

1 D L E H O U R S

Employed;

OR, THE

N E W P U B L I C A T I O N .



L O N D O N :

J O H N H A R R I S ,

C O R N E R O F S T . P A U L ' S C H U R C H - Y A R D .



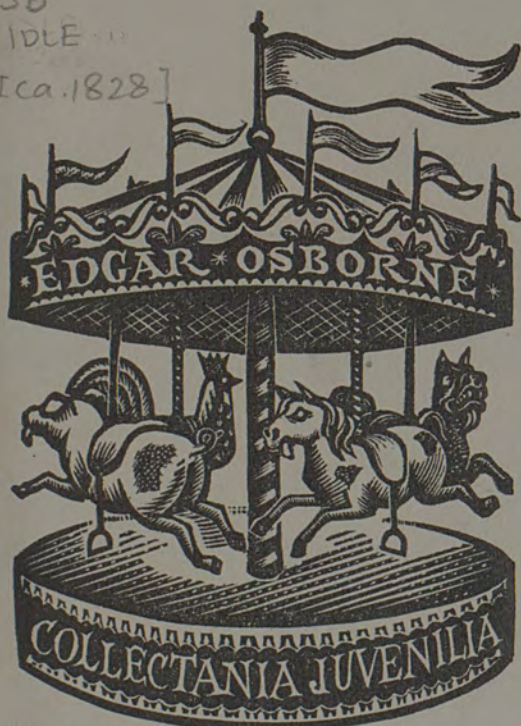
William Augustus Fraser

1832

SB

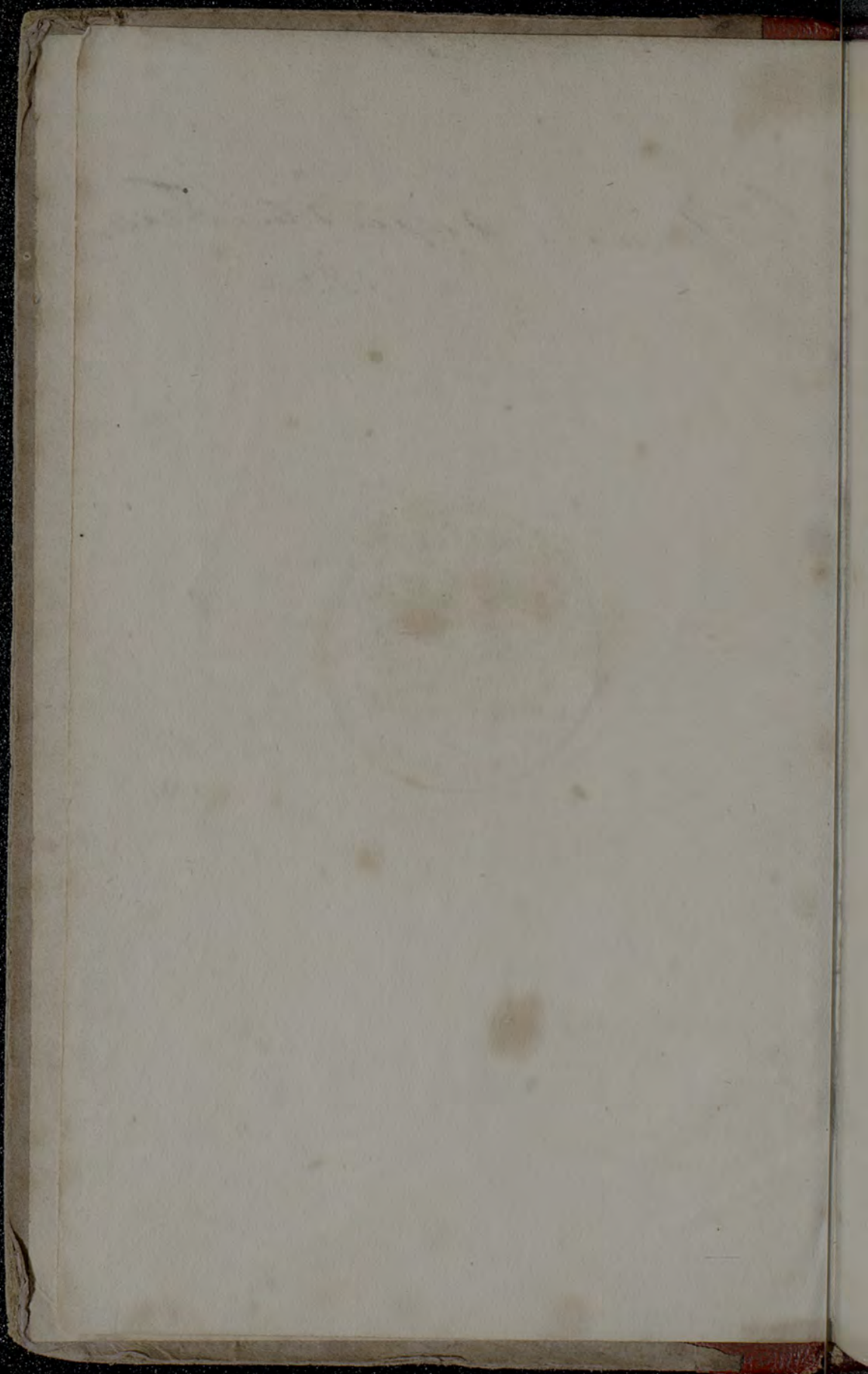
IDLE

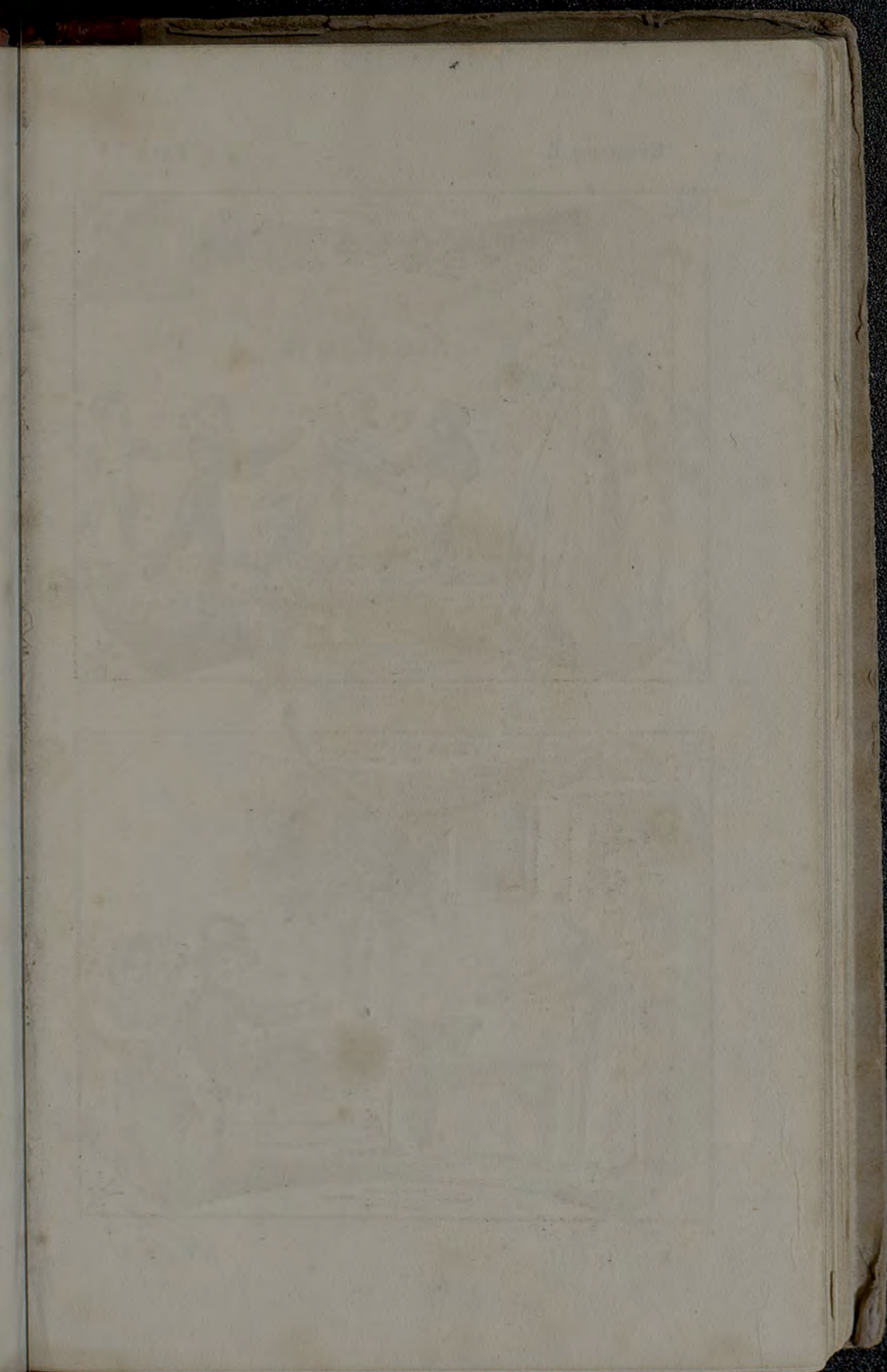
[ca. 1828]



37131039 926 332

II, 898







1790
IDLE HOURS

Employed;

OR, THE

NEW PUBLICATION.

A SELECTION OF

Moral Tales.

LONDON:

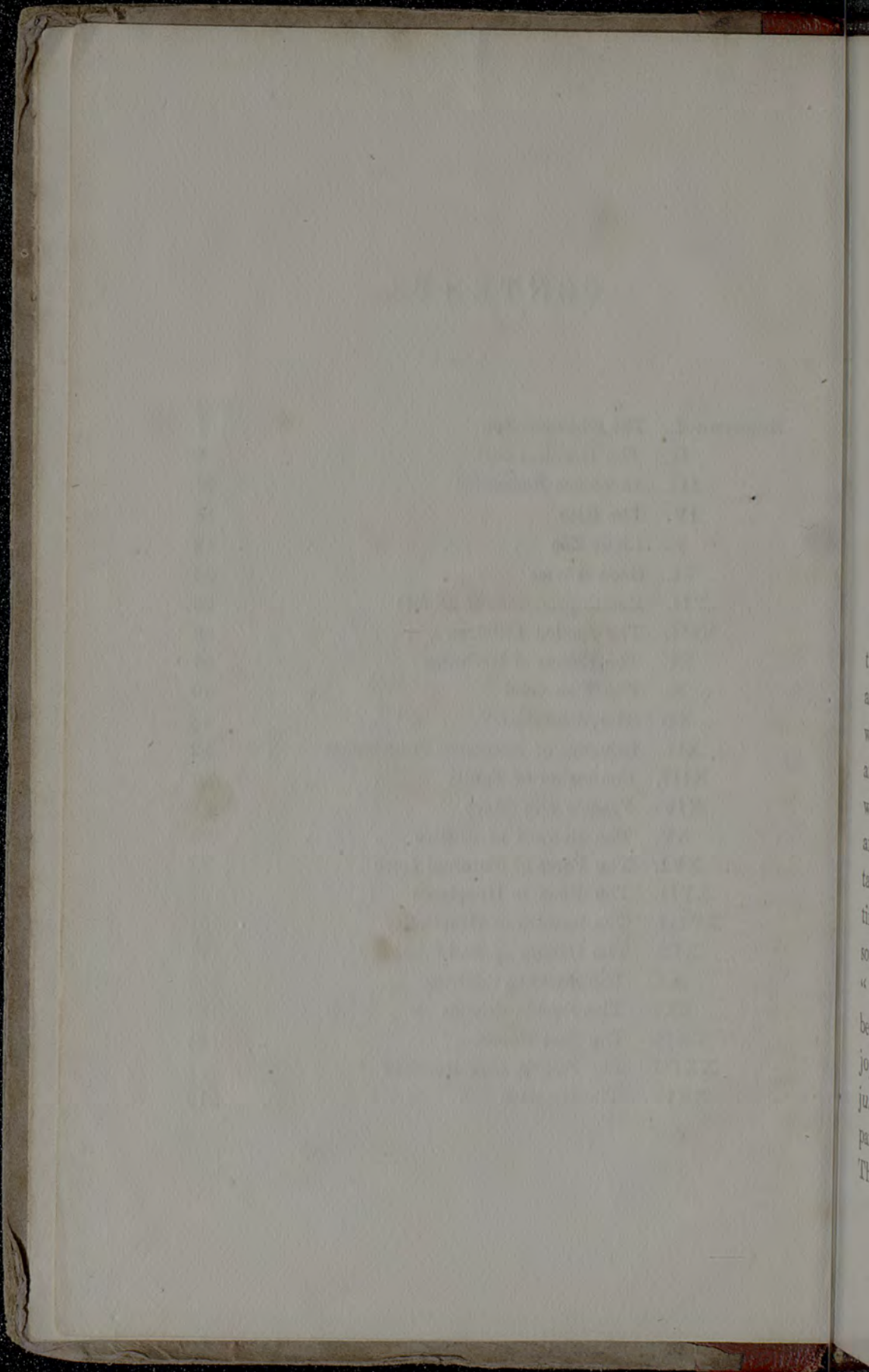
JOHN HARRIS,

CORNER OF ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD.

LONDON
PRINTED BY S. AND R. BENTLEY, DORSET STREET.

CONTENTS.

	Page
EVENING I. The Obedient Son	2
II. The Heedless Girl	6
III. Indolence Reclaimed	10
IV. The Kite	16
V. Little Zoe	18
VI. Good Advice	23
VII. Health preferable to Riches	26
VIII. The Spoiled Children	30
IX. The Effects of Rashness	36
X. The Fish-pond	40
XI. The Work-bag	43
XII. Injustice of Excessive Punishment	52
XIII. Confession of Faults	56
XIV. Francis and Mary	61
XV. The Reward of Justice	74
XVI. The Force of Paternal Love	83
XVII. The Road to Happiness	91
XVIII. The Reward of Hospitality	101
XIX. The Danger of Bad Company	111
XX. The Striking Contrast	124
XXI. The Female Friends	145
XXII. The East Indian	164
XXIII. The Fairy's Gift Revoked	177
XXIV. The Deserter	218



IDLE HOURS EMPLOYED ;

OR THE

New Publication.

EVENING I.

CHARLES and Edward Woodbine, with their three sisters, Emma, Lucy, and Maria, having amused themselves one fine autumnal evening with a variety of juvenile diversions, their strength and spirits were exhausted by the hilarity with which they had pursued their sports; and from an error into which most little folks fall, of mistaking the cause of such interruptions in their pastimes, they eagerly inquired of each other for some new pursuit, under the general appellation of "Something to do:" at this moment their mother beckoned them into the house, and announced the joyful intelligence, that a relative in London had just sent down a new Collection of Tales, accompanied by other presents of various descriptions. The children, as our readers may suppose, in-

stantly ran into the parlour, and eagerly crowded around the table where their presents, consisting of prints, maps, trinkets, and other articles, were spread out for their inspection. Nothing, however, appeared to afford such universal pleasure to the little party as the new publication; and, after a short debate on the subject, it was determined, with the approbation of Mrs. Woodbine, that each of the children, in rotation, should read one of the tales every evening, Sunday excepted, until the volume should be finished.

The plan thus agreed upon, was to be carried into effect without delay; and the little folks having taken their seats around their kind mother, Emma (the eldest of the children) read, in a very distinct and pleasing manner,

THE OBEDIENT SON.

LITTLE AUGUSTUS, when only seven years old, had the misfortune to lose his father, who was killed by a fall from his horse. He cried night and day, because he could never see his father any more; and for some time no person was able to comfort him. His uncle, therefore, proposed that he should pass some time in the country with his cousins. When every thing was prepared for his departure, his mother took him in her arms, and said to him, "My dear child, I conjure you

never to expose yourself to danger by mounting a horse, or by riding in a carriage, unless some careful person be with you, who can look after your safety. Your father's misfortune makes me tremble for you; and it would be shocking indeed to lose you by the same accident that has robbed me of a beloved husband."

"Make yourself perfectly easy, my dear mamma," replied Augustus; "for I promise you that nothing in the world shall ever induce me to disobey you." In saying this, he threw himself on his mother's neck, and embraced her with all the fondness of filial affection.

He soon arrived at his uncle's house, where he was very kindly received, and each of his cousins seemed anxious to divert his grief by every amusement they could invent. Some days after his arrival, his eldest cousin, Alexander, about fourteen years of age, came to him one morning and said, "My papa went out at day-break; make haste and dress yourself. I have had the horse put into the chaise; and we will have a ride."

Augustus at first heard this proposal with joy, but it was not long before he recollected what his mother had said. He went down immediately, therefore, and said to Alexander, who was already in the chaise, "My dear cousin, I thank you for the pleasure which you have proposed to me, but

I have recollected that I cannot accept it. Mamma made me promise, before I came away, that I would not get into any carriage, unless a grown-up person were with me."

"And what am *I*, then?" said Alexander; "Do you take me for a child like yourself?"

"No," replied Augustus; "but I am sure that mamma, if she were here, would not let me go with you alone in the chaise."

"If she were here, we should hear what she would say," replied Alexander; "but, as she is not——"

"Oh," cried Augustus, "it is the same as if she were; for I have *promised*, and I must never break my word."

"Well," said Alexander, with a little peevishness, "I thought this excursion would have given you pleasure; but, since you do not choose to come with me, I will enjoy the ride without sharing your fears, be they of what sort they may." Then giving the horse a stroke with his whip, he drove rapidly away.

Augustus, being alone, walked in the garden, where he consoled himself for the sacrifice he had made, by reflecting that he had obeyed his mamma, notwithstanding the persuasions of his cousin.

While he was amusing himself in gathering flowers, in listening to the songs of the birds, and

running along the terrace, a servant came and told him that his cousin had been thrown out of the chaise, and had been brought dying to the house.

In truth, Alexander arrived in a most deplorable condition. His head was cut in several places; one eye was blinded, and the other much hurt. Every kind of assistance was lavished upon him; but he died at the end of a few hours.

Augustus, while deploring the melancholy loss of his cousin, could not but reflect that he had escaped a similar fate only by his obedience to the orders of his mother.

EVENING II.

THE afternoon had been devoted to a visit to nurse Lovechild; and the young folks, on their return home, talked with great glee of the nice cakes, the rich cream, and the fine fruit with which they had been regaled by the hospitable dame, who was always as much gratified with seeing them, as they were with calling at her pretty cottage, and witnessing her happy though simple mode of life. The striking of the clock, however, reminded them that it was time to resume their evening employment; and the new book was placed in the hands of Lucy, who entertained her little auditors with the following account of

THE HEEDLESS GIRL.

MRS. SEAFORD was exceedingly fond of her children. On going out to pass the evening at some distance from her own house, she one day said to them: "My dears, amuse yourselves together, but do not be rude: let me not, on my return, have any complaint against you, Rosalind, nor against you, Amelia. You have both a little task to learn against the morning: so, before you go to play, each of you must have finished it. George has already begun his part; Edwin must go and complete his lesson; and then both may come here and play with their sisters."

The children were in reality very good: they played at several games; they made no noise, nor entered into any quarrels; every thing was in the best order; and they would have passed the evening very happily, if little Rosalind, in entering her papa's room, had not committed a sad fault.

Rosalind was pretty, gentle, and amiable; but she was so extremely heedless that she thought little of what she said, and still less of what she did. Having occasion to look for something in a closet in her father's library, she lighted a candle, but forgot to extinguish it when she had found the object of her search; indeed, she thought so little of

the matter, that she actually left this lighted candle on a table among several letters and a large heap of papers.

It was not till a quarter of an hour after this, that Rosalind, smelling the scent of burning, recollected having left the candle in the next room, and immediately ran to find it.

Alas ! what was her fright when she opened the door ! The candle had fallen on one side and communicated the flame to the papers, and these had set fire to the table ; so that poor little Rosalind, on opening the door, was completely enveloped in smoke.

She cried out loudly ; immediately her brothers and sisters, as well as the servant, hastened to her, and seeing the flames, they all at once exclaimed, " The house is on fire ! alas ! the house is on fire ! "

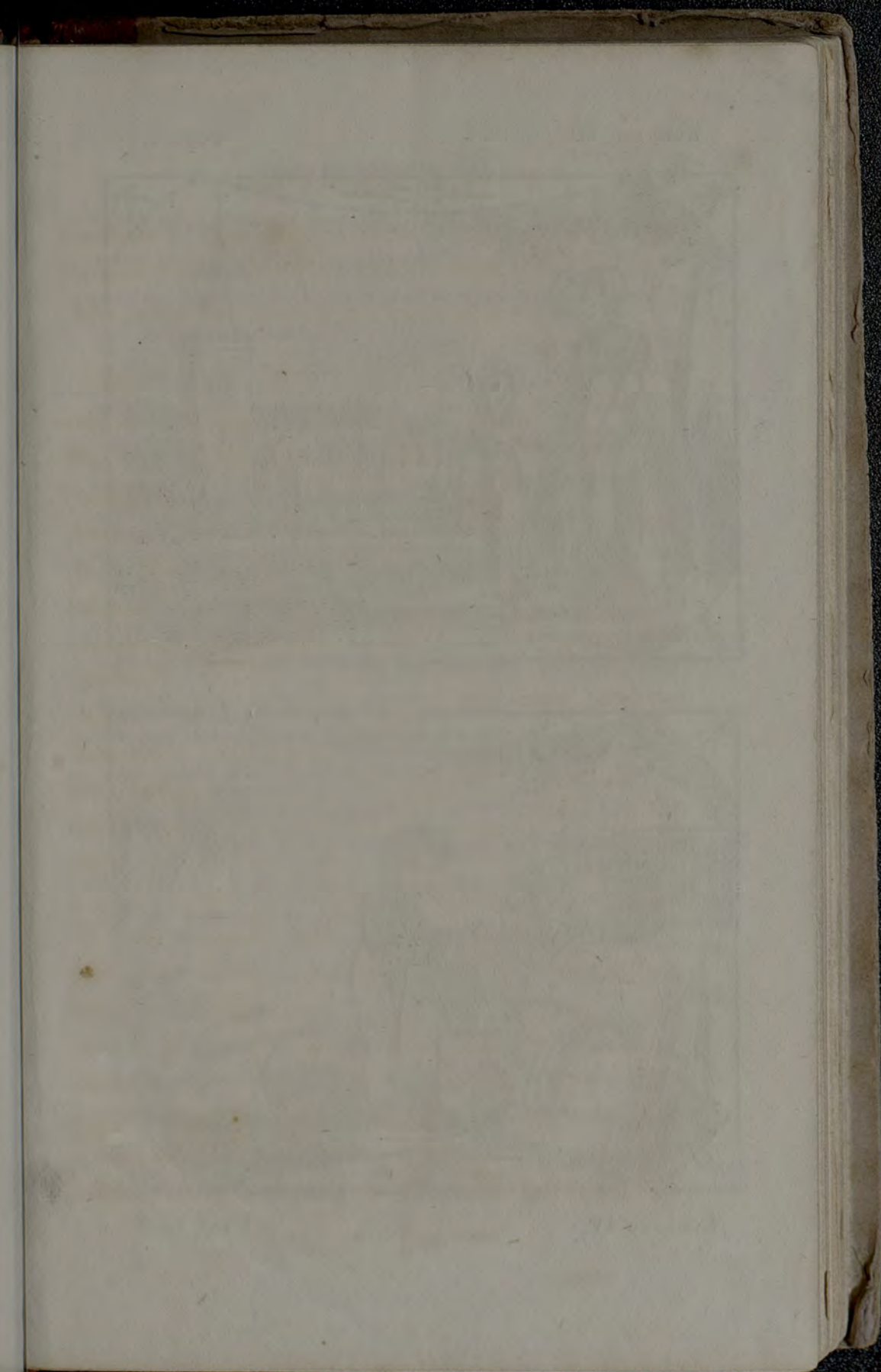
If any one had had the presence of mind to fetch some water, the fire might at this time have been quenched : for there was nothing yet on fire except the table and the papers. But the fright had so alarmed the spirits of every one, that they thought of nothing ; they only wept, and cried, " Oh ! what a misfortune ! we are lost ! "

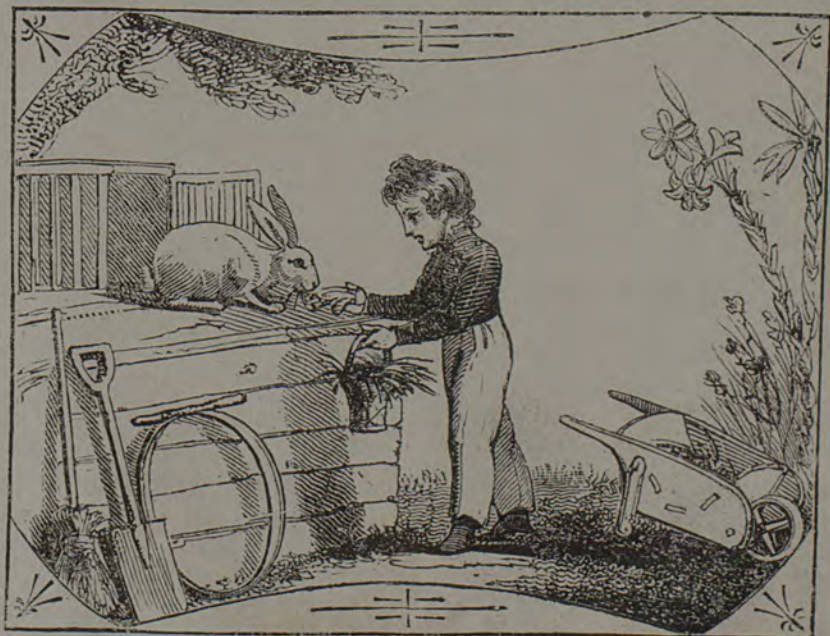
Whilst they were thus lamenting, the fire spread rapidly to the curtains, the drawers, and the wain-

scoat, and presently all the room was in flames. The neighbours, who saw the fire, ran and sounded the alarm-bell; an engine was brought, and a great crowd gathered.

The tumult now was dreadful: on all sides, people were crying out, "Fire! fire! water! water!"—"Here is the fire," said the neighbours, "we must knock at this house." Carpenters forced open the windows in order to play the engine, and cut away the wood-work to prevent the fire from increasing. This lasted for two hours; after which the fire was extinguished; but there remained nothing of the house beside a heap of ashes and embers. Clothes, linen, books, furniture, and articles of every description, were consumed by the destructive element; the pretty canary-bird, which was the delight of the house, was burnt to ashes; and Rosalind herself received, in the confusion, so many hurts, that she was hardly able to stand.

At this juncture Mr. and Mrs. Seaford arrived, and were, of course, overwhelmed with consternation. Their first object, however, was to seek their children among the crowd; and having found them, they led them to the house of a friend, begging that they might be lodged there during a few days. This friend was a very obliging man, and he received them with a hearty welcome:





"My unfortunate friends," said he, "my house is open to you, and is entirely at your service. I should have found an asylum with you if the fire had happened here."

The children, while shedding torrents of tears, related the way in which this sad accident had happened. "My dear children," said Mr. Seaford, "why did you not immediately throw water upon the fire, or call immediately for the assistance of our neighbours? See to what a sad condition you have reduced me! With a little courage and presence of mind you might have prevented my house from being burnt; but, in abandoning yourselves to alarm, you have rendered the heedlessness of Rosalind irreparable."

Rosalind was in an agony of grief on hearing this observation, as she felt and knew that all the terror which had been excited, and all the mischief which had been done, had been occasioned entirely by her heedless conduct.

EVENING III.

As Mrs. Woodbine and her eldest daughter were walking homeward through the neighbouring church-yard, their conversation turned on the amiable qualities of a youth whose father had

been recently interred in that consecrated spot, and who now seemed to make it his entire study to cheer and comfort his widowed and afflicted mother. And whilst they were adverting to some striking instances of his filial affection, it occurred to Emma that the tale which was to be read the same evening, related to a lad whose character and habits had undergone a complete and pleasing change, after a bereavement of a similar nature. The recollection of this circumstance induced Emma to quicken her pace; and shortly after her return she assembled her brothers and sisters, and, putting the book into the hands of Master Charles, requested him to read

INDOLENCE RECLAIMED.

HENRY BURNET was an indolent boy, who, from morning to evening, thought of nothing but play. One day, his father called him into his apartment and said: "My son, I see that you will never do any thing while you remain in my house, and that if you continue here much longer you will be an idler as long as you live. For this reason, I have arranged that you shall go to-morrow to board at a considerable distance. I shall see how you behave yourself there; but if you continue as regardless of your studies as formerly, I shall send you still farther; for, positively, I

will not suffer you to grow up in such disgraceful indolence."

"Papa," replied Henry, "I will be careless no longer, I assure you: keep me at home a little while longer, and you shall see."

"You have often promised me to reform," said Mr. Burnet, "but you have never had resolution to do so. I see that you dislike indolence only when it is to be punished. Hold yourself ready, therefore, to go to-morrow."

Poor Henry cried a great deal; but he was obliged to go. Arrived at the boarding school, he performed his duty for some time with attention; but he soon fell into his old habits of inactivity and indolence. During the hours of instruction, his thoughts were wandering about, and he heard little of what his masters said. Instead of studying his task, he passed his time in doing nothing; so that even the youngest of his companions soon went much beyond him. One or other of his masters often said to him—"My dear boy, how many misfortunes are you not preparing for yourself? What will your good and respectable father say, when he sees you leave us as ignorant as you came, and with the same faults that you had before? How this will grieve him! How he will regret having sent you here! Who knows to what extremities he may proceed?" But these

observations made no impression upon Henry. He still continued idle and without application.

One day when, according to custom, he was loitering away his time, he received a letter with a black seal ; he opened it, and read as follows :—

“Your father, my dear Henry, is no more, having been removed yesterday to a better life I have lost in him my dearest friend. I have now only *you* who can assuage my grief. I send you the last words of your dying father :—

“‘May our son,’ said he, pressing my hand for the last time, ‘may our son return to you thoroughly corrected of his indolence; and may it be his study henceforth to contribute to your happiness.’

“Read over again, my son, these last words of your father ; I am sure that they will make the proper impression upon your heart ; and that they will animate you to follow the counsel formerly given you by the best of fathers. I may yet be happy, if you are wise, and if you have profited by the good education which we have always endeavoured to give you. Ah ! if you have not profited, if you should return ignorant, and without a love of application, I shall be overcome with grief ! I forewarn you that I cannot keep you much longer at school, for my fortune will not permit me.”

What a thunderbolt was this to Henry! He shed a torrent of tears, he wrung his hands, and wished to read over his mother's letter a hundred times; but when he came to the last words of his father, he was always obliged to stop.

Night came, and he retired to bed; but he could not close his eyes for thinking of his father, and of the reproaches which his indolence deserved from him.

His thoughts often recurred to his mother, and to the sorrow she would experience when he returned to her. "When," said he to himself, "she sees my bad writing; when she gives me a sum to cast up which I cannot reckon; when she examines me in my geography which I have not learned; when, in short, she sees that my books are still new and unopened, in what grief will she be plunged! O that I may be able to recover the time that I have lost!"

Thus, tossing in his bed, he passed the night without being able to sleep a single moment.

Early in the morning he arose, went to his master, embraced his knees, and said, with tears in his eyes: "Ah, sir, I have been idle hitherto; I have learned nothing. I feel now the sad consequences of my negligence, and of my want of application. I repent sincerely of my faults, and wish most

earnestly to repair them. Tell me, pray tell me, how I may do so. I will submit to every thing."

The master, touched by the words and the affliction of poor Henry, said: "My dear, the time which you have misemployed is irrevocably lost to you. May you make a better use of what is yet your own, in order that, some years hence, you may not have new cause of repentance. Begin this very day to amend. Pay attention to whatever is said to you. Apply yourself diligently to learn your lessons. Do not sleep over your duty, as you have hitherto lost a great deal of time; but employ, for the future, a part of your holidays, and times of play, in the study of what you have neglected to learn. You may thus become reconciled to yourself, and repair the great loss of time which you lament."

Little Henry thanked the good master for this advice, and began from that day to follow it. Never did he venture to take any amusement till he had applied himself with ardour to his studies. If any fit of idleness overtook him, he immediately opened his mother's letter; and, in reading the last words of his father, he felt his courage revive, and his good resolution strengthen. It was by this conduct, maintained for a considerable length of time, that he acquired the habit of application and

labour ; and when he returned to his mother, he afforded her all the joy and consolation of which her lacerated bosom was susceptible.

EVENING IV.

THE fourth evening arrived, a new tale was to be heard, and the little folks assembled to partake of their favourite amusement ; but some delay was occasioned by the absence of Edward, by whom the company, on this occasion, were to be entertained. Now the fact was, that this amiable little fellow had been so busily employed with digging in his garden, removing some stones in his wheelbarrow, and trundling his hoop, that the evening had come on before he recollected that his pet rabbit, which had been presented to him by a beloved uncle, had not received his usual share of attention. He therefore ran with a little basket to procure some nice carrot-tops, and was just in the act of giving bunny his supper, when a voice from the house reminded him that his brother and sisters were anxiously waiting his arrival. At this intimation he carefully closed the door of the hutch, nodded "Good night," to his pretty pensioner, and hastening to the parlour, first apologized for his absence, and then proceeded to read

THE KITE.

MR. NUGENT's children, being desirous of having a kite, asked their papa for osier sticks, paper, and packthread. Their papa, who was very good-natured, readily gave them what they wanted, and even assisted them in making the kite.

Toward evening the kite was finished, and was put in an airy place to dry during the night.

The next morning, Mr. Nugent said to his children:—"My dear boys, learn your lessons thoroughly; and when you know them, we will go into the fields together to fly the kite."

Scarcely had they taken their books, when their papa, being obliged to leave them for a short time, recommended to them to sit still in their places, and not to go out till he returned. But, as soon as he was gone, Julius proposed to his brother to try the kite. He went in search of it immediately, took it in his arms, and went out of the house.

Charles followed; but he had not proceeded many steps before he stopped and said to his brother:—"I think we are both very naughty: after all the trouble which papa took yesterday to procure our pleasure, we are going to do what he has expressly forbidden;—this is certainly wrong. I

cannot bear the thought of being so ungrateful: I will go no farther."

"You may do as you please," replied Julius; "but as for me, I shall go and amuse myself a few minutes, and then return to finish my lesson."

He accordingly proceeded to the fields, unrolled the packthread, made all the needful preparations, and raised the kite into the air.

Julius had promised himself much pleasure in flying the kite; but he had none at all, for his conscience told him that he had done wrong.

Suddenly he heard the voice of a man who was in an adjoining field; and, supposing it to be the voice of his papa, immediately drew in the packthread hastily, to lower the kite.

The packthread having caught in the branches of an old elm, Julius climbed the tree in order to disentangle it; but unfortunately placed his foot upon a branch, which broke beneath his weight. Julius fell to the ground, and received a great deal of hurt, especially on his legs. It was some time before he was able to move. At length, however, with much pain he dragged himself to the house, with the kite under his arm all torn to pieces.

At the instant of his coming in, he saw his father, who entered by another door. Think how much ashamed of himself he must have been!

His papa, seeing how severely he was already punished for his fault, did not scold him ; on the contrary, he took great care of him, and put him to bed.

Julius remained in his sick chamber for several days, suffering much pain, and bitterly repenting of his disobedience.

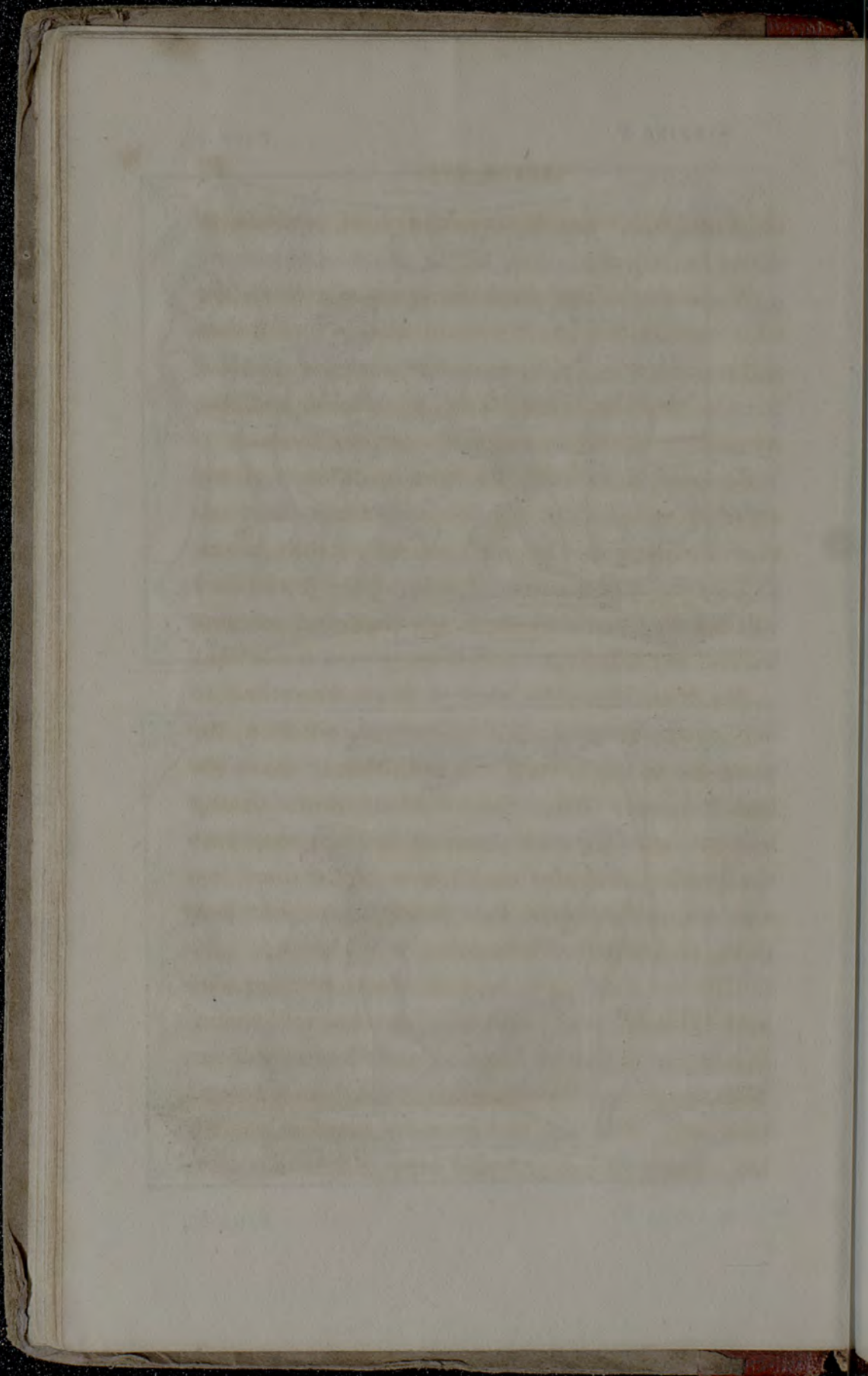
EVENING V.

THE weather having proved extremely wet, Mrs. Woodbine was prevented from taking her usual walk, and the children could not even amuse themselves in the garden. They were therefore extremely glad when the hour arrived for resuming their entertaining stories, and when Maria, placing herself by the side of her mamma, read the tale called

LITTLE ZOE.

LITTLE ZOE was such a kind and sweet tempered child, that when she was but three years old, all her young friends were delighted to have her in their company ; and if her head happened to ache, or she were otherwise unwell, she was sure to be tenderly nursed by the eldest of the party, whilst the others brought out all their playthings in





order to excite her attention, and, if possible, to divert her mind.

When she had attained the age of six years, she was one day left in the house alone; her father and mother having gone on a visit to one of their friends, her brothers being at school, and the servants having gone out upon various errands.

Zoe said to herself, "I am now mistress of my actions; and, as nobody sees me, I can do whatever I will; yet, though I am completely alone, if I do any thing wrong, I may injure myself. I will behave, therefore, as if my papa and mamma were at my side."

She then began to write a page, according to her master's desire; and afterward, going to the piano-forte, she played the last lesson which she had learned. After this, she sat down during half an hour to work; and at last she went into the garden to water the flowers, prop them up, and transplant some that belonged to her brothers, from one bed to another.

The evening came, and Zoe was well satisfied with herself, and with her day's employment. When her papa and mamma came home, she ran to meet them. Her mamma looked at her, and perceiving that she had an air of satisfaction, "I see clearly, my dear," said she, "that you have

been very good to-day ; if you had not been so, you would not be so well pleased with yourself. Be always good, and you will always be happy."

Zoe promised that she would, and made a resolution to keep her word. Her mamma having afterwards asked what she had done, she related to her the employments of the day : she showed what she had written ; mentioned the lesson she had played, and let her mamma see how much she had worked. This gave her mamma so much pleasure that she embraced Zoe tenderly, and told her she had been a very good and obedient child.

