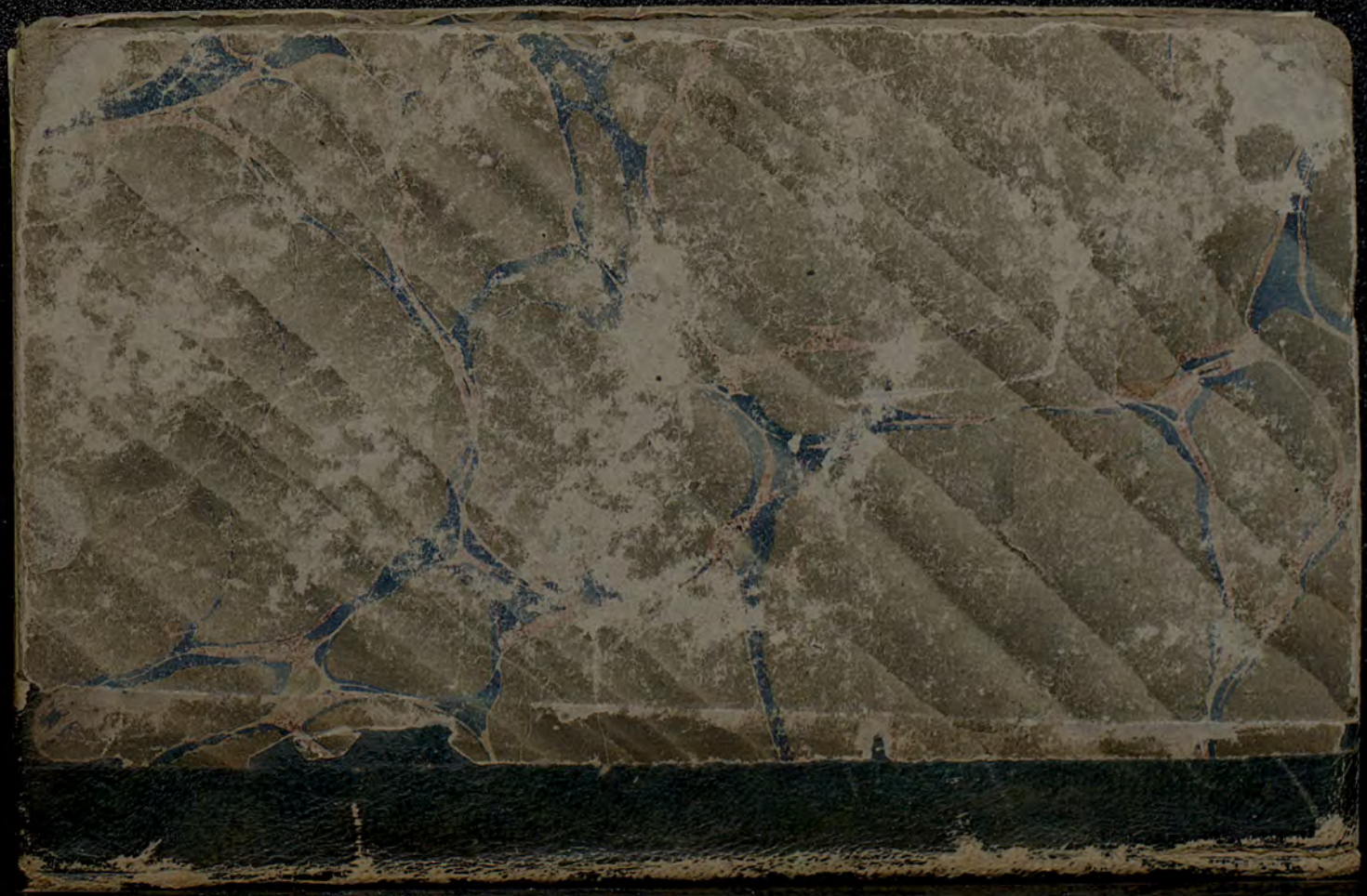

JUVENILE BOOKS,

PRINTED FOR

A. K. NEWMAN AND CO.

LONDON.

PRICE TWO SHILLINGS AND SIXPENCE EACH.

NEATLY HALF BOUND IN ROAN, AND ILLUSTRATED WITH PLATES.

HOFLAND'S (MRS.) AFFECTIONATE BROTHERS

——— ALICIA AND HER AUNT

——— BARBADOES GIRL

——— BLIND FARMER AND HIS CHILDREN

——— CLERGYMAN'S WIDOW AND YOUNG FAMILY

——— DAUGHTER-IN-LAW, HER FATHER AND FAMILY

——— ELIZABETH AND HER THREE BEGGAR BOYS

——— GOOD GRANDMOTHER AND HER OFFSPRING

——— MERCHANT'S WIDOW AND HER YOUNG FAMILY

——— PANORAMA OF EUROPE

——— RICH BOYS AND POOR BOYS, 1833

——— SISTERS, A DOMESTIC TALE

——— STOLEN BOY, AN INDIAN TALE

——— WILLIAM AND HIS UNCLE BEN

——— YOUNG NORTHERN TRAVELLER

——— YOUNG CRUSOE, OR SHIPWRECKED BOY

BOTANICAL RAMBLES

TALES OF THE ACADEMY, 2 vol. 4 plates

PRICE TWO SHILLINGS EACH.

NEATLY HALF BOUND IN ROAN, AND ILLUSTRATED WITH PLATES.

ADELAIDE AND HER CHILDREN, BY CATHARINE G. WARD

BIOGRAPHY OF A SPANIEL

CLAIRMONT CASTLE

COTTAGE STORIES, BY MRS. WARD

ELM GROVE, A TALE, INTERSPERSED WITH POETRY

EMILY AND HER COUSINS, BY MRS. BAKER

FAIRY TALES, BY MISS SELWYN, 40 Cuts

GENII, OR ADVENTURES OF ABOU MIRZA

HENRIETTA AND HER MAMMA

HISTORY OF LITTLE LOUISA

HORWOOD'S (MISS) ORIGINAL POETRY FOR CHILDREN

HUGH LATIMER, OR THE SCHOOLBOY'S FRIENDSHIP

IMPROVING TALES FOR YOUTH

KEEPSAKE GUINEAS, OR BEST USE OF MONEY

LITTLE DOWNY, OR THE HISTORY OF A FIELD MOUSE

LITTLE PRISONER, OR PASSION AND PATIENCE

NATIONAL PREJUDICE, OR FRENCH PRISONER OF WAR

PLANTER'S DAUGHTER AND HER SLAVE

TALES OF TRUTH

RETURN OF THE FAIRIES, 9 elegant plates, half-bd, roan 4s. 6d.

——————————————————— coloured, ditto 6s.

Caroline Hawkesworth

Tom Hawkesworth
from Aunt Caroline

TALES

OF

CLAIRMONT CASTLE:

CONTAINING

THE WHITE LIE;

THE PEDIGREE; THE SPRING GUN;

AND

THE FUGITIVE.

PREPARED FOR THE PRESS BY

MRS. HOFLAND,

AUTHOR OF

THE CLERGYMAN'S WIDOW; THE SISTERS; BLIND FARMER;
BARBADOES GIRL; PANORAMA OF EUROPE; YOUNG CRUSOE;
YOUNG NORTHERN TRAVELLER; GOOD GRANDMOTHER;
AFFECTIONATE BROTHERS; DAUGHTER-IN-LAW;
MERCHANT'S WIDOW; STOLEN BOY;
&c. &c.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR A. K. NEWMAN AND CO.

TALES

OF CLAIRMONT CASTLE.

THE WHITE LIE.

In the spring of the year 18—, Sir William and Lady Clairmont occupied one of the finest houses in Cavendish-square. Their family consisted of six children: two boys and four girls. We will, without further preface, introduce our readers to the latter, as they were assembled in their school-room; a light, and ample apartment, on the second floor; the youngest of the sisters be-

ing engaged in repeating, by heart, a part of her morning lesson, which was as follows:

"As for the truth, it endureth for ever, and is always strong; it liveth, and conquereth for evermore.

"With her there is no acceptance of persons or rewards; but she doeth the things that are just, and refraineth from all unjust and wicked things; and all who do well, like of her works.

"Neither in her judgments is any unrighteousness; and she is the strength, kingdom, power, and majesty of all ages. Blessed be the God of truth!"*

"Very well, my dear Agnes," said Miss Roselle; "you have said

* Esdras.

your lesson as if you felt the dignity of the subject; and I trust you will become, every day, more and more sensible of the value of truth, and adhere to it under every circumstance."

"Indeed I will so endeavour," replied the amiable child; and as she finished speaking, the hall door was assailed by a thundering rap, announcing a visitor.

"I heard mamma tell Bennet she was not at home," said Agnes; "now, dear Miss Roselle, you say we shall be punished for every falsehood we utter. Must Bennet and the porter suffer? you know they are obliged to do as mamma bids them."

"Pshaw! child," said her eldest

sister Emily, "that cannot be called a falsehood; nobody is deceived by it. *Ce n'est qu'un façon de parler.*"

"True, nobody is deceived by it, Miss Clairmont," said her governess gravely; "but it is a shocking perversion of language, an abuse of one of the noblest prerogatives by which we are distinguished from the brutes."

"La! ma'am, that is taking it very seriously indeed," said Emily, who being now fifteen, began to grow restive under school-room dialogues and restraints. "What is mamma to do to avoid offending her friends, when she does not chuse to receive them?"

"We may always find modes of expressing truth, so that no rational

person ought to be offended; and, at all events, it ought never to be forgotten that we have a duty to perform superior to that which we owe to them; and our gratitude to heaven for the glorious privilege given to us of expressing our thoughts, ought to prevent us from ever debasing the gift of speech by making it the vehicle of falsehood. We are apt to be severe on the levity of the French, and the frequency with which they speak what they do not think; but, on this particular subject, they have a civil mode of denial, consistent with truth, which we should do well to adopt as generally as we receive their fashions. *Madame est occupée, or Madame n'est pas visible,*

is the answer of the Swiss; and no one is offended by such an answer. Here is, I am sure, one grand evil resulting from the English practice. It familiarizes servants to say that which is untrue; so that what they are in the habit of doing for their master and mistresses, they see no reason why they may not do for their own convenience."

"That is very true, I am sure," said Constantia, "for Williamson tells us, in a morning, it is six o'clock, when it is only five, if it suit her best to dress us then; and when she is late with her work in the nursery, she will say it is but six, when the o'clock has really struck seven; and on Tuesday she told the frock-maker, we should

leave town on Monday, that is to-day, and you know we are not to go till Thursday at soonest. The poor young woman looked quite distressed at having so much to do in so a short time, but said she was would try all she could. When she was gone I said, 'Willy, you know we don't go till next Thursday week.'