The next day, Zoe's brothers went into the garden, and, having looked over their flowers, they saw some in new places. They doubted not that it was their good sister who planted them. They went immediately, therefore, to thank her. "Dear Zoe," said they, "you have given us some very pretty flowers ;—tell us whether we can do any thing to please you in return ?" But Zoe was too good to ask for any thing.

Her brothers returned into the garden, picked out the finest flowers from their beds, and transplanted them into those of their dear sister ; and to show still more how much they were delighted by her kindness, they went every morning into

their gardens to gather a nosegay for her acceptance.

At the end of a few weeks, Zoe's mother received a visit from one of her neighbours. Zoe had scarcely entered the room when the lady exclaimed, "This is the dear little girl who is so good when her father and mother are from home! I had a great deal of pleasure the other day," added she, "in seeing from my window how this amiable child behaved in the parlour and in the garden, though no person was with her. She did every thing with the same order and application as if her father and mother had been present."

Zoe blushed at this unexpected praise; she retired immediately from the company; and, being alone in her chamber, she said, while the tears started into her eyes: "Oh! how much is gained by being good, even when we believe ourselves to be alone! Nothing that we do remains concealed. Mamma, at first sight, knew that I had been good, though I had not told her so; and even this lady saw what I did, though I did not think that any person witnessed my actions. If, then, I had done any thing wrong, it would have been the same. Ah! what shame I should have suffered if this lady had seen me do any evil! How she would have despised me! And how much sorrow that

would have given to my dear papa and mamma ! I will always behave well, even when I find myself in the greatest solitude ; recollecting that, wherever I am, the eye of my Creator is upon me ; and to HIM I must look for that blessing which is the reward of a virtuous life."

EVENING VI.

THE next evening Emma was appointed to read to our little party ; and on opening the book she said with a smile, "I have myself been giving *advice*, this afternoon, to our neighbour William Lockett ; who, having lost a beautiful robin, which he had lately caught, was very gravely walking through our field, holding the empty cage in his hand, with the door open, in order to lure the little wanderer back again. I told him, however, that it was quite in vain for him to expect that a bird which had the use of its wings, would return to the prison whence he had so happily escaped ; and I advised him never again to confine one of those pretty creatures, which delight us with their innocent warblings when they are at liberty, but are almost sure to die in a short time

when they are shut up in a cage, and deprived of their natural food."

"I wish he may attend to your admonition," said Mrs. Woodbine; "but how came you to think of this circumstance on opening your new book, and what caused you to smile?"

"Because, mamma," she replied, "the tale which I am to read this evening is entitled

GOOD ADVICE.

LITTLE George Glover was placed at an excellent school near London, as a parlour-boarder; and if he had always acted with propriety, he would have been very happy in this situation. On his uncle calling, however, one day to see him, he was much surprised to find him sitting alone in a very dejected manner, and his eyes red with weeping. He, of course, enquired the cause of his sorrow.

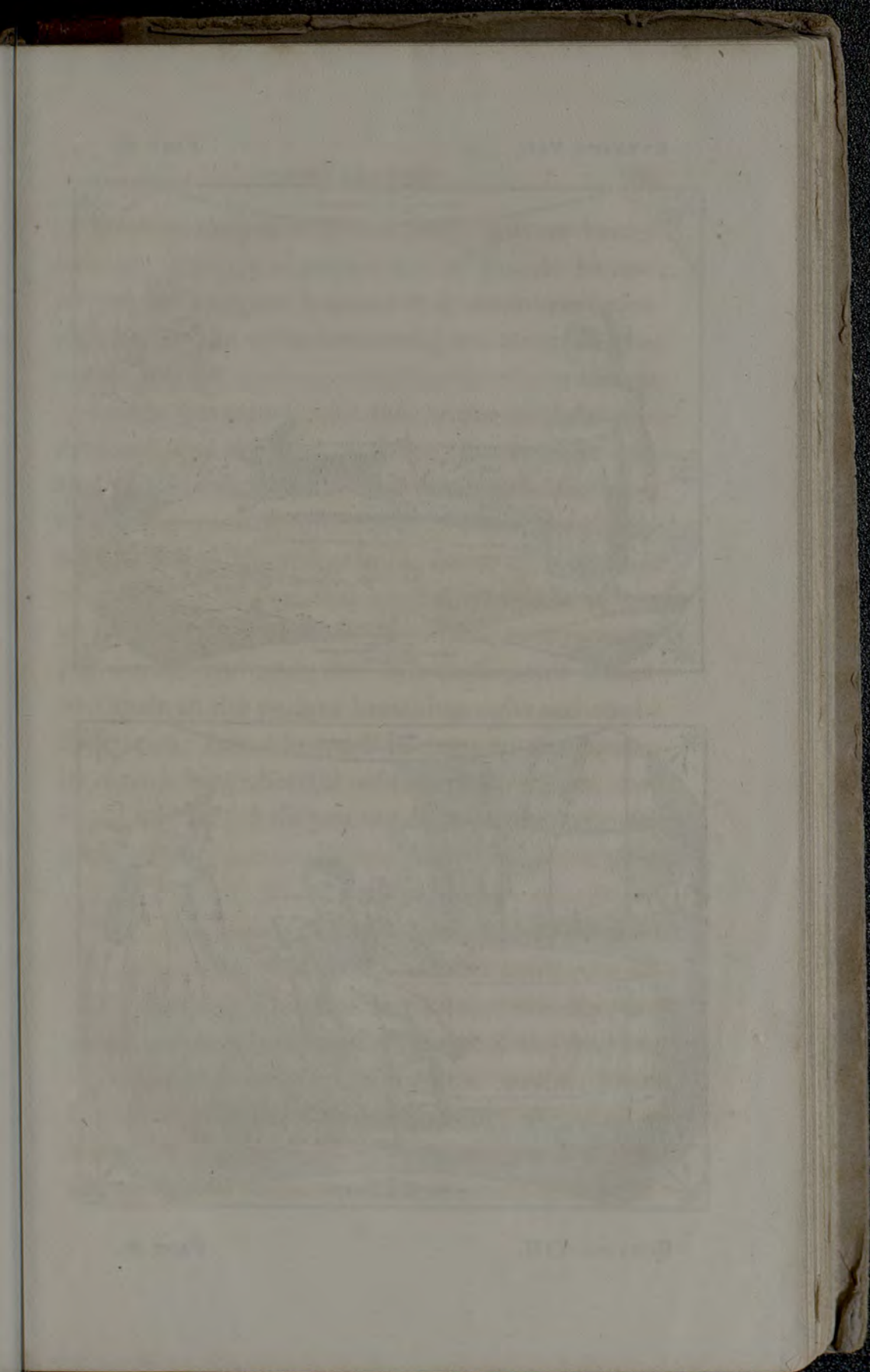
"I am very unhappy," replied George; "I cannot have any peace; my master always finds something to scold me about: sometimes it is for not having put away my books; sometimes for coming in with my hat on; sometimes for leaving the door open; and now I must not have any dinner because I came too late. I am very unhappy;

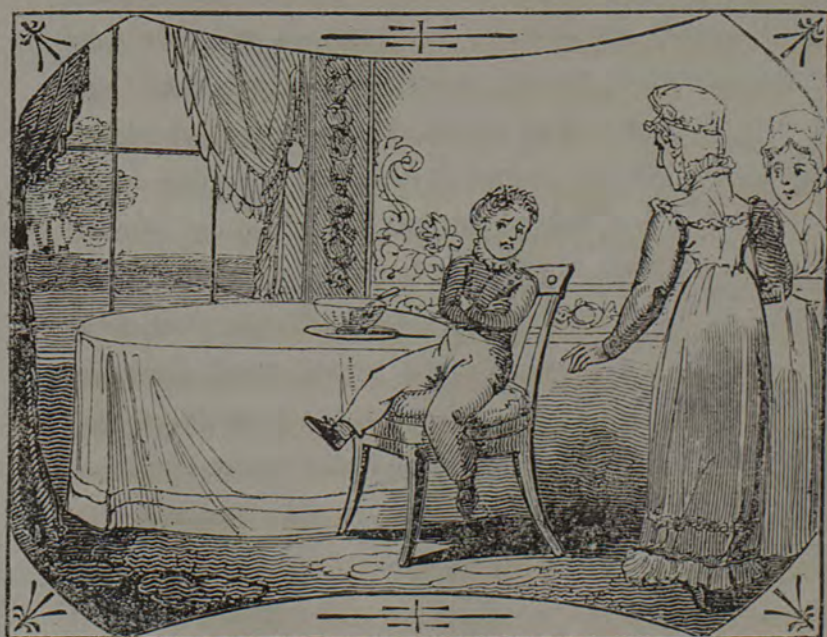
I cannot bear these continual scoldings and punishments."

"You are very much in the right, my dear," replied his uncle; "such things must be very disagreeable; but, if you wish it, I can give you an excellent remedy against all these misfortunes."

"If I wish it, uncle!" replied George; "O tell me, I beg of you, what I must do?"

"I am going to tell you, my dear," answered the uncle; "listen to me. You have only to pay the greatest attention to what pleases your master, and to mind always what he tells you; for example, you have mentioned the disorder of your books, the taking off your hat, leaving open doors, and making dinner wait; each of these things has brought upon you a severe rebuke. Now, my boy, put your books in order whenever you have done with them; never enter the room before you have taken off your hat; shut the doors after you, and always be in time for dinner. By observing these rules, you will infallibly save yourself from being blamed on any of the subjects you have mentioned. You may be equally secure in every other respect, if you only take care to ascertain what your master wishes you to do, and then carefully obey him. I will answer that





by these means you will save yourself from being scolded ; for if it be unpleasant to you to be reprimanded by your master, it is much more unpleasant to him to be incessantly rebuking an untoward child."

George was struck with the justice of these arguments, and resolved to follow the sensible advice of his uncle ; his first care therefore was, to avoid displeasing his master. Soon after this, he anticipated his wishes in his desire to give him pleasure. And now, instead of the rebukes which he had formerly received, he experienced nothing but caresses and rewards. His uncle never found him again in the parlour breathing sighs and shedding tears ; but, whenever he came to the house, he found him cheerful and happy. " Ah, my boy," said he ; " do you not find that I gave you *good advice*?"

EVENING VII.

THE evening was mild and serene, the sky was almost entirely free from clouds, and the feathered songsters warbled their sweetest strains, when Lucy, in returning from a long walk, perceived a leveret, or young hare, scampering, as if for its life, across the fields ; and, immediately afterward,

she saw a large hawk in the air, directing his flight toward the pretty fugitive. Terrified at the idea of poor puss falling a victim to this cruel enemy, the tender-hearted girl stood still, and hardly ventured to breathe. After a short time, however, the leveret made a sudden turn, and concealed herself so completely among some brushwood, that the hawk was obliged to give up his pursuit; and Lucy, quickening her steps, reached home just in time to amuse her beloved brothers and sisters by reading the tale called

HEALTH PREFERABLE TO RICHES.

LITTLE MARTIN was a poor boy who gained his living by going on errands. One day, as he was returning from a village very far from his own, he found himself much fatigued; and, sitting down at the door of a little inn, he procured a small glass of beer and a piece of bread.

While he was taking this humble refreshment, a young gentleman and his tutor stopped in a carriage at the door of the inn. They were elegantly dressed, and followed by servants on horseback.

The inn-keeper immediately came to the door, and asked if the travellers would do him the honour of alighting? This, however, they declined;

and, without getting out of the carriage, they regaled themselves on part of a cold fowl and some wine and water, which were brought to them in an instant.

Martin, having now finished his little repast, fixed his eyes upon them with much attention, and looked as if he would say, "Those gentlemen are making a very good dinner, and I have had a very bad one."

The tutor, having accidentally cast his eyes upon little Martin, guessed his thoughts, and said to his pupil, "Look how that little boy's eyes are fixed upon us. I imagine that he says within himself, 'I wish I were in that young gentleman's place.'"

"Well," said the youth, who, though extremely unwell, was of a gay temper, "let us make the proposition, for a moment, of changing places with me."

The tutor immediately beckoned Martin to the carriage, and said to him, "Seeing how attentively you look at this young gentleman, it appears to me, my little friend, that you would like to be in his place. Will you change with him?"

"Ah, Sir," replied Martin, "you are in jest; but, if the young gentleman is willing, it shall soon be done. Ah, ha! what a gainer I shall be by

my journey! Our neighbours will be confounded when they see me return home this evening in a fine carriage!"

"I take you at your word," said the young gentleman; "I am going to resign to you my carriage and my horses. And I engage to give you every thing that you have not; provided that you, on the other hand, give me every thing that you have, and that I want."

Martin having agreed to these conditions, the young traveller called his servants, and desired them to assist him in getting out of his carriage.

Alas, what a sight! The legs of the amiable invalid were completely crooked, and incapable of supporting him. He was therefore obliged to be held by the servants till crutches were brought, on which he propped himself.

"Now," said he, to little Martin, "have you still an inclination to change with me?"

"O dear, no Sir! I have no such wish," cried Martin, retreating from one who no longer excited his envy; "no, I do not wish to change. The health which I enjoy and the use of my limbs are of more value than any thing you can give me. I had rather eat my dry bread, and not want any body to help me to walk; and I had rather be without poultry and wine, than be carried like an

image. Good afternoon, Sir," added he, and immediately ran homeward.

"You are right," cried the young gentleman; "if you could only give me your legs, I would cheerfully strip myself of all that I possess in the world to give you in return."

So true it is, that a poor person, with a good constitution, and well made, enjoys more true happiness than the most wealthy individual, who is a stranger to the blessings of health and strength. It must, therefore, be acknowledged that health is preferable to riches.

EVENING VIII.

It was very seldom that any thing like froward behaviour appeared among the little folks at Woodbine Hall. One morning, however, Master Edward, having slept much longer than usual, found, on entering the parlour, that breakfast was ended, and sat down to his solitary meal in what is commonly called an ill-humour. Accordingly, he fancied that the bread was bad, and that the milk had a very odd taste; and actually called Betty to give him something better. At this

junction, however, his mother entered the room, and told him, that if he had lost his appetite by lying in bed, it would be advisable to place his bread and milk in the pantry till *dinner-time*. This hint was sufficient for Edward: he started no further objections, but quickly finished his repast; went quietly to his studies; behaved very well at the dinner table; amused himself as he thought proper in the afternoon; and thought no more of his complaints or of his ill-humour till the evening, when his sister Lucy sat down to read

THE SPOILED CHILDREN.

MR. BEAUFOY had two sons whom he tenderly loved, but did not spoil. He gave them an excellent education, and inured them to such habits as promised to render their constitutions healthy and vigorous. Though he possessed a handsome fortune, he seldom permitted them to partake of rich meats or to drink wine; he also accustomed them to early rising, to washing themselves with cold water, to sleeping in a cold bed in the winter, and to taking daily exercise without fearing a little wind or rain.

Mr. Robinson's children were very differently managed; they had coffee, chocolate, wine, tarts, and all sorts of sweetmeats, as often as they thought

proper; water was warmed in the morning to wash them; their beds were warmed in the evening; and they were not permitted to go out if the weather were cold or cloudy.

One day, Philip and James were talking with their father; and, without presuming to complain of the manner in which they were educated, they happened to say, according to what they had heard, that the little Robinsons were very happy.

Mr. Beaufoy, to undeceive them, proposed to them to go with him to pay a visit to Mr. Robinson, whose house was at the distance of some miles from his own. This proposition was received with joy; and the next morning, they set out in a post-chaise.

The journey was a very cheerful one; but when they arrived, what a sight presented itself to their eyes!

On entering the apartment, they saw three children in the most miserable condition: their faces yellow, their eyes dull and hollow, their teeth black and broken; and they were altogether so weak and so meagre, that people might have supposed they did not get enough to eat.

Mrs. Robinson complained with tears in her eyes, that for eight days past, her fourth son had been obliged to keep his bed; and, soon after, she

brought a large glass of medicine, and made each of the children drink his share.

At table, Mr. Robinson's children appeared to be disgusted with every thing, and to care for nothing. On the other hand, their guests, Philip and James, ate cheerfully of whatever was set before them. There was even a plate of cucumbers, a vegetable rather indigestible, of which they ate heartily.

Mrs. Robinson asked them, with an air of concern, if so doing would not make them ill? and she added, that she should think her children would be killed if she permitted them to taste such food.

She was perfectly astonished when they replied, that they were used to such things, and that nothing made them ill.

Some time after they had dined, Mr. Beaufoy took leave of Mr. and Mrs. Robinson; and on returning home, he sent his children to their cold bed at an early hour as usual.

The next day, they came skipping to wish their papa good morning: their little cheeks were as red as roses, and an air of health gave lustre to their whole countenance.

"How happy I am," said their papa, "to have children so gay, and so healthy! I should be

truly afflicted if I saw you languid and weak like the Robinsons. What do you think of those children?"

"O dear, papa," replied Philip, "those poor children excite our pity: they look like shadows; and appear as if they were going to die. We would not be in their place for all the gold in the world."

"But," replied their father, "if I were to rear you as tenderly as they are reared; if I had your bed warmed, and the water, in which you are to wash, heated; if I were to give you wine and chocolate; if, instead of the simple meats which we have at dinner, I should teach you to relish some dainty, would you not be better pleased?"

"No, no, papa!" cried they, "we prefer cold beds and cold water, and nothing but plain food, to being made sick with rich meats and warm beds."

"I am delighted, my dear boys," said the father, "that you know how to prize the health you enjoy. I hope that you will never again envy the lot of the little Robinsons, and that you will understand that your father, in educating you with less delicacy, only seeks your happiness."

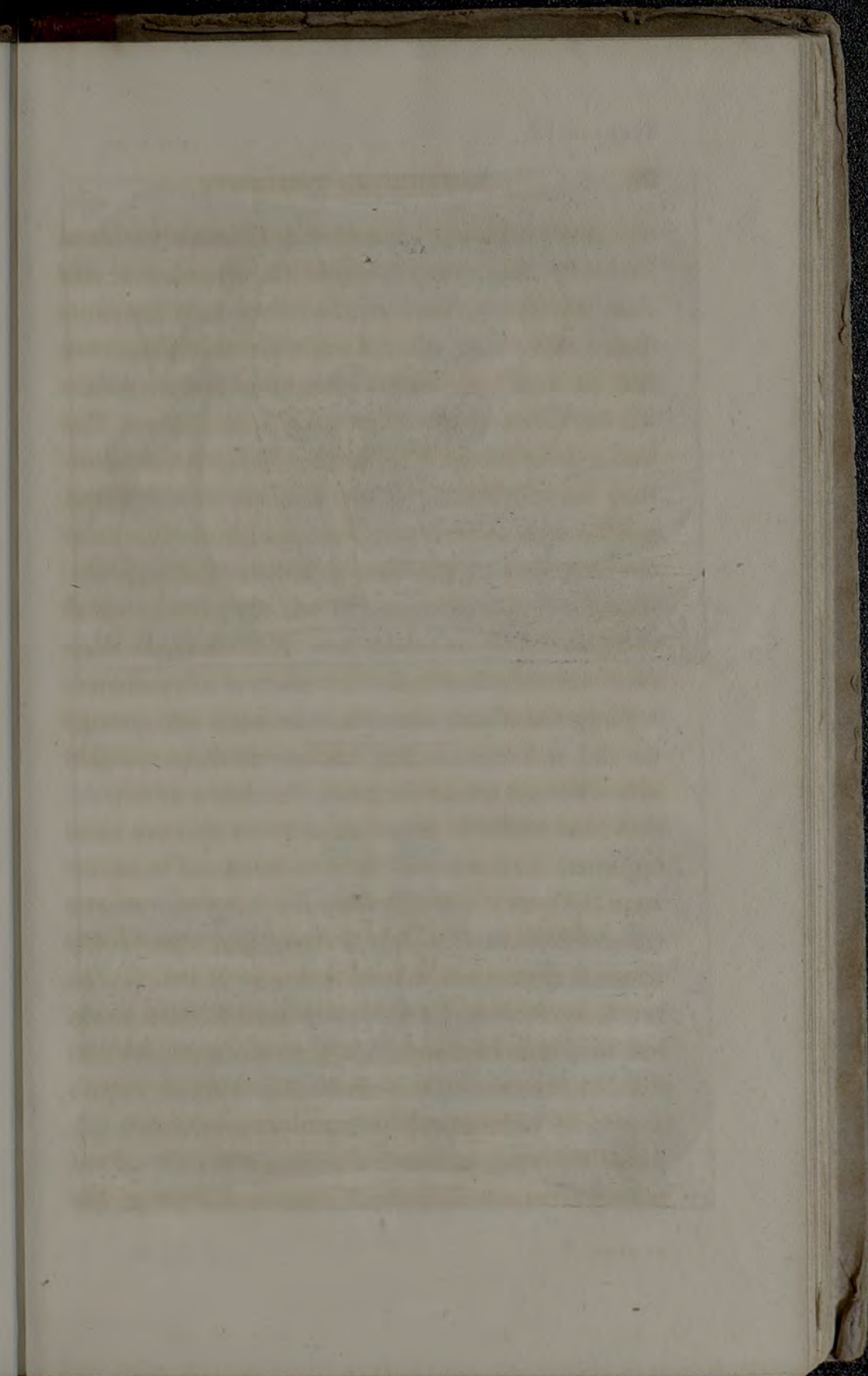
The lesson which Mr. Beaufoy gave to James and Philip was but too forcibly illustrated by what

happened afterward to Mr. Robinson's children. The boy that was ill when Mr. Beaufoy visited that gentleman, died in the course of a few days. Two other sons, also, died in the following year, and in this manner:—Seeing, one day in the winter, some children at play upon the ice, they had a great desire to take part in the amusement: they went, therefore, to their mother, and persuaded her to walk for half an hour with them. On returning to the house, however, it appeared that they had taken a violent cold; and though their mother put them to bed, and made them take various medicines, they died in a few days.

Only the eldest son now remained; and though he did not die so early as the others, he was the subject of illness all his life.

At the age of twenty-four, he was as weak as an old man, and was obliged to have a fire in his chamber every day; for even in summer, he complained that he was never warm. His stomach was so weak that it could bear nothing but boiled veal, lamb, or chickens; and he one day expected to die because he had eaten a small slice of bacon. So true it is, that those who wish to enjoy good health, should be accustomed to a hardy mode of life.

At the end of this tale Mrs. Woodbine fixed her eyes upon Edward, who, recollecting the





breakfast scene, was instantly covered with blushes; and running to his mamma, he assured her, in a whisper, that he was truly sorry for his misconduct, and that in future he would never find fault with his breakfast.

EVENING IX.

AS WOODBINE HALL was but about a mile distant from the sea, the children were sometimes indulged with a walk on the beach; and, on two or three occasions, when the water was perfectly calm, Charles and Edward had been permitted to go out in a boat, under the care of an experienced seaman, who was much attached to the family. One evening, as Mrs. Woodbine and her eldest son were walking by themselves in this direction, the latter felt extremely desirous of getting into the boat, though the old man was absent, and earnestly entreated his mamma to permit him to row himself a little way from the shore. Mrs. Woodbine, however, was too wise to listen to such a rash and dangerous proposal, and, pointing homeward, reminded him that it would be his turn to read to his brother and sisters, and that they would all be waiting his arrival. He, therefore, reluctantly

quitted the beach, and returned to the Hall just as the little party had assembled in the parlour. The book was accordingly placed in his hand, and it was not without a feeling of surprise that he perceived the subject of the evening to be

THE EFFECTS OF RASHNESS.

A CERTAIN Persian of distinction had, for some years, been extremely anxious that he might have a son to inherit his estate. His wishes on this subject were, at length, gratified; a son was born, and the fond father was so anxious for the health and safety of the little stranger, that he would scarcely suffer it to be taken out of his sight, and was never so much delighted as when he was employed in nursing.

One day his lady, on going to the bath, committed the infant to the Persian's care, earnestly entreating him not to quit the cradle until she came back. Scarcely, however, had she quitted the house, when the king sent for her husband. To refuse, or to delay obeying the royal summons, was impossible; he, therefore, went immediately to the palace, after having entrusted the child to the care of a favourite dog, which had been bred up in the family. No sooner was the father out of sight, than a large snake made its appearance, and was

crawling toward the cradle. When the dog saw the child's life in danger, he instantly seized the snake by the back of the head and destroyed it.

Soon after, when the father returned from court, the dog, as if conscious of the service he had performed, ran out to meet his master. The man seeing the dog stained with blood, imagined he had killed the child; and, without making any farther reflection or inquiry, struck the faithful little animal such a blow with his stick, that he instantly expired.

When the father came into his house and saw the child safe, and the snake lying dead by the side of the cradle, he smote his breast with grief, accusing himself of rashness and ingratitude toward the dog. While he was uttering these woe-ful lamentations, in came his wife, who, having learned the cause of his distress, blamed him severely for his want of reflection. He confessed his indiscretion, but begged her not to add reproaches to his distress, as reproof could now avail nothing. "True," said she, "advice can be of no service in the present instance; but I wish to rouse your mind to reflection, that you may reap instruction from your misfortunes. Shame and repentance are the sure consequences of precipitation and want of reflection.

“I have heard,” continued she, “that a king of Persia had a favourite hawk. Being one day on a hunting party with his hawk upon his hand, a deer started up before him. He let the hawk fly, and followed the deer with great eagerness, till, at length, it was taken. The courtiers were all left behind in the chace. The king being thirsty, rode about in search of water. Reaching at length the foot of a mountain, he discovered a little water, trickling in drops from the rock. He accordingly took a little cup out of his quiver, and held it to catch the water.

“Just when the cup was filled and the king was going to drink, the hawk, which had followed his master, alighted, shook his pinions and upset the cup. The king was vexed at the accident, and again applied the vessel to the hole in the rock. When the cup was replenished, and he was lifting it to his mouth, the hawk clapped his wings, and again threw it down: at this the king was so enraged, that he flung the bird with such force against the ground that it immediately expired.

“At this time the table-decker came up. He took a napkin out of his budget, wiped the cup, and was going to give the king some water to drink. The king said he had a great inclination to taste the pure water that distilled through the

rock ; but, not having patience to wait for its being collected in drops, he ordered the table-decker to go to the top of the mountain and fill the cup at the fountain head.

“ The table-decker, having reached the top of the mountain, saw a large serpent lying dead at the spring, and perceived that the poisonous foam of this reptile had mixed with the water which fell in drops through the rock. He descended, related the fact to the king, and presented him with a cup of cold water out of his flagon.

“ When the king lifted the cup to his lips, the tears gushed from his eyes. He then related to the table-decker the adventure of the hawk, and made many reflections upon the destructive consequences of precipitancy and thoughtlessness ; and during his whole life the arrow of regret continually rankled in his breast.”

The Persian, thus instructed by the good counsel of his wife, ever after guarded himself against that rashness to which he had been before addicted.

Charles closed the volume with a sigh, conscious of the folly of his recent request, and aware that had it not been for the firm refusal of his mother, his own rashness might have been productive of the most fatal effects.

EVENING X.

HITHERTO our readers have heard nothing of Mr. Woodbine, though they have been introduced to his amiable lady and his beloved children. Now, the fact is, this gentleman had been for several months on the continent; and it was not till the evening after the recital of the last tale, that he returned in safety to the bosom of his family. His arrival, as may be easily supposed, was hailed with rapture by the domestic circle; and in his company the time passed away so rapidly, that the shades of evening began to gather around the Hall before the little folks recollected that they had not taken their accustomed walk. For this recreation, however, it was now too late; and the volume of tales being brought forward, Edward was requested to read

THE FISH POND.

LITTLE ELIZABETH had been walking with her brother Edward in Mr. Hanway's garden, and had been contemplating with great delight the beautiful silver trout which were swimming merrily in the fish-pond, and which occasionally came to the surface of the water. Returning from this interesting scene, she met her cousin William, and

gave him such a description of what she had witnessed, that, though he did not personally know Mr. Hanway, and therefore could not obtain access to the garden, he resolved to go and look over a fence which commanded a good view of the pond, and that he might induce the fishes to come to the surface, he purchased a roll and some biscuits, which he might break and throw into the water.

As he went on his way, thinking of nothing but the delightful sight he was to see, he heard the voice of a poor woman, who, seated by the side of a ditch, earnestly solicited the charity of passengers: "Have pity, my dear little gentleman," cried she, "upon a poor woman and her poor child." She held in her hand a little boy, who was crying, and whose countenance, like that of its mother, indicated both hunger and sickness.

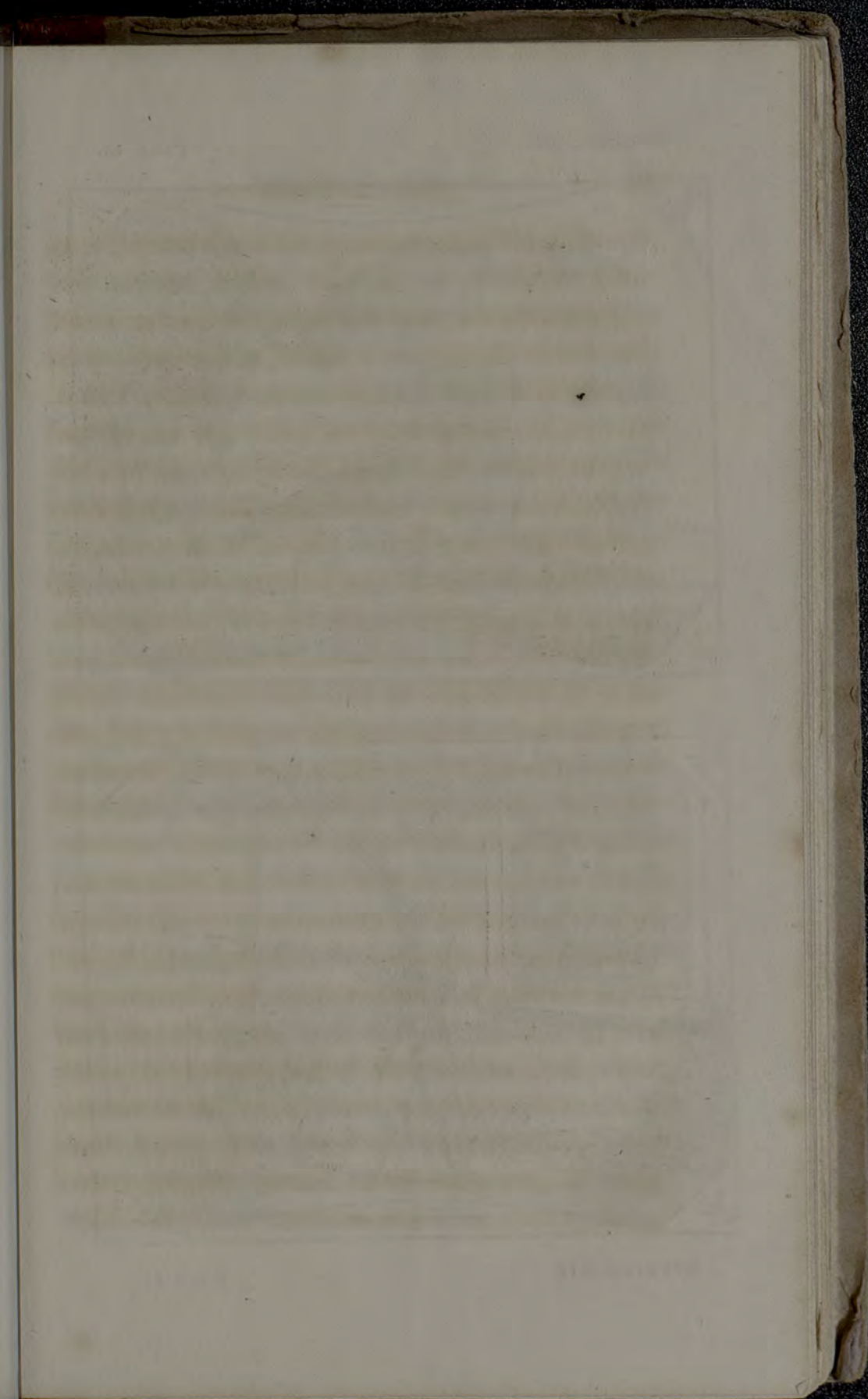
A mind of sensibility feels an irresistible desire to succour the distressed; but William, though he had a good, and even a tender heart, was too much occupied by the idea of the pleasure that he was going to enjoy, to be able to stop a single instant. The woman often repeated to him, pressing her infant to her bosom, "Alas, Sir, I am ready to die with hunger;" but William, after having glanced his eye upon her, passed by, and,

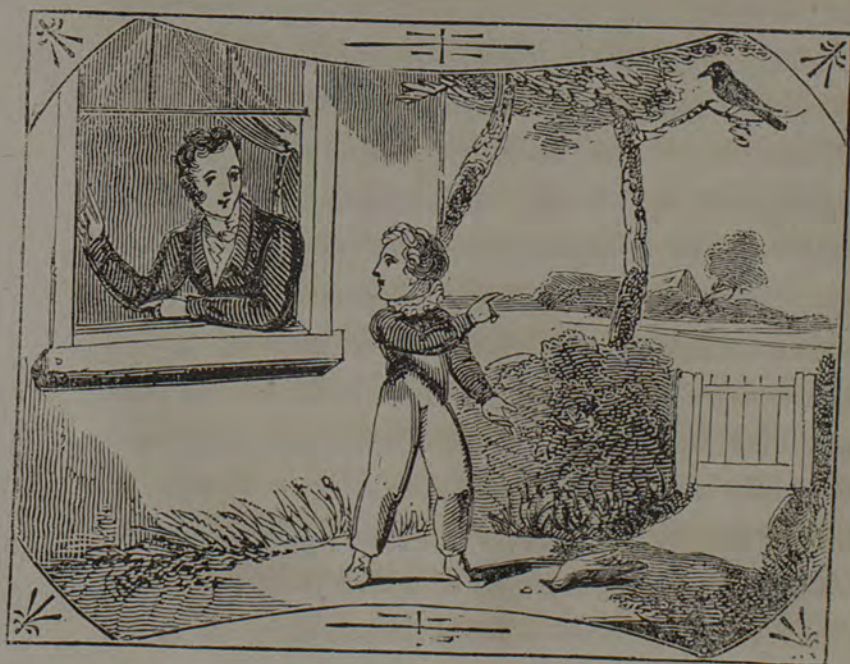
doubling his pace, pursued his way, fearing to be too late.

Presently, he saw the paling which separated the fish-pond from the road; but, to his great regret, he found so many persons looking over it, that there was no room for him. He was obliged to wait till the crowd was somewhat diminished; and as each was as curious as himself, he staid a considerable time before he was able to see the fish. And, though, after waiting a long time, he obtained a good view of the pond, he was sadly disconcerted when he saw the whole surface covered with bread and biscuit. He took out one of his biscuits, however, and threw part of it into the water; but he did not see one of those pretty silver trout which, in disputing for the bread, had amused Elizabeth.

He tried a second piece; but it did not succeed better than the first. Disappointed in his design, he returned homeward with vexation in his heart.

On his way, he recollected the poor woman, and said to himself, "Why did I not give to that unfortunate mother all the bread which I was going to throw on the water?"—It is thus that even the most sensible hearts sometimes lose the opportunity of doing a good action, because they run after pleasure with too much avidity.





EVENING XI.

THE following afternoon was devoted to a long walk ; and whilst Mrs. Woodbine and the young ladies rested themselves at the cottage of Nurse Lovechild, Charles and Edward were taken by their papa to a rocky part of the coast, where they had an opportunity of seeing some curlews ; one of which permitted them to approach within a short distance, as his attention seemed to be completely occupied in searching among the shells and weeds for frogs, worms, and marine insects.

After hearing from their father, that there were no less than eleven species of the curlew, differing considerably in size, the young folks returned home ; and, in the evening, Maria read the tale entitled

THE WORK-BAG.

AMELIA and her sister Ann had neither father nor mother ; but Mrs. Adams, their aunt, who was a widow, and without children, had taken them into her house, and was at the charge of their education.

These two little orphans possessed excellent qualities ; but Ann was rather careless and negligent,

She had a sad habit of leaving her books and her playthings in every corner of the house ; so that she had often the mortification of losing them, or of finding them in a bad condition.

One day, Mrs. Walden came to pay a visit to her friend Mrs. Adams, and brought for each of the little girls a present of a satin work-bag, ornamented with gold. There was in each bag a needle-book, and a piece of muslin, on which was drawn a pretty design.

At first, Ann took the greatest possible care of her work-bag ; she never left it but in a proper place, and never forgot where to find it.

One morning, the two sisters, each with her work-bag on her arm, entered the garden, and began to work in the fresh air. After they had remained some time, Amelia returned to the house, and Ann amused herself with gathering some flowers to make a nosegay. But as her operation was rather impeded by the work-bag, she laid it upon a plat of turf which was at hand.

While gathering the flowers, she saw a little lamb, which put its head through the bars of a railing, and which bleated as if to call her. She ran toward the little animal, caressed it, fed it from her hand, and began to play with it.

Suddenly, she recollected that it was the dinner

hour, and that she must retire to the house. "Good bye, little lamb," said she; and arrived within doors without having the least thought about her pretty work-bag.

She did not recollect her treasure till the evening, when she wanted her work. She ran immediately to look for it, and found it on the turf, but in the most deplorable condition. It was entirely in rags, and covered with dust and dirt; the needle-book and the muslin were torn, and the scissors, bodkin, and needles, were dispersed in all directions.

Who can give any idea of the affliction which poor Ann endured at this disastrous sight? She remained for some time silent and motionless: at length, she began to examine, one after another, all the pieces; and, when she found them absolutely spoiled, she burst into tears and lamentations.

The gardener having heard her complaints and sobbings, ran from the other end of the garden, to know what was the matter. Ann related to him her misfortune, and asked him if he could tell who had done this dreadful mischief?

The gardener replied, that he pitied her distress, and added, "that the mischief had, no doubt, been done by the little dog; for," said

he, "I have seen him running about the place for a long time."

Ann saw that she could do nothing but gather up the pieces, and carry them, as they were, into the house. There she could find no consolation but from the friendship of her dear Amelia, to whom alone she confided the story of her misfortune, and who could not refrain from crying with her.

The next day, while the two sisters were talking together concerning the unfortunate accident of the preceding evening, "Alas! my dear sister," said Ann, "my greatest sorrow is to think what my aunt will say; she, who has so often desired me to take the greatest care of my work-bag: oh! I cannot bear the thought. One method is in my power for concealing my carelessness; but I confess that I have a great dislike to it, and that I cannot resolve to make use of it."

"What is it?" inquired Amelia.

"The maid tells me," rejoined Ann, "that she has a piece of satin of exactly the same colour as my work-bag; and that her cousin, who is a milliner, will embroider it for me like the other, and procure me a needle-book exactly like that which is destroyed. She says, also, that I have nothing

to do but to get some muslin, and to copy the design from the piece which remains, which may be easily done; and, by this contrivance, my aunt may be prevented from ever knowing what has happened; but, I must confess, all this secrecy and deception displeases me very much."

"You are very right, my love," said Amelia; "it would be a deception: and, beside, how could you consent, by such an artifice, to deceive an aunt who loves us so tenderly, and from whom we ought to conceal nothing?"

"That is very true," exclaimed Ann; "if I had once the misfortune to deceive her, I should never dare to look her in the face again, for fear that she should see in my countenance that I had deceived her. I have resolved, therefore, what to do; I will go this instant in search of my aunt, and confess the whole."

"Go, my dear," said Amelia: "that is the best thing you can do."

Ann went, as she proposed, without delay, to her aunt. Mrs. Adams, who was naturally good and indulgent, listened attentively to the acknowledgment which Ann made of her carelessness; and, seeing her much distressed, endeavoured to compose her. "Comfort yourself, my dear child,"

said she ; “ this misfortune will be very useful to you if it teaches you to be more careful for the future than you have hitherto been.”

The accident of the work-bag had already begun to be forgotten, when Mrs. Adams and her two nieces were one day invited to dine with Mrs. Walden. This invitation, which would otherwise have been very agreeable to Ann, did not please her much as circumstances stood. “ My dear aunt,” said she to Mrs. Adams, “ I would give any thing in the world not to go to Mrs. Walden’s to-morrow.”

“ I can easily believe it, my dear,” replied Mrs. Adams ; “ for she will certainly inquire concerning your poor work-bag : but what excuse can you make for declining the visit ? You certainly would not tell a falsehood, and say that you are unwell ?”

“ Oh no, my dear aunt,” replied Ann ; “ I must go, let me suffer what I may.”

The next day arrived ; and, the carriage being at the door, Mrs. Adams set out with Ann and Amelia, the latter of whom had the delicacy to leave her work-bag at home, that she might not give occasion to a comparison to her sister’s disadvantage.

During the whole journey, poor Ann was very

serious and thoughtful, though Amelia did all that was possible to divert her. She pointed out to her, sometimes the flowers which adorned the hedges, and the fruits which loaded the trees; sometimes the birds which flew from branch to branch; and sometimes the carriages which ran along the road; but poor Ann could pay very little attention to any thing she saw.

When they had arrived, Mrs. Walden cordially welcomed the two young ladies; but she perceived at once that neither had brought her work-bag. She said nothing, however, at that moment; but, after talking some time with Mrs. Adams, she asked Amelia whether her muslin were yet worked?