"'Yes, yes, Miss Con:' said she, 'I know that well enough; but we should never get your things together for travelling, if we did not bamboozle the tradesmen a bit.'"

"It is a very foolish proceeding, as well as a very wicked one," replied Miss Roselle, "for tradesmen become so accustomed to these false statements, that they adopt similar ones in their own defence; and

thus, this base habit grows more general, and is more deeply-rooted by every additional falsehood they utter.

As she spoke, the door opened, and a genteel, pale-looking young woman was shewn in. It was the frock-maker. She made a faint attempt to speak, and burst into tears; but recovering herself with considerable effort, she informed Miss Roselle that she had taken the liberty of waiting upon her to request her assistance, under the pressure of a very heavy, and unlooked-for calamity. Being anxious to complete in due time the order given by Williamson, she had worked all day on Sunday! and till four o'clock on Monday morning, when,

being quite overcome with fatigue, she had fallen asleep in her chair, and was awoke by the blaze, and crackling of fire in her room. Her first care was to save her mother; who had become totally helpless by chronic rheumatism. With the assistance of the people of the house, she had succeeded in rescuing her from the flames; but her father, in leaping from a three-pair-of-stairs window, had broken one of his legs, and had been conveyed to an hospital. She had lost all her furniture, and her little stock in trade; the young ladies' dresses were, of course, destroyed, and she came to lay the case before the family, and to implore their assistance. She had had the precaution to bring with her

testimonies of the truth of her statement, which put her account of the accident beyond all doubt.

Miss Roselle went immediately to Lady Clairmont, and related the misfortune with so much feeling and address, that her ladyship was deeply affected, and shuddered at the consequences of a falsehood, to which, till then, she had given the term of *allowable finesse*. Sir William, who happened to be in his lady's dressing-room, gave Miss Roselle a very liberal present for the sufferers, and Lady Clairmont relinquished her intended purchase of a cashmere shawl, that she might alleviate the misery of which she had been the remote cause, by insisting on having all things in readiness for

the journey by a given day, *at all events*. On Miss Roselle's return to the school-room, her pupils contributed a large portion of their pocket-money, and Miss Brown took her leave deeply impressed by their generosity.

Williamson, greatly shocked at the result of her "white lie," as she had called it, met her in the hall, and begged her, for charity's sake, to accept her last quarter's wages, as some relief to her overburthened mind. Overcome by her earnestness, the poor girl at length accepted her gift, and returned to her parents with a lightened heart.

This accident gave a very favourable turn to the minds of the Misses Clairmont, and the penitent wait-

ing-maid: They could not help perceiving that one untruth had nearly precipitated three of their fellow-creatures, unprepared, into eternity: and Williamson, whose heart was very humane, felt most thankful that no lives had been lost, and said that, never again, by departing from truth, would she run the risk of injuring a fellow-creature, either for her own, or her young ladies' accommodation. Miss Roselle did not fail to represent the serious injury done to the minds, as well as to the health, of those who must labour for their subsistence, by compelling them to add the Sabbath to their days of toil, and thereby robbing them not only of bodily repose, but also of the means of spiritual con-

solation, which a kind Providence ordained for them, by hallowing one day in seven.

About a week after the occurrence above stated, the family of Sir William Clairmont left their house in ——-square for their estate in Dorsetshire. The day of departure was one of bustle and pleasant anticipation. William Clairmont the baronest's eldest son, and Frederick his brother, two fine grown and handsome youths, leaped gaily into the travelling chariot with Mr. Stanhope, their tutor. William's head was full of a fine hunter, a present his father had promised to make him in the autumn, if his tutor could give a satisfactory account of his progress during the

summer; and Frederick was delighted at being able to carry down with him many interesting and valuable publications relative to India: to which country his parents intended him to go, when his education should have fitted him for the appointment they expected to obtain for him.

Emily (Miss Clairmont) did not look with much pleasure on their removal from town. She had now been frequently at home dinner-parties, and spent a great deal of time in the drawing-room, which might have been more advantageously employed with Miss Roselle; the benefit of whose instructions she had not enjoyed till within the last six months. Emily's education had been

very superficial: she had never been taught to think, or to feel what constitutes real happiness. Her new governess had toiled indefatigably to make some salutary impressions on her mind; but these had, for the most part, been effaced by the recurrence of certain pre-conceived ideas of felicity, whose features she could never recognise except in a coach and six, with a coronet, and a train of splendid followers. Constantia, Julia, and Agnes, were in high spirits. They thought of their gardens, the menagerie, and their anticipated rambles through the fine woods of Clairmont with their dear Miss Roselle; and their young hearts bounded with delight as their carriages rattled through Pic-

cadilly, and bore them out of sight of Hyde-Park.

The evening of the second day's journey brought them to the mansion of their ancestors. Fatigued and happy, they soon retired to rest, and when a night of undisturbed repose had dissipated their weariness, Miss Roselle gave them a holiday of two days, that they might renew their acquaintance with their favourites, animate and inanimate, in the vicinity of Clairmont. Mr. Stanhope was not less indulgent to his pupils, and all the young family, like birds let out of a cage, rejoiced to find themselves again at Clairmont.

On the third morning, Mr. Stanhope announced to his pupils, that

their regular studies must recommence. They withdrew with him to his study, when Frederick asked William if he chose to take his cyphering lesson first; "for," said he, "I see Mr. Danley coming through the plantation."

"Pshaw! I hate cyphering, Frank, you know I do; why did you put Mr. Stanhope in mind of me? What does it signify whether I learn to cypher or not? I shall be Sir William Clairmont of Clairmont Castle, county Dorset, as long as I live.

"And a cypher yourself, brother Bill," said Frederick.

"Very true," said Mr. Stanhope, "Sir William Clairmont he may be as long as he lives; but, whether

of Clairmont Castle, county Dorset, is matter of doubt. Many men of much larger fortunes than your's will be, sir," addressing himself to William, "have sunk into absolute penury, for want of knowing how their income was acquired, or how expended. I am displeased and surprised that a boy of your good sense, and, I may say, considerable attainments for your age, should not resolve to bend your mind to a branch of education, without which, (however humble you may deem it) you never can possess yourself of correct knowledge in any science whatever; if you persevere in this foolish dislike, you will never have sufficient arithmetic to audit your own accounts."

"Ho! I shall continue Ranby, who is as honest as the day," returned William; "or if he should withdraw himself before my time, I will have his son Ben, who is as honest, and as clever as his father."

"Very well," said Mr. Stanhope, "Ben is an upright, and clever young man, and will be both willing and thankful to step into his father's place; but Ben is not immortal, you know; or he may chuse to quit your service, or sickness or accident may deprive you of him in a moment. Now, it is a serious thing to throw one's-self into the power of strangers, which you must submit to do, if you refuse to make yourself independent of contingences. When you shall have acquired the ability of investi-

gating your own affairs, you will feel a consciousness of security, which, in the torpor of ignorance, you never can enjoy; you may then set fraud at defiance, at least you will never incur self-contempt, as the dupe of your steward. If you will *not* acquire this ability, you will act like a man who ties up his own natural legs, and adopts a pair of wooden ones."

"He must be a fool indeed!" said William.

"Another thing you should consider, my dear boy," continued his tutor, "you are born in an age in which a certain degree of information is become so general, that, in order to preserve your superior station in society, so as to entitle yourself to respect, you must maintain

yourself in that station by a proportionally superior degree of intelligence. Property is fast getting into the hands of, what is called, the commonality, who have sharpened their faculties to acquire it on the whetstone of application, and you also must sharpen yours by the same means, if you hope to preserve, and enjoy, like a gentleman, the fortune you will inherit."

"Do you mean to say, my dear sir," asked William very seriously, "that the chemist, or the type-founder in the next town, might possibly become the owner of this old castle, of my father's fine stud, and all our estates?"

"It is very possible," replied Mr. Stanhope," if they seize all the ad-

vantages which their education has given them, and you neglect all, with which a much higher degree of cultivation might enrich you. You cannot regulate your expenditure, unless you know what you have to spend, and it is impossible to know what you ought to spend without being able to ascertain your income, which ———."

"Piece of knowledge I shall never master, but through the medium of Messieurs foyce or Bonnycastle; is not that what you mean to say?" asked William." "It is to that purpose, certainly," replied the tutor.

"Well, then, I will really try what is to be done, this morning, with Danley, in the way of compound interest; and after that, per-

haps, you will walk with me, and see if I can class the trees in the west plantation, and tell you what the wood is good for, and when it is most profitable to cut, and all I can recollect of our last conversation on the subject."

"Most willingly, my dear boy," replied Mr. Stanhope,

"You see, brother Fred, I mean to keep the old castle over my own head, with all the appurtenances thereunto belonging," said William gaily.

"It will be your own fault, if you do not, young gentleman," said Mr. Stanhope.

"Heaven has gifted you with clear perceptions, an excellent memory, and a good heart. Learn

first the sources from whence your fortune is derived, whether mines, quarries, woods, lands, or whatever name they bear; acquire an insight into their value and properties; what they yield at present, and what their capabilities of improvement. While you are ignorant, you may be lavish beyond your means; or, if you should apprehend not having enough, you may become deplorably selfish, and lose the character and habits of a gentleman. Remember the oft-quoted assertion, that "*knowledge is power.*" Once thoroughly informed of the extent of your means, you will become, as it were, perfect master of the machine you have to govern, and then, I doubt not, the native

benevolence of your disposition will impel you to exercise it to a thousand glorious purposes; and enable you to be a blessing to numbers of your fellow-creatures, apparently less favoured by providence. Existence will then be a source of pleasure to you, of which you can now have but a faint idea. Think how delightful to rise every morning with the ability of doing good, and to lie down every night with the consciousness of having successfully exerted that ability.

"Now for your arithmetic, and than for our walk."

"And I too," said Frederick warmly, "I too mean to earn something, that I may have the pleasure of doing good."

"And your virtuous endeavours will, I trust, succeed, my dear boy," replied Mr. Stanhope; "for surely there cannot be a nobler object in the sight of heaven, than a young man labouring for the good of his fellow-men; while the consciousness that he is working under the approving eye of divine Goodness, gives a charm to his toil, and converts it into pleasure."

The cyphering lessons were then gone through with great alacrity, and William, in whom the preceding conversation seemed to have roused some vivid ideas of power to be gained, through the medium of arithmetical knowledge, was soon after heard to declare, that whenever he became master of a fortune, he

would audit his own accounts, as long as he could distinguish the multiplier from the multiplicand.

In the long, and delicious evenings of June and July, Miss Roselle and her fair charges took frequent walks through the richly varied park, and majestic woods of Clairmont; and she was then happy to reward the previous industry of the young ladies by relating amusing anecdotes, or interesting stories with which her reading and observation had furnished her. She generally selected such as bore upon the faulty points of their characters and conduct, and left them to make the application, which they seldom failed to do to her satisfaction, and to their own advantage.