"Yes, madam," replied Amelia.

"Why then, my dear, did you not bring it? I should have been much pleased to see it."

At this observation Amelia blushed, and plainly discovered that she did not know what to say.

Seeing her sister disconcerted, and the still greater embarrassment into which she might be thrown, the unfortunate Ann could preserve herself no longer, but burst into a flood of tears.

Mrs. Adams now spoke, and related to Mrs. Walden the sad adventure of the work-bag; not

forgetting, however, to mention the frankness and good behaviour of Ann.

"That was charming!" said Mrs. Walden; and then, addressing herself to Ann; "Comfort yourself, my dear," said she; "you deserve that I should give you another work-bag."

"She will soon have such another," said Mrs. Adams; "I have already ordered one; and I shall present it to her, as a reward for her frankness and good behaviour."

After this, Mrs. Adams did not forget to speak of the delicacy which Amelia had shown upon the occasion, who had forbore to display her well-kept work-bag, though it was in excellent condition at home.

"What amiable children!" cried Mrs. Walden; "there is nothing that I would not do for them; I shall always love them."

The remainder of the day passed in cheerfulness; and in the evening, as the party returned home, Ann felt herself in a situation very different from that which she had experienced in the morning. Every thing she did announced the happiness she enjoyed, and of which she would certainly have been deprived if she had resorted to any subterfuge in order to conceal the truth. Her dear aunt, and her sister Amelia, shared her happiness

at that moment, and had the pleasure, afterward, of seeing her become attentive and careful.

EVENING XII.

MR. WOODBINE had been employed the greater part of the afternoon in writing letters to his friends on the continent, when he was suddenly called to the window by his son Edward, who pointed to a crow, that was perched on the branch of a tree, and earnestly requested that she might be shot, as she had committed sad ravages in his little garden, by picking up and devouring some curious peas which he had recently planted. His father acknowledged that it was very vexatious to have the garden seeds thus destroyed, but he said he could not think of taking away the *life* of the crow for so trifling an offence. "You have more peas, my love," said he, "and in sowing a fresh crop you must guard against this depredator by placing a net or some boughs over the ground."

Edward retired to carry this plan into execution; but he was not convinced that the crow did not deserve death till the evening, when his brother Charles read the

INJUSTICE OF EXCESSIVE PUNISHMENT.

A GENTLEMAN one day found his son beating his dog in a furious manner. Displeased as he was at this behaviour, he coolly desired the boy to forbear, and to inform him for what crime the dog was thus chastised. It appeared that the animal had committed a trespass upon the young gentleman's garden ; had left certain marks of his crime, in the prints of his toes upon the earth, which had just been carefully raked, and put into the highest order ; and had also trodden down two or three lettuces, each of which had attained the height of an inch and a half, and which were intended for the early food of a collection of silk-worms. The dog had therefore certainly committed a crime ; yet the gentleman regarded the punishment as more than equal to the offence.

“ We must always bear in mind,” said he, “ that, while we are pretending to administer justice, we are liable, by extreme severity, to become ourselves offenders. It is not because a creature offends us, whether the individual be one of our own species or of another, that we have therefore a right to do it all the mischief we can. Because the dog walked over your garden, which was a very pardonable fault, you have hurt him as much

as your strength would permit. You must remember that nothing can be right which you would not think just toward yourself, as well as toward others. It happened, a very few days ago, that you did more harm than your dog has done, by running over a bed, and climbing a fence yourself. Would you then have thought it justifiable in any one to have beaten, or otherwise corrected you with all his strength, and to the utmost of his power? Trust me, you would, in that case, have fared but badly. I will say no more, however, upon this subject, but relate a little Eastern fable, which will, I hope, make some impression upon your mind.

“ There was a certain youth in Persia, who possessed a beautiful garden. You have, perhaps, heard that, of all flowers, the Asiatics most admire the rose. This beautiful flower is the perpetual subject of their admiration, and the theme of their poetry. Among birds, the nightingale is their favourite; and the nightingale is exceedingly fond of the rose. Now, it so happens, that the nightingale shows its fondness for the rose in much the same manner that little boys and girls are apt to do—that is, by picking it in pieces, rubbing its head among the leaves, and strewing them upon the ground.

“As the nightingale behaves on this occasion just as you do yourself, I conclude that you will not think him guilty of a very great crime. The Persian youth, however, thought otherwise. In the delightful garden which I have mentioned, a garden that contained the most charming shrubs and flowers, and resounded with the songs of nightingales, there grew one rose-tree of uncommon size and beauty. Every morning, on the top of the bush, the roses blossomed. The youth grew exceedingly fond of these flowers, and envied the nightingales, which rubbed their heads on the leaves of the roses, and tore asunder with their sharp bills the gold that is in the middle of the flower.

“One day, when he went as usual to view his roses, he saw a nightingale tearing the beautiful flowers, and scattering their leaves upon the ground. The next day he saw the nightingale still tearing his roses. He now grew extremely angry. But, on the third day, the roses were all destroyed, and the thorns only remained. He now resolved to punish the depredator. He accordingly set a snare, and, having baited it deceitfully, he caught the nightingale, and confined him in a cage.

“The disheartened nightingale,” says the fable, “opened his mouth like a parrot, and said:—

“‘Oh! Sir, for what cause have you imprisoned

me? and for what reason have you resolved to distress me? If you are desirous of hearing my songs, my nest is in the garden, where, in the morning, your bower shall be the house of my music; but if you have any other design, inform me of what is passing in your mind.

“The youth said: ‘Dost thou not know how often thou hast distressed me with the loss of my favourite roses? It is right that thy evil deeds should be requited; and that thou, being separated from thy friends and family, and secluded from all joy and diversion, should mourn in the corner of a prison, while I lament my separation from my beloved flowers.’

“The nightingale replied: ‘Forego this resolution, and consider that, if I am imprisoned for such an offence as tearing a rose, what will be your desert, if you tear a heart asunder?’

“This speech convinced the youth of his error, and he set the nightingale at liberty.

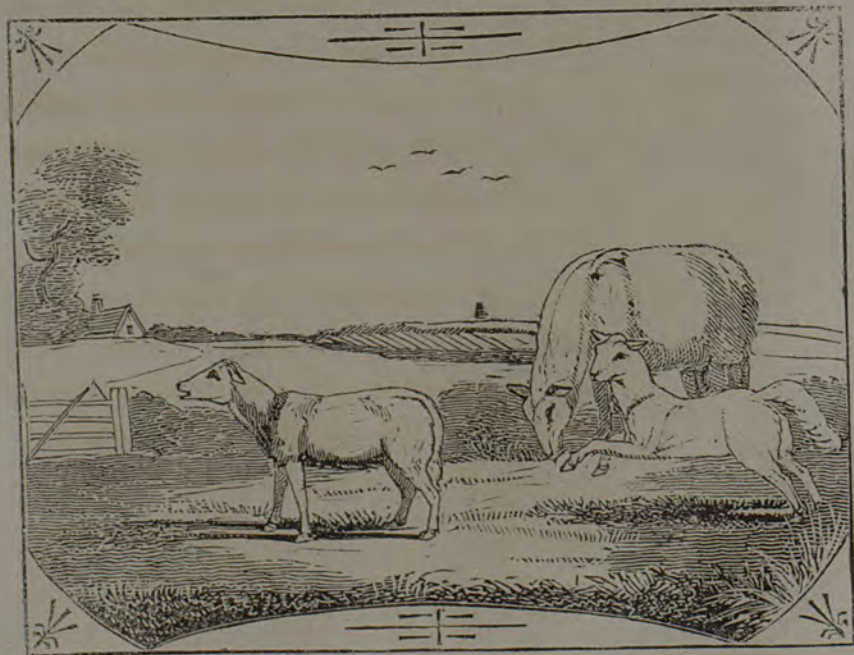
“You see then, my son,” said the father, when he had finished the recital of his fable, “that we are perpetually in danger of inflicting a greater punishment than the offender deserves, and of exposing ourselves to merited censure.

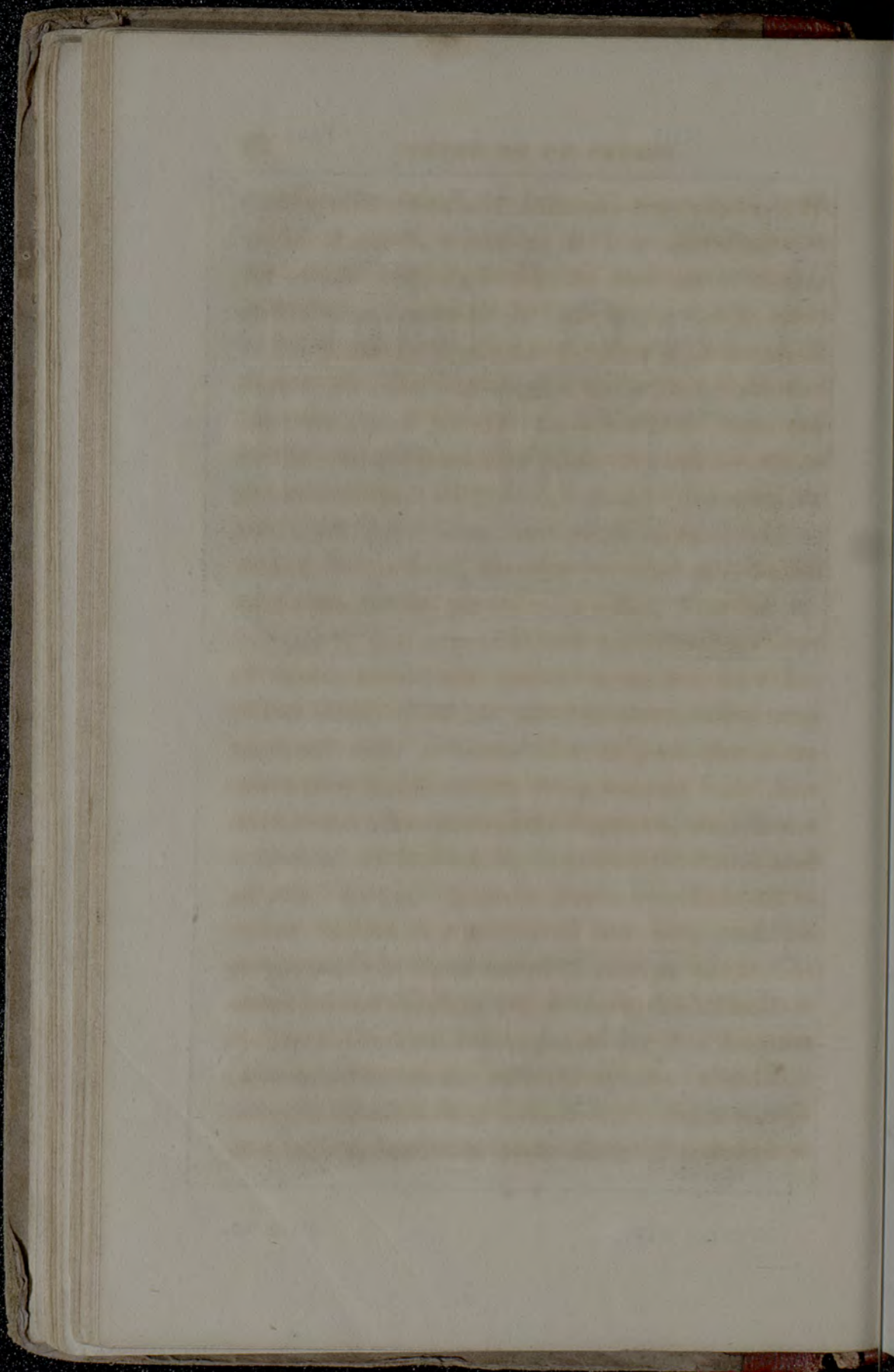
EVENING XIII.

SHORTLY after his return from the continent, Mr. Woodbine presented his sons with a pair of beautiful pigeons, as a reward for their general good behaviour during his absence; and the carpenter fitted up a very pretty dove-house for their accommodation in the garden. This, as might have been expected, occupied much of the time and attention of Charles and Edward; who were extremely fond of feeding and attending their little favourites; and in the evening, when the next tale was to be read, they were so completely taken up with this important business, that they did not hear themselves called, till their attention was excited by the barking of Pompey. Edward then listened, and on hearing the voice of their eldest sister, they both hastened to the parlour, to hear the story entitled,—

CONFESSION OF FAULTS.

BENJAMIN FREEMAN had often heard his father say that he ought never to deny the faults he had committed; but that he should always ingenuously speak the truth. Benjamin, like a good child, recollected this, and resolved to act accordingly.





When he came home, therefore, and his father said, "Where have you been to-day? What have you done?" Benjamin mentioned all the places he had been in, all the persons he had seen, and all the amusements in which he had been engaged.

By accident, he one day broke a beautiful china ornament, called a vase. As he was alone when this happened, he could easily have concealed his share in the misfortune. The suspicion would probably have fallen on one of the domestics, rather than on him; but Benjamin was incapable of the least deception; he would, beside, have been very sorry to have brought any of the servants into disgrace, for an accident in which he only was concerned: he resolved, therefore, to go immediately to his father, to whom he said, with tears in his eyes, "Papa, a great misfortune has happened to me: I have broken your porcelain vase."

His father was much vexed, because the vase had been given him by a particular friend. Nevertheless, as Benjamin, by willingly acknowledging his fault, had given a new proof of his regard to truth, his father did not scold him, but merely made him pay a little forfeit, to warn him of being so careless for the future, and recommended him to continue to speak the truth upon all occasions.

Benjamin faithfully followed this advice. He spoke truth at school as well as elsewhere. It sometimes happened that he was not so diligent and studious as he might have been; but he never endeavoured by tricks and falsehoods to excuse his faults. On the contrary, if he had not performed his duty; or if he did not know his lessons perfectly, and his master asked the reason, he replied ingenuously: "Forgive me this negligence, Sir, for I confess I have been extremely indolent to-day;" or, perhaps, he acknowledged that he had taken so much pleasure in play, that he had entirely forgotten he had still something to learn. This ingenuousness made his master love him better than any of his other scholars, who always assigned false reasons to exculpate themselves when they had done any thing wrong.

One day, however, there happened an affair at school which had nearly deprived poor Benjamin of all his reputation for sincerity. One of his school-fellows, a very wicked boy, had stolen two pretty medals, which were intended as rewards for those scholars who performed their duty best.

The master, in order to discover who had perpetrated this crime, ordered all the scholars to bring their satchels to be examined. Immediately, the robber, fearful of being discovered and chas-

tised, very wickedly put the medals into Benjamin's satchel.

Several scholars had already brought their satchels, but nothing was to be found. Benjamin, at length, brought his; but, in presenting it, behold, the medals fell to the ground! The poor boy was astonished; nevertheless, he was not confused, but picking them up, he gave them to his master.

"Is it *you*, Benjamin," said he, "who have robbed me of these articles?" "No sir," replied the innocent youth, "I know not who can have put them into my satchel."

Under such circumstances, the master would not have believed any other boy; but he knew that he could rely on Benjamin's word: "No, my boy," said he, "you have *not* stolen my medals; you would have acknowledged the truth, I am sure. Some bad boy must have put them into your satchel."

Then, turning to the scholars, he said:—

"Which among you has been so wicked as to steal these things, and put them into Benjamin's satchel?"

They all declared themselves innocent; but he that was guilty soon betrayed himself. He coloured deeply; and, on being pressed by the mas-

ter, he acknowledged the fault, and was severely punished. Benjamin, on the contrary, saw his innocence triumph; and, when he returned home, he said to his father,—

“What thanks I owe you, my dear papa! If you had not taught me to speak the truth, and to confess all my faults, I should have been despised and punished for a crime which I never thought of committing!”

EVENING XIV.

THE following afternoon happening to be rainy, the children were under the necessity of remaining at home. They amused themselves, however, by looking through a window which commanded a view of an adjacent meadow, where a sheep and a couple of lambs had been recently turned in to graze. One of the little creatures was sporting by the side of its mother with great glee; but the other poor lamb appeared very disconsolate, and remained a long time on the same spot, looking through the bars of a gate, and occasionally bleating in the most piteous manner.

“Mamma,” said Maria, “why does yonder lamb appear so dull and sorrowful, whilst the

other is jumping about and playing a hundred sportive tricks?"

"My love," replied Mrs. Woodbine, "that pretty animal has sufficient cause to be sorrowful. Her dear mother has been taken from her, and will never return again; as the butcher's knife has deprived her of existence. The little creature knows nothing of her melancholy fate; but she mourns her loss, and anxiously looks toward the gate, in the fond but vain expectation of seeing her once more."

"Then, it is an *orphan lamb*," said Edward.

"Yes," said Emma, "it is indeed, and well deserves your tenderest pity; but the case is much worse when *children* are deprived of their affectionate parents."

At this juncture, the striking of the clock reminded the little folks that a new tale was to be read; and that which came next in succession related to two orphans, named

FRANCIS AND MARY.

FRANCIS, the son of a village gardener, was an amiable and good-tempered lad, who would, at any time, have gone a couple of miles for the pleasure of obliging any one who stood in need of his assistance. To his father and mother he was ex-

tremely dutiful and affectionate ; to his superiors in life he was always respectful ; and to the poor he was so kind and charitable, that he has sometimes been known to deprive himself of a part of his own dinner, in order to bestow it upon some half-famished creature who happened to pass that way. In short, his good qualities were so numerous, and so generally known, that Frank was beloved by all the neighbours, and a welcome guest in every family.

His sister Mary, on the contrary, was a child of a most perverse temper, extremely selfish, and completely destitute of pity for a suffering fellow-creature. This was a source of much grief to her father and mother, who were naturally both compassionate and charitable ; but all attempts to convince her of her errors, and to correct her disagreeable habits, proved totally unavailing.

It was the will of Heaven that these children should lose their parents before they were of an age to earn a livelihood ; and, as the garden was not their own, but had been merely rented from year to year, nothing remained for these unfortunate orphans but some old furniture and a few clothes. This scanty resource soon failed ; for they were obliged to sell them, one by one, to procure the necessaries of life. In a short time, there-

fore, they were without a home to shelter them, exposed to every want, and even without any prospect of better days. However, some of the neighbours, pitying poor Frank's condition, furnished him not only with necessaries, but supplied him even better than he had been during his father's lifetime.

The same cannot be said of Mary, who was universally disliked. Far from assisting, every body shunned and repulsed her. The only friend she had in the world was her brother, and he succoured her to the utmost of his power, and generously shared with her whatever was given him. She was soon, however, deprived of this relief: he was attacked with a malignant fever, which having in a few days deprived him of his reason, induced some good people to take him into their house, and give him every assistance they were able. Mary, who had so often seen herself treated with contempt and harshness, thus losing her brother's assistance, and not daring to present herself to any of the neighbours, had no other way of sustaining nature, but by feeding on the hips and haws, and blackberries, in the neighbouring wood. As soon as Frank recovered the use of his senses, he began to inquire after his sister, and earnestly entreated every body he saw to have compassion on her.

Mary, however, was not to be found ; for, being ashamed of showing herself, she took care to remain concealed. But it is easy to imagine what a wretched life she led : she was grown so pale and thin, that she looked almost like a skeleton. Her clothes, also, were torn and ragged, and the very dogs, as she passed, barked at her and threatened to bite her. She slept either in the open fields or under a hedge ; and, during the day, she was sometimes exposed to all the inconveniencies of the rain, and, at others, to the burning heat of the sun. After spending about a fortnight in this manner, the unhappy creature became so weak and ill, that she sunk on the earth without a hope of ever rising again. This severe distress, however, was not intended to cause her death, but to effect her reformation. A poor woman, who went from village to village asking charity, happening to go through those meadows in search of mushrooms, found this unhappy girl lying by the side of a ditch, and, to all appearance, dead. The unfortunate in general are more compassionate than others. Kneeling down by poor Mary, she kindly raised her in her arms, and assisted her as tenderly as if she had been her own child. Having some bread and other provisions in a basket, she made her take what she thought the most likely to revive and strengthen

her. When she was a little recovered, she questioned her, and on hearing who she was, and that every body had forsaken her, she replied, "You now see how the things of this world change—I, a beggar, have saved your life; while you, who, when your father lived, had more than enough, denied me a little table-beer, which I asked in the name of charity. I was so overcome by the heat of the season, fatigue and labour, that my throat and lips were absolutely parched: you not only refused me, but used such language as would scarcely have been excusable towards a person who had robbed you or been guilty of any enormous crime."—Mary looked up at her, recollected her features, blushed with conscious guilt, and cast down her eyes without daring to speak a word. The good old woman, however, took her by the hand, and said,—“I do not recall this to your mind out of any ill-nature; but only that you may learn in future to pity the unfortunate. You see, that if I had been as cruel toward you as you were to me, you must have died of hunger.” She then took her with her, and recommended her to a shepherd, who lived on the top of a mountain a few miles distance, to keep his sheep.

About this time Francis, who had entirely recovered his health, was taken into the service of a

nobleman, who had observed the lad's good disposition. Here he behaved so well, and was so much above the generality of servants, that his master soon made him his valet. Having then many leisure hours, he employed them in studying, writing, and arithmetic. His master finding that his time was so well spent, and perceiving that he was become an excellent arithmetician, raised him to the post of his house-steward. In this new capacity, instead of trying to enrich himself at his patron's expense, Francis devoted his whole attention to promoting his interest, and to spare as much as possible, without, however, lessening the magnificence his lord thought proper to display in his equipage and table. When the accounts were inspected, the new steward was found to have expended a quarter less than his predecessor. His master, charmed with so much economy, generously presented him with twenty pounds, and doubled his salary for the future. Seeing himself so prosperous in all his undertakings, Frank, with a grateful heart, returned thanks to divine Providence for the blessings he enjoyed, and devoted a part of his money to the remuneration of those friends who, after his father's death, had so kindly assisted him.

Thus, constantly pursuing the path of recti-

tude, Francis tasted that true felicity which is sure to result from the practice of virtue. His mind, however, was sometimes deeply distressed by the remembrance of his absent sister. He spared no expense to obtain tidings of her; but no one could tell what had become of the unfortunate Mary.

In the meantime, the shepherd, who was a good old man, and who had lost both his wife and children, loved Mary as his own daughter; and she, to whom adversity had taught an important lesson, served and loved him as her father. She led her flocks at an early hour to the pasture, and while they rested during the noon-tide heat, she would hasten to the cottage, and prepare some wholesome though frugal fare for the old man; who, on returning from cultivating his garden, sat down with thankfulness, and ate his meal with her. Mary was contented in the station allotted her, and nothing was wanting to complete her happiness, but a certainty of her dear brother's welfare; but she would not quit her kind friend the shepherd, and she could not reasonably indulge the hope that chance would conduct her beloved relative to her abode. Eight years had elapsed since their separation, and she was certain that if they were to meet, they would not recollect each other. She found,

some consolation, however, in reflecting on her brother's virtues, and she felt convinced that Heaven would not forsake him.

During this period, the situation of Francis was still improving, for his master becoming daily better acquainted with his good qualities, and finding him an excellent economist, as a proof of his confidence, intrusted him with the management of all his property. Francis, that he might the more conscientiously discharge the duties annexed to his new vocation, went to examine his patron's estates, and observe what agricultural improvements they were capable of receiving.

A part of the very mountain where Mary lived, and several of the adjacent fields, belonged to his lord. It happened one evening after sunset, as he was walking alone through the valley, lost in thought, the night overtook him. He then attempted to return, but, being totally unacquainted with the place, mistook his way. He wandered for some time without knowing whither: at length he came to the brink of a river, whence he fancied he perceived houses at a distance. He accordingly began to ford it, but, on coming near the middle, he found the stream much deeper and more rapid than he had imagined. He then betook himself to swimming; but the current being very strong,

carried him along like a reed ; and had he not had the presence of mind to throw himself against a bank, he must inevitably have perished : however, he fortunately succeeded in clinging to some willows that grew there, and crossed without sustaining any other damage than wetting his clothes.

In this state, he reached the top of the mountain, where seeing a hut, he knocked at the door. The good old shepherd instantly got up and opened it. " Pardon me," said Francis, " if I have disturbed your rest ; but I have had the misfortune to lose my way in the valley, and have just escaped drowning. I stand in great need, as you see, of your hospitality, both to dry my clothes, and recruit my strength after my fatigue." " Sleep, it is true," replied the old man, " is very sweet ; but I consider it much sweeter to assist a fellow-creature. I beg, therefore, that you will make no apology, but walk in, and make use of my house as if it were your own." Having thus welcomed him, the old man lighted a fire, and after giving him some refreshment, and hanging his clothes to dry, made him sleep in his own bed.

At the break of day, Mary arose to lead the flock to the pasture, and was surprised to find the old shepherd already up and busy. As soon as he related the adventure of the preceding night—

“Why,” said she, “did you not wake me? I would have done whatever was necessary, and your rest would not have been broken.”—“Ah! Mary,” replied he, “do you imagine that I prefer my sleep to the exercise of humanity? I seldom have an opportunity of being serviceable to any body, and I consider myself truly happy when an occasion offers.”—“And I also,” rejoined Mary, “I constantly desire it, that I may, by my present and future conduct, make amends for what is past.” “Come, come,” returned her aged friend, “you may to-day, in some degree, satisfy your wishes. I will endeavour to engage our guest to stay and partake of our frugal fare, and you will take care to choose the best of our provisions, and prepare it, as well as you are able, for him.” Mary tripped off very light-hearted, and as she went along, thought only how to dress their homely meal in the nicest manner. At the usual hour she returned to the cottage, and covered the table with such excellent bread, milk, and new-laid eggs, that not only a person unused to refinement, but one accustomed to every delicacy, might have eaten with an appetite.

In the interval, Francis had risen; and as he intended liberally to reward the cottagers for their attention and kindness, he the more willingly con-

sented to partake of their repast. While they sat at table, he found himself drawn by a secret impulse towards the young shepherdess, who, on her side, felt the same tender sympathy towards him, though she sat with her eyes modestly cast down, and dared not venture to speak a word.

The stranger, fearing lest his looks should be misinterpreted, turned towards the old man, and said—"O! my good friend, you know not what I feel. This young girl recalls a sister to my mind, who has been lost to me these many years. I, like you, was born in an humble condition. My father was a gardener, and myself and sister were his only children. If she be still living, she must be about the age of your daughter. But alas! she probably is no more; for the unfortunate girl was of so bad a disposition, that she was universally detested; and I sadly fear that she may have fallen a sacrifice to her unhappy temper! For my own part, I have been so prosperous in my undertakings, that I should consider myself truly happy, did not the idea of the misery to which my sister may have been exposed, embitter every moment of my life. O! my Mary, must I never see thee more?"

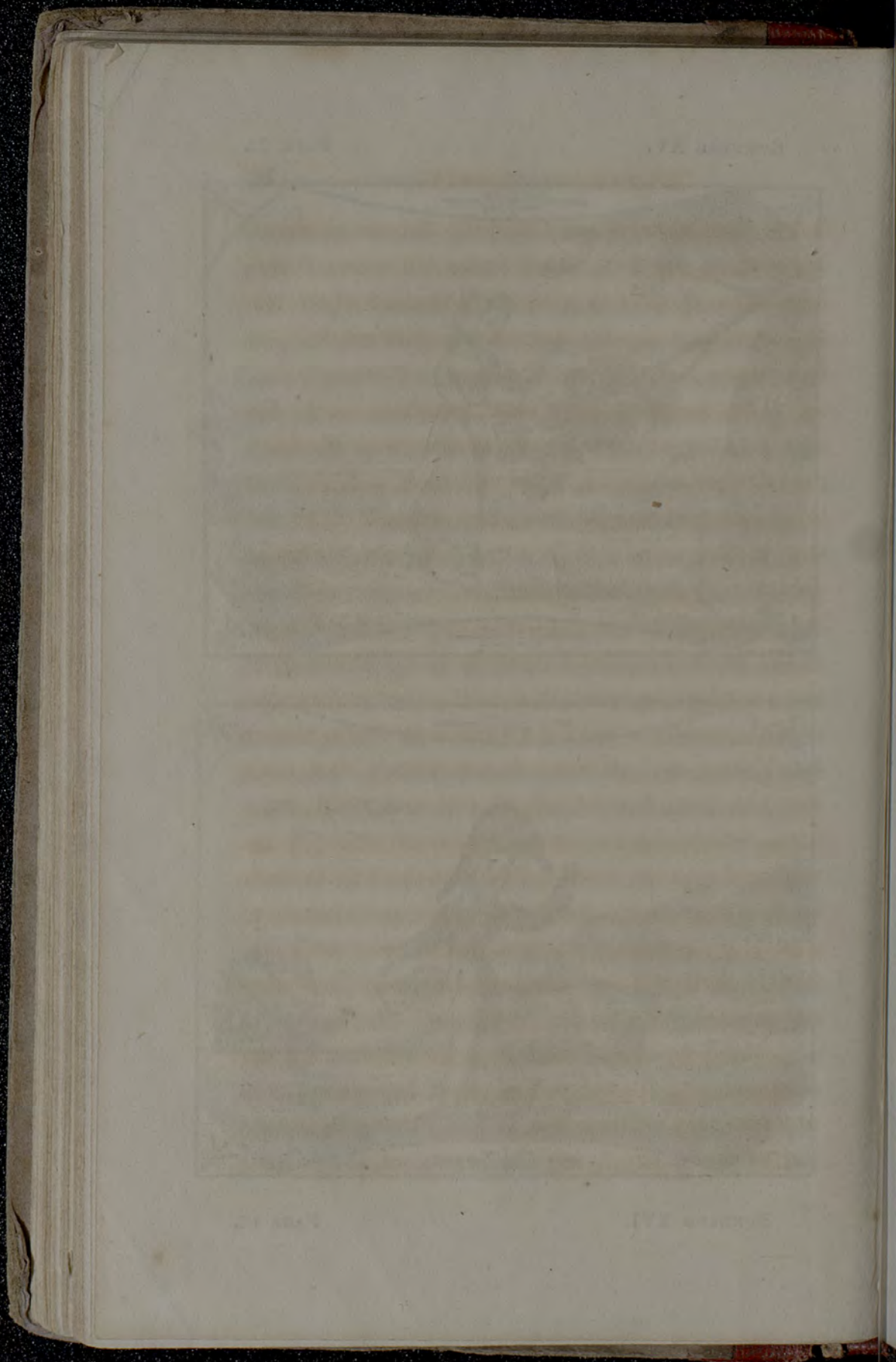
Whilst Francis was thus speaking, the young shepherdess endeavoured to stifle her sobs and

conceal her tears ; but on hearing him call on her name, no longer doubting it was her brother, she tremblingly arose, and exclaimed in a tremulous voice—"O ! my dear Frank, do I then find you at last ?" Saying this, she threw herself into his arms, unable to utter another word.—Francis, raising his eyes, exclaimed, "Heaven be praised ! my sister is restored to me, and I have found her amiable and virtuous !" As soon as their excess of joy had a little subsided, and given place to more moderate sensations, he invited his sister and her kind benefactor to remove to his residence, to which they cheerfully consented. The benevolent old man was beloved and cherished by them as a father, and lived to a very advanced age, esteemed and honoured by all who knew him, and justly deserving to be so.

EVENING XV.

It was but seldom that Emma Woodbine walked out by herself in an evening ; but, on the day subsequent to the recital of the last tale, she was observed to quit the house after tea, with a little basket on her arm ; and she did not return till





it was time to take her place with the social circle, in the great parlour. On entering the room, therefore, Mrs. Woodbine naturally inquired where she had been; and the ingenuous girl replied as follows:—

“This morning, my dear mamma, as I was sitting at the window of my chamber, and watching the movements of a pretty thrush, which had built her nest on the lowermost branch of an old tree in the meadow, I saw a young sportsman deliberately aim his fowling-piece at the unoffending creature, and, in another second, it fell lifeless to the ground. ‘Alas!’ thought I, ‘if the eggs of this poor bird be hatched, the little ones are orphans indeed, and deprived for ever of a mother’s tender care;’ and as I afterwards ascertained that such was the fact, I went out this evening with some food, which, by the help of a small stick, I introduced into the extended bills of the half-famished nestlings, resolving, with your permission, to feed them regularly every day, till they are completely fledged, and enabled to procure their own subsistence.”

“My dear child,” said Mrs. Woodbine, “I am charmed with this proof of your humanity, and am not only willing but desirous that you should persevere in supplying the wants of these little

thrushes, which have been so cruelly deprived of their best and kindest friend. I am particularly pleased," she added, "to find that you have no idea of depriving any of these poor orphans of their liberty, for your own gratification; but that you merely wish to supply their wants till they shall be capable of supplying themselves."

Mrs. Woodbine having finished her affectionate remarks, Charles opened the volume of tales, and began to read

THE REWARD OF JUSTICE.

QUISERA, king of Persia, was one of the most just and virtuous monarchs that ever governed a nation; and that over-ruling Providence which constantly defends such characters from the arts and designs of their enemies, signally rewarded, on one occasion, the sacrifice of his own wishes to his high sense of personal justice.

Quisera was desirous of erecting a magnificent palace in one of the most pleasant parts of his dominions; and as the spot which he had selected was occupied by a number of small cottages, he offered a considerable sum of money for permission to remove them. His proposals were gratefully accepted by all the inhabitants, except one old woman, who refused to listen to any conditions

whatever. "This hut," said she, "was my cradle, and it shall be my tomb." When the king was informed of her obstinacy, instead of giving way to passion, he only very coolly said, "The cottage is certainly her's, and I cannot deprive her of it by force without being guilty of injustice. However, I will build my palace, and her hut shall remain where it is." The architect represented to him that this mean dwelling would stand completely in the court yard. "So much the better," replied Quisera, "the good woman will be in no want of light." His courtiers incessantly repeated, that his majesty was too considerate; that there was not any respect due to a foolish old peasant, who had the audacity to oppose her sovereign's will. But he answered, that it was the duty of every sovereign to be just. "It may be said," observed he, "that this poor creature is foolish; but it shall never be said that Quisera was unjust."

The palace was finished in the first style of magnificence, and ornamented in such a costly manner that it was reckoned one of the wonders of the East. No traveller ever visited Persia without procuring a sight of it; no ambassador ever arrived from a foreign court, who was not struck with admiration at its amazing beauty. One of these, who was celebrated for his taste and judgment,

could not refrain one day from addressing the king to the following purport: "Your palace, sire, certainly corresponds with the greatness and sublimity of your mind; but I am astonished to see that a mean hut should be suffered to stand in the midst of such unrivalled magnificence. The king then informed him of the reason of its remaining in that situation; but the ambassador replied, that the old woman not only deserved to lose her habitation, but her life, for daring to oppose her sovereign's pleasure. "Pardon me," said Quisera, "if I differ from you in opinion, and if I persist in thinking that, in the present instance, you have lost sight of that wisdom for which you are so justly famed. This little cottage is, in my estimation, the most precious ornament of my palace, since it proves that I am just, though possessing absolute power; while, on the contrary, the magnificence of this structure, and all its expensive decorations, are only the display of riches, which blind Fortune either gives or withdraws at her caprice. I remember that, when yet a child, as I was going one day to my sports, I saw a mischievous boy throw a stone at a dog which was quietly lying asleep on the ground, and break his leg; then, as if delighted at the exploit he had achieved, he went away jumping with joy. It so

happened, that, at the very instant, a gentleman on horseback passed by. The giddy youth, who was running along, came so near the horse's hoof, that he gave him a kick which fractured his leg. The lad fell down crying most piteously. The traveller, instead of going to his assistance, pursued his way; but immediately after, the horse, putting his foot into a deep hole, fell on his chest, and broke his knees; and the rider, who was thrown on the earth, dislocated his shoulder. This circumstance," added the king, "has been a lesson to me, by which I have endeavoured to regulate my conduct through life; for, as it appears perfectly just that evil should befall those who intend evil to others, I carefully abstain from doing wrong. Besides, Nature has implanted this universal law in the human heart—'Do not unto others that which you would not have them do unto you.'"

The ambassador, by his respectful silence, showed that his reason was convinced by the arguments of this truly just monarch; and, on returning to his master's court, he applauded his justice even more than his magnificence.

This rigid adherence to strict equity, however, though it insured the happiness of Quisera's subjects, and was the object of their respect and ad-

miration, was considered in a very different light by his ministers. As it obliged them to give an exact account of all their proceedings, they regarded it as an intolerable oppression ; and thought themselves much aggrieved, because they were denied the privilege of promoting a relation, or protecting a rich man who offered a large sum for their patronage.

It happened that Jeroluf, the prime minister's brother, having committed a capital crime, was imprisoned until the execution of his sentence. There remained not the smallest hope of his being pardoned ; for the king insisted that the award pronounced by the laws should be irrevocable. The minister, who was much attached to his brother, went and threw himself at his sovereign's feet to implore his mercy. But Quisera made him this reply : " I would readily pardon him, had *I* condemned him ; but he is condemned by the *laws*, which were made for the public good. I am only their guardian, and it is my duty to see them executed." The minister used every argument he could devise to induce the king to grant his petition, but in vain : that just monarch was inflexible, and refused to listen to his prayer. He, therefore, quitted his sovereign's presence with his heart full of rancour, resolving to form a conspiracy, and

assassinate his master. For some minutes he walked to and fro, considering how he should be able to effect his dreadful purpose. At length he recollected a man, whose name was Daramuc, who, from a low situation, had been raised by his means to a high military station, but who was still discontented, because he could not pursue his vicious inclinations with impunity. Towards this man he directed his thoughts, and determined to make him the instrument of his vengeance. He accordingly went to him, and engaged him to meet him privately the same evening in the palace court, behind the old woman's cot, where, he said, he wished to speak to him on an affair of the utmost importance.

The minister knew that his brother, at a time when he commanded the armies of Quisera's deceased father, had artfully lost a decisive battle, for which the enemy had rewarded him with a considerable sum; and that he whom he intended to involve in the conspiracy, had assisted Jeroluf in betraying the king's army. Quisera, however, was entirely ignorant of this treachery; and all the heads of accusation against Jeroluf were of a recent date. But the artful minister availed himself of his knowledge of the fact, to try whether

Daramuc, in endeavouring to save his own life, might not also preserve his brother's.

In the evening, Daramuc did not fail to repair to the court of the palace, where the minister, thinking himself unheard by every human ear, spoke as follows: "My friend, our master's rigorous justice is much too dangerous for ourselves and our friends. I only wish you to recall to mind the last war in which we were engaged."—"You then," said Daramuc, "obtained for me one of the first military posts under your brother, who was appointed commander of the whole forces."—"I did not mention this," rejoined Jeroluf, "to remind you of an obligation; but merely to bring forward a circumstance that will be not less fatal to you than to my imprisoned brother, unless we have the courage to avert the blow. Know then that Quisera has decreed your death, and that to-morrow you will be confined. The monarch against whom our late king took up arms, has sent my brother's letters to Quisera, by which the whole treason is exposed, and the names of all who were concerned with him: yours of course is among the number." Daramuc, who knew the account of this treachery to be true, exclaimed—"Well then, I will plunge my dagger in his heart

before he can pronounce my sentence. He has long been hateful to me !” The minister, finding his design likely to be accomplished, replied—“ I will be of your party ; for I am determined to save Jeroluf, or perish in the attempt.”

The old woman, who had overheard the whole conversation, now crept out very softly from her little hut, and, going up to the officers who guarded the royal apartment, demanded an audience, saying, she had discovered a conspiracy, and must speak to the king in person. When led into his presence, she thus addressed him : “ Most great and just monarch ! send your guards instantly to secure two villains who are behind my cottage—lose no time—and whilst they are gone, I will relate all I have overheard.” The guards were immediately despatched : the king was informed of the whole conspiracy ; and ten other conspirators were arrested, and separately examined by the judges, who sentenced them all to the ignominious death they so justly merited.

Quisera, seeing that to a single act of justice, which had been blamed by every one, he owed the preservation of his life, felt, with the greater force, the justice of the Almighty, and became the more confirmed in his resolution of being just himself.

His subjects were happy; and the wicked only had cause for fear during his reign. Happy are the people who are governed by such a sovereign!

EVENING XVI.

THE next evening, as Mr. Woodbine and his two sons were walking in view of the sea, Charles suddenly exclaimed, "Who is that youth, papa, at a considerable distance before us? He appears to be dressed in a naval uniform, is accompanied by a large Newfoundland dog, and seems, by his attitudes, to be talking very earnestly."

"We are scarcely near enough," replied Mr. Woodbine, "to discern his features: however, I will endeavour to satisfy your curiosity. Then taking from his pocket a small telescope, he added, "It is Frederick Steer, whose parents reside about two miles from this spot. He has for some time been extremely desirous of going out as a midshipman, and it seems that this wish is about to be realized; but it is highly probable now that he is actually going to embark on the boisterous ocean, and to leave behind him all who are near and dear to his heart: he may feel a pang in bidding adieu to the scenes of his infancy and childhood, especially if it be true, as I have heard, that his fond parents

were decidedly averse to his embracing such a dangerous profession. I perceive, however," said Mr. Woodbine, looking at his watch, "that we have already been absent from home longer than I had intended, and therefore we must immediately begin to retrace our steps." This hint was instantly obeyed, and the party arrived at the Hall just as Lucy was preparing to read

THE FORCE OF PATERNAL LOVE.

A NATIVE of Brescia, in Italy, hoping by means of his wealth, to obtain some honourable post under government, which might add lustre to his name, employed every method he could devise for that purpose; but finding that all his attempts proved unsuccessful, he at length became highly indignant, and determined to avenge the wrongs which he fancied he had endured.

In conversation he was continually declaiming against the various abuses that prevailed, and especially deplored the frequent robberies and murders that happened in the republic; the whole of which he imputed to the faults of administration: and never failed to vent his complaints whenever he found an opportunity.

Many persons, seditiously inclined, listened with pleasure to his harangues, and insisted on his heading their party; intending to execute a plan they

had formed of separating themselves from the republic, and placing themselves under the protection of the Duke of Mantua.

The Brescian's wife, seeing the danger to which his rashness had exposed him, with tears entreated that, if he had no compassion on himself or her, he would at least show some pity to their children. He, however, though a good husband and affectionate father, resolved that he would not relinquish his design: besides, the number of his adherents increased daily, who, armed and resolute, had already begun to signify their intention, and had persuaded many of their countrymen to join their cause.

In the mean time, the Venetians, gaining intelligence of this rebellion, despatched a numerous body of soldiers, under the command of an experienced captain, to Brescia. The Brescians retreated to their citadel, which at that period was one of the best in Italy, and from thence they kept up a continual fire upon their besiegers, without the latter being able to annoy them in return. The Venetian captain, therefore, at length offered terms of capitulation, which the Brescians of the fortress, who had perceived a considerable reinforcement advancing from a distance, immediately agreed to. The articles were—that the citadel should be surrendered to the enemy; that the leader of the

revolters should be banished, but that his fortune should not be confiscated; and that all the rest should receive an unlimited pardon. After this agreement hostilities entirely ceased, and the succours that were marching against the citadel returned back.

The Brescian leader now sought an asylum beyond the Venetian territory, where he hoped to live in some degree of comfort on a part of his revenue; but how great was his surprise, and how severe his distress, when he heard that the Senate had not only confirmed his sentence of banishment, but had, contrary to the terms concluded with the Venetian general, confiscated all his possessions.

On the receipt of this intelligence, his heart was torn with anguish, since his unfortunate wife and children, as well as himself, were now deprived of every means of providing for their sustenance. The night came, and he retired to his bed; but he could not close his eyes without being haunted by terrifying dreams, in which he seemed to behold his wife and children in the agonies of death. Several times he seemed on the point of losing his senses. But at length chance offered him a way of relieving the necessities of his family by an action truly heroic, and deserving of immortal fame.

It may here be necessary to inform the reader

that the Venetian laws relative to banishment were such, that if an exile were taken any where on the republican territories, he was condemned to certain death; but should he take and bring to justice, either dead or alive, another exile, whose crimes were greater than his own, he was entitled to a pardon. It happened that a very rich Venetian gentleman, who had been banished for some trifling cause, fixed his residence in the neighbourhood of this Brescian. He accordingly informed himself of the nature of the gentleman's disgrace, and presenting himself before him one day, addressed him as follows:—"I know, sir, that you are banished from the republic, and that you are extremely anxious to return to your native land, and the bosom of your family. Now, if you will agree to reward me, I will enable you to go thither not only free from danger, but with the unanimous approbation of the Senate."

The gentleman, who sat in a thoughtful and melancholy posture, with his eyes cast down, raised his head at these words, and looking steadfastly at the speaker, said: "I can scarcely believe it possible that you should be able to perform your promise; but if you really can, I will reward you even beyond your hopes." The Brescian then said: "Sir, if you will give me a thousand crowns,

I will put a man in your power who was banished by the republic for much greater crimes than yours; and on your delivering him either alive or dead into the hands of justice, your sentence will be null and void; and besides that, you will be received with applause, for the person I will give up to you is mortally hated by the Senate."

"Well," rejoined the Venetian, "I will give you a draft for a thousand crowns, drawn on whatever city of Italy you choose to name; but I will not make it payable under three days after sight, that I may have time to prevent its being paid in case you should not fulfil your engagement."

This agreement being made, the note was drawn on the bank of Brescia, and the Brescian having enclosed it in a letter, sent it off by express to his wife. He then returned to the gentleman, and said: "Be pleased, sir, to come along with me, that I may put an end to your banishment."

They accordingly set out together, and directed their route towards the Venetian dominions. On arriving at a small village on the frontiers of the republic, the Brescian thus addressed his companion: "We are now, sir, on the Venetian possessions. You have undoubtedly heard of the exile who headed the rebellion at Brescia—this is the person I mean to consign to your power." At

these words the gentleman turned pale, knowing him to be a man of determined courage; and began to fear that he would frustrate their plan of either apprehending or killing him.

The Brescian, perceiving what passed in his mind, added: "Do not fear his making any resistance:" then drawing his sword from its scabbard, he presented it to him, saying—"Sir, I am that exile—now dispose of me as you judge proper; but if you feel any compassion for my misfortunes, I earnestly entreat, instead of delivering me alive into the hands of justice, that you will yourself strike off my head; and this, on being sent to Venice, will insure your free return. I have a wife and four dear children at Brescia; and I have sold my life to preserve theirs, which otherwise would fall a sacrifice to absolute want. They must have received the deed of gift before now, and I shall die contented, for my death will save their lives!"

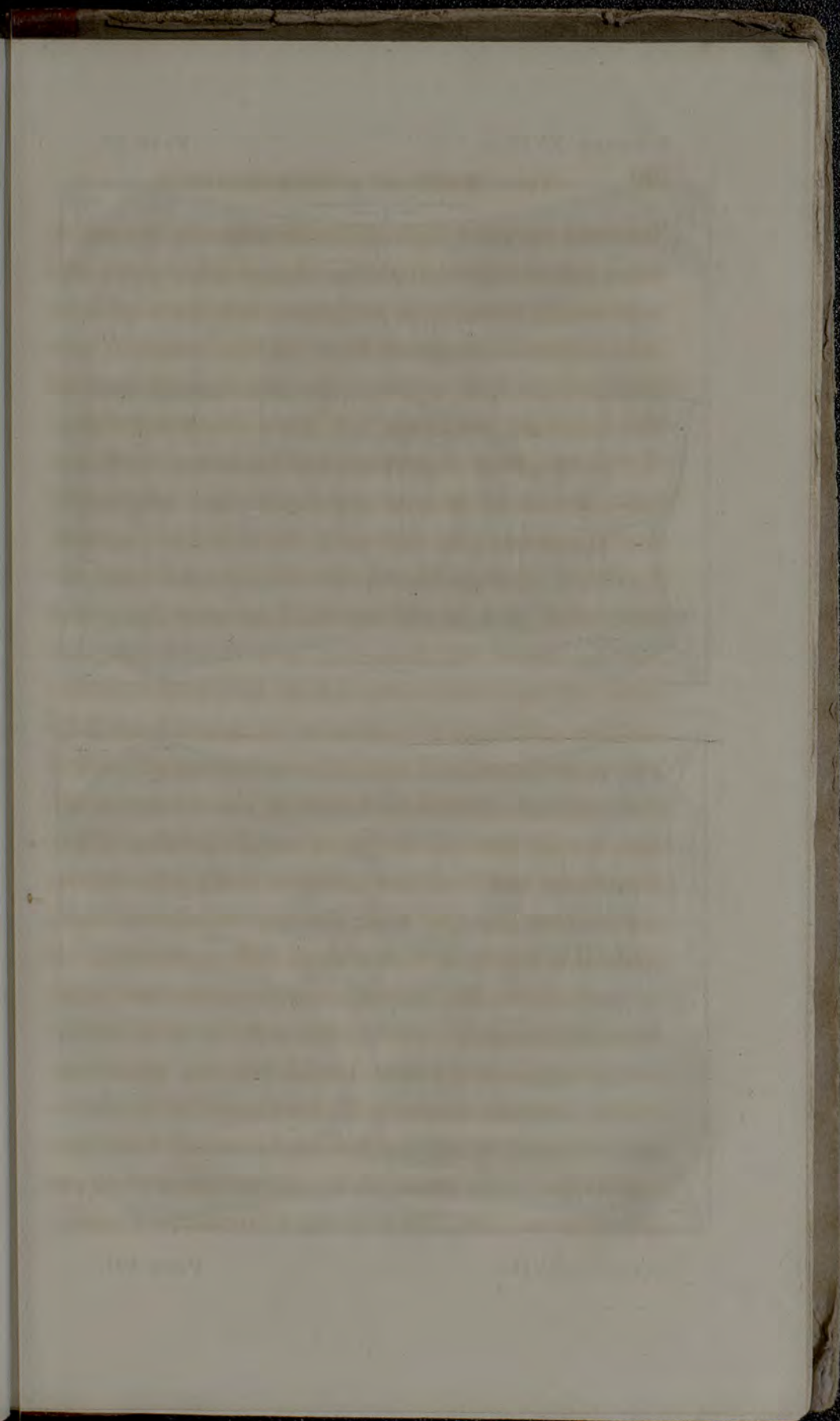
At these words the gentleman remained mute with astonishment and admiration, and knew neither what to do nor say: when the Brescian, seeing him thus irresolute, continued: "Sir, you should not hesitate to strike the blow; since, if you refuse it, I shall be certainly doomed to an ignominious death."

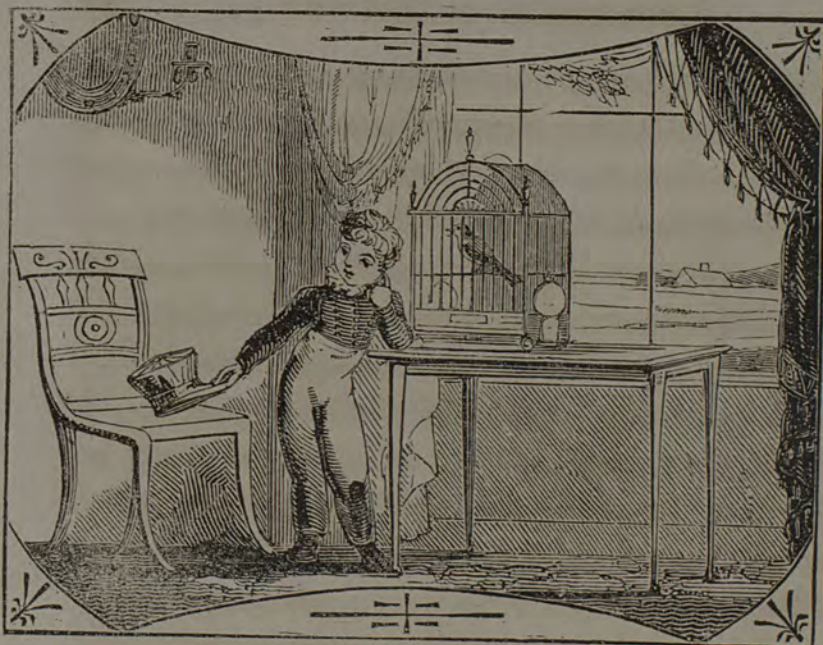
The gentleman, thinking that such an instance of heroic self-devotedness not only demanded some mitigation of the laws, but also entitled him to a free pardon, replied: "Well, I will conduct you to Venice; gold, friends, and the respect which is naturally paid to such distinguished heroism, will certainly save you." The former used every argument in his power to dissuade him from his purpose, and convince him that he entertained not the least hope of his life being spared; but still the gentleman insisted on conducting him alive to Venice.

On their arrival in that city, they went together to a magistrate, to whom they faithfully related every circumstance. The gentleman's sentence of banishment was accordingly revoked; but the law condemned the Brescian to death, and the judges pronounced the terrible award. The gentleman offered immense sums to save him, and interested his most powerful friends in his behalf, but all proved in vain.

The wife of this unfortunate man, the instant his doom reached her, quitted Brescia and hastened with her four children to Venice, where hurrying towards the prison, they met the unhappy criminal on his way to the place of execution. Instead of sinking into vain regrets and

fruitless tears, or lamentations on seeing him, she, together with her children, clung round him; and addressing herself to the populace and the officers who attended, exclaimed:—"Back, lead the prisoner back!—Where are the judges who pronounced the infamous sentence?—I insist on seeing them! I will speak to them; and if the law cannot save him, I will know whether a wife may not die for her husband. I, who owe my life to his heroic virtue, will give that life for him; and should the law refuse my just demand, I never will survive him." Then throwing her arms round her husband's neck, she returned with him to the hall of justice. The people, who were acquainted with every circumstance, and were extremely affected at her words and manner, began to rise in a tumult, and loudly demanded the criminal's pardon. The Senate immediately assembled; and after various discussions the Brescian's sentence was revoked, and all his fortune restored to him. He then returned to Brescia, became a very good citizen, and, being afterwards employed in a public capacity by the Senate, was of considerable service to the republic, and particularly to the city of Brescia, his native place, where he deservedly enjoyed the love and esteem of every individual, as a man well entitled by his virtuous heroism to immortal fame.





EVENING XVII.

CHARLES WOODBINE was particularly fond of birds, though he could not bear the idea of depriving them of the liberty to which they had been accustomed, merely for the gratification of having them in his own possession and at his own disposal. His father, therefore, kindly purchased for him a beautiful canary, which, having been hatched in a breeding-cage, felt no privations in a state of habitual confinement.

This charming little fellow was received with the most lively pleasure by Charles, who regularly supplied him with fresh food and water every day, and was rewarded, even whilst standing close by the cage, with the most melodious warblings. Sometimes, indeed, these proved so attractive, that young Woodbine almost forgot to join the party in the great parlour. Such happened to be the case, when he was roused from his listening posture, and reminded that it was his turn to read

THE ROAD TO HAPPINESS.

OMAR, the hermit of a mountain which overlooks the city of Mecca, found one evening a man sitting pensive and alone, within a few paces of his cell.

Omar regarded him with attention, and perceived that his looks were wild and haggard, and that his body was feeble and emaciated: the man also seemed to gaze steadfastly on the hermit; but such was the distraction of his mind, that his eye did not immediately take cognizance of its object. At length, however, as if suddenly recollecting himself, he started as from a dream, covered his face in confusion, and bowed himself to the ground.

“Son of affliction,” said Omar, “who art thou, and what is thy distress?”—“My name,” replied he, “is Hassan, and I am a native of this city: the angel of adversity has laid his hand upon me; and the wretch whom thine eye compassionates, thou canst not deliver.”—“To deliver thee,” said Omar, “belongs to Him only, from whom we should receive with humility both good and evil: yet hide not thy life from me; for the burden which I cannot remove, I may by friendly counsel enable thee to sustain.” Hassan fixed his eyes upon the ground, and remained some time silent; then heaving a deep sigh, he looked upon the hermit, and addressed him to the following effect:

“It is now six years since our sovereign the Caliph Almalic, whose memory is blessed, first came privately to worship in the temple of the holy city. The blessings which he petitioned of

the prophet, as the prophet's vicegerent, he was diligent to dispense; in the intervals of his devotion, therefore, he went about the city, relieving distress and restraining oppression: the widow smiled under his protection, and the weakness of age or of infancy was sustained by his bounty. I, who dreaded no evil but sickness, and expected no good beyond the reward of my labour, was singing at my work, when Almalic entered my dwelling. He looked round with a smile of complacency; perceiving that though it was mean it was neat, and that though I was poor I appeared to be contented. As his habit was that of a pilgrim, I hastened to receive him with such hospitality as was in my power; and my cheerfulness was rather increased than restrained by his presence. After he had accepted some coffee, he asked me several questions; and though by my answers I always endeavoured to excite him to mirth, yet I perceived that he grew thoughtful, and surveyed me with fixed attention. I suspected that he had some knowledge of me, and therefore inquired his country and his name.

“ ‘Hassan,’ said he, ‘I have raised thy curiosity, and it shall be satisfied; he who now talks with thee is Almalic, the sovereign of the faithful, whose seat is the throne of Medina.’

“These words struck me dumb with astonishment, though I had some doubt of their truth: but Almalic, throwing back his outer garment, discovered the peculiarity of his vest, and put the royal signet upon his finger. I then started up, and was about to prostrate myself before him, but he prevented me. ‘Hassan,’ said he, ‘forbear: thou art greater than I, and from thee I have at once derived humility and wisdom.’

“I answered,—‘Mock not thy servant, who is but a worm before thee; life and death are in thy hand, and happiness and misery are the daughters of thy will.’

“‘Hassan,’ he replied, ‘I can no otherwise give life or happiness than by not taking them away: thou art thyself beyond the reach of my bounty, and possessed of felicity which I can neither communicate nor obtain. My influence over others fills my bosom with perpetual solicitude and anxiety; and yet my influence over others extends only to their vices, whether I would reward or punish. By the bowstring, I can repress violence and fraud; and by the delegation of power, I can transfer the insatiable wishes of avarice and ambition from one object to another: but with respect to virtue, I am impotent; if I could reward it, I would reward it

in thee. Thou art contented, and hast therefore neither avarice nor ambition: to exalt thee would destroy the simplicity of thy life, and diminish that happiness which I have no power either to increase or continue.' He then rose up, and, commanding me not to disclose the secret of his visit, departed.

"As soon as I recovered from the confusion and astonishment in which the Caliph left me, I began to regret that my behaviour had intercepted his bounty, and accused myself for that cheerfulness which was the attendant of poverty and labour. I now repined at the obscurity of my station, which my former insensibility had perpetuated; I neglected my labour, because I despised the reward; I spent the day in idleness, forming romantic projects to recover the advantages which I had lost; and at night, instead of losing myself in that sweet sleep, from which I used to rise with new health, cheerfulness, and vigour, I dreamed of splendid habits and a numerous retinue, of gardens, palaces, and luxurious entertainments; and waked only to regret the illusions that had vanished. My health was at length impaired by the inquietude of my mind; I sold all my moveables for subsistence, and reserved only a mattress upon which I sometimes lay from one night to another.

“ In the first moon of the following year, the Caliph came again to Mecca, with the same secrecy, and for the same purposes. He was willing once more to see the man whom he considered as deriving felicity from himself. But he found me not singing at my work, ruddy with health, and vivid with cheerfulness ; but pale and dejected, sitting on the ground, and chewing opium ; which, by its intoxicating effects, served to substitute the phantoms of imagination for the realities of greatness. He entered with a kind of joyful impatience on his countenance, which, the moment he beheld me, was changed into an expression of wonder and pity. I had often wished for another opportunity of addressing the Caliph ; yet I was confounded at his presence ; and, throwing myself at his feet, I laid my hand upon my head, and was speechless.

“ ‘ Hassan,’ said he, ‘ what canst thou have lost, whose wealth was the labour of thy own hands ? and what can have made thee sad, the spring of whose joy was in thy own bosom ? what evil hath befallen thee ? Speak, and if I can remove it, thou art happy.’

“ I was now encouraged to look up ; and I replied,—‘ Let my lord forgive the presumption of his servant, who, rather than utter a falsehood, would be dumb for ever. I am become wretched

by the loss of that I never possessed: thou hast raised wishes which, indeed, I am not worthy thou shouldst satisfy; but why should it be thought, that he who was happy in obscurity and indigence, would not have been rendered more happy by eminence and wealth?

“When I had finished this speech, Almalic stood some moments in suspense, and I continued prostrate before him.

“‘Hassan,’ said he, ‘I perceive, not with indignation but regret, that I mistook thy character: I now discover avarice and ambition in thy heart, which lay torpid only because their objects were too remote to rouse them. I cannot therefore invest thee with authority, because I would not subject my people to oppression, and because I would not be compelled to punish thee for crimes which I first enabled thee to commit. But, as I have taken from thee that which I cannot restore, I will at least gratify the wishes I excited; lest thy heart accuse me of injustice, and thou continue a stranger to thyself. Arise, therefore, and follow me.’

“On hearing these words, I sprang from the ground, as it were with the wings of an eagle; I kissed the hem of his garment in an ecstasy of gratitude and joy; and when I went out of my house, my heart leaped as if I had escaped from the

den of a lion. I followed Almalic to the caravansera in which he lodged ; and, after he had fulfilled his vows, he took me with him to Medina. On our arrival, he gave me an apartment in the palace ; I was attended by his own servants ; my provisions were sent from his own table ; and I received every week a sum from his treasury, which exceeded the most romantic of my expectations. But I soon discovered that no dainty was so tasteful as the food to which labour procured an appetite ; no sleep so sweet as that which weariness invited ; and no time so well enjoyed, as that in which diligence is expecting its reward. I remembered these enjoyments with regret ; and while I was sighing in the midst of superfluities, which, though they encumbered life, yet I could not give up, they were suddenly taken away.

“ Almalic, in the midst of the glory of his kingdom, and in the full vigour of his life, expired suddenly in the bath ; and his son Abubeker, who succeeded him, was incensed against me by some who regarded me with contempt. He therefore suddenly withdrew my pension, and commanded that I should be expelled from the palace ; a command which my enemies executed with so much rigour, that within twelve hours I found myself in the streets of Medina, indigent and friendless, ex-

posed to hunger and derision, with all the habits of luxury, and all the sensibility of pride. Oh ! let not thy heart despise me, thou whom experience has not taught that it is misery to lose that which it is not happiness to possess. I have travelled from Medina to Mecca, but I cannot flee from myself. How different are the states in which I have been placed ! the remembrance of both is bitter, for the pleasure of neither can return."

Hassan, having thus ended his story, smote his hands together, and, looking upward, burst into tears.

The hermit, having waited till his emotions had subsided, went to him ; and, taking him by the hand,—“ My son,” said he, “ more is yet in thy power than Almalic could give, or Abubeker take away. The lesson of thy life I can easily and, I trust, satisfactorily explain.”

“ Thou wast once contented with poverty and labour, only because they were become habitual, and ease and affluence were placed beyond thy hope ; for, when ease and affluence approached thee, thou wast contented with poverty and labour no more. That which then became the object was also the bound of thy hope ; and he whose utmost hope is disappointed must inevitably be wretched. If thy supreme desire had been the

delights of Paradise, and thou hadst believed that by the tenor of thy life these delights would have been secured, as more could not have been given thee, thou wouldest have more patiently waited for the moment of death. The content which was once enjoyed was but the lethargy of the soul; and the distrust which is now suffered will but quicken it to action. Depart, therefore, and be thankful for all things; put thy trust in Him, who alone can gratify the wishes of reason, and satisfy the soul with good; fix thy hope upon that portion, in comparison of which the world is as a drop of the bucket, and the dust of the balance. Return, my son, to thy labour; thy food shall be again tasteful, and thy rest shall be sweet: to thy content will also be added stability, when it depends not upon that only which is possessed upon earth, but upon that which is expected in heaven."

Hassan, upon whose mind the angel of instruction impressed the counsel of Omar, hastened to prostrate himself in the temple of the prophet. Peace dawned upon his mind like the radiance of the morning; he returned to his labour with cheerfulness; his devotion became fervent and habitual; and the latter days of Hassan were happier than the first.

EVENING XVIII.

THE next evening it fell to the lot of Maria to entertain her young companions; and she accordingly sat down, at the usual hour, to read

THE REWARD OF HOSPITALITY.

DARK was the night, and dreadful was the storm, when James Corbett was roused from his hammock by a cry of "A leak! a leak! all hands to the pumps!" Without a moment's delay, he hurried on his clothes, and flew to the assistance of his shipmates; but, alas! their exertions were unavailing. The lightning, which glared through the profound darkness, only served to discern the rocks on which they had already struck; and the terrific thunder, which rolled over their heads, added fresh terror to the lamentations of those who considered that, in a few moments, they might be for ever swallowed up in the bosom of the ocean.

After labouring at the pumps till his strength was completely exhausted, James went upon deck, in the hope of recovering his breath and strength. Here, however, he had the misfortune to behold his beloved father perish before his eyes; and, in a few moments, he himself was swept into the sea by a tremendous wave, which broke over the ship

with irresistible violence. Providentially, however, the vessel was at a very short distance from the coast, and, as the tide was setting in strongly toward the shore, our young sailor was thrown upon the beach before he was completely deprived of his senses.

After resting till daybreak, he looked around and perceived a church at a short distance. This suggested the propriety of his returning thanks to the Almighty for his miraculous preservation, and this duty he performed in the best manner he could before he attempted to set forward ; and then committing himself to the protection of Heaven, he wandered he knew not whither, having neither a hat upon his head nor shoes on his feet,—destitute of a single penny, and dependant upon the charity of strangers even for the means of breaking his fast.

After walking several hours, our young mariner arrived at a pleasant spot between Dover and Sandgate, where Ralph Martin was accustomed to keep his father's sheep. In this place Ralph had passed the greater part of his life, a stranger to the gratifications of luxury and the wants of ambition. He was alike exposed to the scorching heats of summer, and the pinching frosts of winter ; yet, if his sheep were healthy and his lambkins numerous, he was always perfectly contented. He

thought it no toil to lead them up and down the hills, if by the change they obtained better pasture.

The weather on the preceding night having been extremely tempestuous, and the coast being spread with wrecks, Ralph felt the tear of sympathetic tenderness start into his eyes as he gazed around, when the shipwrecked sailor lad approached him, and earnestly solicited a morsel of bread. Ralph's scrip was not very well replenished, but what he had he freely gave, and sincerely wished it had been more. The poor boy, whom he relieved, thanked him with unaffected gratitude, and informed him of the particulars of his shipwreck. His father, he said, was captain of a vessel which traded from Civita Vecchia to London. They were returning from a very prosperous voyage, when they were overtaken in the channel by a gale of wind: it continued three days, and they were at length wrecked on the coast of Kent. He saw his father, in endeavouring to catch hold of a rope, miss his aim, and fall overboard. He was then carried into the sea by an overwhelming wave, and only escaped death by being thrown upon the beach.

The youth wept as he gave this recital; and Ralph, whose kind heart felt for every one, wept

also. He had two shillings and a few halfpence in his pocket, and these constituted his only possessions, but he gave them willingly to relieve a fellow-creature in distress. As the youth had travelled a long way without shoes, he very thankfully accepted Ralph's offer of remaining with him till the next day. Accordingly, they continued with the sheep till it was time for them to be taken home, and then Ralph led his guest to his father's cottage. He introduced him to his mother, and she, with great goodnature, prepared to broil them a slice of bacon for their supper. This was a most delicious treat to the sailor; and Ralph, who had given away his dinner, thought it more than usually good. After supper, they retired to rest; and the next morning, when Ralph led out his flock, the poor traveller, being offered a pair of old shoes and a hat, took his leave with many thanks, and recommenced his weary journey.

Several years passed away, and Ralph had almost forgotten the circumstance. He had indeed had sufficient on his mind to make him forget occurrences even more important, having for a long time led a life of sorrow. His father, who had always been fond of drinking and bad company, had at length indulged himself in these propensities till every thing was sacrificed for their gratifi-

cation. It was in vain that Ralph endeavoured to stem the torrent ; in vain he exerted his industry : all was of no avail. His father's extravagance knew no bounds whilst any thing remained which could be sold. The flock, by degrees, was parted with, then the furniture of the little cottage, and at length the cottage itself. Nor was this all : debts accumulated, which there was no means of defraying. The man was obliged to abscond, and his wife and her son found themselves, in the middle of a severe winter, without shelter or the means of subsistence.

Ralph, however, being well known, and generally respected, soon engaged himself as shepherd to a neighbouring farmer, and hired a small hovel which stood at the foot of a hill adjoining the common. Here he lived, penuriously indeed, but contentedly—thankful that he could procure for his mother even this shed. The poor woman, smitten by misfortune, and borne down by advancing years, was incapable of doing any thing for herself ; and Ralph had not only to support, but to nurse her. He often found this task very difficult ; but, in proportion to his necessities, he increased his exertions ; and Heaven, which rewards filial piety and industry, gave a blessing to all his efforts. He was enabled to pay the rent of his

cottage, and to discharge some of the debts his father had left, which being due to some of the poorest of the cottagers, they were ill able to lose. For this, he was indeed obliged to toil very hard, and almost to starve himself; but he cheerfully endured all privations whilst he saw his mother surrounded by a few comforts, and felt that he was discharging an important duty.

One evening he was sitting reading to his aged parent, when he heard the rattling wheels of a carriage. Such a sound was so unusual in that spot, that, after expressing his surprise at it, he rose to see whither it was going. It stopped at the cottage, and from it alighted a man about thirty years of age.

Ralph made a respectful bow, and asked who he was pleased to want?

"Yourself," replied the stranger, with much affability, "if, as I suppose, you are Ralph Martin."

Ralph said he was.

"And do you indeed not recollect me?" asked the stranger. "Do you not remember the poor sailor boy whom you sheltered and relieved? I am he; and if you will give me another night's lodging and a slice of bacon, I will stay with you, and give you an account of the circumstances

which have wrought such a change in my appearance."

Ralph, who, in the change which more than sixteen years had made, no longer recognised his shipwrecked acquaintance, was, however, extremely glad to see him in so much happier circumstances. He assured him of a hearty welcome, but added he had only a mattress of straw and a blanket to offer him.

"So much the better," replied Mr. Sands, "it will remind me of former times.—But now for my history. Give me that box; it will make an excellent chair, and we shall be more at our ease sitting. When I left you, I determined if possible to travel to London; and by the kindness of a waggoner, who seemed to feel deeply for my misfortunes, I arrived there on the third day. I found my mother in the greatest affliction: she had been just informed of the melancholy fate of my father, and was almost inconsolable. The sight of me, however, whom she had also believed dead, in some degree revived her spirits. I was happy to find she was left in comfortable though not affluent circumstances; and as there was a small provision for each of the children, I took my share, and embarked with it for the East Indies, where I had a cousin, who had long wished me to

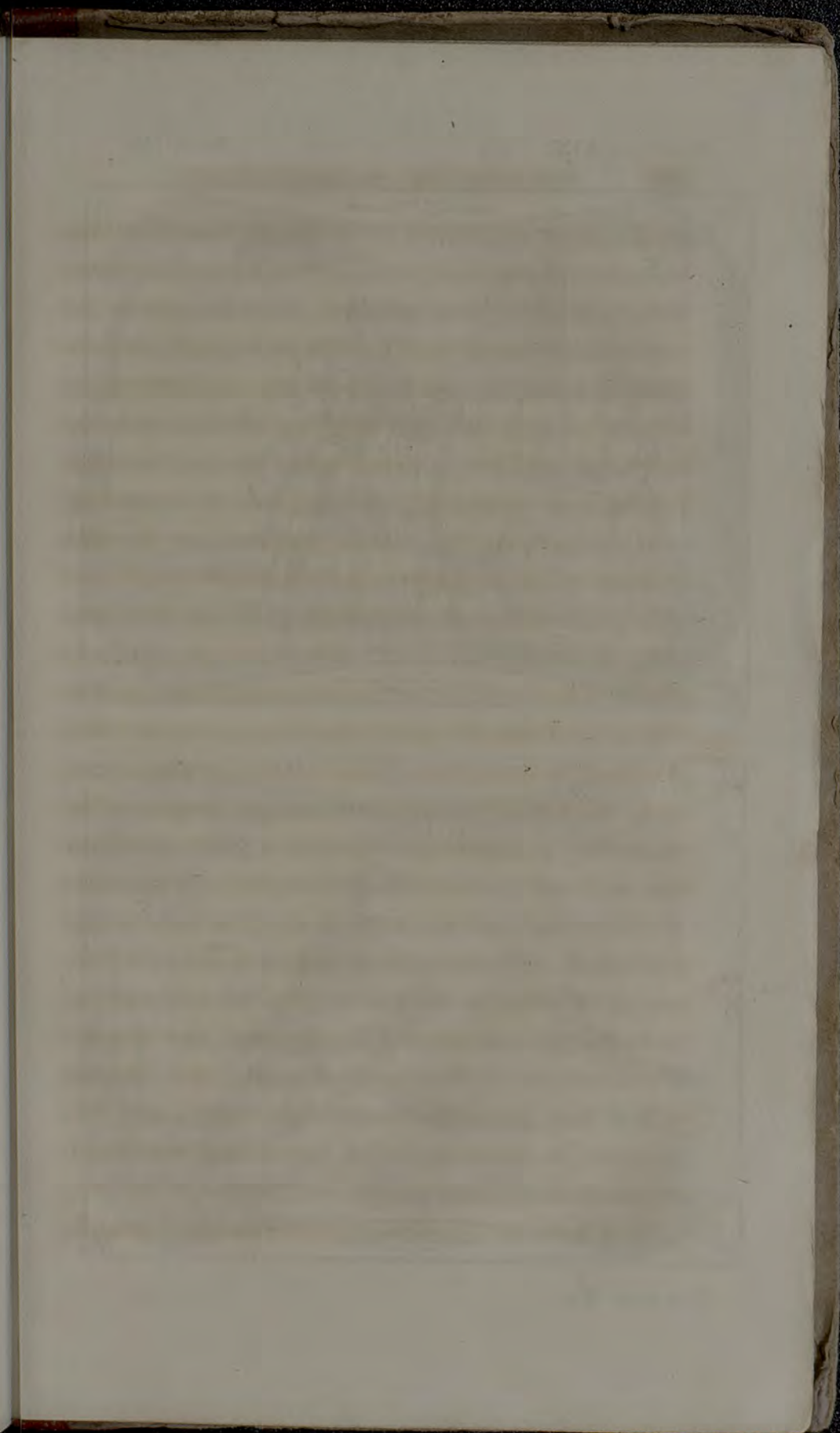
assist him in his business. I was received by him with the utmost kindness, and my little property turned to the best account. Twelve years of successful industry made me a rich man; and as soon as I could settle my affairs, I returned to England. I found my mother married, and my brothers and sisters fixed in different situations. I have paid every debt I might have contracted with them, and my only account which remains unbalanced is that I have to settle with you."

"With *me*, sir?" said Ralph; "you have nothing to settle with *me*! The trifling assistance you received was not worth remembering; it was only what I should gladly have given to any one in your circumstances. Times have altered a good deal since, and I often feel the greatest grief in witnessing distress which I have not the power to relieve."

"But you *shall* have the power," answered the gentleman. "Independence could never be better placed than in your hands. But we will talk of these things to-morrow. Now give me my supper, as you promised, for I have travelled a good way to-day, and am rather tired."

Ralph prepared his simple fare, and then showed his guest to his humble bed.

Next morning, the little story of the misfortunes





with which Ralph had had to struggle was recounted. The stranger, eager to place him in a happier lot, purchased a neat cottage; and having stocked it with every necessary, and added fifty sheep, the happy Ralph was made owner of it, and lived many years in that prosperity which usually follows industry and integrity. His benefactor generally called once or twice a-year to see him; and the peasantry for miles around often amused their children with repeating the good fortune which proved a reward of hospitality.

EVENING XIX.

"MAMMA," said Emma, as she joined the reading party, at the usual hour, "I have just been relieving our old pensioner, who had been so long absent that I began to think he was dead."

"What!" cried Edward, "do you mean old Dick, who affords such amusement to the boys, by his red wig, great leather bags, and thick oaken stick?"

"My love," said Mrs. Woodbine, "none but *wicked* boys will ever ridicule an old man, whose poverty compels him to beg his bread, however singular may be his appearance. Old Dick, as

you call him, was formerly in very different circumstances; and it was merely through the ill conduct of an obstinate and disobedient son, that he was stripped of all his little property, and finally reduced to a state of beggary. But how is it, my Emma, that he has been so long absent?"

"Oh! mamma," replied the affectionate girl, "he has been very ill, and I fear both he and his poor dog have been half starved; for, when I brought out a dish of broken bread and meat and some cold potatoes from the pantry, poor Richard's utterance was almost choked by his grateful feelings; and, I am sure, if the dog could have spoken, he would have invoked a thousand blessings on my head."

"Your feelings, my dear," said Lucy, "must have been truly enviable at that moment. I trust we shall never be unmindful of the poor and unfortunate."

"And I sincerely hope," said Charles, "that my dear brother will never associate with boys who are capable of making sport of one who has such forcible claims upon our pity and benevolence. I will now," he added, "request your attention to

THE DANGER OF BAD COMPANY.

THOMAS DONALDSON was naturally an ingenuous and well-disposed youth, and was always anxious to assist and oblige his widowed mother, who occupied a small house, with a garden attached to it; and this garden was her chief mean of subsistence. The vegetables and fruit Thomas carried twice a-week to the neighbouring market town, where he usually disposed of them to advantage; and such as were not saleable helped to feed a pig, which was also very profitable. By these means, the widow lived a very contented and very cheerful life: the fruits of her industry supplied her with all she required, and even enabled her to lay by a trifle for less prosperous days.

Thomas, who had long been entrusted with the sale of the goods, had always performed his business with such exactness and profit, that his mother, on every occasion, was happy to please and indulge him. Her constant theme of praise to all her neighbours was her *good son*, and he was held up as a pattern for the other boys of the village. Thomas had, indeed, always deserved this praise; but there was one trait in his disposition which persons more discerning than his fond mother

presaged would one day lead him into evil: this was a pliability of temper, which was likely to render him the dupe of any one who might wish to seduce him. He could neither bear ridicule nor withstand persuasion; and though, hitherto, from living chiefly with his mother, and being constantly and usefully employed, he had had little leisure to associate with the idle and profligate, yet if by chance he had mixed with such, he always found his resolution too weak to resist their persuasions.

Unfortunately for Thomas, there lived at a public house, not far from his mother's, a boy of his own age, who was universally allowed to be the worst character in the village. Though not yet fifteen, he had twice been in danger of imprisonment for stealing; and so notorious was his conduct, that few people would suffer their children to associate with him. This boy, whose name was William Roberts, had long fixed on Thomas as one with whom he wished to be intimate, and various were the attempts he had made to conciliate his friendship. Thomas had, however, always kept aloof, and shewed no desire of seconding his neighbour's wishes.

The father of William was himself idle, drunken, and profligate. Instead of attending to his

customers, he was either sitting on the bench at his door, with his pipe and his tankard, or playing at some game of chance with others as ill-disposed as himself. It was not to be wondered at, therefore, if poverty followed such habits; and he was driven from one difficulty to another, till at length an execution was thrown into his house, and he absconded.

His son, now left to maintain himself, was too idle to think of doing this by honest labour; but, as something must be done to save him from starving, he engaged himself to a farmer to look after his cows. The common upon which these cows usually fed was that which Thomas was obliged to cross, to go to the next market town; and it frequently happened that William drove home his cattle at the time of Thomas's return, so that he had now repeated opportunities of entering into familiar conversation with him.

Thomas, who was neither fraudulent nor suspicious, had more than once shewed his companion the sum he had received for the goods he had disposed of, which often amounted to twelve or fourteen shillings. This money was eyed by William with secret desire, and he soon bent all his thoughts to devise some means of getting at least a part from his unsuspecting companion.

One day, Thomas had been, as usual, to the market town, and, having had an uncommonly ready sale for his goods, he returned much earlier than usual. William saw him coming, and went to meet him. He accosted him as usual, and then made some observations on his speedy return. Thomas told him the cause, and added that his goods had fetched a better price than he had remembered for some time.

"I am afraid," said William, "I cannot return yet; it is full an hour before the time my master desires me to go home. You might sit down with me here; your mother will not expect you, and let us amuse ourselves a little. I have a pack of cards in my pocket: will you have a game at all-fours?"

"What is that?" asked Thomas; "I never played at cards in my life."

"Ah!" replied his companion, "you know nothing! If you had seen my father play as I have—why, I have seen him win as much money as you shewed me the other day."

"But I do not want to win any money," rejoined Thomas; "and as to cards, I know my mother dislikes them."

"Poh! what signifies your mother?" said Wil-

liam; "do you think she, in her cottage, can know what we are doing here?"

"Perhaps she cannot," said Thomas, with some warmth; "but she is always so kind, I do not like to do what she disapproves, even if she does not see me."

"Well," replied William, putting the cards with an air of much disappointment into his pocket, "you must do as you please; but we might have amused ourselves without playing for money."

Thomas made no answer, and for some minutes both remained silent: at length William exclaimed, "I suppose you have no objection to learn the game; you need not play the more for knowing it."

Thomas was so indifferent about the matter, that he said he had no wish; and it was not till his companion had urged him several times, that he sat down on the grass. He soon understood the game, and found it much more entertaining than he expected. His companion perceived this with pleasure, and, by every means in his power, endeavoured to make it still more fascinating. At length he proposed to play for a penny, "just for the sake of making the game more interesting." Thomas consented, and won; but, at the conclusion,

his good fortune had forsaken him, and he found himself sixpence in debt. He had no money but what he had received for his marketings, and which of course belonged to his mother; but William requested to be paid, as he said he had a particular occasion for the money.

"How should your mother know exactly," said he, "what you sold your things for? and where is the harm of just taking sixpence? such a trifle as that nobody would miss."

"How you talk!" replied his companion; "I never cheated my mother in my life, and I should be very sorry now to begin."

"Why, you will, perhaps, win twice as much back from me another day, and then, as your conscience seems so very tender, you can pay your mother back again, by telling her you sold the things for sixpence more than you did."