On the twelth of August, the family at Clairmont Castle received a very welcome addition to their party in the person of the Dowager Lady Clairmont; a woman of uncommon talent, great dignity of mind, and refined manners; the idol of her grand-children, and an object of love and veneration to all around her.

Since the death of her husband, the late baronet, she had a residence in a distant part of the county; but it was the wish of her dutiful and affectionate son, that she should still consider herself at home, at Clairmont. The apartments she had formerly occupied were always kept in order for her reception, and she generally spent a portion of the year

in this abode of her youth, an abode endeared to her by many fond remembrances, and almost every year enriched by some new-born claimant on her affection.

THE PEDIGREE.

THE 14th of August was the anniversary of Lady Clairmont's birth, and all the young gentry of the family had been early in her dressing room to make their congratulations. The boys, William and Frederick, then reminded her of a promise she had made them the preceding year, to give them a sight of the family-pedigree; a thick roll of yellow parchment, which she always kept at Clairmont in an iron-closet, under her own lock and key.

"Yes, I perfectly well remember my promise," said her Ladyship; "be in the gallery after breakfast, and you shall help to carry the roll into Miss Roselle's school-room."

Having taken a slight breakfast, William and his brother went to the place of rendezvous and listened impatiently for the sound of the key in the iron closet: having waited some time, their ears were at last gratified, "There it goes! the rusty old key!" and soon after, Lady Clairmont's door opened.

"Here she is," here she is, "exclaimed both, running to meet her. "Dear grandmamma, let us each take an end," laying hold of the roll, and hoisting it on their shoulders: "bless us! what heavy gentry our ancesters were! Fred. I should not care to travel far in their company," said William.

"Nor I," returned his brother, "particularly in the dog-days.

This is the girls' school room, grandmamma, round the corner, here."

The door opened, and Lady Clairmont said, "Miss Roselle, will you admit us with our lumber here? I am come to sit half an hour with you, and to beg a holiday for the Misses."

"Certainly, madam," replied the governess, "on this day, I am particularly happy to grant them an indulgence."

"Thank you, Miss Roselle," said her Ladyship, smiling graciously; "but we must have the leaves of the table out, if you please. There, that will do very well."

"Now, Fred, help me to unrol it," said William: "Jupiter! what

a length! and what a droll sort of a tree it is! now then, come along, Emily, Constantia, Julia, Agnes; all of you come, and see where you sprung from, nobody knows how long since—let us see, 1066. That is the time of the Norman William; seven hundred and odd years ago. Now then, let us begin at the beginning. Who are these in the trunk? 'Robert de Falaise, and Adela de Laval.'"

"What two formal looking people!" said Constantia; "yes, they are as queer a couple as I ever saw," returned William; "but I suppose the geneologist thought himself called upon to make something like a representation of the founder of the family: if the originals bore any

resemblance to these, it is no vainty to say the race has improved. Well, now, let us read out: 'Robert made a knight in the field at the battle of Hastings;' that was very honourable. No doubt he was a brave fellow, though he looks so quizzical to us, just now. Then here are all their little boys and girls. What a lot! Geoffrey, Lothaire, Gilbert, Clotilda, Fredegunda, Henry, and Maud. See, little Maud marries Alfred, a Saxon; that must have been a bad match: mind, it was not our great king Alfred; take care, girls, make no blunders in your chronology. Geoffrey marries Emma, another Saxon: a second bad match! for you know the Normans stript the Saxons as bare as a flint."

"Then I think the least they could do was to marry the poor Saxon girls, and take care of them, after they had pillaged their fathers," said Frederick.

"Freddy, Freddy, you make very free with your ancestors," said William; "pray be gentlemanly in your animadversions. Right of conquest, is the courtly phraseology.—Pillage! Oh fie, for shame."

"You don't read it all, brother William," said Agnes; "pray what were their names besides Alfred and Emma?"

"People were named from the places they lived at, in those days, little girl," replied William. "I cannot make out Alfred's second name; but that of the lady is Emma

de Biddulph; and here is a cluster of odd-looking names, in this branch, that I can make nothing at all of. I shall never have patience to get through this crowd. Let us look nearer the top, and find out ourselves. Where are you, grandmamma and grandpapa, and papa, and mamma, and all of us?"

"Be quiet, William," said Emily, "stand on one side; I want to read on regularly through all the branches. I should like to find out Editha, the great grand-daughter of a Northumbrian king, who married into our family, I have been told. But dear! dear! what a puzzling affair it is, when one comes to examine it: in and out, up and down; I don't know how."

"Yes: you see, Emily," said William, "you will never get on so. It would take you a month's study to make it all fairly out. Better take my advice, and find out your own branch. Hah! hah!" cried he, "I have it: here we are! quite at the top, fresh as a May-morning: William, Emily, Frederick, Constantia, Julia, and my little pearl of the world, Agnes," kissing her affectionately.

"Now we will descend, if you please: there's papa, here's mamma, and here are you, dear grandmamma, that is, the honourable Julia Constantia Melfort, daughter of Lord Edward Melfort, second son of the Duke of Anjou; then grandpapa, and here is a bloody hand."

"That is the first baronet of the family, Sir Stephen Clairmont," said her ladyship.

"Then here is his wife, Cicely Dewberry."

"Right," said the Dowager.

"La!" exclaimed Emily, "what a vulgar name!"

"She had not a vulgar mind," replied the grandmother; "and was a very beautiful girl, if the family records say true; and a virtuous one, no doubt, or Sir Stephen would not have married her, seeing she was in the humble station of a dairy-maid."

"A dairy-maid!" exclaimed Emily, blushing with pride, and tossing her head disdainfully; "I did not imagine I had a dairy-maid's blood in my veins."

"And yet, my dear," said Lady Clairmont, "you may be thankful for it; perhaps it is the purest blood you have. It is not unlikely that you may be indebted to that said dairy-maid for your fine complexion, and much of your sound constitution. She made Sir Stephen an exemplary wife, and brought him several noble boys, who became brave and loyal subjects, and went down to their graves with the characters of upright, benevolent men."

"Here they are," said Frederick; "Henry, George, Thomas, Francis, Walter."

"That's all very well, grandmamma," said Emily; "but you must allow, it was a very disgraceful match."

"Not a disgraceful one, because only vice is disgraceful; but an unequal one, I admit," replied the dowager; "however, since you are so much annoyed," she added, "by your fair ancestor, the dairy-maid, the boys had better roll up the parchment, and spare your nerves, for there are about half-a-dozen matches that will distress you infinitely more."

I am surprised to hear you talk so lightly on the subject, madam," said Emily; "you who are the grand-daughter of a duke.'

"You are mistaken, Emily," replied the lady, "if you suppose I undervalue the advantages of rank: on the contrary, I hold in very high estimation noble birth, when associ-

ated with noble qualities; but merit preceded dignity at the first, and dignity cannot long maintain itself, without merit. I am, I assure you, proud of my grandfather, by which I mean, that I am grateful for, and happy in, having had such a one, for he was not merely a man of title, he possessed great talents, and brought them into action for the benefit of mankind.

"I am, in the same sense, proud of my father, Lord Edward, the duke's second son, because he trod in his father's steps, though his sphere of action was more confined. I am an advocate, too, for equal matches, because persons brought up in the same rank of life, are more likely to assort, from being

similarly educated. But virtue and education are, with me, the two grand points; and I would rather see you married to a poor private gentleman of sterling worth, than to a profligate nobleman who could insert your name in a patrician pedigree of fifty ells length."

"I should not chuse to see myself so married," said Emily, proudly. "I might reform the profligate,—but I shall never marry beneath myself."

"My dear Emily," said the Dowager, smiling, "you remind me of what I have often heard remarked, that the baronets, who are but the link between the nobility and the mobility, have more pride than the whole peerage."

Emily coloured highly with vexation.

"As to reforming a tonish profligate, my dear," continued her ladyship, "it is a very hazardous experiment. There is seldom any ground to work upon. Profligates are, generally, men without hearts, absorbed completely in themselves. But this is rather premature conversation for the school-room."

"Why, really," said William, "you are a very lofty miss, my dear Emmy. There is not such a mighty inequality between Sir Stephen and the delicate Cicely Dewberry, as there has been in many higher families than ours; even amongst kings and emperors. History, both ancient and modern, abounds with ex-

amples; indeed, there has scarcely been a writer of note, from Virgil, in the days of the Roman Augustus, to the author of Waverley, in the reign of George IV. who has not recorded several such occurrences."

"And pray, my dear, what do you know of the author of Waverley?" said the dowager, rather sarcastically; "I hope you don't spend your time with Mr. Stanhope in novel reading?"

"Indeed no, my dear madam," replied William; "Mr. Stanhope will take good care of that; but he happened to have the first volume of 'Peveril' in his pocket, one evening when we were botanizing, and he put some specimens of plants in a paper, which he placed within the

leaves of the book, and having occasion to lay it down, it opened in the preface, and I read the author's apology for the anachronism he has thought proper to introduce relative to the Countess of Derby, a very lively, active sort of person, whom he makes an important personage in scenes which took place twenty years after that magnanimous lady was suited with her last night-cap."

Her ladyship smiled, and said, "I thought Mr. Stanhope had too much judgment to permit, at your age, the perusal of works where historical facts are often either distorted, or misplaced; and made to take the air it best suits the author's plan to give them. The leading traits of history should be regularly and firm-

ly rivetted in your memory, before you undertake a sort of reading so calculated to bewilder and confuse."

"That, grandmamma, is exactly what Mr. Stanhope says," replied the youth; "and I assure you he keeps us pretty close to matter of fact; or, at least, what history has handed down as such, and now we are beginning to like it very much. Fred. and I, for our amusement, are making out a list of all the great men who rose from obscurity to eminence, during the decline and fall of the Roman empire, and we don't find it dry work at all. If you were to be of our party, sister Emmy, you would read of matches much more wonderful than that of our pretty great grandmamma, Ci-

cely. I think you must have read of Eudosia, or Athenais, the daughter of the schoolmaster Leontius. She married Theodosius, another emperor of the East. What do you think of that? of a girl jumping out of a school-room into the most splendid throne in the world!"

"And Pulcheria," said Frederic, "an Emperor's sister, she married Marcian, who was but a private soldier!"

"Very true," said William, "but he raised himself by his talents till he became the first officer in the imperial palace; and Pulcheria, like a wise woman, thought she could not do better than marry him, to help her in supporting the weight of government."

"What stuff you do read, boys," said Emily, peevishly; "you are perfectly tiresome."

"Do you remember Theodora, William?" said Frederick, not unwilling to teaze Emily a little.