Thomas was by no means satisfied with his friend's arguments, and demurred a long time; but at length, tired out by entreaty, he yielded, and gave up the sixpence. He then returned home, but not, as usual, with a light heart and a smiling countenance. The action he had been guilty of his heart condemned, and the kindness with which his mother received him wounded him

in the bitterest manner. She was fully satisfied with his day's business ; but, observing his dejected air as he sat with her at tea,—

“ Why, my Tommy,” said she, “ what is the matter with you ? I am sure you are not well, or else something has gone wrong to-day.”

He said he was quite well, and every thing had gone as usual ; and then, fearful of his mother's suspicions, he endeavoured to assume a more cheerful air. But the effort did not succeed, and he was glad when the hour of bedtime relieved him from a scrutiny he could so ill support. The next morning, on rising from his bed, he determined to associate no more with his worthless companion, who had caused him the first sleepless night and aching heart he had ever known. In order the better to keep his resolution, he returned by a different road, which, though more circuitous, he preferred to crossing the common. This practice he continued for some time ; but one afternoon, being more than usually tired, he passed by the common. He did not see William, and he rejoiced at this circumstance. He had nearly crossed it when a voice called him by his name. He quickened his pace, but his nimbler pursuer soon overtook him. It was William himself.

"Why, Tom," said he, "I have been looking for you ever since that afternoon we played together; where have you been all this time?"

"Where? why, where I always am, going after my business."

"Well," continued William, "but do come with me just by, under that hedge: Harry Sawyer and I have been playing, and he has won all my money."

"I have none of my own to lose," replied Thomas, indignantly, "and I will pay you no more of my mother's."

"I do not want you; I only asked you to look at us."

Thomas for some time persisted in his refusal; but, unhappily, his worthless companion knew the means of succeeding, and, by ridiculing his fears of his mother's chastisement, he at length induced him to turn back. He was not long a mere spectator: notwithstanding his well-formed resolution, he was induced to sit down with them. He had at first an uncommon run of luck, and, flushed by success, all his former remorse was forgotten. He continued the game till a later hour than he usually returned. William then insisted upon leaving off. The reason was but too evident: he had won two shillings from Thomas. The latter urged the

injustice of keeping them, as it was his mother's money; but he was laughed at for his scruples, and William maliciously added, "To be sure it becomes *you* to be so nice, who have done the same thing *before*."

This speech was a dagger to the heart of Thomas: it was also pointed by a hand from which he could never have expected it. He did not know that the wicked despise none more than those they have seduced. If before he had cause for self-reproach and repentance, how much more had he now! But, alas! neither repentance nor reproaches were so sincere as before. He had passed the boundary of virtue, and, instead of endeavouring to recover the lost path, all his efforts were used to make vice appear less hideous. He tried to persuade himself that what he had done was not so very wrong: all his mother's profits arose from him, and it was very hard if he were never to be allowed a few shillings.

In this frame of mind he returned home; but the opinions he endeavoured to adopt did not sit easy upon him; and when he gave his mother an account of his marketings, he stammered and hesitated in such a manner as struck even her unsuspecting mind. He had that day been selling pork, and it was necessary to say he had sold it a penny

a pound less than he had, to account for the deficiency of the two shillings. It was almost the first time his mother had reason to think he had made a bad day's work. She said he ought to have had more, as, at the price for which he had sold it, it would have answered better to have kept it for themselves. Thomas made no reply: a guilty blush overspread his cheek, and the subject was dropped.

The next morning he was employed in the garden, and his mother was busy within doors, when a person entered the cottage. The good dame, thinking it was her son, went on with her employment, till roused by a strange voice. She looked up, and perceived a man who had once been her neighbour, but now kept a little shop at the market town. "How do you do, Mrs. Donaldson?" said he; "I walked over this morning to beg a favour of you. You must know that yesterday, when I bought some pork of your son, I gave him, with other silver, a favourite shilling of one of my boys, with his cypher marked upon it. Now, as I happened to be your son's last customer, I dare say you have the shilling still; and if you will change it with me for another, I shall be much obliged to you."

Mrs. Donaldson assured him she would most

readily do so; and going to a drawer, where she kept her money, she took out the whole of her silver. The man helped her to look for the shilling, but it was not there; and, as he again asserted he was sure he had given it to Thomas, and was the last person to whom he had sold any thing, it was surprising it should not be there. Thomas was now called and questioned about the money; but he appeared so confused, and gave such contradictory answers, that even his mother's suspicions were aroused.

"How much," said she, "did you receive of Mr. Carter?"

He had forgotten—he must recollect.

"Why," replied Mr. Carter, "you may easily remember. You know there were ten pounds, which, at sevenpence a pound, make exactly five and tenpence. I gave you six shillings, and you returned me twopence."

"Why," exclaimed Mrs. Donaldson, addressing her son, "you told me you sold the pork at sixpence.—Oh, Tom, Tom! what have you done?" and she burst into tears.

Thomas was silent, but his countenance fully evinced his guilt.

To deny the fact was impossible: prevarication

only plunged him deeper in error, and therefore, at length, he confessed the whole.

“I’ll tell you what,” said Mr. Carter, “if you were my boy, I would flog you till you should not stir for a week. You unprincipled rogue! because a boy as worthless as yourself persuaded you, you deprived your mother of the earnings of her industry, and then told her a hundred falsehoods.—Good morning, neighbour. I am sorry to see you have such a worthless being belonging to you. Heaven knows it strikes very deep into a parent’s heart to be informed of the wickedness of a child;” and with this observation he quitted the cottage.

The poor woman was literally convulsed with grief, and it was long before she recovered herself, though Thomas, with reiterated assurances, promised that he would never more deceive her. He had, indeed, little suspected detection from such a quarter; he recollected observing the shilling when it was given him, but, in the agitation with which he had paid William, he had thought of it no more. The report of his conduct was soon spread abroad, and when at any time he offered to sell for his mother, the people were accustomed to ask him how much of the money he

intended to keep for himself? These reproaches struck him to the heart. And even his mother, whose confidence had formerly been so implicit, was now, in proportion, suspicious. She seldom trusted him to sell any thing out of the village, but, with great fatigue to herself, went to the town to dispose of her articles. Thomas was deeply wounded by this; but he had no right to complain: his own folly and vice had occasioned it; and it required a long course of good conduct, and a total reformation, before he could enjoy that confidence and respect which the worthy alone can permanently possess.

EVENING XX.

“EDWARD, my love,” said Mrs. Woodbine, “the clock has struck seven;—your brother and sisters are all in readiness;—and, as it is your turn to read, you must not delay the time.”

“I have but two or three touches, mamma,” replied Edward, “to give to this picture, and then it will be finished.”

“Bless me!” exclaimed Mrs. Woodbine, looking over the artist’s shoulder, “why you have a *hawk* and a *lark* upon the same tree. I think the poor

lark would not long remain uninjured in the presence of so powerful and voracious an enemy.

“Mamma,” rejoined Edward, “I took the idea from a fable, in which a young lark is represented as having invited the hawk to an evening party, though she had been expressly forbidden so to do by her mother; and the result was a tragical one; for the disobedient bird fell a victim to her own rashness and headstrong folly.

“There, mamma,” he added, “now my painting is completed; and, at all events, the two birds form a striking *contrast*, both in their figures and dispositions.”

Then taking his usual place at the table, and opening the new volume, he exclaimed with a smile, “This is a curious coincidence; for the tale which I am to read this evening is entitled

THE STRIKING CONTRAST.

NEVER, perhaps, were the deformity of vice and the loveliness of virtue placed in a more striking contrast, than in the character and conduct of the two sons of Mr. Perry, a gentleman of fortune residing in the west of England.

Alfred, the youngest of these lads, was a boy of a brilliant rather than a solid understanding; and possessed that lively disposition, which, in child-

hood, is too often mistaken for sense. Nature had endowed him with every advantage of face and person; and the partial fondness of his parents left him little either to ask or desire.

To Henry, the elder brother, nature had been as niggardly, as to Alfred she had been munificent. From a fall in his infancy, he had contracted a deformity, which had not only injured his shape, but his health: and his face, which was deeply marked with the small-pox, had no feature which could be called pleasing. Unhappily, these exterior circumstances, which could have little to do either with the heart or disposition, were in one child regarded with almost idolizing fondness, in the other with something little less than disgust. Alfred, always in the parlour, caressed, praised, and indulged, forming a striking contrast indeed to the poor neglected Henry, who was but seldom suffered to leave the nursery, and even there was treated with cold indifference by the servants. From the deformity of his person, his health was extremely delicate; and frequently, when thus neglected, he was suffering severely from bodily pain. One indulgence he was allowed, and one only:—as he was incapable of much exertion or exercise, he early discovered a taste for reading, and the master of a school, very near the hall, was

suffered to attend him. The progress he made more than repaid the trouble of his teacher, and was to himself a source of delight, which solaced many of his lonely hours.

Alfred, though only a year younger, scarcely knew his letters ; and when lessons were given him with his brother, he not only paid no attention to the master, but ridiculed his manner, his dress, and his features. As he did this, however, with great drollery, and, as his parents thought, with much wit, they laughed at his sallies, and readily consented to his wish of not being plagued with such a "stupid drone;" which was the term he used when speaking of the master. He was now eight years old, and, however unwillingly, his parents judged it necessary to send him to a boarding-school. Henry was also to accompany him ; but this, to Henry, was no evil ; his wish of improvement, and his love of learning, made the idea rather agreeable to him. But it was not so with Alfred ; and, indeed, his tears and importunities were so effectual, that another twelvemonth passed away before the scheme was put in execution.

When the time of their departure did arrive, Henry attended the summons to the carriage with great alacrity : but it was some time before Alfred

could be found. He had concealed himself in a closet, with the futile hope that if he were not discovered, the carriage would go without him. Neither tears nor entreaties were spared to obtain his purpose; but these his parents had been prepared for, and, though with infinite anguish to themselves, they had predetermined not to yield to them. He was, therefore, obliged to enter the carriage, which was filled with every thing likely to be agreeable to him, and which could either conduce to his amusement or pleasure.

The journey was passed, on his part, in tears and sullen silence; and on that of Henry in regret for his brother's affliction, and quiet acquiescence to desires which he had never attempted to dispute. After a ride of about twelve miles they arrived at the school. The master attended; they were ushered into a parlour, and treated with the utmost civility. Several of the pupils were introduced, in the hope of dispelling Alfred's chagrin, and, at length, they so far succeeded, as to induce him to join their amusements, and retire with them to another room.

Mr. and Mrs. Perry, who had dreaded the hour of parting, took this opportunity to steal away unobserved; and when Alfred found they were gone, though his tears flowed afresh, yet he felt

convinced that his grief could no longer be of any avail. His prepossessing appearance soon gained him many admirers; even the masters were struck by the beauty of his features, and the graceful symmetry of his person; and there were those who failed not to contrast them with the deformity and sickly appearance of his brother.

Henry felt how much he was neglected; but to neglect he had always been accustomed. He was sensible of the disadvantages of his person, and sometimes wished that nature had been more bountiful; but his mind was wholly free from envy, and he had never loved his brother less, because he possessed more. By degrees, his amiable disposition, and the charms of his mind, unfolded themselves, and, amongst the judicious and worthy, secured him many friends. To be loved, he must have been known; to be admired, his brother must be only seen;—the effect was natural;—the charms of the one increased, as those of the other wore away.

Next morning the new scholars appeared in the school-room. Henry performed his tasks with ease, and found in them only amusement: Alfred, after spending the whole morning in tears, was obliged to perform them in the hours allotted to play, and even then, without his brother's assist-

ance, he could have done nothing. The habits of indulgence to which he had always been accustomed, and his total neglect of all improvement, made his present situation the most irksome and painful that could possibly be imagined.

The masters perceiving Alfred's want of docility, and the little relish or capability he discovered for improvement, by degrees transferred the liking they had conceived for him to his brother, whose gentle and obliging disposition and unwearyed industry deserved the highest commendation.

The first half-year having at length passed away, Alfred had the felicity of returning home with a more decided hatred of school, and a stronger desire of remaining where his will was undisputed; but his parents, though they grieved at his reluctance to go back, still thought it too important to be dispensed with: and though they encountered the same tears, the same entreaties, and the same resistance, yet he was obliged to return.

Alfred was now nearly nine years old, and his brother was but one year his senior; yet the disparity of their knowledge and advances in all that was really worthy attainment was as striking as if one had been twelve and the other but four or five years of age. The mind of Henry was already

well stored with useful learning, and his desire of improvement was only equalled by his progress. Alfred, on the contrary, scarcely knew the first rudiments of learning, and though he possessed a flow of spirits and a quickness of reply, which was often mistaken for wit, yet, by those who looked beyond the surface, his shallow acquirements were easily detected. His temper and disposition accorded but little with the attractions of his person. He was selfish, imperious, and, when offended, implacable. The head master, from whom he had received some chastisement, which his idleness and inattention well deserved, was the object of his abhorrence. To vex, to torment, and, if possible, to injure him, would, to Alfred, have been the highest gratification.

Unhappily there were other boys in the school, whose ideas corresponded with his own; and these were his favourite companions. They had several times committed depredations in the orchards and gardens of the neighbouring farmers, which had occasioned heavy complaints; but as the delinquents had never been discovered, general threats were all that followed. Alfred and his companions, in secret, exulted in their atrocities, and, grown bold by success, they meditated a plan, which was soon to be carried into execution.

These boys all slept in the same room with Henry, whose delicate health, which of late had been more than commonly fluctuating, kept him awake many weary hours, when his happier companions were locked in tranquil repose. He was one night, as usual, lying awake, when he heard his brother proposing to his bed-fellow a scheme so atrocious, as shocked Henry, who had been, unwillingly, acquainted with former depredations. He had frequently expostulated in the kindest manner, and endeavoured to dissuade his brother from associating with boys, whose characters were so notorious: but his kind expostulations were treated with ridicule and contempt, and he was sneeringly told that it was not every one who could sit for hours together poring over a book till they were stupified; for although such amusements were very well for a broken back and lame leg, they would not do for boys of any spirit.—Henry sighed, but made no answer; a tear started into his eye; but he wiped it off in silence, and returned to those amusements, which, however contemptuously treated, were, indeed, his chief delight.

Mr. Saunders, the master of the seminary, was particularly fond of flowers; he had a remarkably fine collection, and was reckoned one of the best

florists in the kingdom. His auriculas were now in full bloom, and he had surveyed them with a delight which none but an amateur could feel. It was against these that Alfred and his companions meditated their vengeance, which they intended should be as secret as they hoped it would be complete. They had no idea Henry was awake; but as from him they wished to conceal every thing, they were more than commonly suspicious; and knowing how little and how ill he slept, they stopped in the midst of their discourse to listen whether he were awake: they soon found that he was, and their conversation was immediately suspended.

Grieved, but not deterred, by his brother's ridicule and sarcasms, Henry, the next morning, ventured to expostulate on the wickedness of the action he had heard meditated; but, instead of the effect he hoped would have been produced, he was accused as a mean listener, who delighted to thwart them in those amusements he could not participate. He still expostulated, and endeavoured to represent the unworthiness of such base revenge, and the certainty of detection; but he was heard with impatience, and silenced with the most unkind language.

A few nights after this, having, in consequence

of indisposition, retired very early to bed, he fell into a sounder sleep than he usually enjoyed. He knew not how long this had continued, when he was awoke by light steps moving about the room. Raising his head suddenly, he discovered his brother and several other boys, who entered the room with a mysterious air. He asked what was the matter? This question evidently was unwelcome; but Alfred, with his usual readiness, after exhorting him to speak softly, said—In playing he had tossed his hat into the garden, and as that was a place they were forbidden to enter, he was afraid he should be punished when it was found; as the head master, who was always particularly unkind to him, would on all occasions suspect the worst. He had been trying, he continued, to find it, but had not succeeded.

“Is that all?” said Henry, with a serious air.

“Yes, to be sure;” replied his brother, “what more do you think there should be?”

Henry was not naturally suspicious; yet, in the present instance, he doubted whether he had heard the truth. His brother had that day been severely flogged for neglecting his lessons; he knew the vengeance he meditated before this event, and he had no doubt but that would hasten it. He thought of the auriculas, and trembled. He knew

the severity with which such an action would be punished, and not all the unkindness he had received had weaned his affection from Alfred.—He laid down again, therefore, having his mind filled with gloomy apprehensions.

“Brother,” said Alfred, “as you rise so early, you might go into the garden and look for my hat; you will, most probably, save me a severe flogging, if you do. You have often told me that you loved me, and wished to save me from punishment, and now is the time to show it.”

“But you know,” replied Henry, “I am forbidden, as well as yourself, to go into the garden, and I have never even wished to disobey. Mr. Saunders values his flowers very much, and, I think, after the fatigues of the day, it is very hard if he may not enjoy, unmolested, a little harmless amusement.”

“Oh! I know you are very fond of him,” replied Alfred, “so am not I;—but every one to their taste. All I ask is this one favour of you. Do, dear brother, grant it; and you shall, in return, find me in future guided wholly by your advice. Think how I shall be punished, if you do not comply with this request. You do not wish to see me unhappy, do you?”

“No, surely, not,” replied Henry, with quick-

ness, and forgetting all his suspicions: "I will, if possible, do what you wish; and I only regret, that in obliging you I must disobey Mr. Saunders."

During this conversation Alfred undressed himself and retired to bed, wishing his brother "good night," in the most affectionate manner. He was, indeed, well acquainted with Henry's temper, and knew how to wheedle him to his purpose; nor was this the first instance in which he had screened himself at his expense.

Henry passed a sleepless night, and arose with the sun. He was in the habit of doing this; and, as his good conduct had secured him the confidence of the master, he was allowed to walk in the grounds even before the rest of the family were stirring. In the present instance, his heart smote him, that he was about to make an ill use of an indulgence, which heretofore he had so highly valued: but having once given his promise, a mistaken principle of honour induced him to hold it sacred; and, though slowly and reluctantly, he bent his steps towards the garden. The gates were all locked; but in a hedge, at the bottom, there was a large gap, which appeared to have been recently made. By this he entered, and advanced towards the place to which he had been directed. But what were his terror and astonishment, to see the stage

of auriculas strewing the garden ! Many of the pots were broken ; of others, the flowers were entirely destroyed ; and the whole fabric, which, to its owner, had been a source of such pleasure and amusement, exhibited a confused heap of ruins. Alfred's hat was discernible amongst the rubbish, and afforded a convincing proof to his brother that his suspicions were too well founded.

He hastened back to his chamber, with a perturbation which he did not endeavour to conceal, and, finding the whole party awake, he upbraided them with their baseness in the warmest manner. They, however, denied it in terms so unequivocal, that Henry was staggered ; he knew not what to think ; yet he could not dismiss from his mind suspicions, which so many circumstances seemed to corroborate.

The news of the disaster was soon carried to Mr. Saunders, whose regret and astonishment were only equalled by his anger. The boys were all summoned ; the ushers appeared with Mr. Saunders at their head ; every boy was questioned in the strictest manner ; the gap in the hedge was mentioned, and each separately asked if he had ever passed it. All replied in the negative, except Henry ; but however grievous the displeasure of a master whom he respected, no consideration could

tempt him to utter a wilful falsehood. The astonishment of Mr. Saunders cannot easily be described;—that Henry, the boy whom he had particularly respected, and in whom he had placed unlimited confidence, should be guilty of such an infamous action, seemed almost impossible; but appearances were strong against him, and the master's suspicions seemed corroborated by the evidence of the gardener, who declared he had that very morning seen Henry on the spot where the devastation had been committed.

Henry attempted not to deny this assertion, though he solemnly declared he was innocent of the charge alleged against him.

“For what then was you there?” said Mr. Saunders, impatiently.

Henry was silent: he refused to tell. This was the signal of his punishment, and he received a correction so severe, that he was unable, for some minutes, to return to his room.

One of the ushers, with whom he had always been a favourite, and who still believed him innocent, attended him from the school-room, and, with the kindest language, endeavoured to draw from him all he knew of the affair. But Henry refused to say a word which might have exposed his guilty and unworthy brother: he declared he

was not the offender, but he would declare no more; and though severely grieved, and cruelly treated, he harboured no resentment against Mr. Saunders. He had always, heretofore, treated him with unvaried kindness, nor would he now have altered his conduct had he not believed that he was punishing the guilty.

Alfred, in the meantime, had passed the morning most unpleasantly. Judging of his brother by himself, he could not believe it possible that any one would submit to punishment merely to rescue another. He therefore expected, when Henry was asked why he went into the garden, that he would immediately have declared the whole truth; and he was fully aware what, in such circumstances, must follow. What then was his astonishment, when Henry not only remained silent, but submitted to a severe punishment without declaring what had subjected him to such unjust suspicions! There was something in his conduct which Alfred could not imitate; but it was impossible not to respect it. He was involuntarily more attached to his brother, and there were moments when he felt ashamed of suffering him to labour under imputations of which he was entirely innocent. But these were only moments; and whatever might

be his secret compunction, his conduct was still mean and disgraceful.

Henry, when again he saw Mr. Saunders, was wounded by the cold contempt with which he was treated. He was no longer spoken to with kindness, nor distinguished with any marks of familiarity. All that was said was bitter sarcasm, or injurious reproach ; and, in proportion as he had before been indulgent, he was now severe. He forbade the morning walks, the many little privileges which, to Henry's infirmities and pursuits, were invaluable. The poor fellow mourned in secret, but he scorned to complain ; and he was too just to reproach Mr. Saunders for a conduct which he knew nothing but an idea of having been deceived had occasioned. Yet that conduct was to Henry a source of affliction so deep, that nothing but a consciousness of having deserved it could have added to his sufferings.

One morning he was sitting in his room, too unwell to join in the sports of his companions, and too sad to give his thoughts to reading, when Alfred entered in the deepest affliction, and some minutes elapsed before he could speak. When he did, he at first only articulated, " Oh, now we must be discovered ; I know they will betray ;

they said they would yesterday, before I gave them my last shilling !”

As this discourse was unintelligible to Henry, he begged to have it explained ; and Alfred proceeded to inform him, that the gardener, in removing the ruins which the late disaster had caused, had found a knife, marked with the initials A. P., that it had been carried to the master, and the boys were all summoned.

“ Then you did, indeed, destroy the auriculas !” exclaimed Henry, now fully convinced of what he before only suspected. “ Oh, Alfred, why have you behaved so unworthily ?”

Alfred’s tears prevented him from answering ; and his brother, moved by his distress, would not, by any further reproaches, increase it. They had not been many minutes together, when the dreaded summons arrived. This they dared not disobey, though Alfred slunk behind his brother : he composed his countenance, however, as well as he could, and endeavoured to assume a cheerfulness very foreign to his feelings.

All the boys were now assembled ; Mr. Saunders and the ushers were seated at the upper end of the room ; and on the table lay the knife which had excited Alfred’s uneasiness. On the entrance of Henry and Alfred, Mr. Saunders asked the former,

in a severe tone, what use he had made of that knife in destroying the auriculas?

Henry calmly replied, that he had made no use of it; he did not recollect ever to have seen it before.

"Perhaps not, sir," replied the master; "your memory, of late, has not been very tenacious: it would not even assist you in remembering an action you had committed but a few hours before."

"I then declared the *truth*, sir," said Henry, indignantly, "and I have now nothing to add."

"These, Mr. Alfred, are your initials," said the master: "I now command you to tell me when, and for what purpose, you lent this knife to your brother. Speak the truth, and I promise you forgiveness; I mean not to confound the innocent with the guilty."

Henry sighed. Alfred remained silent a few minutes; but, on the question, command, and promise being repeated, he fell upon his knees, and with much hesitation said, it was not his brother, but himself and four of his companions, who had destroyed the auriculas.

Mr. Saunders started with astonishment; but he continued silent, and Alfred went on:—

They had been unable to throw the stand down, and had, therefore, cut one of the legs: the sudden

fall of the pots had thrown the knife underneath, where they could not discover it.

“And the rest—?” said Mr. Saunders, interrupting him.

His hat had been thrown off, by a blow he received from one of the pots; it began to grow dark; footsteps were heard at a little distance; and, in their fright, he and his companions ran out of the garden, and dared not return.

Here Alfred ceased, and Mr. Saunders regarded him, for some minutes, with the most indignant countenance. At length he exclaimed, “Is it possible that such unworthiness exists in my school? Could you, after the perpetration of such a base and malicious action, suffer your brother to endure a chastisement so severe and so unmerited,—to see him exposed to my resentment,—to treatment which his bodily suffering must have doubled? Go from my presence this moment. Unworthily as you have availed yourself of my promise not to punish you, I will, still, not break my word; but take with you my contempt, and the reproaches of your own heart; and if any spark of virtue yet remain, they will prove your severest torment.”

Alfred quitted the room, and a murmur of indignation burst from the little spectators.

“And you, my noble boy,” continued Mr. Saun-

ders, rising and embracing Henry, "come to my heart, and let me tell you all the admiration I feel for you. Indeed, at the moment when I was most angry with you, I knew not how to believe you culpable; the whole tenor of your conduct seeming to refute my suspicions, and to reproach my severity."

Henry returned his master's embrace with grateful ardour, whilst tears of mingled joy for the recovered esteem of Mr. Saunders, and regret at his brother's conduct, trickled down his cheeks. His first request was for Alfred and his guilty companions. He procured them a remission of punishment; but the obloquy of their conduct still remained, and made them shunned and despised by every one. Henry, restored to his former privileges, and cheered by smiles he had so highly valued, continued with Mr. Saunders several years; and when he quitted the seminary, his enlarged and cultivated mind, the kindness and generosity of his disposition, and the excellence of his heart, made him respected and beloved by all who knew him; whilst Alfred, endowed only with exterior charms, though seen to be admired, was known to be despised: and, whilst his brother passed his life in a manner the most praiseworthy; he, by associating only with the idle and profligate, became the sor-

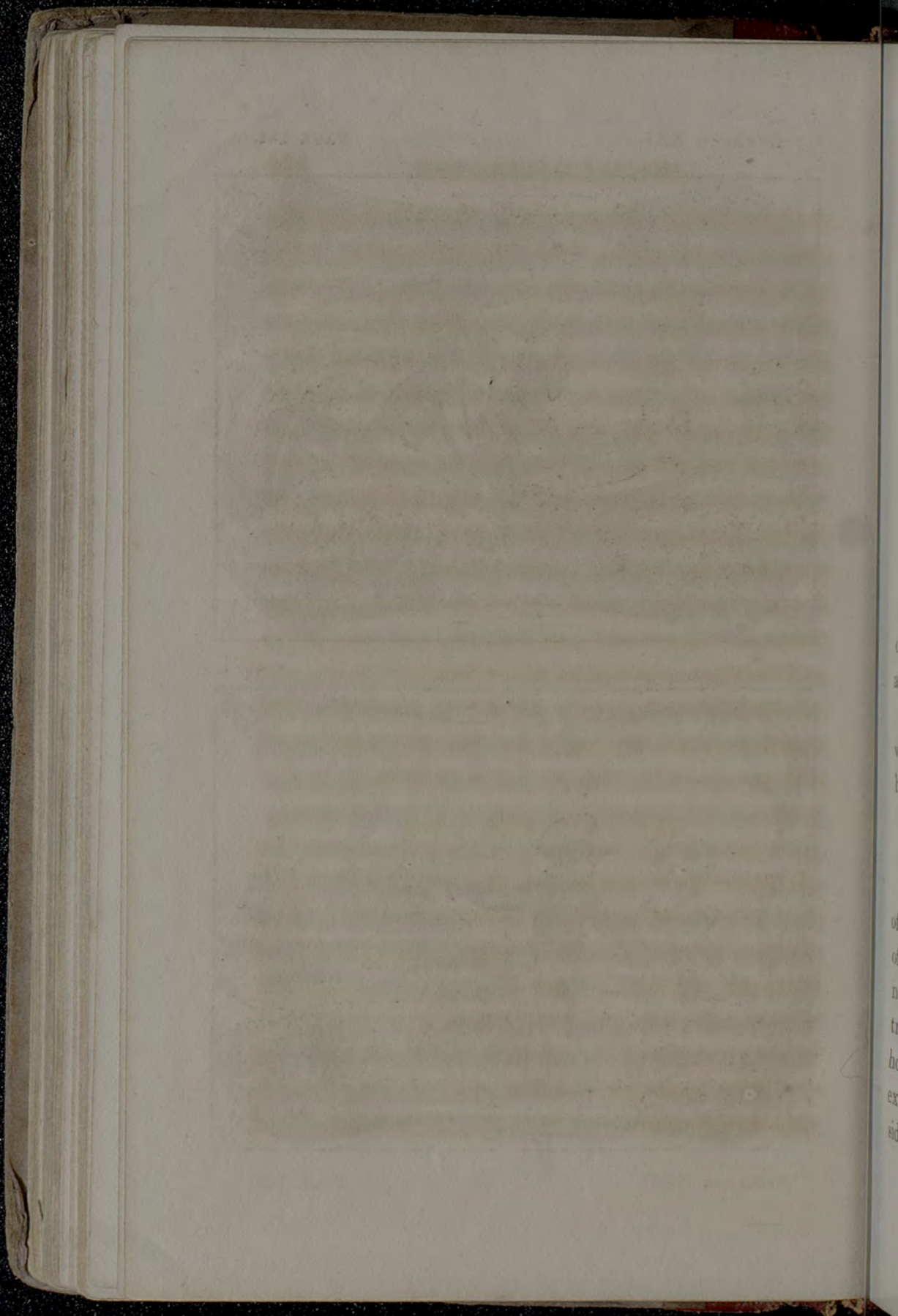
row and disgrace of his friends, and, at the early age of thirty, ended his days in a duel, the consequence of a quarrel at one of the taverns which he frequented. Regretted by few, and beloved by none, he was a melancholy example of the little real value of mere personal endowments, whilst his brother afforded the most convincing proof, that virtue can take from deformity all that is unpleasant, and give it charms superior to those of beauty and gracefulness.

EVENING XXI.

CHARLES and Emma having returned from a walk by the sea-side, related a curious incident which had afforded them much amusement.

Some pieces of wreck, which were floating at a distance, excited the attention of a couple of boys belonging to one of the boats, and on looking repeatedly in the same direction, they imagined that they saw some living creature upon one of the planks. Resolving to ascertain this fact, they pushed off their boat, though the sea happened to be extremely rough ; and, regardless of the danger to which they appeared to be exposed, they persisted in labouring at the oars, until, at length





they reached the desired spot. Here they found a poor shipwrecked cat, which, by her piteous mew-ing, seemed most earnestly to crave their protection. This appeal was not made in vain; the humane lads immediately rescued poor Puss from her perilous situation; and, to the great delight of Charles and his sister, she was soon discovered seated at one end of the boat, and apparently looking around with conscious satisfaction as she approached the shore. Charles would gladly have purchased the animal on her landing; but the boys who had so bravely ventured to effect her deliverance, considered themselves entitled to her future services; and therefore refused to sell her.

The little party at the Hall were much gratified with this adventure; and Emma, having laid aside her bonnet and gloves, sat down to read

THE FEMALE FRIENDS.

EMMELINE MORLAND was the youngest daughter of a Scotch earl: she was educated as the children of the affluent commonly are; had a private governess, and masters of all kinds. The numerous train of servants, which composed the family household, precluded the necessity of her making any exertions for herself. Unfortunately, the earl, beside an incumbered estate, possessed a vice which

was most destructive of his family's welfare. He was a professed gamester; and, after a life of perpetual struggles to ward off those pecuniary difficulties which were gathering around him, a sudden death bequeathed them, in all their force, to his ill-fated family.

The eldest son inherited the estate, and he permitted his mother still to reside in the house; but the younger children were dispersed in various directions. The sons were sent into the army and navy, and the daughters were adopted by some of their more opulent friends. Emmeline was given to the care of a rich dowager of quality, who made her feel so bitterly the galling yoke of dependance, that, at the early age of eighteen, she married the family chaplain, thankful for any situation which might emancipate her from the miseries she had long endured. She then retired with her husband to a small living he possessed in Gloucestershire, where the most rigid economy was necessary to make their income suffice for their subsistence. A high sense of honour, which, in happier circumstances, Emmeline had imbibed, led her to avoid running in debt; but of the minutiae of economy she knew nothing. To live with one servant, to make the most frugal fare suffice, and to assist personally in the little duties of her family, were things

of which she was wholly ignorant ; and it was not till the most serious consequences resulted from her ignorance, that she endeavoured and determined to learn. The task, at first, was difficult, but not impracticable ; and the lively interest she felt for her husband and child, soon rendered many things comparatively light, which, without such incentives, would, to her, have been most wearisome.

Of a numerous family, one only daughter survived the period of infancy ; and to this daughter both Mr. and Mrs. Alton were most fondly attached. To form her infant mind, to pour lessons of virtue and instruction into her heart, were their first endeavours : they laboured with unremitting care ; and, as is usually the case, their efforts were amply repaid. Mrs. Alton had too forcibly experienced the evils resulting from habits of indolence, and early personal indulgence, to make her daughter their victim. Little Emmeline was her own servant. She had no one to fetch what she wanted ; and if her efforts were not sufficient to procure the accomplishment of her desires, she was obliged to relinquish them. Thus early trained to self-denial and self-exertion, she possessed a mind so well tempered, and wishes so moderate, that the sphere of life in which she was born comprised all which her youthful heart required. Mrs. Alton

was well qualified for the task she had undertaken: experience had taught her what was useful in education, and the splendid circumstances of her early years had made her mistress of most accomplishments. These she imparted to her daughter, and they were acquired with a facility which more than repaid the teacher's labour.

At fourteen years of age, Emmeline was mistress of more acquirements than are usually possessed by young women many years older; and she had, likewise, a strength of mind, and steadiness of principle, which seemed to fit her for the various trials of this eventful life.

Among the few acquaintance which the village afforded, was Caroline Mowbray, the daughter of a gentleman of large fortune. She had lost her mother before she was sensible of the privation; and, as her father had taken a dislike to her from the moment of her birth, because he was not blessed with a son, she had been treated in the house with but little more attention than a stranger.

Her only refuge from unkindness was the parsonage, and there she had spent the greatest part of her life. She had been instructed with Emmeline, and shared with her the kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Alton. By degrees, she lengthened the periods of her absence from the Hall, and as she was

never inquired for, and never missed, she at length only returned to sleep. To Emmeline, her society was most agreeable ; for, though neither so gifted by nature, nor improved by art, she was amiable in her disposition, and pleasing in her manners. She loved Mr. and Mrs. Alton as her parents, and Emmeline as her sister ; and she would frequently say, that had she been blessed with such relations, the utmost wishes of her heart would have been completely gratified.

Her father, who spent his life alternately between the sports of the field and the pleasures of the table, scarcely recollected he had a daughter ; and as long as she neither asked him for money, nor importuned him on any other subject, it was quite indifferent to him how she spent her time ; so that, without the kindness of her friends at the parsonage, Caroline would have been wholly deprived of every advantage of education, which young people in her station of life most commonly enjoy.

He had been a widower almost fifteen years, when he determined again to marry ; and the person whom he chose was one suited to his own taste and habits. Her highest qualification was being able to superintend the cooking ; and her best recommendation, that, in his annual fit of the

gout, she was willing to attend him as a nurse. From the moment of her being mistress of the hall, she seemed to have destined Caroline to feel the whole weight of her power. Her first act of maternal authority was to forbid the visits at the parsonage. Caroline expostulated, but to no effect; and Emmeline, who soon after entered, ventured to make her petition, but with no better success. The two friends, therefore, parted, with a sensation of anguish, which they had never before experienced. In the afternoon, they were engaged to drink tea with Mr. and Mrs. Alton at the house of a lady who lived about four miles distant; but Mrs. Mowbray would not suffer Caroline to accompany them, and the plan which had been projected with so much pleasure, lost all its attraction by this capricious prohibition.

The lady they were to visit was the only survivor of a very ancient family. She lived at Fountain Abbey, in the same state, and with the same habits, as had distinguished her ancestors, centuries back. Her servants were all veterans, and seemed to have imbibed the idea cherished by herself, that she had few equals, and no superiors. Of those whose visits she condescended to receive, Mr. and Mrs. Alton were first distinguished; but this honour was to be at-

tributed to the noble family from whom Mrs. Alton sprung. The house, which was gloomy and antique, was surrounded by trees, whose age was coeval with that of the building. Through the grounds ran a river, and, had either beauty or taste been consulted, it might have formed a pleasing object from many parts of the Abbey. As the road from the parsonage was very circuitous, the usual plan was to take a boat, and either sail or row, as was most convenient. This was deemed the pleasantest part of the visit, and used to be particularly enjoyed by Caroline.

The hour of their setting off approached; the boat was ready, and the wind, which was favourable, promised them a speedy and pleasant sail. Mr. and Mrs. Alton regretted, with their daughter, the absence of her young friend; but, though they could not but consider her mother's conduct as tyrannical and unkind, they were fully aware of the propriety of submission on her part, and hoped it might be more effectual in removing prejudice than any other conduct could possibly prove.

They had not proceeded above a mile, when the wind, which had been increasing from the moment of their departure, became so violent, as to occasion much alarm to Mrs. Alton. The sky was

covered with black clouds, and the thunder rolled heavily at a distance. The river, whose surface, when they embarked, was perfectly smooth, was now agitated in the most violent manner. Mrs. Alton's terrors increased, and she begged they might land at the first convenient spot. Emmeline seconded the entreaty, and Mr. Alton, begging them to be composed, readily agreed to their request, and assisted the man, to whom the boat belonged, in lowering the sails, in order to reach a creek at no great distance. As they were doing this, a sudden gust, more violent than any they had experienced, catching one of the sails not yet furled, overset the boat. An instantaneous scream was heard. The sailor, who was an expert swimmer, caught Emmeline, and soon reached the shore with her, but all his efforts to render any assistance to her parents were ineffectual. Locked in each other's arms, they had almost immediately sunk, and rose no more.

Emmeline was carried, insensible, to the nearest cottage, where it was so long before she recovered, that the people began to fear she would breathe no more. When, at length, her senses were restored, and all the misery of her situation burst on her heart, her agonies almost deprived her of the recollection she had so lately regained. She would

hear of nothing, she would listen to no consolation, till two men went in search of her unfortunate parents. They told her it was useless, at present; but she would consent to no delay, and even returned herself to the shore, where she stood, watching their little vessel, till the shades of night surrounded the horizon. She was then obliged to return to her sad and solitary home; and, perhaps, no affliction ever exceeded that which she felt, in re-entering an abode which she had quitted, so lately, in such different circumstances. Then she was blessed with kind and affectionate parents; now she was a desolate orphan, who must soon resign even the shelter which received her. The news of her misfortune almost immediately reached Caroline, who flew to her friend, and, with the sincerest commiseration, endeavoured to soothe her sorrows. With what delight would she have received her at her own house, had she of that house been mistress? But the utmost indulgence her entreaties procured, was a permission to remain with her at the parsonage for a short time.

Next morning the bodies of Mr. and Mrs. Alton were found, and three days afterward they were buried. Emmeline and her friend followed them to the grave, and the former, in all the agonies which her situation may well be supposed to have

excited, bent over the spot, as if all earthly happiness were there entombed for ever. Caroline remained with her all night, during which no slumber closed her eyes. The next day it was necessary to make preparations for her removal, as another clergyman was appointed to the living. The furniture of the house, and what else it contained, was all she possessed, as the small income of her father had never more than sufficed for their customary wants; but it was not poverty which pressed upon her mind, it was the loss of her parents, and the manner in which she had lost them, which weighed so heavily. She disposed of the furniture (except what was sufficient to furnish a very small cottage in the neighbourhood) to a farmer, who was lately married; and with the money she received she discharged the expenses of the funeral, which would otherwise have been much more than her slender means could have supplied.

When settled in her new abode, it was necessary to think of some means of subsistence; and as her education had well qualified her for the task, she resolved on opening a little school. She had soon several scholars, and her attention to these, in a short time, procured her many more. She gave general satisfaction, and many of the

more opulent farmers in the neighbourhood became her munificent patrons.

Thus industriously employed, Emmeline found herself more comfortable than she had dared to hope. Time, the great softener of every calamity, by degrees blunted those agonies which had once been so severe. Never, indeed, could she recollect her parents but to feel all she owed them, and all she had lost by their death. The very means she now enjoyed of supporting herself, was a gift derived from them. To their kindness she owed it, that the liberality of her education had enabled her to instruct others; and, thus, instead of being a burden on casual charity, she was enabled herself to bestow a trifle on the unfortunate. Caroline was her constant visitor, whenever her mother would suffer her to leave home, and gladly would she have shared her friend's toil to have possessed equal comfort. Her home was, more than ever, uncomfortable; a second family now claimed the attention not only of her mother, but her father; and Caroline was considered, and treated, as an incumbrance. To Emmeline she disclosed all her sorrows, and in her she was certain to find a kind friend and an able adviser.

Nearly five years had now elapsed since the

death of Mr. and Mrs. Alton. In that time Emmeline's little school had attained great celebrity, and the independence and comfort which she enjoyed, amply repaid her most arduous labours. Her scholars loved her, and this lightened her task. Her endeavours for their improvement were unremitting; and the consciousness of performing her duty, gave a serenity to her mind, which nothing could easily disturb. Caroline was not equally happy:—her mother, whose whole endeavour seemed to be to alienate her father's affection from her, had so frequently misrepresented her conduct, that she was, at length, sent to a distant relation in the North, with a very small allowance for her expenses. Had she been suffered to share this with Emmeline, she would have been happy; but that was forbidden, as Emmeline was represented as one who encouraged her friend's disobedience.

This banishment, for it was no other, was most dreadful to Caroline: she met, in her new abode, only increased unkindness; and her letters to her friend were filled with complaints and expressions of regret. Emmeline exhorted her to patience and submission, and to hope for happier days; and that, till such arrived, her best comfort would be derived from a reliance on that Power, whose sup-

port is never withheld from those who confidently rely upon it.

Some time passed thus ; during which, Emmeline had frequently remitted to her friend such presents as she was able to bestow, and was most happy to impart ; for Caroline was so penuriously treated, that she was not unfrequently in want of common comforts.

It was during one of the school recesses, that Emmeline determined to make a journey to see her unhappy friend. She, accordingly, left her house to the care of a faithful servant, who had lived many years at the parsonage ; and taking a place in the stage-coach, she proceeded till she arrived within thirty miles of the spot she was going to. But, as the remainder of the road was across the country, it was necessary to hire a different conveyance ; and, having travelled several nights, she determined to repose herself before she proceeded onwards : she therefore ordered a room to be made ready, and retired to it. She had not been there long when her attention was roused by the feeble moan of some one at no great distance. She listened attentively, and was convinced it was somebody in the room adjoining. She was soon also convinced, that the person was a female, and alone. Her compassionate heart immediately in-

duced her to make some inquiry about the melancholy object; and she learned, from the landlady, that it was a young person who had stopped there for the night, but was taken suddenly ill, and could go no farther.

"However, Miss," continued the talkative hostess, "I rather suspect she has nothing to pay her bill; indeed, I have told her as much; and, therefore, she must tramp; sick or well."

"Poor thing!" replied Emmeline, "could I see her?"

"Oh, yes; if you wish it. There is no need of any ceremony. You have only to take the door marked ten, instead of your own, which, if you have observed, is eleven."

Emmeline went and tapped softly at the door. A feeble voice bade her "come in." She did so; but as the evening was far advanced, she could scarcely distinguish any thing. The curtains of the bed were drawn, and she was returning to fetch a light, when the same faint voice inquired—"Who is there?" Emmeline advanced to the bed, to apologize for her intrusion, and to offer her assistance; but scarcely had she begun to speak, when the curtains were hastily drawn back, and a faint scream burst from the invalid. Emmeline instantly recognised her friend:—yes, it

was Caroline ;—Caroline sick, and alone at an inn !

The astonishment of both the friends, at this unexpected interview, kept them silent for some minutes ; at length Caroline, stretching out her hand, exclaimed,—“ Oh, my Emmeline, had I but followed your advice, I had been happy ! But the miseries of my situation weighed down my spirits, and, to break from them, I have committed a fault, the consequences of which are worse than all my former unmerited sufferings.”

“ What, then, have you done ?” said Emmeline, taking her hand with the utmost kindness.

“ You shall hear : but sit down ; for I am really ill and weak, and can relate my tale but slowly. About a month since, I received a very cruel letter from my father, reproaching me with ingratitude to the person I was placed with, in not endeavouring to make myself useful to her. He threatened, that if he heard any more complaints against me, my allowance should be withdrawn, and that I should be turned out to seek my subsistence. As I had really not deserved these reproaches, I felt the utmost indignation at them, and, in the first moments of my resentment, answered my father’s letter in terms as severe as his own ; telling him, that my life had so long been rendered miserable,

that I would far rather go out in the most menial capacity, than be subject to such tyranny. This letter I sent to the post. In the mean time, as I could not but consider the person I was with as the cause of my present sufferings, my former dislike was increased. She perceived this; and as she knew that I was but too much in her power, she treated me accordingly; till, at length, I determined to submit to it no longer. The letter I had to expect from my father was most likely to increase my troubles; and, therefore, in an unhappy moment I resolved to emancipate myself from them. I quitted the house, one fine morning, unobserved, taking with me a small bundle of clothes, and all the money I had."

"If I had dared to follow the bent of my own inclinations I should immediately have come to you, but your vicinity to my father's residence made that impossible. I, therefore, journeyed on, almost without plan or route, comforting myself that no evils I might encounter, could exceed those I had quitted. But, alas! I knew not what I had undertaken. My little money was soon expended, and I was unable to travel many miles without resting. My spirits began to droop, and I knew not on what to resolve. My first hope had been to hire myself as servant to some lady,

but no one would take me without a character ; and, indeed, the appearance which the dirt and fatigue of travelling soon gave me, was not such as to prejudice any one in my favour. I arrived here, two nights ago, with only sixpence in my pocket ; and whether from anxiety, fatigue, or any other cause, I know not, but I was the next morning taken so ill, that I could proceed no farther. To add to my sufferings, the landlady threatens to turn me out of doors, as she has discovered I have no money. In this situation, what but your providential arrival, my dearest friend, could have saved me !”

Emmeline wept at this recital, and, seeing how much her unfortunate friend had already suffered, she forbore all reflections on a conduct which she could not approve. She sent immediately for an apothecary, who soon arrived. He was a man of sense and integrity, and said the cause of the patient’s illness was fatigue and anxiety, and that, in a few days, with a little good nursing, she would be well. Emmeline devoted all her time to her sick friend ; and the landlady, now she thought she should be paid, was much more obliging and civil. Caroline was soon evidently better, and her first effort of convalescence was to write to her father, expressing her sorrow for the letter she had

previously written, and the conduct she had since pursued; and requesting his pardon. She also entreated, for the future, to be permitted to reside with her friend, with whom she could support herself by her own industry. In the course of the week, an answer arrived, but not such a one as she had feared. Her father, indeed, reproached her for her undutiful letter, and her conduct in leaving the situation in which he had placed her; but he promised her forgiveness, if she offended no more. Her mother-in-law, he said, was dead, after a very sudden and short illness; and he desired her to return to him, with all possible expedition, as he wished her to take the charge of his young family; in which occupation he hoped she would acquit herself better than she had done lately.

Emmeline sincerely rejoiced in the opening prospects of better days, which she trusted awaited her friend; who, as soon as she was able to bear the journey, quitted the inn, and returned with her beloved friend to the place of her nativity.

Mr. Mowbray received his daughter without any of those marks of affection which usually characterize a parent. Her feeble spirits could ill support such coldness; but she felt her conduct had not been altogether free from blame; and, therefore, she bore her sorrows in silence. To Emmeline, alone, she opened her heart; and

Emmeline urged her, by every effort in her power, to endeavour to please and oblige her father, and to submit, with cheerfulness, to all his wishes. This conduct had the desired effect. Mr. Mowbray saw in it the best refutation of the dislike which had been infused into his mind against her; by degrees he relaxed his harshness, and in time committed wholly to her management every domestic arrangement. She had now constant opportunities of seeing her friend, and receiving from her the best advice. Emmeline was equally happy in this intercourse; her virtuous industry, in a few years, obtained a competence sufficient for her moderate desires; and she passed the remainder of her exemplary life in gratitude to that Being, who had supported her in adversity, and strengthened her heart to deserve prosperity.

EVENING XXII.

THE next evening proved so extremely pleasant, in consequence of a refreshing shower having fallen in the early part of the day, that Edward Woodbine could hardly be induced to return home at the usual hour. "See!" said he, pointing toward the church, "what a lovely walk we may have, on the

other side of this stile, and by the winding foot-path which leads through yonder corn-fields!" Lucy, however, was too punctual in all her engagements, to exceed the time allotted for her evening ramble; and, with some difficulty, she prevailed on her brother, notwithstanding the verdure of the fields, the fragrance of the flowers, the melody of the birds, and all the other rural fascinations which charmed his youthful heart, to accompany her back to the Hall; and to take a seat by her side, whilst she proceeded to read the tale entitled

THE EAST INDIAN.

PHILIP HARMAN was the only son of a colonel in the service of the East India Company, who, having amassed a large fortune, had made arrangements for returning to Europe, where he determined that his son should complete his education. He had taken his passage in a ship nearly ready to sail, when a bilious complaint attacked him so violently that he did not survive many days. His son, then about eight years old, seemed to suffer but little from the death of his father; for his wishes were entirely fixed on going to Europe, where, he had been told, every thing that was desirable might be obtained.

Shortly after his father's interment, he and his servants embarked ; and, after a prosperous voyage of little more than four months, arrived in England. Philip was consigned to the care of a clergyman, who had long been known to the colonel ; and this gentleman was not only to act as the tutor, but as the future guardian of the young East Indian. He was received with every mark of kindness by Mr. Sandford, and welcomed by the children with great good-humour. Philip promised himself much pleasure in their society ; and, for a few weeks, he was not disappointed. His companions, considering him as a stranger, yielded to all his wishes, and in every amusement agreed to follow his inclinations. The novelty of his society, however, by degrees wore away ; and as each of the young folks began to resume the wish of pleasing himself, Philip was no longer either so happy or so contented as he had been. To be contradicted was what he could not bear. In India, he had been the tyrant of the house ; and two boys of his own age, who were kept to amuse and obey him, had long groaned under his oppressions. They attended him to England, and were still the victims of his power and insolence.

Mr. Sandford, in a little time, perceived the evil habits which his pupil had been suffered to

indulge; and he resolved, if possible, to eradicate them. Time, he knew, would be necessary for this; but by constant attention and the best examples, he trusted, his wishes would be ultimately crowned with success.

Philip in a little time became much dissatisfied with his situation, and sincerely wished himself in Bengal, where he could command, without any one daring to dispute his wishes. He was one day flying his kite, with George Sandford, a boy about his own age, when the string became entangled in the boughs of a tree, and he desired his companion to disengage it. George, ever good tempered, would have done it with pleasure, had he been asked civilly; but the peremptory tone in which he was commanded, roused his spirit, and he refused. Philip advanced towards him with a menacing air, and asked how he dared to disobey? His answer was contemptuous, and Philip struck him. The blow was returned, and in a few minutes a fierce contest ensued. This, however, was of short continuance; as the delicate limbs and enervated habits of the East Indian made him very inferior to his athletic companion.

His rage at being subdued exceeded his former passion: he almost foamed at the mouth, stamped with fury, and uttered the most vehement menaces.

In a sort of phrenzy he then mounted the tree : the bough on which his kite was entangled hung over the water ; he snatched at the string, and, dragging it with all his force, endeavoured to pull it away. In this he did not succeed, but moved nearer the end of the bough than he intended. George, who was observing him, advised him not to venture too far, as the bough was not strong enough to bear him. Philip, instead of attending to this caution, desired him not to interfere with what did not concern him ; he wanted none of his advice, and should pay no attention to it. George was silent, but kept his place. This added to the anger of his companion, who, with all his efforts, could not disengage the string. At length he took out his knife to cut it, and, stretching his arm, thought he had reached it : he missed his aim, however, and being thrown much forwarder than he expected, and losing his hold, he fell with great velocity into the water. As soon as he felt himself going, he uttered a violent scream. George, who saw his danger, and was prepared for its effects, threw himself into the pond, and almost immediately brought his terrified companion to the shore.

The quantity of water which Philip had swallowed, for some minutes almost suffocated him ; and when at length he opened his eyes, and was

somewhat recovered, the idea of whom he was obliged to, took from him all satisfaction in his deliverance. His haughty spirit could not brook a favour, where he felt so unjust a dislike; and, instead of thanking George, he walked sullenly home, the water dropping from him at every step.

Just as he reached the house, he met one of his servants coming to tell him dinner was ready. Instead of answering, he seized the poor negro, and beat him violently for not being near the spot to assist him when he had fallen. This was observed from the parlour window by Mr. Sandford, who expostulated with him on such injustice, and rescued the domestic from his merciless power. In answer to the remonstrances of Mr. Sandford, Philip answered he was only beating a servant, an *inferior*, and it was very strange if there were any harm in that.

"It would be much stranger," replied Mr. Sandford, "if there were not; however," added he, "I would advise you not to encourage such doctrine, lest it should be enforced upon yourself."

"Upon *me*!" replied Philip, the colour mounting to his face; "I should be glad to know who dare touch *me*."

"Upon your own principle," replied Mr. Sandford, calmly, "certainly none but your superiors.

But exalted as you think yourself, I can assure you, I have not often seen those to whom you must not stoop. The superiority of riches, where the mind is uninformed, and the heart corrupted by a thousand faults, is very trifling, indeed, and must expose the boaster to the contempt of the worthy, and the derision of his equals."

Philip made no answer, but silently wished himself at Bengal, where his claims were undisputed, and his authority was supreme. But chiefly against George he harboured resentment; and he determined to lose no opportunity of showing his anger.

George was not only a boy of excellent disposition, but he had also made a very considerable progress in learning, and with that fondness for study so natural to the well-informed, he spent many of his hours in his own apartment. He had a large closet, fitted up as a library, and here he arranged his books, his drawing utensils, maps, pictures, &c. Here he amused and here he improved himself; and so exact was the order in which every thing was arranged, that he could find immediately whatever he wanted. His fondness for this place was well known, and also how unpleasant it was to him to have anything deranged.

Philip had brought with him from Bengal a

monkey, which played a thousand droll diverting tricks; but it was extremely mischievous, and, when offended, very spiteful and dangerous. It knew its master, and had been so well tutored to blows and submission, that it obeyed him even with a look; but this obedience extended no further: and so frequent had been the depredations it had committed in Mr. Sandford's house, and so constant was the terror in which it kept the children, that Mr. Sandford threatened to send it away, and nothing but its master's entreaties had hitherto prevented that threat from being put into execution. Philip, well acquainted with the destructive powers of his favourite, resolved to make it the instrument of his vengeance. He well knew if he could put the monkey into George's closet, order and exactness would soon be at an end. Nothing, he was certain, would so completely grieve and mortify his companion, as to have the nice regularity of his book-shelves, and the neat arrangement of his pencils, &c. destroyed: to effect this, therefore, was to a mind like that of our East Indian most desirable.

One afternoon, George went to drink tea with a friend. Philip was invited; but a bad head-ache kept him at home. He had been so little used to suffering of any kind, that his fretfulness and im-

patience on this occasion were beyond conception. He was really unwell, yet the malignancy of his heart was not subdued; and though it was painful to him to stir, or make any effort, he resolved not to lose so favourable an opportunity of completing his revenge. He took the monkey secretly, and put him into the closet; then shut the door softly, and went down stairs; well knowing that his favourite would not be idle. He was soon after so much worse, that he was obliged to go to bed; and there his own feelings occupied him so entirely, that he forgot not only the monkey, but even the malicious triumph he had expected to enjoy.

George did not return till it was late, and then wishing his friends good-night, he went to his own room.—But what a scene awaited him there! The books which he had left so carefully arranged were thrown in all directions about the apartment; many of the leaves were literally torn to atoms; and some beautiful engravings were saturated with the contents of an ink-stand, which had been overturned in the general work of destruction!

Not all the fortitude which George possessed could enable him to support this heart-rending scene. He recollected that the savings of many years, and the presents of many liberal friends, could not soon or easily be replaced, as Mr. Sand-

ford was not in opulent circumstances ; and when he gazed on the splendid bindings, the costly plates, and the beautiful maps, which now lay around him in one mass of ruin, he burst into a flood of tears, and bitterly lamented the accident which had befallen him.

Mr. Sandford, on being apprised of this distressing circumstance, hastened to his afflicted son, and assured him that his library should be replaced as far as his income would permit ; and the monkey was immediately sent away, that no more mischief might be effected by its instrumentality.

The servant, who was now called to pick up the scattered papers and adjust the apartment, remarked that she had feared master Philip had no good design in taking that ugly creature into the library. " I saw him," said she, " approaching the room, with the monkey under his arm ; but I concealed myself from his view behind the door of the opposite apartment, fearing that he might put the beast upon me, as he has endeavoured to do on former occasions."

" But he could not be so cruel," cried George, " as to put him into my room ; he must know that every thing would be destroyed."

" I'll be bound he did, sir. Why, sir, that is nothing to what they say he used to do in Bengal.

"I am sure, to hear the poor boys tell what they have suffered, would melt the very stones."

George made no answer; but he could not help secretly wishing such an inmate had never entered their dwelling; as, from the moment of his arrival, all domestic comfort had been destroyed. George, however, was of too gentle and generous a disposition to harbour resentment; and, though his regret continued, his anger soon subsided.

Next morning, Philip was considerably worse, and when medical assistance was sent for, he was declared to have the small-pox. It had been in contemplation to have him inoculated. This information, therefore, spread general alarm; particularly as the disorder put on its worst appearance. In a short time he was in a very alarming state, and nearly a fortnight elapsed before he was pronounced out of danger. When once in a convalescent state, George was a constant guest in his room, and tried, by every means in his power, to divert the wearisomeness of a sick bed. Philip was blind, and whilst he lay in this state of suffering, he had sufficient leisure to contemplate the kindness of one whom he had taken such pains to injure. He was ignorant of the fatal success of his scheme, and though he wished to be informed, yet he dared make no inquiries. At length he ven-

tured to ask about his monkey. George looked at him, and, for a few minutes, made no answer. At length he said, "My father has sent him away; and when you are well, and can see how he has destroyed every thing in my closet, you will think he ought not to have been kept."

This gentle remonstrance, which Philip knew he was unworthy of, pierced him with the first feelings of compunction he had ever known. He was now on a sick bed, where his ideal superiority was of little avail. Every one who would administer to his ease, or comfort, must be dear to him, for he could do nothing for himself. Amongst those who had been most ready and most uniform in their attentions was George; and, convinced how basely he had injured him, Philip burst into a flood of tears. His kind companion took his hand, and, in the most soothing tone, asked him the cause of this emotion? It was some time before he could answer, and then he acknowledged that it was he who had put the monkey into the room.

George, who had before known this, testified no surprise: the situation of the offender disarmed resentment, and, therefore, he was silent.

Philip observed this, and at length said,—“I perceive you will not forgive me, though I now

regret what I have done so much, that you need wish me no severer punishment."

"Indeed I do most sincerely forgive you," replied George. "I wish the affair had not happened, as you know my father is not able to replace my loss immediately; but I now endeavour to forget it, and, in a little time, I hope I shall."

Philip was penetrated by this speech; and the first act of his recovery was to replace, as exactly as he could, what his ungenerous revenge had destroyed. He did more;—he endeavoured to correct dispositions so baneful to his peace, and which, if indulged, must ultimately have destroyed his own happiness, and have led to a train of vices always followed by shame and disgrace.

To eradicate faults, which so many years had strengthened, was a long and difficult task; but perseverance and resolution can do much; and though frequent relapses showed the East Indian how much he had yet to do, a steady perseverance was at length crowned with success. Not more distinguished by his affluent fortune than by his amiable character, he dispensed good to all around; and he found in the constant practice of virtue, and the approbation of his own conscience, a pure and exalted felicity, which the mere possession of rank and fortune could never have bestowed.

EVENING XXIII.

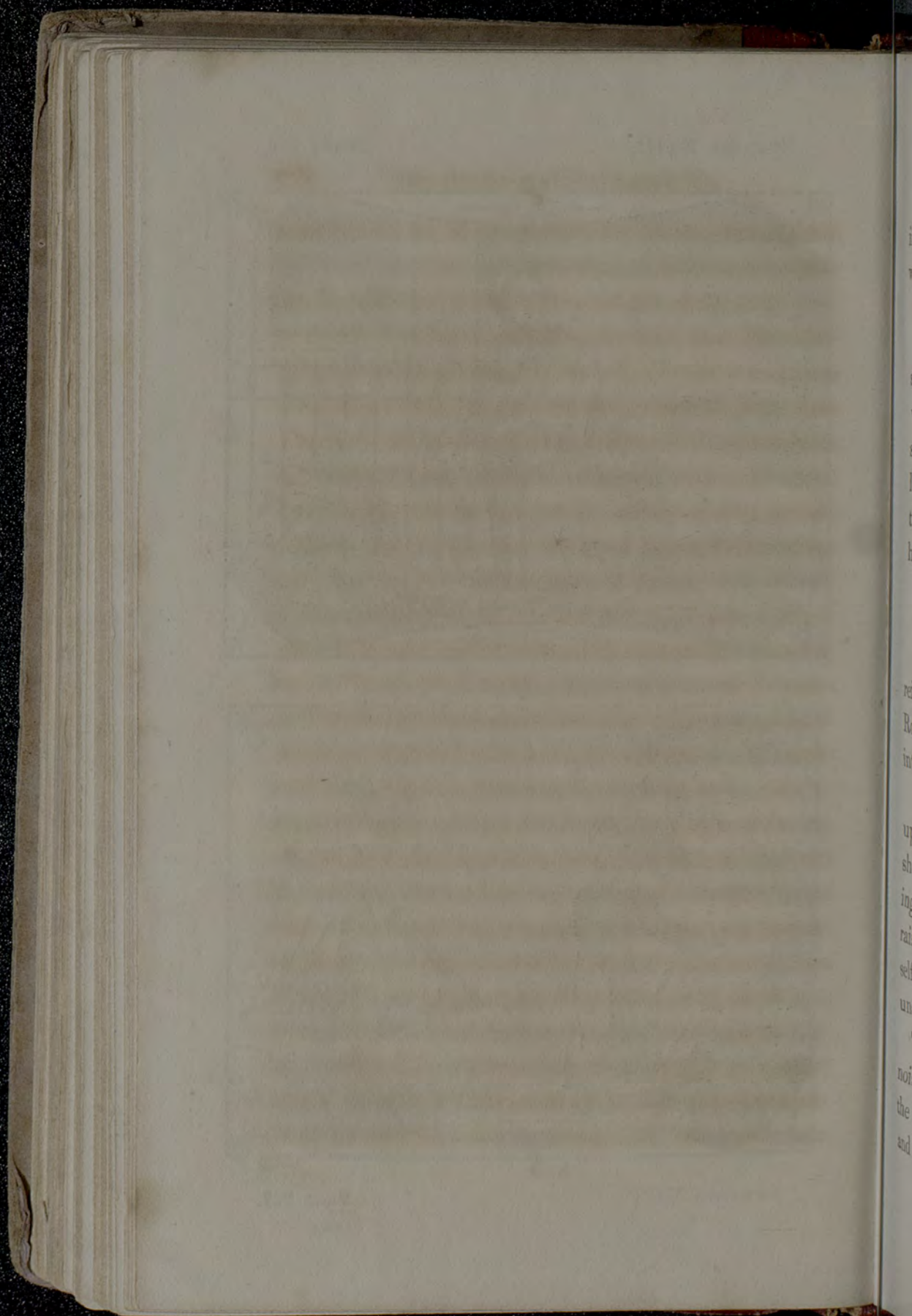
THE evening party had just assembled, and Maria was turning over the leaves of her favourite volume, when Lucy, who happened to be standing at the parlour window, discovered a poor woman with two small children, apparently absorbed in thought, as if completely at a loss whither to go, or how to act.

"My dear mamma," said the tender-hearted girl, "do let me run out and speak to this poor creature; and if she be in want, as I suppose, let me give her some money or some broken victuals."

"My love," replied Mrs. Woodbine, "you are at liberty to act as you please; and if the woman be a real object of distress, I trust I shall be as willing as yourself to relieve her."

Away ran Lucy, and soon returned with the tears standing in her eyes. "O mamma," said she, "the woman is an object of compassion indeed! her cottage has been destroyed by fire,—her husband is dangerously ill, and she is destitute of employment; so that she has no means of procuring a morsel of bread, but by soliciting charity from door to door; I have therefore sent her





into the kitchen, to get something to eat ; and I now wish to ask what I shall give her."

" I will go to her myself," said Mrs. Woodbine.

She did so, and after listening to her affecting story, she sent her home to her afflicted husband, with money in her pocket and a basket of provisions on her arm. She then returned to the parlour, thankful for the means of alleviating the distresses of her fellow-creatures, and sat down with her beloved children to listen to

THE FAIRY'S GIFT REVOKED.

BENEVENTO and his queen, Rosalind, had long reigned happily over the flourishing kingdom of Rosyland, when a circumstance occurred which interrupted the felicity they had hitherto enjoyed.

The conversation happening one day to turn upon the supposed power of fairies, Rosalind said she was convinced it was merely ideal, and laughingly told her consort, that if he were desirous of raising an army, the old queen of the fairies herself, with all her pretended influence, would be unable to bring him a single recruit.

These words were scarcely uttered, when a loud noise was heard upon the staircase, the doors of the royal apartment were suddenly thrown open, and Violenta, the queen of the fairies, entered,

with a frown upon her brow, and a voice half choked by anger. "Madam," said she, addressing Rosalind, "you have thought proper both to question and to ridicule my power; but I am resolved to convince you of your mistake. In the ensuing spring you shall have a son, the impetuosity of whose temper shall cause him more misfortunes than have yet befallen any young prince." She then disappeared, leaving the king and queen in great consternation. But as they saw nothing more of the fairy, they soon thought no more of her prediction.

Some months after this, the queen had a son, whom she called Lindor, and both she and Benevento were completely charmed with him. Now the queen of the fairies was not ill-natured, though she had a violent temper; so, when she began to cool a little, she was sorry for what she had done, and would willingly have revoked her fatal gift to the young prince; but as no fairy can take back what she has once given, she resolved to prevent the effects of what she had done, as much as lay in her power. Accordingly, she seized her opportunity, one day that the nurse had carelessly left him by himself, and carried him away to a castle she had in a vast desert; intending to educate him there in a manner that might counteract the natu-

ral impetuosity of his disposition. In this, however, she failed; for though she often gave him very good advice, at other times she would fall into such a terrible passion herself, that her remonstrances were of little use to him, as they were not enforced by her own example. When he was grown up she feared that (perceiving the difference between fairies and mortals) he would know she could not be his mother, and would leave her in quest of his real parents. She therefore frankly owned the truth to him, enlarging, at the same time, upon the obligations she had conferred on him, by taking him from a court where his violence of disposition would have been rather encouraged than checked. Lindor, upon hearing this, flew into a violent passion.—“What!” said he, “was it not enough to give me such a curse, even before I was born, but you must, under pretence of abating its effects, take me from my parents and my country, and keep me buried alive almost, in this dreary solitude, a prey to *your* violent temper!—But I am deceived no longer, and this moment I will go to seek my parents, who have so long deplored my loss.”

By earnest entreaties and fond persuasives she induced him, for the present, to lay aside this project; but shortly afterwards he quitted the castle,

resolving never again to return. He walked for some time through the woods, without discovering any of the wild beasts with which they were infested ; but at length he perceived an uncommonly large lion advancing towards him. As he was completely unarmed, Lindor naturally gave himself up or lost ; but at this critical moment a beautiful female rose from the earth, and striking the lion with a little wand, said, " I forbid thee to touch the Prince of Rosyland." The lion immediately walked away, and Lindor threw himself at the feet of his deliverer, and was going to express his gratitude, but she interrupted him. " Prince," said she, " I should not deserve to be called a fairy, if I neglected any opportunity of using my power in behalf of the unfortunate."—She then struck the ground with the same wand, and there rose up a fine palace, into which they both entered, and sat down to a magnificent banquet. The prince having made many acknowledgments for the favour conferred on him, said to her, " Beautiful fairy, though I saw you ascend from the earth, I cannot but think you must be of a higher order."—" 'Tis true, prince," answered she, " I belong to those fairies that inhabit the regions above the air, and I had merely descended into the earth to redress the grievances of some poor slaves who had been con-

demned to work in the mines. They complained bitterly that there was such a quantity of gold and silver, that they would be forced to work there all their lives; so I removed a great deal of it for them, and now they will soon be liberated from their miserable condition.”—“How good you are,” cried Lindor, “to interest yourself in the affairs of such poor wretches as those! Oh that Violenta resembled you!”

“Hush! prince,” said Celestina, (for that was the fairy’s name,) “you must not speak disrespectfully of our queen; she is violent, but she never does premeditated mischief; yet she has exasperated you. I know your story; I also know your parents, and approve of your seeking them; but before you pursue your journey, I will give you some advice that will be necessary to you.”

“No, beautiful Celestina,” said Lindor, “all my hopes of happiness centre here; and if you think the prince of Rosyland worthy to be united to you, I will never leave you, but try to show, by every attention in my power, that I am not unworthy of you.”

“Lindor,” replied the fairy, “your proposal is wild and impracticable. It is impossible for a mortal and a fairy to be happy together. Their natures and pursuits are too different for them ever

to agree. Besides, if it were not so, do you forget that you are in search of your parents? Recover your rank, fulfil what you were intended for, and then you shall return to me, and marry a charming princess whom I have in view for you; but caution is necessary in the business you are going to undertake, so listen to the advice I am about to give you."

"Cruel Celestina!" cried Lindor, "you wish to veil your contempt of me under these specious pretexts; but you shall have this despised object before your eyes no longer." So saying, he immediately left her, and set out on his travels. On arriving in the kingdom of Rosyland, the first sounds that struck his ear were those of rejoicing bells; and upon his asking the reason, he was informed that it was for the coronation of the new king Orasmin.

"What!" exclaimed Lindor, "is the good king Benevento dead?"

"He was buried last week," answered the man he inquired of.

"And is the queen dowager alive?" said Lindor.

"Yes," answered his informer, "but I think this second stroke will break her heart. About eighteen or nineteen years ago, her only son was

stolen away, in an unaccountable manner; and though she has had Prince Orasmin since, nothing has been able completely to console her for the loss of her eldest son."

Though Lindor was greatly distressed at hearing of the death of his father, he anticipated, with delight, the idea of removing part of his mother's sorrow by his presence. He hastened, therefore, to the palace, and, in his usual impetuous way, immediately announced himself as the prince who had been so long thought dead. The guards, at first, would not let him pass, but he forced his way, and hastened directly to the queen. When she had heard his story, and was assured he was her long-lost Lindor, nothing could equal her joy.

After the first transports were over, Lindor said, he feared the new king would be unwilling to give up his throne to a brother he had never seen, and whom he had with so much reason thought dead.

"On the contrary," answered the queen, "he will rejoice to find you here; for though he never saw you, he has such a tender heart, that I have often heard him lament your loss with the deepest sorrow."

At this instant, Orasmin entered the room.

"See, my dear son," cried the queen, present-

ing Lindor to him, "here is our long-lost Lindor, at length restored to our wishes! I am sure your joy at finding him again, will amply compensate for the loss of your crown, to which, as elder brother, he is entitled."

At these words, Orasmin started back; his countenance bearing evident marks of surprise and disappointment. Recovering himself, in a few minutes, however, he ran to Lindor, and embracing him, exclaimed, "My dearest brother, our mother has only anticipated my own sentiments. Come now to dinner, and to-morrow I will prepare this kingdom to receive a much worthier sovereign than I am." He said a great many more kind things to him, and after dinner proposed a hunting match, which Lindor agreed to. It was almost night before they returned from the chace, and they found the queen had already retired to rest. Lindor begged of his brother to dispense with his attendance at supper, as he was much fatigued. Orasmin therefore attended him himself to his chamber, and there left him—"Adieu, brother, for to-night," said he, "before to-morrow's setting sun, all Rosyland shall hail you as its king."

When Lindor was alone, he gave himself up

to the most delightful ideas of his future happiness.

"Who knows," said he to himself, "but Celestina only talked of caution to see if I were timorous; and that, pleased with my having behaved in such a spirited manner, she will accept my hand. It must be so—she cannot be unkind; and as to caution, did not my mother and brother receive me with the greatest joy? I am sure no treachery can lurk under the mild countenance of Orasmin."

Sleep overtook him in the midst of these delightful reveries, and he dreamed the beautiful Celestina appeared to him, and urged him to leave the palace immediately: he hesitated a long time at obeying her, till at length she cried out, "Then farewell, unfortunate prince; I fear I shall never see you again;" and immediately vanished.

This extraordinary dream awoke him, and, looking around, he saw four men with masks on, who directly seized and bound him; and then conducted him through a long winding passage to a deep dungeon, which they put him into, and locked the door upon him. Lindor was at first lost in surprise at what had happened to him. But, when he had recovered himself a little,

he felt all the misery of his situation. Yet still being of an intrepid spirit, he did not abandon himself to despair, but looked around him to try some means of escape; it was, however, all in vain. He endeavoured to find out who could have confined him; he could not suspect his brother, who had behaved so kindly, yet he did not even know another man in Rosyland. He was thus lost in doubt and perplexity, when his jailor entered the dungeon.

"Tell me," cried Lindor to him, assuming a dignified air, "tell me, who has dared thus to use me, who have a right to the throne of Rosyland?"

"Why," answered the fellow, contemptuously, "if you must know who it was that confined you, it was one who had a *greater* right to the throne than yourself."

"That is impossible," cried Lindor: "tell me, this instant, whom you mean."

"Why," answered the jailor, "I mean the king Orasmin: it was by his orders that you were put here, that you might not impose on people's credulity any longer."

"Oh, the hypocrite!" cried Lindor, "he knew who I was, and has only sacrificed me to gratify his own ambition. But I shall not long remain

so ; my dear mother will never rest till she has rescued her unfortunate son. What must not her grief be at this moment !”

“As to that,” said the jailor, “you need not trouble yourself ; for she whom you call your mother, has just breathed her last. The king wishing not to brand you as an impostor, though he had discovered the whole truth, pretended to the queen that you were killed by a stag, which grieved her so much, that she did not survive the news two hours. The king, though obliged to punish you for your daring falsehood, in trying to make people believe you were Prince Lindor, yet is kind enough not to spread abroad your wickedness, and it is a secret, at this moment, that you are alive.” The jailor then left Lindor in an agony of grief.

“Oh !” said he, “had I listened to my dearest Celestina’s advice, I might, by timely caution, have avoided all these dreadful evils ; but my impetuosity hurried me on—I would not listen to her voice, and I am now but justly punished. Cruel Violenta ! to have endowed me with such a fatal gift, without having given me strength to resist it !—Such were the melancholy reflections that were his only companions for more than a year, except when his jailor came to give him his

wretched meal. At length even this was discontinued; and after three days, in which Lindor had taken no sustenance, he felt himself so weak, that he thought his end must be approaching, which he was rather glad of; and being exhausted with hunger and sorrow, he fell into a swoon.

He remained some hours in this condition; and great was his astonishment, on recovering from it, to find himself in Celestina's palace, and with her sitting beside him. "Be not surprised, prince," said she, "to find yourself here. You might have been sure I would never forsake you; and I took the first opportunity of delivering you from your miserable situation. But come, you want refreshment most of all; therefore I will wait till after dinner to tell you how I was enabled to effect your escape."

After Lindor had satisfied his hunger, he begged of Celestina to explain the way in which she had rescued him. "I will keep you no longer in suspense," answered she; "but first I must tell you a little of your brother Orasmin; he is of a most artful and cruel disposition—so artful, that he made his mother believe he was the most tender-hearted creature in the world. Your sudden appearance filled him with surprise and grief: but he lost not a moment in determining what he would do: he easily bribed some villains to perpe-

trate his designs—and you know how soon they were executed. As the queen died almost directly after that, he was left entirely to his own devices, and he grew worse and worse every day, till at length the people, being wearied with his tyranny, assembled tumultuously, and attacked the palace, resolving to destroy all those who sided with the tyrant. Orasmin must have been killed, for no one he could have met would have shown him any mercy. I took advantage of the tumult, and flew to your prison, which was already thrown open. I placed you in my chariot, and in a few moments we arrived at this palace, where I have now the pleasure of seeing you in safety.”

“Ah! my beloved Celestina,” cried Lindor, “I owe you more than I can ever repay; but every thing that has happened convinces me more and more that we were intended never to be separated; you see I have met with nothing but misfortunes since I left you.”

“Your misfortunes, Lindor,” answered the fairy, “did not arise from your leaving me, but from your not listening to the caution I wished to give you; for I knew the character of Orasmin. But you may remember, that when I offered you my advice, you was so angry that you left me directly.”

“You cannot now,” she added, “become king of

Rosyland, for the ringleader of the rebels has usurped the throne; and the people are so enraged with the late king, that they would tear to pieces any one who was related to him. I would therefore advise you, my dear Lindor, to travel into foreign countries, to observe their manners and customs; and by the time you return, some favourable revolution may have taken place in your kingdom, which will restore it to you. At least, travelling will serve to divert the melancholy you now feel; and be assured you shall always have my best help and protection. I have provided an excellent horse for you, and the sooner you set out the better."

"Ah! why are you in such a hurry to get rid of me?" said Lindor. "Let me stay here *to-day*, and *to-morrow*. I will then leave you, perhaps never to see you more."

"No, Lindor," she replied; "you must go now. You had better visit the Kingdom of Myrtles first; and if you are in want of a lodging, the king himself will receive you kindly, for he is remarkable for hospitality to strangers."

When Lindor was ready for his departure, the fairy gave him a diamond star of uncommon lustre, with her name in beautiful sapphires round it. "Wear this, Prince," said she, "and whenever

you look at it, remember that I will never forsake you."

Lindor then set out for the Kingdom of Myrtles. When he entered it, he could not help admiring it; yet it was rather a beautiful country than a magnificent kingdom; for there were no regularly built towns, as the climate was too warm for brick or stone houses. They were all like large bowers, formed of various flowery and odoriferous shrubs; but the interior of each habitation was perfectly elegant and convenient. Lindor was directed to the king's palace by a long avenue of all sorts of fruit trees interwoven together. When he came to the palace-gate he was met by a number of young slaves dancing and singing, who, on perceiving him, immediately ran into the palace. Lindor thought this was no very hospitable reception; but presently the old king came out to meet him, and said, "You are welcome, my dear son, we have been expecting you; and I will now introduce you to my daughter Ardelia."

Lindor was so surprised at this address, that he was unable to answer a word, being completely lost in conjectures upon the subject. But if he were surprised then, how much greater was his astonishment, when, on the king's introducing him to Ardelia, he saw the fairy Celestina with her. He

cast an anxious and inquiring glance around him, without uttering a syllable.

"My dear Ardelia," said she to the princess, "you must pardon the silence of this young prince; it is the first time of his seeing such beauty as yours."

Lindor then said something to the princess which he meant for a compliment; but though she was indeed very lovely, he never felt himself in a less complimenting mood.

The old king, attributing his silence to a different cause, said to him,—“I do not wonder at your admiring my Ardelia, my dear son, for such you shall be before to-morrow evening.”

Soon after this, the king and princess retired; and Lindor, being left alone with Celestina, asked her the meaning of all this.

“Do not be angry with me, Lindor,” answered she, “for having brought you here; for I have nothing in view but your happiness. This is the young princess I have long intended for you. You must confess she is very beautiful.”

“I did not take much notice of her,” said Lindor.

“Well,” continued the fairy, “as I saw you obstinately bent against your own happiness, I knew it would be in vain to argue with you, so I

only advised your travelling. I had prepared this good king to receive you, and told him of the diamond star with my name on it, that he might know you ; in short I concealed nothing from him but your obstinacy. He will unite you immediately to his daughter, who is as amiable as she is beautiful ; and he will give you half his territory as a marriage portion ; and after his death he will leave you the sovereignty of the whole."

"I can answer nothing to what you say, Celestina," answered Lindor ; "you know my heart, and how difficult it is for me to obey you."

"Do not speak thus, Lindor," said she. "If you will for this once take my advice, you will soon find I was right.—Farewell ! I am suddenly called away to Fairyland ; but to-morrow I shall be in my palace, ready to receive you and your princess ; for she has promised to visit me."

So saying, the fairy vanished, and Lindor was left to make his own reflections upon what she had said. At first he thought, that perhaps the only proof he could ever give of his gratitude, was in obeying her now ; and he was for a moment determined to do so. Then, he could not resolve to make such a sacrifice, but thought that if he tried once more to see her she would marry him. He therefore resolved, on retiring to rest, that he would

make one more effort to obtain her, before he abandoned his project entirely; and at an early hour the next morning, he quitted the palace by a private passage, mounted his horse, and arrived in a few hours at the fairy's.

She appeared much surprised to see him come by himself, and inquired where the princess was.

"Oh, Celestina!" answered he, "I was incapable of performing the sacrifice you exacted of me, and am come to entreat you not to drive me to despair, by refusing to become mine."

The fairy, knowing it would be in vain to argue with him, said, "Well, Lindor, I will marry you; on condition that the moment it is disagreeable to you, our marriage shall be dissolved."

Lindor having eagerly acceded to this proposal, the ceremony was immediately performed; and then she took him in her chariot, drawn by six doves, and drove off for Fairyland.

They rode through the air for a long time at a prodigious rate. Lindor was at first very much pleased at this new mode of travelling; but in a few hours he began to be hungry, and asked Celestina if she had not put some provisions in the chariot.

"Oh, prince!" she answered, "we fairies never eat, (you might have observed that when you ate at my palace I never joined you;) and my servants

thought, as you were my husband, you did not either.—I am sorry for it ; but we shall soon be at Fairyland, and I will send a little fairy down to the earth to get you something to eat.”