"Oh, yes; she married the Emperor Justinian: that you may, indeed, call a disgraceful match. She never was a proper, reserved young woman at any time, and was actually a flower-girl at the theatres."

"Have you nothing to observe nearer home?" said the Dowager, who seemed amused with the instances they had given.

"Oh yes," said William, "there was the Duke of Normandy, commonly called William the Conqueror: you know, his mother, the beau-

tiful Arlette of Falaise, was but a farrier's daughter; and yet we are very proud of our kings who trace their descent from him. Hah! by the way, Emmy, our noble ancestor in the stem of this venerable tree, here, was Robert de Falaise, a relation, in all likelihood, perhaps a nephew, of the identical Mademoiselle de Falaise; and, probably, William thought it would be doing a civil thing by his mamma's family to take some particular notice of young Bobby."

"What nonsense you talk," said Emily; "you seem desirous of degrading yourself."

"Pray don't say so, Emily," replied her brother; for if you can prove our Robert, here, the glum old

gentleman we have been laughing at, cousin to the Conqueror, we come in for a *soupçon* of royalty by a side wind. Only think of that, my little peacock!"

"Have done, William," said Emily.

"Well, Emily, console yourself; you are in great company: our good Queen Anne had but an odd sort of a grandmother," said William.

"There are later anecdotes than that, of ill-assorted matches," said the dowager, significantly; "and were I to turn over the peerage with you, Emily, I could show you a plentiful sprinkling of plebeian blood in it. In truth, there is scarcely one family in which it may not be traced; and the best use we

can make of the knowledge of this fact, is, to cultivate in our own proper persons, the qualities which first gave rise to distinctions. As there are no families who have not in them plebeian blood; neither, perhaps, are there any in which nobility might not be discovered, if their genealogies had been preserved.

"Wars, revolutions, conquests, emigrations, and all the vicissitudes of some thousand years, have jumbled mankind together so as now to make virtue and talent the only valuable distinctions; round them other marks of honorable note will naturally arise in all civilized states, such as wealth and titles; and while the descendants of the original possessors support their rank by their

merits, they are deserving of all the respect you may demand for them. When they degenerate, their rank is seldom affected, but the esteem of all thinking people is withheld.

"I have not the least objection," continued her ladyship, "to your preference of a peer to a commoner, Emily, should you ever have the choice; but take care that your coronet have not a thorny lining; beware how you are led away, by the ignis fatuus of a name." Then rising to go, she said, "Come, my dear boys, I must have my parchment carefully rolled up again, that I may take it back with me. I wish it had afforded you more amusement."

"Indeed we have been very much

amused," said the two young gentlemen.

"And I am sure," added William, "they all like it but Emmy, who cannot digest the dairy-maid. However, I hope, dear madam, you will let us pore over it some other time; and then, perhaps, you will please to add the family records you mentioned."

"That would be the very thing," said Frederick, "it would be so pleasant to puzzle over, and compare them together. I should like to copy the whole tree, and take it out with me to India."

"Your father keeps the records, I have only some interesting extracts, my dears," replied her ladyship; "we will see about the loan,

another time; for the present, roll it up. Good morning, Miss Rosella; make the most of your holiday, my dears, (kissing the children;) adieu, my little peacock," nodding to Emily: "come, my boys, come, follow me." Her ladyship then left the room.

"Come, Freddy," said William, let us tie up our ancestors most respectfully, and carry them to my lady's chamber in a twinkling."

Each then taking an end of the roll, they returned through the gallery, crying out, "Here we go, with all our jolly forefathers, cheek by jowl; the fair lady of the cream-bowls, along with, perhaps, some Abigails, or house-maids, or, may be, a queen of the stew-pan."

"No matter," said Frederick, "we have been bolstered up, one way or other; sometimes with an earl, and sometimes with a duke: I cast my eyes on several coronets in the old tree; we seem to have lost none of our consequence since the battle of Hastings."

"Let us give 'em another toss," said William, laughing as they went along, throwing up the parchment, and catching it again, till they had reached Lady Clairmont's room.

"Take care how you turn the corner with Miss Dewberry, and the other ladies," said Frederick, as they entered. "Well, here they are, grandmamma, quite safe, rolled up as neatly as an Herculaneum MS."

"Good boys! put them into the closet." They did so; and having locked it, their grandmother deposited the key in the private drawer of her cabinet.

"We are, really, very much obliged, my dear madam," said William; "but as we have not half examined that precious old parchment, we must beg to see it again. We don't know how we came by our present name; and from the few hasty glances we cast over it, we did not recognize one person of consequence, that we ever read of. Surely, in the course of seven hundred years, we have had some shining characters in our family?"

"You will find several," replied Lady Clairmont, when you peruse

some documents that are now deposited in the record-room. You will there read of those who have laid down their heads upon the block, in the enthusiasm of loyalty; and of others who have combated tyranny with all the powers of eloquence; of many who have enriched their country with monuments of their munificence; and of one noble character, who, to his last breath, preserved his fidelity, under the most trying circumstances, to his ungrateful sovereign."

"You make us long to read the records," said William.

"As to your name being Clairmont," continued her ladyship; "to the best of my remembrance, the records tell you that, about three

hundred and fifty years ago, the greatest part of the family property centred in the person of one of your female ancestors, who married a rich Venetian of that name, and went to reside at Venice, which, you know, was, at that period, the grand emporium of commerce.

"Yes," said William, 'I recollect that Vasco de Gama had not then found out the way to the East Indies by the Cape of Good Hope. I was reading about it last week."

Frederick then asked if the Venetian, their ancestor, was noble.

"I believe he was," said Lady Clairmont; "but I am afraid he had something to do with commerce," she added, smiling.

"If Emily heard that, it would

put her in a fine fuss," said William, laughing; "but the name is French."

"Very true," said her ladyship, "the family of the Venetian went from Auvergne, and settled at Venice, about fifty years before he was born. Well, my dear boys," added she, taking a hand of each, "you seem curious to know, exactly, *who* you are, and I trust you will be still more thoughtful about *what* you are. If you feel pride and pleasure in being descended from great and good men, keep their virtues in remembrance; and I trust they will operate as motives to your adoption of the same line of pious and patriotic conduct, many details of which you will read in the records I will

procure for you; as well as in the history of your country. Never put it in the power of your enemies,) for enemies in this world you will certainly have,) never put it in their power to shake their heads and exclaim, 'Ah! those young men have degenerated miserably from the good old stock.'"

"They never shall have that to say with truth," said William; the tears starting into his bright eyes.

"Nor of me shall it ever truly be said," cried Frederick, warmly: "if people descend to falsehood, they must take the consequence. For when I am a man, and another man affronts me, I must, I suppose, call him out, as it is termed, however truly I may forgive him in my heart;

otherwise I should be stigmatized as a coward, which no person could bear, you know."

"I believe you must, Freddy, as the world stands," said William. "It is a great pity that the king has not the power to prevent gentlemen resorting to the savage practice of duelling."

"Young men who are prudent in the choice of their associates,' said the Lady Clairmont, "generally steer clear of situations, so fraught with peril to their temporal and eternal welfare. A choleric man is a dangerous companion, and a man deficient in veracity is not less so. Choose your friends from among the lovers of peace, and the lovers of truth; be cautious of

wounding the feelings of others, and you will seldom have your own wounded; I doubt not, the general spirit and courage of your behaviour will prevent any stain upon your character; or, if it should take place, you will have many opportunities of making your traducers blush when you come to fight the battles of your country. Many brave men have refused to accept a challenge, or to give one.'

"But many good and brave men have both given and accepted challenges," said William.

"There have been cases," said her ladyship, "in which, perhaps they were unable to act otherways, and preserve the respect of the world; which, alas! they could not

bear to lose; but such instances are of very rare occurrence; and it is probable that there never was one of a good man giving or accepting a challenge, who did not, in his heart, execrate the prejudices of mankind in compelling him to hazard the extinction of his own life, and that of his fellow-creature."

"Well," said William, "I never will give a challenge as long as I live."

"Nor I, either," said Frederick, "but I shall never refuse one."

"Certainly not," replied his brother; "my adversary shall have the first fire; but a kingdom should not bribe me to return it."

"I should act precisely in the same manner," said Frederick.

"I trust, my dear boys, you will both go through life without finding yourselves in so painful a predicament," said Lady Clairmont. "I must now dismiss you, for I have letters to write; and yesterday evening I begged a holiday of Mr. Stanhope, for you; therefore, go and enjoy it. The morning is beautiful, and I wish you much pleasure."

"Thank you, dear grandmamma," said William; "we are going to mark out a piece of ground by the old Roman road, yonder, which papa has allowed us to manage as we please; and we are going to fix where our trees shall be, that we may have nothing to do but to plant them when the right season is come. Fred. says, he shall have some oaks,

that he may sit under when he comes home from India, a nabob. I suppose he intends to marry a munny begum, and return with a ship-load of rupees, lots of shawls, caskets of diamonds, and fine things of all descriptions, to put us poor baronets to the blush."

"Nabob is your own addition, brother William," said Frederick, gravely; "I have no wish to have that epithet tacked to my name,—and people don't send rupees home to England."

"Well, Freddy, I know that," replied William; "pray don't look so cross: I hope you wont return bilious, and insolent, like old Judge Loftus, our neighbour, and turn up your nose at honest Old England,

as if it were the very fag-end of respectability."

"I hope not, indeed," said Lady Clairmont; "I trust Frederick will be temperate in his habits; and attend, not merely to the forms, but to the spirit, of his religion; which conduct will, I flatter myself, confirm in him a healthy constitution, and preserve his mind in that state of purity which is essential to the existence of genuine pleasure; and will, moreover facilitate his advancement to honour and independence, and enable him to return to us with the power of enjoying whatever good gifts providence may judge fit to bestow upon him."

"If I go out to India, either in a civil or military capacity, I shall

endeavour, honourably, to realize all I possibly can, and make haste home again. A tolerable income for a baronet's second son, will content me; I shall not try to get rich by marrying a munny begum, William. I shall never marry a girl for her fortune, take my word."

"You will meet with plenty of pretty girls without fortune," said William, "who will be glad to have you; they go for the purpose of snapping up young men like you."

I would not take one of those mercenary girls," replied Frederick, "were she ever so beautiful. I shall wait till I find one like Matilda Woodville, of whom our sister told us yesterday."*

* See "Tales of Clairmont Castle," by the same author as this work.

"Or suppose," said William, archly, "you give up the thoughts of India, altogether; stay in England, and make yourself agreeable to our great-uncle, Geoffery; he is immensely rich, and as fond of you as he can be of anything which is not good to eat or drink."