Lindor thanked her, and they went on for some time, till suddenly a sort of new light burst upon them, and they arrived at a great gate made of a single diamond, so dazzling that Lindor was obliged to shut his eyes while the fairy threw it open—“Welcome, prince, to Fairyland !” said she. He opened his eyes, and found himself in utter darkness.—“Is this dark place Fairyland, Celestina ?” said he ; but no Celestina answered. He called her again and again, and groped about, but could not find her ; at length having searched and called for above an hour without effect, he gave himself up to despair.

“Perfidious fairy !” he cried, “you enticed me from earth under pretence of granting my wishes, only to plunge me into a more dreadful situation than I ever yet was in. You are gone yourself to Fairyland, and have left me to languish out my life in this vast and dreadful void, between our world and the regions which you inhabit.”

While he was thus venting his rage and grief, a ray of light illuminated the obscurity he was in, and discovered Celestina to his sight ; she gave

him her hand, "Come Lindor," said she, "you have waited here long enough; now you shall really come *into* Fairyland. The cause of my having left you here is, that there is a law I cannot violate, which obliges all mortals who enter Fairyland, to stay in this darkness for a certain time. But now you need wait no longer."

Lindor with joy obeyed this delightful summons. They entered Fairyland, the beauty and magnificence of which was beyond all description. The most superb palaces of the East were quite mean in comparison with those of Fairyland: and in other parts, it excelled, in a great degree, the finest country on earth, for the beauty of the walks and prospects. The prince stood for some time in admiration of this beautiful sight.

"Now Lindor," said Celestina, "I will introduce you to your future friends."—So saying, she led him towards one of the palaces, from which issued the smell of a feast: as they approached it, the smell grew stronger and stronger.

"Aha!" thought Lindor, "Celestina had a mind to banter me, when she said that fairies never eat; they are feasting now, I am sure." Celestina then brought him into a hall, where there was a great number of male and female fairies sitting in a circle. They instantly made room for Celestina,

and she introduced Lindor to them. They hardly deigned to look at him, and muttering something about "impertinent intrusion," all quitted the apartment. This put Lindor (who was not used to be treated so cavalierly) in a great passion; he drew his sword, and declared he would show them that *The Prince of Rosyland* was not to be insulted with impunity. "Stop, Lindor," cried Celestina, "remember they are not mortal, and therefore, any attempts to chastise them will be in vain. Such an attempt would only procure your immediate expulsion from Fairyland." She thus prevailed on him to make peace with the fairies. "And now," said he, "will you give me my dinner? Why did you pretend to me that fairies did not eat, when they must have been going to dinner as I came in? for there was a most savory smell in the room."

"That smell," answered Celestina, "is all we fairies live upon—and it is as nourishing to us as meat and drink would be to you. But I have sent a little fairy, as I promised, to get some provisions for you, and I expect her back very soon, and she shall go on the same errand every day." Just then the little fairy entered, bearing an amber basket full of eatables, upon which Lindor made a very hearty meal."

"Now prince," said Celestina, "you shall come and see your friends, the fairies, if you like. But when you are tired of company, the palace next to this is wholly yours." She then showed it to him; he admired it very much, but told her he had rather defer another visit to the fairies till he had taken a walk about Fairyland, to reconnoitre it a little. She accompanied him, and pointed out the several beauties of it, so that he was quite enchanted. It was now growing late, and he had no idea of returning, when Celestina told him, "he must go to a ball the queen of the fairies gave that night." At the name of queen of the fairies, Lindor started; for he feared that Violenta might retain some resentment for the way in which he had left her, and that she would revenge herself on him some way or other. He, therefore, asked Celestina tremblingly, if Violenta were still queen of the fairies?

"Yes," answered Celestina, "but don't let that frighten you; I am in high favour with her at present, and I am sure I have interest enough to hinder her playing you any ill-natured trick." This comforted Lindor a little, and he consented to appear at the ball.

Violenta received him coldly, but without any marks of resentment, which was all he could, in rea-

son, expect from her. After the ball they had the *smell* of a nice supper, and then they broke up for the night.

Lindor and Celestina now retired to their own palace.—“Well, Lindor,” said she, when they were alone, “how do you like our life at Fairyland?”

“Very well,” answered Lindor, “but if it were a desert, I should still be happy with you.”

“You don’t like Fairyland much in *itself*, then?” said Celestina.

“I am enchanted with the *place*,” replied Lindor; “but, since you force me to acknowledge it, there is a haughtiness in the manners of the fairies towards me that I do not like.”

“I fear I cannot remedy that,” said she. “The fairies think it such a favour when they visit any one on earth, that they consider that mortal very audacious indeed, who dares to set foot in the sacred region of Fairyland. I don’t give you these as my own sentiments, my dear Lindor; far otherwise: and I hope the rest of my companions will soon find that your *mind* is almost equal to a fairy’s, and then they will really esteem you.” This little flattery raised Lindor’s drooping spirits, and he resolved not to be so easily affronted in future.

He had now spent nearly a year in Fairyland; half the time happy in Celestina’s society, half the

time inwardly fretting at the little respect with which he was treated by the fairies.

He could not help sometimes thinking of how much more consequence he would have been, had he married the princess Ardelia. Besides, though Celestina was very kind and affectionate to him, he could not but see that she condescended, and that she was of a superior nature.

Yet though these were often his reflections, he might have remained in Fairyland much longer, but for an accident that showed the violence of his temper in a great degree.

One day, as he was walking alone in one of the beautiful groves with which Fairyland abounds, anxiously expecting Celestina's return, (for she had been absent a few days on the earth,) he was met by a male fairy, who accosted him sarcastically, saying, "Ho! great prince of Rosyland, are you here? you had absented yourself from our court so long, that we were in hopes you had returned to your senses and the earth!" This speech made Lindor so angry, that, forgetting Celestina's injunctions, he instantly drew his sword, and attacked the young fairy; who, without moving, looked at him with a contemptuous smile, and stamped with his foot. Immediately all the fairies appeared in a body; they set up a hideous cry at such an affront

being offered to a fairy, and they unanimously kicked him out of Fairyland.

Lindor was at first stunned by his fall, but on recovering, found himself just by the palace in which he had first seen Celestina. He entered it, but found no one there. He concluded that Celestina must have returned to Fairyland, which she never left but on particular occasions of doing good. He lamented the probability that he should never see her again; "Ah!" cried he, "I have now lost my guardian friend and protectress! for she will interest herself no longer in my favour, when she hears for what reason I have been banished from Fairyland."

In order to divert these melancholy reflections he went into the garden. He had hardly entered it when he saw Celestina there, sitting under a tree. "Come, Lindor," said she, "I have been expecting you." Lindor fell at her feet, unable to utter a word; but Celestina kindly raised him, and said, "Do not suppose I am angry with you, Lindor; on the contrary, I foresaw that when you were out of my sight, your animosity against the fairies would break out; but if you are now convinced of the absurdity of your former wishes, and will be less impetuous in future, I shall look upon this misfortune as the happiest event of your life.

This instant our marriage is dissolved, but I shall ever continue your guardian and friend." Lindor was so overcome with surprise and gratitude, that for some time he was unable to answer; at length he found words to express his high sense of all her favours, and promised never to do any thing in future without her advice and approbation.

The next day she said to him, "I have joyful news to tell you, my dear Lindor; you have now a good prospect of regaining your kingdom. Your people are groaning under the oppression of Leonatus (the ringleader of the people who stormed the palace), and if you now made the attempt, I am sure they would all flock to your standard."

Rejoiced at this news, Lindor exclaimed, "Let us not delay a minute—let us set off for Rosyland this instant! I am sure, Celestina, you will assist me; already I think I hear the acclamations of my people, while I ride through a vast concourse in triumph, after having killed Leonatus.—Come, dear Celestina! this very moment."

"Till you learn to moderate this impatience, prince," said the fairy gravely, "you will never succeed in any thing you undertake."

"I will be as patient as you please," answered he, "as soon as I am king of Rosyland, till then—oh, do not let us delay any longer!"

"Go then," said the fairy—"I meant to give you some advice, without which you can never succeed. But go: do as well as you can without it; you have my good wishes."

"You wrong me, Celestina," said he; "you know I am always willing to listen to *your* advice."

"Well then," said she, "I will tell you what I was going to say. Though I will do all I can for you, I cannot give you a large army; for if Violenta knew that I was helping you, she would banish me from Fairyland; for she only let you stay there because she foresaw what would happen to you in the end. I can, therefore, only give you a little handful of men, who are my faithful servants. But their number is so small, that were they to attempt to face the hosts the usurper's power would instantly call together——"

"So," cried Lindor, interrupting her impatiently, "the intention of your advice is to make me give up my project entirely.—What then am I to do?"

"To listen to me," answered the fairy calmly. "As your men are too insignificant to face the enemy openly, stratagem must supply the place of force. You must enter your kingdom by night, and I will help you to get reinforcements of the people, without spreading abroad a report of your

intentions, which, by alarming Leonatus and his partisans, might defeat your purpose. By the time you arrive near the palace, you will have got a considerable army, while Leonatus will still be ignorant of his danger. So that before he can collect any troops, you will have gained a complete and easy victory over him; and you will be firmly established on the throne of your ancestors."

"What!" said Lindor, with his usual impetuosity, "must I enter *my own kingdom* by night like a thief, and try to *persuade* those whose duty it is to *obey* me?"

"I acknowledge that it *is* their duty to obey you," answered she; "all I say is, that it will be rather difficult to make them do their duty, if you do not set about it prudently."

"Well," said Lindor, "you may think what you please of my ideas on this subject—they may be imprudent, but nothing shall persuade me to commit a meanness of which I think even my enemy incapable." He then abruptly left the palace.

"Unfortunate prince!" cried Celestina, "Violenta's fatal gift ever manifests itself. Even at this moment you are gone off in a passion with me, your best friend, without knowing where to get a single soldier. But *I* am not so inattentive to your welfare."

She then struck with her wand, and immediately all her servants appeared, amounting to about fifty men. She told them which way Lindor was gone, and how they might know him. She then made them all promise never to desert him. "And tell him from me," said she, "to reflect upon what I have been saying to him, before he begins this enterprize." She then vanished for Fairyland.

Her servants having met the prince and delivered the fairy's message to him, he said, "I am much obliged to Celestina, and I believe she has really my interest at heart, but she cannot be expected to know any thing of war. Come, my friends, have courage, and our enterprize will be crowned with success; and when I am king of Rosyland——" Here his harangue was interrupted by the sudden appearance of a party of soldiers from Rosyland: Lindor immediately knew who they were; and, giving the signal to his men, fell upon them with such fury, that they soon left but one soldier alive. Lindor's men were going to take him prisoner, but the Prince's vanity would not allow that. "Let him return to Rosyland," said he, "and tell his countrymen they had better immediately submit to their law-

ful sovereign (of whose prowess he has so lately had a specimen), or they may fear the worst."

The soldier profited by this permission, and returned to Rosyland. Lindor had hardly done felicitating himself on his success, when he saw an immense body of Rosyland troops, with Leonatus at their head, advancing towards him. He now repented of that silly vanity which, in letting the soldier go, to celebrate his victory, had given an alarm to the usurper so soon. But it was no time now to make reflections, for the Rosyland troops were ready to encounter his. He animated his men as well as he could, telling them he was sure of conquering, by the protection of the fairy Celestina; for he forgot how little he had deserved it. The Rosyland troops began the attack furiously; Lindor's men fought very bravely, but there were at least twenty to each of them, so that most of them were killed, and the rest taken prisoners. It was almost impossible for Lindor to escape; but, as necessity is the mother of invention, amidst the tumult of victory he threw off the star and dress that distinguished him, and hastily putting on that of a dead Rosyland soldier, mixed among the rest. The ranks were so broken, that they proceeded towards Rosyland with great irregularity, so that he contrived to slip into some

bushes by the side of a forest near which they had to pass.

This forest was very extensive, and as he walked on, often interrupted by the brambles and underwood, and without any knowledge of the way, he soon lost himself in it; and to add to his perplexity, it was growing very dark. He thought, therefore, the best thing he could do was to rest under a tree till the morning; yet this was very uncomfortable, for the night was uncommonly stormy, and there fell incessant showers of rain.— At length, he thought he perceived a glimmering light at a distance; he advanced towards it, and found an old woman, with a lantern in her hand, picking up some sticks.

“Good mother,” said he, “this is but an uncomfortable employment this stormy night.”

“I don’t mind that, my son,” answered she, “if I can but find fuel enough to light my fire. But you seem in want of a lodging: if you will come with me, you are welcome to pass the night in my cottage.”

Lindor thankfully accepted this offer, and, on reaching the cottage, she asked him if he would not like some supper? On his answering that he was very hungry, she instantly arose to prepare it for him.

"I must leave you for a short time," said she; "but that you may not be lonesome, Mira shall keep you company." She accordingly called down Mira, and then left him. But he had scarcely cast his eyes on this female, when he recognized the Princess Ardelia. She started, and exclaimed, "Excuse me, but your likeness to one whom I knew in more prosperous days, awakes in my mind the remembrance of my past misfortunes. By your dress you are a Rosyland soldier; you may, probably, have heard of Prince Lindor?"

"I am that unfortunate Lindor," answered he, "but I deserye all my misfortunes. But tell me, lovely Ardelia, (for I cannot mistake you,) what reverse of fortune has driven *you* to adopt this disguise?"

The princess was, at first, so surprised at this unexpected meeting, that she could not answer: at length, she said, "Since by chance we have met so unaccountably, and you have so readily acknowledged yourself to be the prince, I think I ought to use the same sincerity with you.—Soon after you left us so unexpectedly, my father was attacked by Leonatus, the usurper of Rosyland, which kingdom I afterwards learned belonged to you. My father was beloved by his subjects, but their number did not amount to one-half of the

followers of Leonatus. Of course we had the greatest fears for his safety. The good fairy Celestina, hearing of our distress, hastened to the palace, and addressed me as follows:—‘My dear Ardelia, it is not in my power to assist your father, for the queen of the fairies interests herself for the success of Leonatus, and I dare not oppose her; but, at least, I will provide for your safety.’ ‘No, no,’ said I, ‘if they kill my father, the power of all the fairies united could not make me less miserable.’ I had scarcely uttered these words, when the news of my dear parent’s defeat and death reached us. I know not what became of me afterwards, till I found myself in this cottage, with the old shepherdess you saw standing by me. She told me that a beautiful lady had brought me to her, and had left a note for me. It contained a few kind lines from Celestina, telling me that I could not return to the Kingdom of Myrtles, as it was entirely in the power of Leonatus; and advising me to stay with the shepherdess, and endeavour to please her.

“I resolved to follow her advice, and have succeeded so well, that she loves me as if I were her own daughter; and I assumed the name of Mira, that my real rank might be the more effectually concealed.—Yet the loss of my dear father preyed

so much upon my mind, that I think I should have died before now, but for the consolations of Alphonso, a good old hermit, who lives near this place."

When Ardelia ceased, Lindor, who had been all the time listening to her with the greatest attention, raised his eyes from the ground, and saw old Rose, the shepherdess, entering with the supper.

After the repast, Rose, who was very good-natured, said to Lindor, "Young man, I would willingly keep you always in my hut; but, alas! it is not large enough; there is only just room for Mira and me. But I know a rich old man named Rufus, who is just now in want of some one to tend his sheep: I will recommend you to him to-morrow, and to-night Mira and I will leave you our room, and sleep in the barn."

Lindor thanked her for her good intentions, but said "he could not think of *her* sleeping in the barn, and that *he* should like it as well as any other place."—"No," said old Rose, "I can give you but one night's lodging, and *that* shall be good."—"Well," said Lindor, "to end the dispute, I will go to Rufus this very night." This forced Rose to give up: she conducted him to her little barn, where there was some clean straw laid for

him ; and wishing him a good night, left him to rest.

The next morning he took care to put Rose in mind of her promise, to bring him to Rufus.

"Ah !" said she, "I cannot go with you now, I am so busy ; but Mira shall show you the way to his house."

He joyfully accepted of this offer ; and as they were going along, he said to Ardelia, "I hope Rufus does not live very far off, or I shall lose the only consolation I expected to have under my misfortunes,—the pleasure of your company."

"That is but a small pleasure for you to lose," answered she. "Some time ago, when you saw me, you were not so desirous of my company."

"Ah !" said he, "I was very foolish then ; but I have long since repented of it : not for having lost my kingdom, for I now only value it as I might have been able to bestow it on you ; but in the loss of your good opinion, which I fear I can never regain."

"You have regained it," answered she. "Be not surprised when I tell you, that I knew of your folly with regard to Celestina, but I was not jealous ; she educated me, and a little before you came to us, she told me all your history, that I might not be surprised or disappointed if you left

me, or did not like me. Yet, I must confess, your strange behaviour was a great disappointment to me."

These words made Lindor very happy. "I ought not to entreat the continuance of your favour," said he, "now that my impetuous folly has deprived me of a kingdom to offer you."

"As to that," answered Ardelia, sighing, "we are on equal terms; yet, if you now really loved me, we could be as happy in this lowly condition, as if we were possessed of royalty."

"Heavens!" cried Lindor, "my impetuosity has indeed been of service to me; since, though it has taken from me every thing else, it has restored me to my Ardelia."

While they were thus talking, instead of going straight on to Rufus's, they had wandered along they knew not whither, and Ardelia began to be afraid that old Rose would want her back, and they had lost their way. They did not know what to do, when Ardelia perceived the hermitage of Alphonso.

"Come," said she, "we are near Alphonso's hermitage, and he will tell us the way."

When they arrived at the lowly cell, the hermit came out, and seeing only Ardelia, "Welcome, my daughter," he said;—"what do you want?"

"Dear father," answered she, "I want to know the way back to my mother's cot; for this young man and I have lost our way."

She then presented Lindor to him; but the hermit had no sooner cast his eyes on him, than he uttered a deep groan, and fell into a fit. This frightened them exceedingly, and it was some time before they could recover him; and when they had succeeded, great was Lindor's astonishment to discover in this hermit his unnatural brother Orasmin.

"I cannot expect you to forgive me," said Orasmin; "yet never did my conscience reproach me less than at this moment. No, Lindor—till now I thought you dead; for my cruel orders when I was king were, that you should be starved to death. Heaven has averted my evil designs, and I can now die in peace; for I have spent a much longer time here in penitence, than I did in Rosyland in wickedness."

"Ah! my brother," said Lindor, "do not think me of so unforgiving a temper; since you have repented, you are as dear to me as if you had never injured me. But I heard you were killed when the rebels attacked your palace."

"So it is believed by every one to this day," answered Orasmin. "I escaped with great diffi-

culty in the habit of a female slave, and reached this valley, which, by its obscure situation, seemed well adapted for my retreat. I hid myself three days, not daring to stir out for fear of my pursuers. When my fears were a little abated, instead of being resigned to my fate (which I so well deserved), I fell into a great passion, and vowed revenge on all my enemies; forgetting that I was now without the power of hurting any one. I was so accustomed to make my slaves tremble at my displeasure, that I was quite surprised to find I had exhausted my rage without a single creature's coming near me. This had nearly thrown me into a fresh passion, when suddenly a radiant form appeared to me. 'Is it thus, Orasmin,' she said, 'that you resign yourself to a punishment so justly inflicted on you? repent, and submit yourself to your lot, and perhaps your penitence may be accepted.' I built this little hermitage, changed my name, and made myself look as old as possible, that my person might be less liable to be known. The rest of my time has been spent in penitence and prayer."

"Oh!" cried Lindor impatiently, "the heavenly creature that calmed your mind, could have been no other than my guardian genius, Celestina!"

At this moment, Ardelia burst into tears, and exclaimed, "Go to your beloved Celestina; her very name gives you new life: go, and leave me now for ever."

"How can you, my dear Ardelia," said he, "suspect me of such inconstancy? I shall never love any other but you, and I only consider Celestina as one who will ever protect both you and me."

"And you now deserve my protection," cried a voice. They raised their eyes, and beheld Celestina descending in a chariot. "Come, my dear children," said she to Lindor and Ardelia; "it is time you should be happy: I am this day elected queen of the fairies; and it is the privilege of our queens on the day of their election, to revoke whatever themselves or their companions have done before, that displeases them. The first use I made of my privilege, was to dispose your people to receive you with joy and gratitude; the second is to revoke Violenta's fatal gift. You are now, and will ever remain, as mild as you were formerly impetuous."

Lindor and Ardelia, overcome with joy and gratitude, fell at the fairy's feet. "Come," said she, raising them, "let me finish what I was saying;

it would be unfair not to give my Ardelia something, while I have restored to Lindor his whole kingdom: I have therefore got back the Kingdom of Myrtles for her."

Lindor then turned to Orasmin, and begged of him to accompany him to Rosyland, assuring him he should have the second place in the kingdom. "No, my dear brother," answered he, "I am fully sensible of your kindness, but nothing could induce me to quit this little cell, where first I experienced true peace of mind."

"I approve of your choice," said Celestina, "and assure you, you shall hear from your brother and sister frequently." She then handed Lindor and Ardelia into her chariot, and in a few moments they were at Rosyland.

The people received them with loud acclamations, and they were immediately crowned, and acknowledged sovereigns of Rosyland and the Kingdom of Myrtles.

Lindor never ceased to be grateful to Celestina, whom every day he found new cause to thank for having cured him of his errors, and giving him such a consort as Ardelia.

EVENING XXIV.

THE last tale was now to be read ; and the little folks, who had assembled at the usual hour, were anxiously waiting the arrival of their mamma, who had not yet returned from her evening walk. In a few minutes, however, Mrs. Woodbine entered the parlour, and stated that she had experienced an unexpected delay : “ Whilst walking by those rocks,” said she, “ where Charles and Edward saw the curlews some time ago, I perceived a packet with a coffin on board, and a black banner waving in the air. Anxious to ascertain the name of the deceased, I hastened to a hut belonging to one of the boatmen, and there learned that the earl of Rosedale had died, on the continent, of a broken heart ; in consequence of the dissipated habits of an only son, who appeared to be obstinately bent on his own ruin, alike regardless of the entreaties and remonstrances of his noble and affectionate father. Thank Heaven that my children are not likely to tread in the steps of this unhappy youth. But come, my dears,” added she, “ it is time to commence your reading.

Charles immediately took up the volume of tales, and read—

THE DESERTER,

OR

THE DANGER OF IMPERTINENT CURIOSITY.

ON the borders of the river Humber, there are various little ferry-boats for the accommodation of passengers. One of these belonged to a man, who, in a small cottage, situated by the bank of the river, had reared a numerous family. John, the youngest of eight children, now assisted in managing the boat, and so expert and attentive was he, that almost the entire care of it devolved upon him.

Early one morning, in the month of November, somebody knocked very loudly at the door of the cottage. John was at the time in a sound sleep, and some minutes elapsed before he roused himself sufficiently to open the window, and ask what was wanted. A man, in a tone of impatience, said he was desirous of crossing the ferry, and earnestly begged that somebody would come down immediately. "I'll be with you, directly;" said John, "only let me slip on my clothes." He then shut the window, and in a few minutes was equipped. It was a dark, dismal morning; and the wind, as it

blew across the river, agitated its bosom with a more than common degree of violence.

"I believe," said John, as he opened the door to let the stranger in, "I must take a lantern. You must have had good eyes to find your way such a morning as this."

"Come, there's a good lad," cried the man; "for pity's sake, do not delay."

"I will make as much haste as possible," replied John, and lighting his lantern, he went to the boat, which he entered with the stranger. The tide happened to be uncommonly strong, and this, together with the darkness of the morning, made it not only a work of difficulty and danger, but of a much greater length of time than was usual. The man seemed almost in agonies at this unavoidable detention. He blamed John, he even snatched the oars from him, and declared he would row himself; but, unused to the business, he soon let the boat go with the stream, and after many fruitless efforts to get her in a right direction, he threw down the oars, and seemed to abandon himself to despair.

This strange conduct was not unobserved by John, who possessed no common degree of curiosity. This unfortunate propensity had more than

once led him into the commission of errors, and had frequently involved the objects of his suspicions in very serious difficulties. In the present case, there was, perhaps, nothing extraordinary. Many circumstances might account for so much seeming impatience; but John, as usual, drew his own conclusions.

The man was a tall thin figure, extremely upright; and, though he was muffled in a great coat, and had his hat flapped over his eyes, he had a military air. He sighed frequently, and bitterly; and once, as he clasped his hands with an involuntary emotion, John thought he discerned a red coat. The morning, however, was so dark, that this was merely a suspicion.

At length they reached the opposite shore, and the man, springing from the boat, was hastening on with rapid strides, when John called out,—“Master, master, do pay me; you have forgot that, though this is not a time of the morning to work for nothing.” The man instantly came back and gave him a penny. John then returned homewards; but his thoughts were completely occupied respecting the stranger, and a thousand conjectures entered his head. He might be a deserter,—a highway-man,—a felon returned from transportation,—a thief escaping from the officers of justice.—

This last conjecture he was sure was well founded. "It is well," said he to himself, "that he did not steal my lantern; for some of these gentry are so light-fingered, that they will whip a thing away before one can turn round."

When he arrived at the cottage, he found that his father had come down stairs; and recounted to him all that had passed, together with his own surmises. His father checked his loquacity, and bade him not concern himself with what did not belong to him.

"By your description," said the old man, "it was, most probably, some poor soldier going to see his family; and as he might have obtained leave of absence but for a short time, he would, consequently, be anxious not to lose any part of it."

"Father," replied John, with quickness, "you have hit it. I'll be bound he's a deserter; I saw a bit of his red coat, though he was main careful I should see as little as possible. But I had my eyes about me."

"If you had them about you," replied his father, angrily, "only to conclude so ill of the man, it would have been a good thing if you had kept them closed. You will never be convinced of the danger of such impertinent curiosity, and such

unwarrantable suspicions, till some serious consequences result from them. What business have you to have any suppositions about the matter? Just now you thought the man a thief, because he appeared in haste; now you believe he is a deserter, because he had a red coat; so, in either case, you would do what you could to hang him, merely that you may learn his business."

John was silenced, but not convinced, by these observations; on the contrary, he was so certain he was right, and so eager to talk about it, that before night a rumour was spread all over the village, that John May had taken a deserter over the river. Several days elapsed, whilst this was the current report; at length, two men arrived at the inn, who said they came in search of a deserter, having heard that such a one had been that way.

They were referred to John, who was sitting with his father by the fire-side, broiling some slices of bacon, when the men entered. The constant habit of command, over the unhappy beings who were but too frequently in their power, had given to the manners and appearance of these persons a degree of ferocity, which startled the honest cottager. He arose hastily, and demanded their business.

"Why, master," said one of them, "we are

come here after a ticklish chap who has slipped out of our hands, and we hear your son ferried him over the river a few mornings ago."

"My son," replied Mr. May, "ferries many people over; there is, therefore, nothing particular in that."

"Father," cried John, starting from his chair, with a velocity which almost overturned it, "I'll be bound they mean the man that I took for a thief, he had such a look."

Mr. May regarded him with an eye which at once silenced him: but the men were not so easily appeased. They had, indeed, a very large share of John's suspicious temper, which their occupation was not calculated to diminish. They observed that Mr. May wished his son not to speak, and, from that moment, they were convinced he had a great deal to conceal."

"Master," said one of them, knocking his staff with violence on the brick floor, "none of your prevarications. We come here to know the truth, and we *will* know it. It was your boy that took the man we are in search of over the river, and, therefore, he shall give us an account of every particular. You seem to know more than you ought, but you had better take care how you act; for, as soon as we find our lost sheep, he will

suffer death, and you too, if you have been abetting him."

"I know, perfectly well," said Mr. May, "how far your commission extends; it does not authorise you to come into my house to threaten me: I, therefore, desire you to quit it. If you have any thing to do with this boy, whose incorrigible love of talking, and of suspecting every one, deserves punishment, take him to the justice, and there let him give his deposition. It will, I believe, be but little consolation to him, if he should find he has been accessory to depriving a fellow-creature of his life."

John, who trembled in every limb when he heard this speech, would gladly have recalled all he had ever said, and bitterly repented not having attended to the prophetic admonitions of his parent. To be taken before the justice, to give his evidence against a man whose life appeared the forfeit, was so dreadful, that he entreated, upon his knees, to be spared. But the men laughed at his tears, and ridiculed his contrition. His father made no effort in his favour, and he was dragged to the house of the justice.

They had above two miles to walk, and John, as he went shivering along, regretted the comfortable fire and good supper he had left; and re-

solved, if he escaped this once, he would never again commit a similar fault. On arriving at the house, they were shown into a room where the justice was sitting alone. The case was stated to him, and he immediately began to interrogate John in the strictest manner. The boy's answers, however, were so vague, and the whole which he had asserted was so entirely conjecture, that the justice, who was a man of sense and discernment, dismissed him with a severe reprimand for his tattling propensity.

The officers, who were offended at this lenity insisted on John's taking them over the river, and landing them at the very spot where he had parted with the suspected person. He did so; but, in his eagerness to get rid of them, he had pushed the boat too far on the strand, and it stuck fast in the mud. The water was falling, and all his efforts were ineffectual; so that he concluded he must remain there all night.

At this juncture, a person advanced from a neighbouring inclosure, and said,—“I wish you would take me across the river.”

“That I will,” said John, “if you will help me to push the boat off.” This was readily effected, and they soon reached the opposite shore.

It was now near midnight; but John's father

was not gone to bed. He heard the paddling of the oars, and came out to meet his son; who, he hoped, had this night received a lesson which would not easily be obliterated from his memory. He perceived somebody with him; and, though it was too dark for him to distinguish much, he perceived that the stranger was accompanied by two children, one of whom he bore in his arms, and the other had hold of his hand. The latter appeared tired and sleepy, and, in a whining tone, asked to go to bed. The stranger sighed bitterly, but made no answer. After a moment's pause, he said, addressing Mr. May, "Is there an empty barn, or a shed, hereabouts, that my children might sleep in for an hour or two?"

Mr. May was naturally kind-hearted and benevolent, and he instantly offered a small stable, which he said was littered with clean straw, and should be entirely at his service. The man accepted the offer with much thankfulness, and went into the house, whilst John lighted a lantern for him to take. Every thing was soon ready, and the stranger and his children went to their resting place.

John undertook to show him the way, but, in a few minutes, returned pale and trembling. "Oh,

father !” he exclaimed, as he entered, “ what will become,—oh ! what will become of us ?”

Mr. May, startled by these unaccountable exclamations, demanded the cause.

John, still trembling, looked round, as if fearful any one beside his father should hear him ; and then, in a half whisper, his finger pointed in token of secrecy, and his eyes almost starting from their sockets, he cried, “ This is the man : this is he ! I thought I had heard his voice before, when he first spoke to me ; but it was not till I saw his face, by the light of the lantern, that I recollected him.”

“ What man ?” inquired Mr. May ; “ I do not understand you.”

“ Why, father,” continued John, with a look of horror, “ he that the constables are going to hang, as soon as they get him.”

Mr. May now perfectly comprehended his son’s meaning ; and, though he was really concerned for the offender, he wished he had taken shelter under any roof but his. Yet there was something in the man’s appearance, which by no means indicated the person who had been described ; and, after a little reflection, he thought it would be right to inform him of his danger. It was not an

affair in which John was to be trusted ; his father, therefore, sent him to bed, and then went himself to the stable. The stranger seemed much alarmed at his appearance, and there was a confusion in his manner, which any one, inclined to judge hastily, might but too readily have imputed to guilt. This, however, was no time for hesitation, and Mr. May instantly declared the cause of his late visit. He related all that had passed with the officers, and their assertion, that his life was forfeited.

During this recital, the man seemed in the most dreadful agony ; he traversed the stable, uttering the deepest groans, whilst large drops of anguish rolled down his care-worn cheek. It was some time before he could speak ; at length, he said, “ It is in vain to conceal any thing ; and, therefore, if you will give me a hearing, I will candidly tell you what has involved me in this distressing situation.”

“ I was the only son of a soldier, who had long and faithfully served his king and country ; and though all his labours had never raised him to a halberd, he determined that I should follow his profession. I was therefore enrolled as soon as I could hold a musket, and for nearly thirty years I pursued a life of continued hardships. There

is not a quarter of the globe in which I have not fought, nor one which has not been sprinkled with my blood. At the close of the last war I returned to England, and soon after married the daughter of a cottager, whom I had long known. At first we did very well, but when a family came on fast, we found it very difficult to procure a maintenance, though we worked early and late, and spared no pains to keep out of debt. By the interest of a few friends we contrived to get into a shop, and we had a good prospect of success, when suddenly war broke out; our regiment was ordered to Ireland, and I was obliged to embark without even seeing my family.

“Our colonel, though a good hearted man, is so extremely severe, that he will not grant the smallest indulgence to his soldiers. We stayed in Ireland almost two years, in the course of which time I learned that my wife, with all her industry, was half starved. She was unable to supply the shop with goods, and, in consequence of this, her customers left her. This was dreadful news for me, who was able to do so little. However, I sent every shilling to her I could accumulate, and I ventured to hope for better days, on hearing that our regiment was ordered home.

“As soon as we arrived in England, I requested

leave to visit my family for a few days. The colonel did not comply with my request, but merely told me he would consider of it. This was very hard upon me, as it was long since I had heard from my wife, and the last accounts were very distressing. I had besides written from Ireland, but had received no answer. I now wrote again, but my letter was returned, with this written on the back,—‘Gone away.’ I was now more wretched than ever, as I was assured that nothing but the greatest calamities could have driven my wife to leave her home. I again solicited the colonel, but as he is a hasty man, he was very much offended at my troubling him.

“I was one night sitting in the guard-room, when I was told a person wished to speak to me : I went out immediately. You will easily guess my surprise, when I found it was my eldest daughter. All the pleasure I felt at seeing her was soon destroyed by the recital she gave me. She stated that her mother had been ill during the last twelve months ; in consequence of which, things went on so badly, that they had soon not only no customers, but were seriously involved in debt. Some of their neighbours pitied their situation, but others were eager to blame them ; and the landlord, being afraid of his rent, seized every

thing which remained for the arrears. My wife and children were then literally turned out of doors, and, had it not been for the benevolence of a farmer, who gave them a shed, they must have gone to the workhouse. Here they had lived several months, supported by a few charitable neighbours, and what the children could obtain by begging; but such hardships soon reduced my wife to so dreadful a condition, that her death was expected daily. She had heard, by chance, that our regiment was returned, and that it was stationed only thirty miles from her residence. She was astonished at not having heard from me, or seen me: and fearing I had forgotten both her and my children, she took it so much to heart, that her disorder seemed to increase every hour. My poor girl offered to come to Winchester, and see whether I were really there, and accordingly set off and arrived, as I have said.

“ This account almost distracted me. I told my comrade, who was on duty with me; and added, if the colonel would not give me leave, I would go without it. He endeavoured to dissuade me from this determination, but I could not listen to his arguments; my thoughts being completely occupied by the melancholy state of my dying wife and my starving children. Every mo-

ment was precious, and I was impatient of the time till we should be relieved, for I was then on guard. At length the period arrived, and I dismissed my poor girl to get a bed with the serjeant's wife, whom we had long known. Left to myself, I became even more distracted; and, in an agony which might well be called frenzy, I quitted the city, and hasted onwards. I scarcely felt the ground I trod, as you may well imagine, when I tell you I had travelled nearly twenty miles before I reached your cottage. As soon as I had crossed the ferry, I pursued my road, with the same speed, neither stopping for rest or refreshment.

“Early in the afternoon I reached our village, and was soon directed to the spot where I might find my wife. I did indeed find her, but in what a situation! so pale and altered, that I scarcely knew her, and every thing bespeaking the most dreadful poverty and wretchedness. She knew me instantly, and stretched out her arms to receive me; but the shock was too great for her feeble frame; she endeavoured to articulate something, but her voice faltered, her eyes became fixed, and in a few minutes she was no more.

“I scarcely know how I bore her death; for I have no recollection of any thing till the next

morning, when the first persons I recognised were the good farmer and his wife, to whom my family were indebted for many kindnesses. They pitied my situation, and did every thing in their power to relieve me; but, alas! what consolation could be imparted to one whose life was forfeited? I acquainted the farmer with the manner in which I had left Winchester, and what would be the consequence. He seemed much alarmed, and advised me instantly to return. This I intended to do, but I was anxious that my poor wife should be buried decently, and my children no more abandoned. I therefore left all the money I had, and taking the two youngest, the farmer promised to send the other three by a waggon which passed within a few miles of the village. I accordingly set off with a heavy heart, and pursued my sorrowful way with less speed on account of the children. I very fortunately escaped the men whom you have described, and who, I have too much reason to fear, would make every thing appear against me. My only hope of pardon rests in my seeing the colonel, and telling him every thing; and for this purpose I intend to set off again as soon as the children are a little rested."

"You must not wait for that," said Mr. May, in whose benevolent heart the soldier's story had

excited the most lively commiseration. "You must set off instantly. I have a little cart and a good horse, which will take you a considerable part of your way, and I will accompany you myself."

The soldier began with the warmest thanks to express to Mr. May his gratitude, but he would not stop to hear him, but hastened with the utmost expedition to get every thing ready; and then hurrying the soldier and his children into the cart, he set off with all the speed the horse was capable of making. In little more than two hours they had travelled fourteen miles; six now only remained; and these Mr. May offered to accompany him on foot. The soldier was very thankful for this, and they set off without waiting, except to give the horse and cart in charge to the ostler.

The morning began to dawn, as they entered Winchester: the soldier went immediately to the guard-room; and there to his astonished comrades recounted all that had passed. They told him, the worst reports had been spread about him, and that the colonel was so enraged, he was determined to punish him with the utmost rigour.

Mr. May, who was anxious to know the event, resolved to stay, at least a few hours, till the

colonel was informed of the delinquent's return. This was soon done, and orders were sent to keep him confined at the guard-room till he should be tried by a court-martial, which would be in the course of a day or two. As soon as he knew this, he thanked Mr. May for all his kindness, and took a melancholy leave of him. The good man bade him adieu, with unaffected concern, and returned home, filled with sad forebodings.

On the appointed day the court-martial was held. The delinquent was brought forward, and heard in his defence; but, though there were many who pitied him, yet, as unconditional obedience was considered indispensable in a soldier, he was judged as a deserter, and, accordingly, sentenced to death.

By five o'clock the next morning, the drum began to beat, and the regiments to assemble; and, at ten, he was led to execution. As he was led through the ranks, not a breath was heard; but many eyes were filled with compassionate tears. He knelt down, the bandage was tied over his eyes, and the fatal signal was about to be given; but, at this eventful moment, his pardon was announced, and he was set at liberty, amidst the applause and congratulations of all his comrades. The poor soldier expressed his

thanks in the most affecting manner, and, on every future occasion, he evidently strove to give the most convincing proofs of gratitude and obedience. Amongst those who rejoiced in this event, none were more sincerely interested than Mr. May and his son. The former made a journey to Winchester, to testify his pleasure: the latter, when he first heard the sentence which had been pronounced, abandoned himself to the deepest remorse, in recollecting how unguarded he had been,—how eager to indulge in the most injurious suspicions, and to communicate them, without reflecting on their probable consequences: and he determined to remember, on all future occasions, that no one is authorised to suspect another of evil from appearances, which are often fallacious, and circumstances which may be entirely accidental. This resolution he was happily enabled to keep; and he never afterward involved any one in distress through his unfounded suspicions, or his impertinent curiosity.

THE END

LONDON:

PRINTED BY S. AND R. BENTLEY DORSET STREET.

NEW AND USEFUL BOOKS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

The following Instructive and Amusing Books for Young Persons

ARE PUBLISHED BY

JOHN HARRIS,

AT

The Original Juvenile Library,

CORNER OF ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD.

M.DCCC.XXIX.

1. **OUTLINES OF IRISH HISTORY.** With 6 superior engravings. 12mo. Half bound.

2. **WINTER EVENINGS AT COLLEGE:** a Description of the Manners, Customs, Public Institutions, Religion, and Mysteries, &c. of the Ancient Greeks; a short Account of the State of Modern Greece; and Reflections on the Revolutions of Empires. By the Rev. B. T. H. COLE, Rector of Warbleton, Sussex, formerly Scholar of Trin. Coll. and late Fellow of Magd. Coll. Cambridge. 2 vols. 18mo. Price 8s. half-bound. With a frontispiece.

The more we are acquainted with the domestic habits, customs, and prejudices, or peculiar genius of a people, the better are we enabled to understand its public transactions, and to appreciate the motives in which they originated. It requires, however, in reference to nations of antiquity, so much research through the writings of many authors, some of which are difficult of access, to obtain even a superficial knowledge of this kind, that we are apt to abandon it altogether, and content ourselves with contemplating from afar a people with whom we would gladly associate. The history, consequently, assumes a political aspect; and we pass cheerlessly

over fields of battle, or enter the arena of contending factions, destitute of a clue to the secret workings of their minds.