"Not I, indeed," answered Frederick, laughing; "it was only yesterday, that papa was saying, it was weary waiting for a gouty man's shoes, when he knows, as our good uncle does, how to treat himself under the fit. Papa says, that a fit of the gout to Geoffrey is as good as a boiling in Medea's kettle; for he comes here, every summer, plump and rubicund, looking like a lobster that has fairly wriggled himself out

of his old shell, and got a new one; or a boa-constrictor that has cast its skin, and shines forth in the youthful gloss of its first existence. No, no, it would be too fatiguing to wait for the exit of that everlasting old gentleman, were I despicable enough to entertain such a selfish thought."

"I am sure your spirit is too high for that, my dear Fred." said William; "I was but joking: but yonder comes Ash, the gardener; he promised to go with us, and give us his advice about the planting. Good morning, dear grandmamma, I shall call one of my oaks Constantia, after you."

"And one of mine is to be named Julia, in honour of you, my dear madam," said Frederick.

"And I hope you may live long enough to sit under the shelter of your Julia and Constantia, my dear boys," said Lady Clairmont.

"And we hope," said they, kissing her hand, "that you may live to see us there."

They then took leave, and hastened with the gardener to the venerable vestige of Roman industry, where they planned the walks and the wood which were to afford them shade at some visionary happy period of future life.

THE SPRING-GUN.

WILLIAM and Frederick had just completed their arrangements, when Mr. Stanhope joined them, and pointed out to their notice a white-plumed hearse, and several mourning coaches, moving slowly along a distant road to a neighbouring town.

"Oh!" said the gardener, "it is the funeral of poor young Squire Mowbray, one of the finest youths you will see in a summer's day. He has been ill ever since last January. He never got relief from the terrible hurt he received from the spring-gun. All the skill of the doctors was of no avail; he pined, and pined to a shadow; and, no doubt, he is

gone to a better world, for well did he use the little time he stayed in this."

"Do you know how the misfortune happened?" enquired Mr. Stanhope.

"Why, they say, sir, he was trying to catch a favourite little foreign bird, that his mamma kept in a cage. It seems, the door had been left open, and the poor little creature, wanting to be free, took the opportunity and flew away. The young gentleman chanced to see it, the morning after, in a copse, about a mile from home, and fearing it would be sadly pecked by the other birds, tried to lure it back again, by throwing down its favourite kind of food. While he was doing this, he walked

backwards, and, unfortunately, came in contact with one of those murderous guns which had been fixed in several parts of the grounds. Some incurable mischief was done to his spine, and he wasted away till now."

"Poor fellow!" said William, "he is the last of his family; his father is heir to an earldom, and excessively rich."

"But what good will his title and all his money do him now?" said Ash; "he has nobody to leave it to but distant relations, who will rejoice to hear of his death, any day. And, that he has brought his misery on his own head, himself, must be the most cutting thought of all."

"He is, indeed, very much to be pitied," said Mr. Stanhope.

"Why, as to that, sir," said Ash, "few people have much pity for him, he himself has so little for any body; as long as he can keep his game, he does not care how many people come short of a leg or an arm: Where game is concerned his heart is as hard as a flint."

"There goes, to the 'Tomb of all the Capulets,' the last hope of a desolate father!" said Mr. Stanhope, as the hearse turned a corner of the road, and was lost to their view. So much for spring-guns!

"We have no spring-guns in our grounds," said William."

"Bless your heart! no, indeed, sir," replied the gardener; "Sir

William would have a bad opinion of a servant that would propose such a thing. Nor is the game-keeper ever prowling about at midnight; and for all that, I believe *we*, (for servants always identify themselves with their masters,) *we* have more game on the estate of Clairmont, than is to be found on any other of the same extent in the county. If the poachers ever come here, we know nothing about it. There seems plenty for every body. When I think of the difference between my master and Mr. Mowbray, that verse of Scripture often comes into my mind, where it is said, 'There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, yet it tendeth to pover-

ty.' And sure enough Mr. Mowbray has a great scarcity of game, with all his contrivances. Sir William's respectable tenants have liberty of a day's shooting now and then; and he always sends them presents of hares and partridges in season."

"That I know," said William, "for papa says he does not feel the same exclusive right to them, as to his pheasants, which are born, bred, and fed in our own preserves. To my thinking, the hares and partridges are as much public property as the little birds that fly over our heads. They are fed at the expense of the farmers, who ought to come in for their share."

"It will be well for your tenants,

my dear young friend, if you retain this opinion when you become master," said his tutor.

"I hope," said Frederick, "we shall both always do what we feel to be just, though the law should permit us to do evil with impunity."

"That is going in the direct track to heaven," said Mr. Stanhope, with emotion. "Be a law to yourselves. That sense of justice which God has geaciously written on the tablet of your hearts, is a guide which cannot mislead you. How greatly is Mr. Mowbray to be pitied!"

"Why so, sir?" said William, "his misery has been caused by his monopolizing, selfish spirit."

"True, and now that it has occasioned the eternal loss of his only

treasure, where can he look for consolation? He feels the pang of having, himself, called down this heavy affliction; and ought we not to be sorry to see a fellow-creature reduced to such a state of anguish and destitution?"

"What can he do, sir, to get relief from this extreme wretchedness?" said William, after a long pause, while the tears rushed into his eyes.

"Ah! where, indeed, can he turn for comfort," said Frederick.

"To Heaven," said Mr. Stanhope, solemnly; "all his earthly hopes have sunk into the grave of this his only, and most precious child. If the conscience of the wretched father be awakened; if

his heart become humanized; if his future conduct evince a *corrected* mind, his son will not have died in vain; and though all his rich prospects in this world, are closed in upon by a night which knows no morning, he may look forward into eternity with hope of pardon and peace."

"I trust he will *feel* what he ought to do," said William.

"And then I trust he will *do it*," said Frederick.

"Amen!" replied the good tutor, who observing that sufficient impression had been made on the minds of his pupils, turned the conversation into a channel that better suited the few hours of holiday Lady Clairmont had requested for them.

In compliment to their grandmamma, all the young people were allowed to dine with her, and their parents, on this joyous day; and as several of the young gentry of the neighbourhood were invited, the dining-room presented a very gay and happy assemblage.

Having remained somewhat longer than usual at the dessert, the female part of the company retired to the drawing-room, and Lady Clairmont requested one of their young visitors to sit down to the harp, on which instrument she was known to play with great taste and execution. Without any of the common-place hesitation and excuses, so fatiguing and disgusting to hearers, the young lady, gracefully

seating herself, performed many beautiful pieces, in her accustomed style of excellence. The whole circle were enchanted, with the exception of Emily, who, though she played very well, heard herself greatly surpassed, and felt a sensation of envy and dislike arising in her mind towards her amiable, and unconscious visitor, that took from her all enjoyment for the rest of the evening.

A lady in the room, who had great ability in landscape-painting, asked to see some of Emily's pencil and water-colour sketches; upon which, from a few words the vain girl had thrown out, the lady was certain she plumed herself.

Emily took her drawings from her

portfolio, with an air which seemed to say, "If I cannot play as well as Miss Bouverie, I can sketch better." Unfortunately for Miss Clairmont, there were two or three ladies in the room, who had not only taste in selecting and combining landscape scenery, but who had been correctly taught the art of perspective, which Emily never had the courage to encounter; of course, though the visitors gave their critiques with perfect good breeding, she could not but perceive they thought all her performances deficient in correctness. Praise, of which she was inordinately fond, was not bestowed in the lavish quantity to which she thought herself entitled; and she said, when the evening was over,

she had never been in such a stupid, disagreeable party in her life.

"What a fine hand and arm Miss Bouverie has," said Julia, as they were taking their morning walk with Miss Roselle.

"La! do you think so," said Emily; "I saw nothing remarkable in either."

Alas! this was a violation of the truth; a breach of the virtuous resolution she had formed, while shuddering at the description of poor Miss Brown's escape from the fire.

Emily had observed, and involuntarily admired Miss Bouverie's arm; and, though colouring with a sense of doing wrong, she added, "I observed, she has a very odd look with her left eye; does not she squint?"

"Oh! Emily," said Constantia, "her eyes are uncommonly fine, and as well set as your own."

"Well, it may be so," replied Emily, almost crying for vexation. "It seems I can neither see, nor hear, nor do any thing like other people. Every body appears to think me inferior. I hope that girl won't come here again soon, for I don't like her at all."

They had now turned to go home; Miss Roselle had overheard, with pain, the greater part of Emily's conversation; but feeling that the present was no time to combat, successfully, the bad feelings which agitated her young pupil, she forbore to notice it; and the remainder of the walk passed in silence.

After breakfast, the routine of school business commenced; and when the duties of the day were satisfactorily finished, Miss Roselle called Emily to her, and expostulated with her on the illiberality of the remarks she had so freely made about her amiable visitor, Miss Bouverie; and represented, in lively colours, the imprudence of the unfounded prejudice she had suffered herself to imbibe against that young lady, for no other reason than that she had happened to excel her.

Emily listened for some time in haughty silence to her kind governess's remarks; but, at length, her better feelings triumphed, and with tears in her eyes, she rose, and throwing her arms round the neck of her

governess, exclaimed, "Oh! my dear Miss Roselle, I feel I am but too envious, too uncharitable, to be forgiven. My heart has been burning all this day, with spite and hatred, against that charming Miss Bouverie, who has done me no injury, and given me no offence, but that of excelling me in every thing. Oh! that I could get rid of this hateful feeling!"

"You take one of the best means of doing so, my dear Emily," replied Miss Roselle, "by thus acknowledging its existence; and when you read that verse in the litany, 'from envy, hatred, and malice, good Lord deliver us,' think of the power and goodness of the Being you address, ask Him with an hum-

ble and contrite heart, and rest assured He will give you grace to conquer every baleful passion. Instead of languidly envying the talents of others, generously endeavour to acquire them for yourself. Emulation in the race of life, is praise-worthy; and our own great moralist allows that the prize is honestly gained by him who out-runs his competitor without endeavouring to overthrow him."

Emily continued to lean on Miss Roselle's shoulder, and Constantia, smiling sweetly, came and played with the ringlets of her sister's hair; Julia kissed her cheek; and Agnes, sitting down at her feet, caressed her hand as it lay upon her lap.

A pensive but pleasurable emo-

tion pervaded the bosoms of the whole party. Kind thoughts, and virtuous resolves seemed to be kindling in every heart, as the bright stars come sparkling into a clear summer-evening sky. There was a pause of considerable length, which Miss Roselle broke by looking at her watch, and announcing that they had but just time to dress for dessert. She then tenderly kissed the penitent Emily, who warmly returned her embrace, and springing with a light heart out of the room, ran up stairs with her sisters.

"What a lovely evening!" said the elder Lady Clairmont, as the party finished their dessert.

"It is, indeed, very fine," said the baronet; "will a row to the

Fairy-Island be agreeable to you, my dear mother?"

"Perfectly so, my dear son," replied her ladyship, gaily.

"Then ring the bell, Agnes," said Sir William. "Let the horses be put to the carriages, directly," he added, to the servant, who entered. "Mr. Stanhope, will you be of our party?"

"With great pleasure, Sir William," replied the tutor.

"Then you, and I, and the boys will walk down to the boat; and the ladies will follow us in the carriages, to save time."

"And," said Lady Clairmont, "you, and the girls, Miss Roselle, will run and get on your things, and go in the carriage; my mother

and I will take the chariot to ourselves."

"To tell you the truth, my dear madam, Sir William and I planned this expedition, yesterday, knowing how fond you are of the water, and what a favourite spot the Fairy-Island is of your's. Emily, my love, take your guitar, and a little music. Miss Roselle, and you, will have the goodness to amuse us, alternately."

This was a most animating proposal to the whole party; the girls flew to equip, and the boys to get their fishing-tackle; and in ten minutes, all the ladies and gentlemen were on the move.

The Fairy-Island lay in the midst of the noble river which swept through Clairmont Park. At some

remote period of time, it had been detached from the main-land, by a resistless flood; and had been increasing in size beyond the memory of man. The late baronet, aided by the taste of his beloved Constantia, had laid out its walks, and planted it with trees, shrubs, and flowers, till it was converted into a miniature paradise. Near the centre was a picturesque shed, formed of the rude trunks of trees, placed at certain distances, round which the woodbine, China-rose, and clematis, wreathed their verdant arms, and formed a close and fragrant tapestry over the flat, wattled roof. Chairs, tables, carpets, &c. &c. were always kept in readiness at the lodge, in the park, exactly opposite to the

island, and connected with it by a rustic bridge.

After a delightful row, the party landed, and found every thing in readiness for their accommodation. Tea, coffee, fruit, and cream. The soft music of the flute, and the hautboys, were heard in the woods, and the varied groups of busy reapers laughing, and singing, amidst the luxuriant harvest, enriched the view in the valleys.

Constantia sought out her treasure of aquatic plants; William and Frederick went with Mr. Stanhope to the shady side of the isle, in the hope of catching trout; having seen several dart up and glitter in the sun, as they rowed down the stream. Julia and Agnes found it charming

to re-model a garden they had laid out the preceding year; and Emily, warm with the impression of all that had lately passed in the school-room, was anxious to do herself, and her governess credit by her performance on the Spanish guitar. She touched that instrument with infinite grace and feeling; and Miss Roselle was delighted to find a rival in her pupil.

Miss Roselle, also, at Lady Clairmont's request, sang a few Italian songs with exquisite pathos, and when Emily became fatigued with playing, her governess filled up the pauses of the music in the woods, with some pensive Spanish airs, which she had learnt in her childhood, in Spain, amid scenes of sor-

row and deprivation, which she participated with her parents, during the eventful period of the Peninsular war.

It was no small difficulty to collect the stragglers, when the evening refreshments were prepared. They slightly partook of them, and eagerly returned to their respective amusements.

Sir William and Lady Clairmont, with their excellent mother, wandering over the island, enjoyed the sight of their children's happiness with an intenseness which none but parents know.

Then returning to the bower, they sat down and inhaled the soft breeze laden with the perfume of the violet and the rose. The little birds

among the cool leaves of the clematis over head, sang their sweet farewell to the golden sun, who was now setting under his richest canopy of summer colours; the windows of the ancient castle of Clairmont were lit up by his rays; the deer reposed under groups of lofty trees, and the sound of the hautboys again wandered through the woods.

We will, if you please, leave them in this fairy-island; and fancy them gliding homewards, over the bosom of the tranquil river, some hours hence, under the tender light of the crescent harvest-moon; happy, and grateful for the enjoyments of such an evening.

THE FUGITIVE.

On the evening of the day which succeeded that of the visit to the Fairy-Island, the baronet and his family were seated in the drawing-room, and Lady Clairmont was arranging with her husband their plans for the reception of their uncle, Mr. Geoffrey Clairmont, from whom a letter had been just received, intimating his intention of being with them the next day, to a late dinner, but requesting they would not make any material addition to their table, as a white soup, a turbot, a little venison, and a pheasant, would be all he should require; or if his fancy stood for any *bonnes*

bouches, his factotum, Monsieur Melange, (his valet, cook, and occasional secretary,) would bring materials for preparing them.

The party were amusing themselves with admiring the modest simplicity of the old gentleman's bill of fare, when Denton, the house-steward, run in, and staring wildly around, exclaimed, "Thank goodness, every body is here!" then darting forward to an open door which looked upon the lawn, he shut and locked it; and slammed down the sashes with the greatest precipitation; then turning to Sir William, said, "Pray, sir, please to come out of the room with me, this moment."

The baronet followed him outside the door, while the careful servant,

still holding it a-jar, added, "Pray, ladies and gentlemen, don't stir out of this room; pray don't." He then shut and locked the door.

"Why, what ails you, Denton; what is all this about?" said the baronet; "one would think you had been bit by a mad dog."

"Not exactly that, Sir William," replied the man, quivering in every limb; "but I fear we may all be bit, before an hour is over our heads, by something quite as bad."

He then informed his master that the keeper of a caravan of wild beasts, had just come to the castle, and stated, that in going through the nearest market-town, his vehicle had been upset; and the damage which ensued had given an opportu-

nity for one of his most valuable animals, a Bengal tiger, to make its escape; that he and two of the keepers had tracked it as far as the Warren, on the Clairmont estate; and he had come to beg assistance from the castle, while the other two stood armed, on each side a gap in the Warren, where they thought it was hid; and from whence, should it attempt to issue, they hoped, by help from Sir William, to intercept its free egress.

"They want ropes, and blankets and coverlets from the servants' beds," added Denton, "to spread over the gap, which things they mean to fasten down on each side, and then lure the beast to the entrance, by the scent of his usual

food, when he will try to force himself through the coverings; then they can lay hold of his smothered head without fear, and easily slipping a noose round his neck, convey him, in this manner, back to his old quarters."

"By all means, let them have what is necessary," said the baronet; "and tell the grooms to keep the stable-doors locked, and get in the horses. It is not likely that the creature will come near the house till he is starved into a visitation; but let the game-keeper and his men be ready, and muster what arms you have."

"To be sure, Sir William, it shall be done," said the frightened steward, as he walked cautiously

across the hall, looking on every side, as he advanced.

"Well," said the baronet, laughing, as he returned to the drawing-room, "two such *gourmands*, in one four-and-twenty hours, is one too many, sure enough. Here's a tiger come amongst us to-day, by way of *avant-coureur* to uncle Geoffrey."

"A tiger!" cried both the boys; "oh! where, papa?—but you are joking?"

"No; 'tis a plain fact, according to Denton," said Sir William, whose information he then gave; and added, "though I have no apprehension of the animal coming here, I must beg you all to move up stairs, and keep in the house till it is secured."

"Secured! how can that be? it must be shot," said William; adding, "pray don't let Fred. and I go up stairs with the misses, papa; We can load a gun, and take aim, now, as well as we shall do at five and twenty."

"Pray let us go, papa," said Frederick; "it would be such a thing for me to say in India, that I had shot a tiger in England."

"But," said Mr. Stanhope, "do you not think it would be better if the poor creature's life could be preserved? It's death must be a great loss to its owner; and life is, no doubt, happiness to the creature itself. Why terminate the existence of any animal by which we are not annoyed, and which is not necessary

to our subsistence? We certainly have no right to do so."

"Then you would not even kill a moth, Mr. Stanhope?" said Julia.

"No, that he would not, I dare say," said Agnes; "dear little silver-wings. Mr. Stanhope knows that clippings of Russia leather, and cedar-shavings will keep the little creatures off our shawls and muffs; and why should not the pretty things live and be happy?"

"Are you the patroness of the spiders, too, little girl," said William.

"I would put one out of my room," said Agnes, "if I found one there; but certainly I would not kill it; for you know it does me no harm; and surely it was intended

that spiders should have some place to live in, or they would not have been made."

"You are a very considerate little Miss," said William; "but, at all events, we cannot afford any free place for tigers, in this country. So come, dear papa, let us have guns, and go with you and Mr. Stanhope; for I am sure neither of you intend to stay cooped up here; I promise to be under orders, and not move an inch, in any way, without permission."

"And I make the same promise," said Frederick eagerly.

"And I can answer for both,' said Mr. Stanhope, warmly; "that neither of those young gentlemen will fail to keep his word."

"Thank you, dear sir," said the youths, in the same breath.

"Mamma, grandmamma, you don't wish us to stay here," said William; "you would not like to see us milk-sops?"

"Certainly not, my dears," said the dowager; "while you move under your father's directions, your mother and I can have nothing to fear. Courage is a virtue indispensible in a man and a gentleman; and, like other virtues, is confirmed by exercise. You need not walk into the tiger's mouth, you know; but if you find him likely to do mischief, and you can prevent it, I hope you will retain your self-possession so as to take sure aim, and pull your trigger firmly."

"Never fear, grandmamma; never fear, dear mamma," cried the youths.

"Good bye, Bill; good bye, Freddy," said all the sisters."

"Now, papa, shall we go?"

"What say you, Mr. Stanhope," asked the baronet; "will you make a *sortie* with us."

"Most willingly," replied the tutor; "I have a brace of trusty pistols in prime condition, and with a gun shall feel well equipped."

"Well then, ladies, adieu for the present," said Sir William; "you had better go up to the observatory; you may see all our movements from thence."

"An excellent thought," replied Lady Clairmont. And away went

the female party to their high station; while the gentlemen, well furnished with arms, walked out into the park, looking with keen enquiring eyes on every side, as they went on. No enemy, however, appeared; but in about ten minutes, having taken the direction of the western lodge, they were surprised by the sight of a coach and four coming rapidly along.

"By Jove, 'tis the Clairmont livery! 'tis Uncle Geoffrey, as I am alive!" exclaimed Sir William;—"what day of the month is this?"

"The seventeenth," said Frederick.

"His letter says, he shall be here on the eighteenth," rejoined the baronet. "Well, he must put up with

what he can get for his dinner, and thank his own want of punctuality for his bad fare."

"Oh! poor Sheldon, what a fuss he will be in!" said Frederick laughing;—"the turbot is taking his pastime in the waters, and the pheasant in the woods—unfortunate uncle Geff.!"

At this moment a tremendous shout, or rather yell, was heard in the direction of the warren, on the left, and at a considerable distance, but it grew louder and approached nearer every moment.

"There is certainly something in the wind now," said the gentlemen. Every eye was upon the alert, and the carriage within two hundred paces of our party.

"Ha! there he goes!" said William. "There he goes!" cried Frederick, as the tiger darted across the park towards the carriage. "He'll make at the horses—See! see! he has actually fastened upon poor Culina! No, 'tis Apicius, uncle's grand favourite. Look at the horses, how they rear, and tear away!"

"Now," said Sir William, "a little in this direction, to be out of his side-sight. Remember, we must act in concert, and all fire at his head at the same moment. A single bullet would but interrupt his attention to poor Apicius, and call them to ourselves, but two brace must surely disable him."

"Oh! papa," cried William, "how terrified the horses are! See

how they plunge and rear, first on one side the road, then on the other; they will upset poor uncle Geff. to a certainty. Look! the footman leaps off like lightning, and now the coachman follows him: See! they are climbing up into the old oak, and leave the horses to their fate: the cowards! The poor beasts are perfectly mad! Now they have done it—the forewheel has struck against the curb stone, and flown off; and now the hind-wheel on the same side is off too, and down goes the carriage! I'm sure I heard poor uncle Geff. cry out—but the tiger still keeps hold on the horse's shoulders."

"Now there's a moment's pause, said the baronet. Fire at his head!" They did so, and their aim was so

just that the creature fell instantly; but his efforts to rise, in which he nearly succeeded two or three times, filled the crowd which was now assembling, with dismay.

"Mr. Stanhope will lend you his pistols, boys," said Sir William; "go nearer, if you like, and share the honour of giving the beast his quietus."

The youths took the arms exultingly, and advancing boldly towards the animal, who still writhed in fearful strength; they fired again at his head, and he then sunk to rise no more. It seems he had actually taken refuge in a hollow of the warren, but the keepers had secured the entrance so imperfectly, that he easily effected his escape.

A loud cry of "Victory!" "Victory!" was utterred by the surrounding multitude, and the words "brave boys!" "true Clairmonts!" were many times repeated by the crowd.

"And now let us see after poor Mr. Clairmont," said Sir William, going up to the carriage which lay on its side. The two *stout gentlemen*, who had clambered up into the oak, seeing the enemy breathless, had summoned courage to descend, and were trying to pacify and unharness the trembling horses.

"How are you, my dear sir? how are you, Mr. Clairmont?" said the baronet, speaking aloud, not being able to see into the carriage.

"*What* am I, you mean, nephew," roared out the old gentleman—"why,

I am a perfect mass of blanc-mange, bruised to an universal pulp."

"I hope not," replied the baronet; "no bones broken, I trust?"

"Bones! I dont think I've such a thing as a bone belonging to me, no more than if I had been hermetically sealed in a register-boiler: I tell you, I'm nothing but a huge fricandeau; you may cut me in slices and take me out peicemeal."

"I am happy to hear you are in a state to make merry with your misfortunes, my dear sir," rejoined Sir William; "but, seriously, how shall we manage to get you out?"

"The tiger is dead as Napoleon, uncle, and lies at the feet of your favourite Apicius," said William.

"And the horses are taken off," added the baronet; "but I fear the raising of the carriage to assist your descending cannot be effected without giving you some more severe jolting. Where is your valet? perhaps he can help you, if the coach-door be got open." "Melange!" cried Mr. Clairmont, "are you dead, or stupid?"

"*Ni l'un ni l'autre, monsieur,*" replied the servant doggedly.

"Then pray bestir yourself, and get me out of this miserable ruin. Don't you hear them say, the tiger is killed? Why do you stay sprawling here, looking as ghastly as if he were grinning at you in all his glory?"

Melange began to move.

"There now," said his master, "you have set your foot on the bottle in the side pocket: there it goes, a bottle of my finest claret!"

"*Mais ce n'est pas ma faute, monsieur,*" replied Melange. "*I'l me faut de place pour les piedes, ou comment pourrai-je monter. Que voulez vous que je fasse, s'il vous plait?*"

"*Eh bien montez-vous, montez-vous donc,*" said his master, who was obliged to tolerate the impertinence of his servants, as all masters must do, who indulge in any species of self-degradation, wherein the assistince of their menials is indispensable.

"There again! there's another squash: what's that?" said Mr. Clairmont angrily.

"*Helas! pour cette fris c'est la tête qui a toot,*" replied Melange in a subdued tone, "*ma pauvre malheureuse tête a rencontré le pot de consommé que est dans la poche à coté. Mon habit est entrerment gateé! Vraîment, j'ai honte de me presenter derant tout le monde abimé conme ça!*"

"*N'importe,*" replied his master, "*il faut que vous vous presentiez cependant, et toute de suite, Dandy, que vous etes! Voila la porte oureste.*"

Melagne then popped his head over the perpendicular floor of the carriage, and seeing the tiger positively dead, he sprang out with great facility, and appeared to have received no other injury than certain indications of culinary luxuries which besprinkled his habit so plentifully

as to give his tailor, (had he seen it) hopes of an ample order for a refit.

"Well, Melange," said Sir William, "what measures are you about to take for your master's relief?"

"The carriage must be unpacked, Sir William," said the valet, consequentially, "and then monsieur may be raised so gently as not to suffer any farther inconvenience."

He then, with the assistance of his two fellow-servants, removed all the packages from the boot, &c. &c. and, by the help of the numerous by-standers, propped up the carriage, and assisted his master to descend, the skirts of whose coat bore evident marks of the course the claret had

taken when it escaped from its imprisonment in the flask, while his trowsers and stockings appeared to have been liberally complimented with Ude's delicious *consommé* at the moment of the grand squash.

Lady Clairmont having seen all from the observatory, had sent a sofa, and pillows, for her uncle's accommodation, which arrived at this moment, and the baronet, with Mr. Stanhope's aid, placed the old gentleman upon it, in a state of comparative comfort, the boys trying to arrange the cushions and pillows for him, while an air of good humoured contempt mingled with their assiduities.

"Ah! my poor friend, Apicius!" he exclaimed on seeing the dying

horse panting beside the prostrate destroyer; "nothing can be done for you, I see: lead him away, if possible, and put him out of his pain as mercifully as you can. Fine creature! I cannot bear to look at him: he little thought, when he pranced off so stately yesterday morning, that he was coming to feed the hounds at Clairmont, and a tid-bit they will find him; he's in capital condition. Pray let him be taken away."

"I think we had better take care of you first, dear sir," said his nephew, "but I fear you will not find a dinner to your taste this evening—there will be two dishes *minus* at least, for we did not expect you till

to-morrow, the eighteenth, the day you named."

"Ha! that was an unlucky mistake of Melange, which we found out too late. He put the paper before me and dated the letter; but, however, as things have turned out, it is of no consequence. I shall take no dinner to-day, but some pearl-sago, enriched with a good dash of old Jamaica. You must let me have a warm bath, nephew, and bid them put me to bed directly, and in two or three days, perhaps, all will be set to rights: hope Lady Clairmont and all your family are well: how do you do, Mr. Stanhope? excuse me, I can't pretend to see any body for the next eight and forty hours. By this management I, perhaps, may

escape a fit of the gout, which has certainly received a most pressing invitation to take intire possession of me, even on the very heels of the dog-days. Ha! William, how are you, my boy? and dear Freddy, how are you? How wonderfully you are both grown. No need to enquire if you are well, you must have been playing a capital knife and fork this last year, young gentlemen; but that's not surprising; you live in clover here, at Old Clairmont, as usual. Fat Scotch cattle, and black-faced sheep in the meadows, and a crowd of noble bucks in the park."

"*Etles poissons,*" said Melange, edging in his remark, as he stood making some arrangment required by his master; "*les jolis poissons qui s'ele-*

verent de tems hors de l'eau, pour dire à leur façon, vous etes les bienvenns, Messieurs, nous aurons l'honneur de vous regaler. Ah! c'etait un coup docil ravissant!"

The boys laughed aloud, and Mr. Stanhope could hardly preserve his gravity, but Sir William gave Melange a look that seemed a death-blow to his flippancy, for he moved off directly to the care of his jars and hampers.

"And your pheasants, how are they? Suppose you have had grouse this fortnight? However, for fear of the worst, I've brought a few brace. Are your partridges loveable? But I forgot; you never disturb them till next month. But I should not dare to touch them, if

you could set me down to a covey just now; my stomach would take it fearfully amiss, if I were to call upon it for any service at present, after all the bumpings, and thumpings it has just suffered. But stay, before they carry me off, I should like to ascertain the extent of the mischief we have sustained. Melange, get into the carriage, and examine the contents of the sword-case, and all the little private recesses. What a ruin it is!

The valet skipped in.

"Well, is the *curasçoa* safe?"

"No, sir, the bottle is smashed to atoms."

"Not a drop left?"

"Not a drop, monsieur!"

"Well! it was a liquor fit for the

gods, and George the Fourth! made after old Goddard's recipe. His late Majesty used to say he never tasted any so excellent. And my 'Treatise on the Wines of the Ancients,' where is it?"

"Here, sir," holding it up outside the coach-door.

"Actually seasoned with sardinias: not a page legible, I fear. And there's the 'Cook's Oracle,' dumb as a fish, drowned in claret, and a new edition of 'Ude' soaked, I'm aware, in one of his own delicious consommés. This is sad work, indeed! And the glaze?

"Smashed! monsieur."

"Oh ruin, upon ruin! best portable soup in the kingdom! only three men in England can make it. How-

ever, Melange is one of the three. The edible nests,* and the Strasburg livers?"

"Quite safe, sir."

"The potted char, and the Scotch laver? The limes, and the olives, and the dravolinas?

"*Tout est à merveille!*" Monsieur.

"Then how have my medicines fared?"

"They were put in the boot with the ginger, the parmasan, the Westphalia hams, and the rein-deer tongues," said Melange.

"Now then, come down, and see if the colchicum-sherry, l'eau medicinale, gout mixture, cogniac, vespetro, noyau, and old Jamaica, are safe."

* The nest of a bird found in the southern latitudes, considered a delicacy by the natives, particularly by European epicures.

Melange examined and reported, "Perfectly safe, sir."

"And the lachryma christi, Hermitage, hock, and tokay? with the West-India sweetmeats?"

"All right."

"Well 'tis an untoward business enough, but it might have been worse, nephew," said Mr. Clairmont, consoled to think all his hampers were in a sound state.

"True, sir," replied Sir William, "infinitely worse. You have escaped broken bones, and out of four horses have lost only one."

"Then are all the rest safe and sound, coachman?" asked his master.

"Quite well, sir, only terribly frightened, like some of us," replied the man, smiling on one side of his

face, and blushing as well as he could on the other; but life is sweet to us all, and who would not have run away from that frightful beast?" looking at the tiger.

"What a beautiful animal it was," said Mr. Stanhope to William.

"Very beautiful indeed, sir," replied William, "and if I were rich, I would buy its coat, and make a present of it to mamma for a hearth-rug."

"A very good thought, my boy," said Mr. Clairmont, "and you shall have it, of it be to be sold."

"Are you the proprietor of this unfortunate animal?" said the baronet.

"I am, sir," said one of the three men who were standing guard over

the dead tiger, and waiting for an opportunity to ask the baronet for the loan of a cart to convey it to the town where their caravan was waiting.

"What do you ask for the skin?" demanded Mr. Clairmont.

The man named his price, and the demand, though somewhat exorbitant, was complied with, greatly to the satisfaction of the two youths, who were axious to have it in the family as a memento of this, to them, important day. Sir William then ordered the tiger to be conveyed to the butchery, and uncoated preparatory to the operation the currier would have to perform on the skin, previous to its exhibition in the dining-room.

"Well now, my good Melange," said Mr. Clairmont beckoning him to come near, and whispering coaxingly, "you will see all our valuables safe before you leave them."

"*Sans doute*, monsieur, *n'ayez pas peur*, I have sent Foster on to the house for a cart, and shall have every thing conveyed to that apartment you are accustomed to occupy; of course, we shall be there?"

"Are we to have our old lodgings, nephew?" said Mr. Clairmont.

"If you please, sir," replied the baronet: "your bed-room is as usual in the west angle, on the ground floor, close to the bath, which is the situation you have always preferred."

"Ha! thank you, that is comfortable. You hear, Melange?"

"*Oui*, monsieur."

"And now, nephew, if your carriers be ready, say the word, and let us be moving, for I begin to feel terribly stiff, and awkward in the sinews, and shall be right glad to find myself in a steaming bath. Don't forget," added he to his servant, "the gout-stool, and the moxa, and all necessary for a good shampooing, and remember to have the sago ready for me on coming out of the bath. Now make haste, for here comes the cart. Be alive, Foster, as you were when you clambered up the oak like a squirrel!

"My valet shall attend you till Melange has made his arrangements," said Sir William; "no doubt your apartments are in per-

fect order by this time; so come, chairmen, take up the sofa, and go gently."

The men began their march, and the baronet walked on at a brisk pace to apprise Lady Clairmont that the whole family had a respite of eight and forty hours.

Mr. Stanhope and his pupils lingered behind, walking on very slowly till the men were out of hearing with their burden, and William then exclaimed, "Go, you genuine sybarite! Uncle of mine, I would not accept the gift of all your estates, if your *gourmandise* be entailed on them." "Neither would I," said his brother: "it is impossible for a man to be a more devoted slave to his appetite than our great uncle Geff. The

slave of the ring, in the Arabian Nights' Entertainments, had a holiday life of it in comparison. Perhaps it is wrong to say it, but really I feel quite disgusted with him. As papa truly says, 'all his conversation has reference to the sustentation of his insatiable maw,' and we shall all be glad when this annual infliction is over."

"*Gourmandise*," said Mr. Stanhope, "is indeed a vice which fearfully degrades a man from the rank he was born to hold as a rational being; and, I trust, you will never either of you be under the dominion of such a tyrant."

"We should both of us," said William, "revolt at the idea of being an object of contempt to others, such as uncle Geff. is now to us."

"That's plain English," replied Frederick, "but not the most polite thing to say of one's venerable great uncle, brother Bill, and who has, moreover, just now given you that superb tiger's skin."

"The fear of the world's contempt," said Mr. Stanhope, "though salutary, ought not to influence our conduct so much as the consciousness that, while excess clogs our intellects, we become incapable of the virtuous exertions we might otherwise make, and that, of the talents we have thus smothered, we must one day render an account."

And yet there are, I have heard, some men of great abilities and eminent virtue, who are said to eat enormously," said Frederick.

"True, replied the tutor, "extreme hunger is, in some constitutions, a rapid effect of intense study, and the appetite may be innocently gratified while it rather adds to the impetus of thought than checks its advance. Excess begins when the perceptions become weak and indistinct by indulgence. Every person is able to judge for himself when he approaches that point; and, if he respect himself, he will stop short of it. Such men as those to whom you allude feel renovated by their meal, and return to their intellectual pursuits with increased alacrity; but the *veritable gourmand* divides his existence between the contemplation of what his dinner shall be, the pleasure of eating, and the labour of digesting it."

"It is very odd in uncle Geff. to to bring his eatables and his cook to Clairmont. I wonder papa will suffer it. What a larder this modern Lucullus carries about with him!" said Frederick.

"Why, papa has indulged him in the practice so many years, that I suppose he does not think it worth his while to set his face against it now," replied William: "besides, Melange is a superb cook. Sheldon finds it his interest to keep well with him, and gets into many of his culinary mysteries, of which papa reaps the benefit when he is obliged to give great dinners. As to the Frenchman himself, it is easy to see he is the master of his master, and holds him fast

by the stomach, as it were by a talisman."

"What an honourable bondage, for a man who is proud of his descent from men who were hand and glove with the conqueror!" said Frederick laughing.

A servant now came out upon the lawn to say, tea had been waiting some time. The youths and their tutor hastened to the drawing-room, when William and his brother were congratulated on the fortunate issue of their rencounter with the tiger. Their gentle mother shed a tear of joy as she kissed the cheek of each darling child, and the dowager expressed herself happy at seeing they had proved themselves worthy descendants of the Clairmonts.

"Emily," said she to her granddaughter, in the joy of her heart, "what do you think of your brothers now? do you not think they will indeed prove an honour to the family, and realize in their manhood all the anticipations of youth? for my part, I feel so much obliged to our granddame Cicely Dewberry at the present moment, that I can hardly find words to express myself in due terms; that task I shall therefore leave to you."

Emily coloured at this remark; but, after a pause, replied, "I am so much pleased that my brothers have acquitted themselves with honour, that I am equally at a loss for words with your ladyship."

The evening passed most agree-

ably, and the conversation was animated and interesting from the topics the occurrences of the day gave birth to: As for Lady Clairmont, she was indeed greatly pleased with the present of her new hearth-rug, and Sir William ordered the body of the tiger to be deposited under the oak in which the servants had found shelter, saying that, some time or other, he might probably put down on that spot some solid memento of the event.

FINIS.

Dean and Munday, Printers,
Threadneedle-street.

JUVENILE WORKS,

Published by A. K. Newman, & Co. Leadenhall-street.

TWO SHILLINGS EACH,

Neatly half-bound, and embellished with finely engraven Copper-plate Frontispieces.

HUGH LATIMER; or, the School-Boys' Friendship: a tale for Youth, by Susannah Strickland, author of Rowland Massingham, &c.

THE LITTLE PRISONER; or, Passion and Patience; and AMENDMENT, or, Charles Grant and his Sister; by the Authors of Hugh Latimer, Reformation, &c.

KEEPSAKE GUINEAS; or, the Best Use of Money; by the Author of The Juvenile Forget Me Not, The Young Emigrants, &c.

ORIGINAL POETRY FOR YOUNG MINDS. By Miss Horwood. Fourth edition, with elegant frontispiece.

SOLDIER'S ORPHAN; or, HISTORY OF MARIA WEST: a tale for Females, in the middle and humble Walks of life. Written by a Clergyman, and intended as a companion to the History of Susan Grey. Beautiful plates, boards: price 2s.

IN SCHOOL AND OUT OF SCHOOL; or, the History of William and John: an interesting tale, exhibiting the consequences of early Piety, and its happy effects on the Death-bed of Youth: by One who knows both.

TALES OF CLAIRMONT CASTLE; containing The Woodville Family, The Franks, and Sir Francis Vanheson: prepared for the press by Mrs. Hofland: embellished with a beautiful frontispiece, and neatly half-bound.

BOOK OF TRADES; or, Familiar Descriptions of useful Trades, Manufactures, and Arts, and the manner in which the Workmen perform their various employments: with seventeen appropriate engravings: price 1s. 6d. neatly half-bound.

JUVENILE WORKS.

ONE SHILLING EACH,

Embellished with numerous beautifully-coloured and appropriate Engravings.

PUNCTUATION IN VERSE; or, the good Child's Book of Stops: a new and easy method of teaching Children the use and meaning of the Stops and Marks in Reading and Writing. By Madame Leinstein. Embellished with 12 coloured engravings.

MAMMA'S TALES; or, Pleasing Stories of Childhood, adapted to the Infant Mind. By Madame Leinstein: with 13 coloured engravings.

THE RUDIMENTS OF GRAMMAR in Verse; or Miss Syntax's Party to the Fair: an easy method of teaching Children the first principles of this necessary acquirement. By Madame Leinstein. With 13 engravings.

THE LITTLE TRAVELLER; or, a Sketch of the various Nations of the world: representing the Costume, and describing the Manners and Peculiarities of the Inhabitants: with 15 coloured engravings.

EVENING AMUSEMENTS; or, a New Book of GAMES and FORFEITS; with full and plain Directions for crying the Forfeits, and numerous diverting penances for both Ladies and Gentlemen: with coloured frontispiece.

BIRTH-DAY PRESENT; or, Tales of Amusement and Instruction, adapted to the capacities of young Children. By Mrs. Meeke: with 16 neat coloured Engravings.

CHILD'S TOY-BOOK; or, Pleasing Tales n Words of One or Two Syllables: with 17 coloured engravngs.

DEBORAH DENT and HER DONKEY, and MADAM FIG'S GALA; two humorous Tales, with 16 comic coloured engravings.

ELEMENTS OF GEOGRAPHY; explained in an easy manner; and embellished with 13 coloured engravings.

JUVENILE WORKS.

THE GAMUT AND TIME-TABLE, in Verse, for the instruction of Children in the first Rudiments of Music; by Charlotte Finch: with 12 coloured engravings.

A PARENT'S OFFERING TO A GOOD CHILD; a Collection of interesting Tales. By Mrs. Meeke. Embellished with 16 coloured engravings.

HOW TO BE HAPPY: or, the Cottage of Content; the Cottage on Fire; and the Water-Cress Boy. By Mrs. Kentish. Embellished with 13 neatly-coloured engravings.

POETICAL BLOSSOMS, or, Juvenile Trifles; a collection of original Nursery Rhymes and Tales. with 14 coloured engravings.

Each embellished with three elegant Copper-plate Engravings.

EMILY AND HENRIETTA; or, a Cure for Idleness: with three fine plates.

ORPHANS; or, the Triumph of Integrity; a Moral Tale. By W. F. Sullivan, V. M. With three fine Plates.

PLEASANT STORIES; or, History of Ben the Sailor, and Ned the Soldier. By W. F. Sullivan, with three fine copper-plates.

SCHOOL BOYS' DIVERSIONS; describing many new and popular Sports, with proper directions for playing them: with three fine copper-plates.