To obviate this great objection with respect to the history of the Ancient Greeks, and to bring them nearer to the reader's view, this Work has been compiled from the most authentic sources, and contains a valuable selection of very interesting matter compressed into a succinct form. It opens with an account of the domestic habits and peculiar customs of the Greeks of old times; conducts the reader through their household economy; leads him to their temples; exhibits to his view their religious rites; accompanies him to the Gymnasium and the Stadium, where the athletes are preparing for those games, the mastery in which conferred the greatest honour; presents to his view the games themselves; throws back the veil from the dread mysteries of Eleusis; conducts him to the secluded groves and caverns, which superstition had deemed sacred; and enables him to detect the imposition of oracular pretensions.

By an easy and natural transition, the state of the Modern Greeks next engages the reader's attention; and in conclusion, the Author enters into a brief investigation of the causes which have led to the revolution of empires.

"We cannot confer a greater obligation on our youthful readers, than by warmly recommending this work to their attention. In the most familiar form and unpretending size, these small volumes convey very accurate and useful information upon the various topics of which they treat, and bring forcibly before us the condition and appearance of ancient Greece, drawn from a multitude of classic stores. The Evenings are passed by a college tutor and his pupils; but the design is so admirably executed, that we know of no age, from ten years to the largest span, that may not be pleasantly instructed by the author's labours."—*Lit. Gaz.* Jan. 1829.

3. **The COUNTY ALBUM;** containing 400 Topographi-

cal Hieroglyphics, indicative of the Products, Staple Commodities, Manufactures, and Objects of Interest in England and Wales; for the Amusement and Information of Fire-side Travellers. Half bound, 12mo. Price 5s. 6d.

The powerful effect upon the memory of hieroglyphics, or pictorial representations, is too generally known to need any recommendation. Whatever enters by the eye makes a more lasting impression upon the mind than any thing we hear of. The application of such a method to give the young reader a recollection of the manufactures, productions, &c. of the several counties of his native land, is novel, and cannot fail of being useful.

4. SCENES OF COMMERCE by LAND and SEA; or, "*Where does it come from?*" answered; containing useful information relative to the Productions and Manufactures of other Countries; with numerous plates. By the Rev. ISAAC TAYLOR, Author of "*Scenes of British Wealth*," &c. Half bound, 12mo.

5. STORIES for SHORT STUDENTS; or, Light Lore for Little People. By the Rev. E. MANGIN. With numerous engravings. 12mo. Price 5s. half bound.

6. MAMMA'S LESSONS for her little Boys and Girls. By the Author of "*The Transformation of a Beech Tree*." With 16 plates. Price 3s. 6d. square, bound in cloth.

7. A NUTSHELL OF KNOWLEDGE; or THE MINE. By the Rev. I. TAYLOR. Illustrated with 16 engravings. Price 3s. 6d. square, bound in coloured cloth.

8. COUNSELS at HOME; or, A Father's Endeavours to transfer the Curiosity of his grown-up Children from objects which merely exercise the Memory, to Contemplations that may influence their conduct through life. By D. BOILEAU.

9. BEGINNINGS of EUROPEAN BIOGRAPHY: "*The Early Ages*;" or Sketches of the Lives of Eminent Persons of those Times. By the Rev. ISAAC TAYLOR. Author of "*Beginnings of British Biography*," and many approved Works for Young People. Illustrated with twenty-four superior engravings, from appropriate designs. Price 6s. half bound, 12mo.

The Period comprehended in this Volume is from the Decline of the Roman Empire to the Reign of Charlemagne.

10. BEGINNINGS of EUROPEAN BIOGRAPHY: "*The Middle Ages*." By the Rev. ISAAC TAYLOR. Illustrated with twenty-four engravings. Price 7s. half bound, 12mo.

This second division of Biographical Sketches, includes the History of Europe during the Middle Ages; or, from the Revival of Learning under Charlemagne, to the Invention of Printing.

11. BEGINNINGS of EUROPEAN BIOGRAPHY: "*The Latter Ages*;" being a continuation of the preceding works. By the same Author. Illustrated with twenty-four engravings. Price 7s. 6d. half bound, 12mo.

The third division of this Epitome includes the History of Europe from the Invention of Printing to the Present Times.

These Three Volumes present to the reader One Hundred Lives of Eminent Persons, whose histories embrace a series of important events, during the growth of Modern Europe; and bring into review those men who have been instrumental in its various changes.

12. BEGINNINGS OF BRITISH BIOGRAPHY; being the Lives of One Hundred Persons eminent in English History. By the Rev. ISAAC TAYLOR, Author of "Scenes of British Wealth," &c. Illustrated with forty-eight engravings, 2 vols. Price, half bound, 12s. ; or 7s. 6d. two vols. in one, without the plates. 12mo.

Biographical History is at once the most entertaining and the most useful form in which the events of times past can be given; and we have here a regular series of English History described in the adventures of those who were the chief actors in its various scenes.

13. TRUE STORIES FROM ANCIENT HISTORY,—chronologically arranged, from the Creation of the World to the Death of Charlemagne. By the Author of "Always Happy," &c. Fifth Edition, considerably enlarged, and illustrated with twenty-four new engravings on Steel. Price 7s. 6d. half bound, 12mo.

14. TRUE STORIES FROM MODERN HISTORY, chronologically arranged, from the Death of Charlemagne to the Battle of Waterloo. By the Author of "True Stories from Ancient History," &c. Fourth Edition, considerably enlarged, and illustrated with

twenty-four new engravings.

Price 7s. 6d. half bound, 12mo.

These two volumes afford a compendious view of Universal History, excepting the English, to which subject a third volume has been exclusively devoted. The narrative is simple, and adapted to the capacities of the class of readers for whose instruction and amusement they were designed. The Authoress observes, "it was imperative that her work should be amusing, or children would not read it; that it should be accurate, or children would not profit by it; and she has endeavoured to meet this necessity, and to produce a series of tales at once entertaining and true." Each volume has a Chronological Index, which considerably enhances its value as a book of reference.

15. TRUE STORIES FROM ENGLISH HISTORY, chronologically arranged, from the earliest Times to the present Period. By the Author of "True Stories from Ancient and Modern History," &c. Second Edition, with considerable additions and emendations; and a Poetical Sketch of each Reign, to assist the memory of the juvenile historian. With thirty-six engravings. Price 7s. 6d. half bound, 12mo.

These Stories contain, not merely a history of public events, but they exhibit the peculiar customs and manners, sports and pastimes, of the people of England in successive periods. It is a domestic history, and glances at political affairs only so far as they conduce to the Author's main design of shewing the progressive improvement of the nation from the barbarism of the early Britons, through the martial periods of the Saxons and Normans, to its present eminence in science, arts, and literature.

"This volume is not, as its name might imply, a mere selection of facts from our national annals; but a brief, though connected, anecdotal narrative of the principal events of English history, from its earliest to its present era; written in a pleasing story-telling style, divested of minute details and unnecessary disquisitions, and retaining merely the principal and most interesting occurrences, public and domestic, recorded of our ancestors. These are judiciously besprinkled with familiar notices of manners, customs, and other necessary information; so as to present, on the whole, a delightful little volume for youthful perusal."—*Literary Gazette*.

16. TRUE STORIES FROM THE HISTORY OF SCOTLAND. Illustrated with 12 engravings. Fourth Edition, Price 4s. half bound, 12mo.

The plan of this work is similar to that of the preceding; and while it renders the series of British History complete, contains many interesting anecdotes, not usually found in epitomes of national transactions.

17. SCENES IN EUROPE AND ASIA, for the Amusement and Instruction of little Tarry-at-home Travellers. By the Rev. ISAAC TAYLOR. In one volume; with an entirely new set of designs and engravings, amounting to ninety-six, and two Maps. Price 8s. half bound, 12mo.

18. SCENES IN AFRICA AND AMERICA, for the Amusement and Instruction of little Tarry-at-home Travellers. By the same Author. In one volume; with an entirely new set of designs and engravings, amounting to ninety-six, and two Maps. Price 8s. half bound, 12mo.

These volumes, written expressly for "the amusement and instruction of little tarry-at-home travellers," afford a very excellent view of the political and civil geography of most countries, interspersed with anecdotes of persons and places. They cannot fail to excite a warm interest in the young reader's mind, nor to leave an useful lesson of instruction impressed upon it. The peculiar customs of distant nations are always an entertaining theme; and the Author's unique method of introducing them, gives an extraordinary zest to the subject.

19. SCENES IN ENGLAND, for the Amusement and Instruction of little Tarry-at-home Travellers. By the Rev. ISAAC TAYLOR, Author

of "Scenes in Europe," &c. Third Edition, with eighty-four engravings. Price, half bound, 5s. plain.

The plan of the two preceding works is here pursued with respect to our native country, and with the Author's accustomed skill.

20. POLAR SCENES, exhibited in the Adventures of Four Russian Sailors, and in the Voyages of Heemskirk and Barenz to the Northern Regions. With 36 copper-plate engravings. Price 5s. half bound, 12mo.

21. SCENES OF BRITISH WEALTH, in its Produce, Manufactures, and Commerce, for little Tarry-at-home Travellers of every Country. By the Rev. I. TAYLOR. Second Edition, illustrated with eighty-four engravings. Price, half bound, 7s. 6d. plain; or 9s. 6d. coloured, 12mo.

A knowledge of the productions of one's own country, whether they be natural or artificial, is so requisite, that he can be said to have learned but little who has neglected this branch of information. But it is in the power of very few, especially of the junior classes of society, to make a tour of Great Britain, in order to take an actual survey of its various products and manufactures; and therefore books, similar to this, come in very opportunely to their aid. The Author, whose other publications justly entitle him to be called "The Friend of Youth," here accompanies the reader in a fire-side ramble over the Maps of Great Britain and her sister Isle, stopping at every place remarkable for its mines, its quarries, its particular agricultural produce, or its manufactures; explaining the nature and uses of some, and the processes of the others, in familiar gossiping language, just such as young folks are fond of listening to, consequently just such as is likely to fix their attention. Every subject is treated of separately; and as the reading is light, any one may be read at a time, not only without fatigue, or the interruption of graver studies, but even as a diverting relief to the latter.

22. **THE ABBE GAULTIER'S COMPLETE COURSE OF GEOGRAPHY**, by means of Instructive Games; containing the Game of Simple Geography, for teaching the Names and Situations of the different Countries and Places of the Earth; a concise Treatise on the Artificial Sphere; and a Geographical Game, illustrative of Ancient and Modern History. Revised and improved to the present time, by J. ASPIN, Esq. Author of "A Systematic Analysis of Universal History," &c. One volume, folio, with an entire new set of coloured Maps, including the recent Discoveries in the Arctic Regions, from Drawings by Mr. Aspin, engraved by Mr. Hewitt. Price 1*l.* 1*s.* half bound; or 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.* with a box containing 348 Counters.

Till the publication of the above work, the study of Geography had been to young people attended with great labour, and productive of little benefit. The memory was burdened with technical terms, but the judgment was rarely led to make a prompt and methodical application of them. No wonder if the pupil retired from the lesson unedified, if not disgusted. By a happy, yet simple arrangement, the Abbé Gaultier removed one great difficulty—that of remembering a multitude of abstract names unconnected with each other or with any circumstance of locality or history; and by leading his young students to analyse each Map as it passed under their review, they rapidly acquired the situations of the countries, islands, seas, rivers, mountains, &c. which it contained. And still farther to engraft upon their memories what they had learned, he proposed, by way of an amusing Game, a number of questions, which they were to answer with only the aid of an outline map. His method proved successful; and the advantage resulting from it is confirmed by the experience of many years, during which it has been practised in most countries in Europe.

The numerous editions which have been published of this work, and the extensive favour with which it is still received, as

well in private families as in schools, constitute no mean proof of its superior utility.

23. **A FAMILIAR INTRODUCTION TO GEOGRAPHY**. By the ABBE GAULTIER. Square 16mo. coloured cloth. Second Edition. Price 3*s.* with coloured Maps.

That portion of the larger Work which it is recommended the Pupil should commit to memory, having been considered by several Parents and Tutors as unwieldy, from its being printed in the folio size, a smaller edition has been prepared by the Editor of the latest editions to meet this only objection to the excellent and approved plan of the Abbé Gaultier.

24. **BUTLER'S OUTLINE MAPS, and KEY**; or, Geographical and Biographical Exercises: designed for the Use of Young Persons. By the late WILLIAM BUTLER. The Sixteenth Edition, improved by his Son, J. O. BUTLER. With an entirely new set of Maps. Price 4*s.* coloured.

The numerous editions which this work has gone through, are sufficient tokens of its high rank in the public estimation. It forms an easy and familiar method of giving the first elements of geography, "which, without fatiguing the attention by a prolix catalogue of hard names in the letter-press, or maps crowded with a multiplicity of unimportant places, may initiate the pupil in the first principles of this pleasing science. By maps of this kind, which have the outlines carefully coloured, the young scholar is enabled to distinguish, at a glance, the whole extent of countries and provinces, with their boundaries, figure, and relative situations," introducing in the Key a large fund of biographical, historical, and general information. Such were the Author's views; and the extensive favour with which his effort has been received, demonstrates that his labour was not in vain. The very low price of the work puts it within the reach of every one who has the least desire of improving himself, or his dependents, in the knowledge of the most useful, because the most frequently in demand, of all sciences.

25. **ENGLISH HISTORY MADE EASY**, on a popular

Plan, in prose and verse; with the addition of 600 Questions, relating to the Principal Events in the History of England, upon the improved Method of the Abbé Gaultier. Illustrated by 56 plates. Price 3s. 6d. half bound, 18mo.

This little Book may be considered an humble endeavour to instil the first principles of English History into juvenile minds by way of pastime. It consists of three Parts: the first gives the succession of the kings, from William the Conqueror, upon the model of the old nursery-tale of "The House that Jack built;" and each sovereign is distinguished by some characteristic deduced from a memorable event in his life. The second portion is an amplification of the first, in verse. The third Part consists of a series of questions formed from the principal transactions of each reign, on the plan of the Abbé Gaultier's Questions in Geography. The first and second parts are adapted to the use of very young persons; the third, for such as are rather more advanced in the powers of reflection: and either will prove highly useful as a help to the memory, even to such as have entered upon the regular study of English history.

26. HOW TO BE HAPPY; or, Fairy Gifts; proving the insufficiency of Beauty and Talents, Fortune, Rank, and Riches, to secure CONTENTMENT. With 6 superior engravings. Price 5s. half bound, 12mo.

"External circumstances alone can never secure happiness; our own minds must act. Like the bee, we must extract the honey for ourselves, or the gayest flowers will bloom around us in vain."—See the *Work*, p. 16.

27. LESSONS OF WISDOM for the Young; or, Spring Mornings and Evenings. By the Rev. W. FLETCHER, of St. John's College, Cambridge. With 12 elegant engravings. Price 2s. 6d. half bound, 18mo.

The Author, who has dedicated this title volume to his two daughters, trusts

that its nature, novelty, and aim, will prove a sufficient apology for the publication of another elementary work for children, in whose hands he wishes to place only such books as may leave no impression detrimental to truth, or the pure and elevating principles of Christianity. He has endeavoured to be as amusing and instructive as possible, without sacrificing the culture of the soul in his desire of rendering the path of knowledge pleasing and alluring.

"The Lessons of Wisdom are a series of brief moral essays on the beauties and wonders of creation and nature, conveyed in a very pleasing form, so as to afford both amusement and instruction to the tiny race of humanity for whom they are intended."—*Literary Gazette*.

28. THE LITTLE GRAMMARIAN; or, An Easy Guide to the Parts of Speech, and familiar Illustrations of the leading Rules of Syntax. In a series of instructive and amusing Tales. By the Rev. W. FLETCHER. Illustrated with 12 engravings. Price 3s. half bound, 18mo.

"This work is intended to diminish the toil of young beginners in learning grammar, by giving easy and amusing illustrations of the several parts of speech, on the Abbé Gaultier's plan. The parts of speech, and their rules, are first defined in a clear and simple manner; and after each definition a pleasant little tale follows, containing as many words as possible of that part of speech which it is intended to illustrate: these words are printed in *Italics*, so that the child may easily recognize them; and, by their frequent repetition, impress them, and the rule by which they are regulated, upon his memory. The principal elementary rules of syntax are simplified and elucidated in like manner, and accompanied by exercises in concord and government. The work is altogether cleverly executed, and well calculated to facilitate the first attainment of grammatic rudiments, by innocently beguiling our little friends into a knowledge of matters too uninteresting to please in their crude and undigested form."—*Literary Gazette*.

29. THE PICTURESQUE PRIMER; or, Useful Matter made pleasing Pastime. Illustrated with 120 cuts, coloured. Price 4s. 6d. half bound, 12mo.

30. THE CHILD'S DUTY.

Dedicated by A Mother to her Children. With a frontispiece. Price 2s. half bound, 13mo.

"We have much gratification in observing that the *Child's Duty* is clearly and scripturally defined by its amiable Authoress; we therefore recommend it as highly proper to be put into the hands of youth, from infancy to a much riper age."—*Literary Gazette*.

31. CONVERSATIONS on the LIFE of OUR SAVIOUR.

By "A Mother." With a frontispiece. Price 2s. 6d. half bound, 18mo.

"These dialogues are in part the substance of real conversations held by a parent with her little girl, which were afterwards composed in a more systematic form for her use. The Writer, having found that they completely answered the purpose intended, ventures to offer this little book to mothers, in the hope that they may find it serviceable towards that necessary foundation of Christian knowledge—a familiarity with the facts of Gospel history, and an intimate acquaintance with the personal character of Jesus Christ."—*Author's Preface*.

32. FATHER ALFRED'S ELEMENTS of KNOWLEDGE.

By the Rev. W. FLETCHER, Author of "Lessons of Wisdom." With a frontispiece. Price 3s. half bound, 18mo.

The discourses of "Father Alfred" cannot fail of giving pleasure, whilst they impart most valuable instruction. His method is calculated to expand the youthful mind to sublime ideas of the Great Creator and His works: while, in persuasive language, it impresses upon the reader clear notions of his duty to God and man. The venerable "Father" then conducts his pupil, in steps beguiled by pleasing conversation, and paths bestrewn with flowers, through the rudiments of Theology; Astronomy, Geography, and Natural History. The study of philosophy is thus rendered an interesting amusement, and the first principles of science are rendered as familiar as the ordinary rules of a juvenile pastime. The Work is interspersed with original poetical effusions, of no mean rank, and sentimental selections, in prose and verse, from approved writers.

33. SKETCHES from the VOLUME of CREATION.

By the Rev. BOURNE HALL DRAPER, Author of "Stories from Scripture." With plates.

34. The TRANSFORMATION of a BEECH TREE;

or, the History of a Favourite Black Chair, related by Itself. With an emblematical frontispiece. Bound in leather back and paper sides. Price 1s. 6d. 12mo.

The relation of the little Black Chair constitutes an amusing vehicle for a series of anecdotes, equally calculated to arrest the attention and to improve the manners of the youthful readers, for whose entertainment the Author undertook to publish its adventures.

"The Chair tells its story very prettily, and does not overload the reader with advice. Its good counsels occur naturally, and are given in a way not less likely to be effectual than if more dogmatically impressed."—*Literary Gazette*.

35. The PHILOSOPHER'S STONE, a Tale; by the Author of "Don Ulloa's Travels."

With a frontispiece. Price 2s. 6d. half bound, 13mo.

36. THE SMUGGLER'S SON; or, Sherwood Quarry,

a Tale. By the same Author. With a frontispiece. Price 2s. 6d. half bound, 18mo.

37. COSMORAMA; or, a

View of the Costumes, Manners, and Characteristics of all Nations. By J. ASPIN, Esq. With seventy-two Engravings. Price 10s. 6d. coloured, half bound, 12mo.

The Author, in addressing his young friends, recommends to their attention the subject of his book in the following words:—

"You may sit in your parlour, and study man in all the diversities of his character,

from the lowest state of ignorance, where he appears to be scarcely a remove from the brutes which surround him, to that eminence of refined intellect by which he penetrates the secrets of nature, and presses her powers into subserviency to his pleasure. The study of mankind will enlarge your minds, at the same time that it will prepare you for action upon the great theatre of the world, where you will shortly have to perform your respective parts; and whether these parts be cast in prominent or subordinate characters, it will, with judicious management, enable you to sustain them with satisfaction to yourselves, and the approbation of the circles in which you move."

38. STORIES FROM THE SCRIPTURE HISTORY OF THE OLD TESTAMENT, on an improved Plan. By the Rev. BOURNE HALL DRAPER. With 24 superior engravings. Second Edition. Price 6s. half bound, 12mo.

"The Writer has never seen any Scripture History precisely on the same plan. He is of opinion that religious instruction should be given in very early life. He thinks that very salutary impressions are often made even at an early age. It has been his sincere aim to blend entertainment with instruction, and to bring into prominent view, those simple and striking lessons which are most calculated to be beneficial to the youthful mind, both here and hereafter."—*Author's Preface.*

39. STORIES FROM THE SCRIPTURE HISTORY OF THE NEW TESTAMENT. By the same Author. With twenty-four engravings. Second Edition. Price 6s. half bound, 12mo.

"The Author of these volumes, in sending forth a SECOND EDITION, wishes to express his gratitude to God, for reason to believe that his labours have not been in vain. The Writer, whose life, from a very early period, has been spent in the delicious fields of Sacred Literature, is pleased with the hope that, by the Divine blessing, many of his youthful readers will be allured by his pages to enter into this Eden, consecrated by the footsteps of the best and wisest of our race, to inhale its cheering fragrance, and to gather those fruits of the Tree of Life, which will delight and enrich the deathless mind, not only through

the periods of time, but also of eternity."—*Advertisement to the Second Edition.*

"These Stories from Scripture are written in a simple and familiar style, and form a sort of running commentary upon the events recorded in Holy Writ, perfectly adapted to the understandings of children. The plan presents an excellent course of moral instruction, pleasingly blended with the tales of Sacred History, and therefore eminently fitted for the attentive perusal of the young."—*Literary Gazette.*

40. SCENES of INDUSTRY, displayed in the BEE-HIVE and the ANT-HILL; a pleasing Account of the Bee and the Ant. By the Author of "Wars of the Jews," &c. With engravings. Second edition, containing the Natural History of Insects from the latest and best authorities. 12mo. Half bound.

41. THE STUDENTS; or, Biography of the Grecian Philosophers. By the Author of "Wars of the Jews," &c. With plates; the Heads from the Antique. Price 6s. half bound, 12mo.

A good epitome of the Lives of the Grecian Sages. Had the work no other merit, the Plates, copied from antique busts, would ensure it success; but the biographical anecdotes are of first-rate importance to be known by all who would rise above mediocrity in intellectual improvement.

42. INFANTINE KNOWLEDGE; a Spelling Book, on a Popular Plan. By the Author of "The Child's Grammar." With 144 neat engravings. Second Edition. Price 3s. bound in cloth, or 3s. 6d. coloured, half bound.

This publication differs from its predecessors, in presenting to the learner a more copious selection of small words, and suitable reading exercises. The latter part contains a novel explanation of the Use of Numerals—The Division of Time—The English Coins—The Multiplication Table

in Rhyme—Historical Sketches of the Kings of England, in Rhyme—Select Poetry—The Church Catechism, &c.; principally intended for private instruction and superior schools, or as a more attractive and elegant substitute for the Spelling Books generally in use.

43. The CHILD'S GRAMMAR. By the late Lady FENN, under the assumed name of Mrs. Lovechild. Thirty-fourth Edition. Price 9d. sewed, 1s. bound, 18mo.

The extensive circulation, to the amount of upwards of 200,000 copies since the first appearance of this little book, is a flattering proof of its excellence.

44. The MOTHER'S GRAMMAR; a Sequel to "The Child's Grammar." By the same Author. Seventeenth Edition. Price 1s. sewed, and 1s. 3d. bound, 18mo.

The first of these little treatises is intended to be the young pupil's manual; and the greater part of it is to be committed to memory: the second is designed to remain some time in the possession of the teacher, for her own occasional use: the whole, to assist ladies in teaching the rudiments of Grammar, not only to the female part of their family, but their little sons, against they go to school.

45. A SHORT INTRODUCTION TO GEOGRAPHY, containing a Description of the several parts of the known World, their Situation and Chief Towns; for the Use of Schools. Twenty-fourth Edition, carefully revised and corrected, by J. ASPIN. Price 9d. sewed, and 1s. bound.

This little Work is designed to be purely elementary; it has therefore been composed on the simple principle of offering nothing to the youthful mind which it cannot comprehend. The chief object kept in view has been to prepare young persons for the higher and more systematic treatises on Geography, and to present a Key by which the more wealthy treasures of that science may be opened.

It was originally compiled by Mr. Newcombe, of Hackney, for the use of his seminary, and has been adopted by his successors. As a farther recommendation, it may be stated that the sale has been 50,000 since its first publication.

46. The WARS OF THE JEWS, as related by JOSEPHUS; adapted to the capacities of Young Persons, and illustrated with twenty-four engravings. Third Edition. Price 6s. half bound, 12mo.

This work fully answers the professions of its title-page: the elaborate details of Josephus are compressed, in an interesting manner, into the compass of a duodecimo volume; and those who read for instruction, as well as for amusement, will not find their time misspent in the perusal. Anecdotes of the principal characters engaged in this historical tragedy, and topographical notices of the places where the scenes lay, with occasional references to the natural products of the latter, are interposed in agreeable variety, to beguile the tedium of warlike details, and relieve the mind from the too frequent contemplation of scenes of violence and slaughter.

47. PARLOUR COMMENTARIES on the CONSTITUTION and LAWS of ENGLAND; a familiar Explanation of the Nature of Government, and the Necessity of Legal Authority; with some Account of the Proceedings in Parliament and Courts of Justice. With engravings of the Houses of Lords and Commons—The Old Bailey Court—The First Parliament assembled in Westminster Hall in the reign of Henry III. &c. By JEFFERYS TAYLOR, Author of "Harry's Holiday," &c. Price 5s. half bound, 12mo.

A gentleman returning home, one evening, and entering the room in which his family were assembled, found the young

folks playing at what they termed "Judge and Jury." The mode of proceeding exhibited but a faint resemblance to that adopted in more serious affairs; yet, as the subject was an important one, he thought some information relating to the Constitution and Laws of England, suggested by the evening's entertainment, would be appropriate, if it could be conveyed intelligibly to his children. The attempt was made on successive evenings, at a general assembly of his family, upon the plan adopted in the above little book, and fully answered his expectation.

48. The RIVAL CRUSOES; or, The Shipwreck on a Desert Island. A Tale. Also, A VOYAGE to NORWAY; and THE FISHERMAN'S COTTAGE, founded on Facts. Illustrated with eight engravings. Second Edition. Price 4s. 6d. half bound, 12mo.

In the first of these stories, we have an interesting account of the reform of two generous and amiable youths from the power of prejudice and self-will: the example cannot fail of making a lasting impression on the mind of an attentive reader. The second is a pleasing instance, founded on fact, of the power of an undaunted spirit in the hour of danger. And the third tale, though melancholy in its catastrophe, exhibits British feeling in its most amiable aspect.

49. The ADVENTURES of DON ULLOA, in a Voyage to Calicut, soon after the Discovery of India, by Vasco de Gama. With twenty-four Engravings. Price 7s. half bound, 12mo.

The incidents of this voyage are of a very romantic kind, but neither impossible, nor of a cast to outrage common sense. Whether real, or adopted only as a medium by which to introduce the reader to the more important object of the work, they cannot fail to excite a lively interest. That the peculiar manners of the various tribes visited by the Author are faithfully depicted, we have the testimony of subsequent travellers; and although he treats of times long since passed away, his narrative affords much useful information, conveyed in a very powerful Tale.

50. The LIFE of a SAILOR; or, the Wanderings of TOM STARBOARD; a Tale for Youth. By I. J. T., Author of "The Children's Fireside," &c. 12mo.

51. NORTHERN REGIONS; or, A Relation of Uncle Richard's Voyages for the Discovery of a North-West Passage; and an Account of the Overland Journeys of other enterprising Travellers. Illustrated with twenty-four engravings, and a Chart of the Arctic Regions. Compiled from the authentic information of Captains Parry, Franklin, Cochrane, and others. Second Edition. Price 8s. half bound, 12mo.

This work would probably be deemed a romance, so wonderful do many of its relations appear to those who have never "roamed abroad;" but we have living witnesses to its authenticity, who were themselves actors in the scenes it describes. The facts are collected from the narrations of the intrepid adventurers, whose names are mentioned above; and, whilst they afford a large fund of rational amusement, cannot but impress upon the young reader a conviction that courage, resolution, and perseverance, will support men in the midst of toils and dangers, and enable them to act an honourable and useful part in the service of their country.

52. The YOUNG CADET; or, Henry Delamere's VOYAGE to INDIA, his Travels in Hindoostan, his Account of the BURMESE WAR, and the Wonders of Elora. By Mrs. HOFLAND, Author of "The Son of a Genius," "Alfred Campbell," "The Young Pilgrim," &c. Illustrated by 12 Engravings. Price 5s. 6d. half bound, 12mo.

The subjects selected for this volume are of most interesting nature, and treated in a style admirably adapted to engage the attention of the young reader. The incidents of the Burmese War, selected from the details of Captain Snodgrass, afford a pleasing series of striking adventures, of which the value is enhanced by their being free from fiction; and, at the same time, they exhibit the character of the Orientals, particularly of the Burmese, in vivid but true colours. The propensity for the *marvellous*, to which the juvenile mind is *ever* inclined, will also be highly gratified by the account of the stupendous works of ancient art at Elora, abridged from the elaborate descriptions of Captain Seely, and judiciously accommodated to the capacities of youth.

53. The TRAVELLER; or, An Entertaining Journey round the Habitable Globe. Fourth Edition, illustrated with plates, consisting of Views of the principal Capital Cities of the World, and Costumes of the People. The plates are entirely new, and the work improved by various emendations and additions. Price 6s. half bound, 12mo.

This volume is intended as a preparative for the study of geography, by the combination of amusement with instruction, under the fiction of a rapid journey over the surface of the earth. It is divested of the technicalities of most elementary treatises, and all unnecessary or premature constraints upon the memory are avoided.

54. The LADDER TO LEARNING; a Collection of Fables, Original and Select, arranged progressively in one, two, and three Syllables. Edited and improved by Mrs. TRIMMER. With eighty-seven engravings on wood. Twelfth Edition. Price, half bound, 5s. 6d. plain, or 7s. 6d. coloured, 12mo.

This is a very excellent book for the nursery, as it leads the young beginner, by means of entertaining fables, through the etymological gradations of one, two, and three syllables, without wearying his at-

tention, or producing disgust by the tiresome task of spelling words destitute of connection with each other, and therefore to him devoid of interest. The labour of compiling a work upon such a plan cannot be readily conceived; and the Authoress, whose exertions on behalf of the rising generation in other respects have had the meed of public approbation, has here added another gem to her peculiar literary honours.

55. ALFRED CAMPBELL; or, The Young Pilgrim; containing Travels in Egypt and the Holy Land. By Mrs. HOFLAND, Author of "The Son of a Genius," &c. Second Edition, illustrated with 24 engravings. Price 6s. 6d. half bound, 12mo.

The writer of these Travels has "endeavoured to present, in a form acceptable to youth, the leading facts and most interesting descriptions of the places spoken of, as given by approved authors;" and her endeavour has not failed to give satisfaction to all who have read it. The dry details of the traveller's journal are suppressed, and those adventures only are presented which can afford entertainment and enlarge the sphere of knowledge.

56. THE YOUNG PILGRIM; or, Alfred Campbell's Return to the East, and his Travels in Egypt, Nubia, Asia Minor, Arabia Petræa, &c. By Mrs. HOFLAND, Author of "The Son of a Genius," &c. Illustrated with twelve engravings. Price 5s. 6d. half bound, 12mo.

The compiler of Alfred Campbell's Pilgrimage has received permission of Captain Mangles to extract from his excellent and unique work, descriptions for this Second Tour; in addition to which it is indebted to the over-land journey to India of Major Campbell, and S. F. Henniker's Work. A part of the information contained in this volume has not yet been offered to the Public in any other form, and will, therefore, it is hoped, be duly estimated by the class of readers to whom it is so kindly conceded by the original writer, from the most amiable motives.—*Author's Preface.*

57. The SON of a GENIUS; a Tale, by Mrs. HOFLAND. A new Edition, carefully revised and considerably enlarged by the Author; with a frontispiece. Price 4s. boards, 12mo.

The life of a man of genius is but too often a life of improvidence and consequent penury. The absorption of every other sense and feeling into the grand master passion for the sublime, reduces the man to the state of a mere child, and he is every moment exposed to the rapacity and knavery of those cool unenthusiastic beings, who know no happiness but wealth, no morality but self-interest. To secure a Son, whose early life bespoke an ardent pursuit of *taste*, from the perils to which this passion, inordinately pursued, might lead him, a MOTHER wrote this Work, in which she gives a highly-finished, though not extravagant, portrait of a man of talent pursuing his taste without restraint, contrasted with that of his son, whose talents, no wise inferior to those of his parent, were regulated by the precepts of religion and the rules of right reason. The consequences may be readily anticipated; the father, after a life of great vicissitudes, died in want; but the son, rising gradually from a state of indigence, obtained, by industry and prudence, a handsome competency for himself, his widowed mother, and his orphan sister. Most happily did the Authoress succeed in her design: her son, moved by the example she had portrayed in the Hero of her Work, was enabled "to encounter with the humility of a Christian, and the firmness of a man, severe and unexpected trials," and was led, from the purest motives, to devote his subsequent life, not to the study of nature only, but to the service of that God who created nature. The success of this book may in some measure be judged of from the fact of its having been "translated into every European language; and in France, Germany, and Holland, it has gone through numerous editions: the *wise* have condescended to praise it; the *good* to circulate it." The present edition has been carefully re-written by the Authoress, and considerably enlarged; but the story remains unaltered.

58. The ANIMAL MUSEUM; or, Picture Gallery of Quadrupeds. By the Author of "Conversations on Astronomy." With engravings of nearly one hundred Animals, of various kinds,

tame and wild. Price 8s. half bound, 12mo.

The idea of a Picture Gallery has been attended to in the illustrations. The subjects are arranged in Frames, and many of them drawn from life, purposely for this Work.

59. The JUVENILE RAMBLER. In a Series of easy Reading Lessons. With 12 engravings. Price 3s. 6d. half bound, 12mo.

—"Where'er we roam,
Our first, best country, ever is at home."
Montgomery.

This little book takes the young reader hastily over most countries of the world, pointing out the most striking peculiarities of each, whether with respect to climate, productions, or the manners of the inhabitants. It will be perused with great interest, and equal advantage, by the juvenile class for which it is intended.

60. FRUITS OF ENTERPRISE, exhibited in the Travels of BELZONI in Egypt and Nubia; interspersed with the Observations of a Mother to her Children. Fifth Edition, illustrated with 24 plates; to which is added, A Short Account of the Traveller's Death. Price 6s. half bound, 12mo.

The enterprising Belzoni has furnished a large fund of amusement to the curious, and added much to the stock of speculative science. He has given wonderful relations, and confirmed them by sending home stupendous proofs of the truth of what he wrote. His exhibition of the interior of a royal Egyptian tomb in the metropolis of the British empire, will be long remembered; and this epitome of his toil and labour in acquiring the means of doing so cannot fail of affording gratification and instruction to the reader.

61. A VISIT TO GROVE COTTAGE; and, THE INDIA CABINET OPENED. By the Author of "Fruits of

Enterprize," "Early Recollections," &c. New Edition. Price 3s. half bound, 18mo.

62. The ADVENTURES of CONGO in SEARCH of his MASTER; containing an Account of a Shipwreck: a true Tale. Third Edition, illustrated with 24 engravings. Price 3s. half bound, 18mo.

This little narrative, founded on facts, cannot but excite a lively interest in the reader, as he accompanies the affectionate Negro in a wayward peregrination. The incidents, judiciously selected, are so skillfully connected, that the omission of any one would seem to leave an essential part of the story untold. The adventures, which are numerous, and mostly of a pathetic character, are well calculated to exhibit the advantage of good principles imbibed in early life, as they gradually develop themselves in rectitude of conduct, and a firm reliance upon Divine goodness.

"The history of Congo is written for children from ten to twelve years of age; and, as children early display a preference of truth to fiction, the Author has often rejoiced in being able to reply in the affirmative to the earnest inquiry, 'Is all true that you have been telling us?' This merit in the eyes of children will also recommend the work to such parents as think, with the Author, that it is a great pity the young mind should ever lose its preference for truth, and that much harm has been done by allowing a large portion of juvenile reading to consist of *baby novels*."—*Author's Preface*.

63. CLAUDINE; or, Humility the Basis of all the Virtues; a Swiss Tale. By the Author of "Always Happy," &c. Fifth Edition, illustrated with twelve newly executed and appropriate engravings. Price, half bound, 4s. 6d. plain; or 6s. coloured, 12mo.

In the highly-finished character of Claudine, we have an amiable personification of Christian humility and practical virtue. The mind is deeply affected with the contemplation of her fortitude under a heavy

pressure of woe, admires the self-possession which she evinces in moments of the most trying exigency, and rejoices in her deliverance. Under the influence of truly Christian principles, a very young female becomes a blessing to her family in the time of its prosperity; and its support and stay in the days of adversity. Instead of repining at what are usually, though erroneously, termed "cross providences," we see her submitting patiently to her lot, and rising in the scale of excellence, in proportion as the pressure is increased: and hard indeed must be the heart which receives not a sympathetic impulse to emulate her example! The scene is laid in Switzerland, the romantic and sublime beauties of which are pleasingly described; and the simple manners and peculiar customs of the people are faithfully depicted from actual observation.

64. THE HISTORY OF WILLIAM TELL, the Patriot of Switzerland; a free Translation from the French of FLORIAN. And the LIFE OF HOFER, the Tyrolese Patriot; after the manner of "William Tell." By the Author of "Claudine." A new Edition, illustrated with twenty-four appropriate engravings. One volume. Price 6s. half bound, 12mo.

65. VARIETY; or, Stories for Children under Twelve Years of Age, founded on Facts. By a Lady. Second Edition, illustrated with twenty-four engravings. Price, half bound, 4s. 6d. plain.

66. The LITERARY BOX, containing the Contributions of the Evelyn Family; consisting of Instructive and Amusing Tales, in Prose and Verse. With twelve engravings. Price, half bound, 3s. 6d.

plain; or 4s. 6d. coloured, 12mo.

67. ADELAIDE; or, the Massacre of St. Bartholomew; a Tale, founded on important Events during the Civil Wars of France. By Mrs. HOLLAND, Author of "The Son of a Genius," "The Crusaders," &c. Third Edition, illustrated with twenty-four engravings. Price, half bound, 5s. plain; or 6s. 6d. coloured, 12mo.

68. The BEAUTIES of HISTORY, or PICTURES of VIRTUE and VICE; drawn from examples of men eminent for their Virtues, or infamous for their Vices. Selected for the instruction and entertainment of Youth. By the late Dr. DODD. The eighth Edition, ornamented with eight Engravings, beautifully cut on wood. 12mo. half bound. Price 4s. 6d.

69. TOM TRIP'S NATURAL HISTORY of BIRDS and BEASTS; being a Collection of eighty-four engravings, with short Descriptions to each, for Young Children. Price, half bound, 5s. 6d. plain; or 8s. coloured, 12mo.

70. TALES of the HEATH, for the Improvement of the Mind. By Mrs. D. BAILEY. With a frontispiece. Price 3s. half bound. 18mo.

71. IDLE HOURS EMPLOYED; or, The New Publication; a Selection of Moral Tales, by approved Authors. Illustrated with twenty-four woodcuts. Price, half bound, 4s. 6d. plain; or 6s. coloured, 12mo.

An "Idle Hour Employed" over this little volume, will be *an idle hour improved*. The work consists of a number of pleasing tales, the morals of which are so self-evident, as to need no application: the meanest capacity cannot fail to perceive them.

72. TRIUMPHS of GENIUS and PERSEVERANCE, exemplified in the Histories of Persons, who, from the lowest state of poverty and early ignorance, have risen to the highest eminence in the Arts and Sciences. By ELIZABETH STRUTT, Author of "Practical Wisdom," &c. With a frontispiece, containing 13 portraits. Price 7s. boards, 12mo.

Nothing can better conduce to excite emulation in the minds of generous youth, than the perusal of this work, which, under the semblance of amusement, leads out the mind to imitate great and worthy examples.

73. The TWIN SISTERS; or, The Advantages of Religion. Sixteenth Edition. By Miss SANDHAM. Price 3s. half bound, 18mo.

As the end of life is death, after which comes "the judgment," at which will be decided the ultimate fate of the individual, according to the manner in which he has fulfilled the duties of his probationary state, it is evident that a life of piety and devotion towards God, and of active benevolence towards our fellow-creatures, is the only mode of existence that the truly wise will choose. Such a line of conduct gradually prepares the soul for its final pur-

pose; ripens it to perfection, and makes the dissolution of the body but a happy release from a cumbrous weight, that has too frequently repressed the sublime flights of the spirit. The inculcation of these truths should be the scope of every work put into the hands of youth, whether with a preceptive intention, or simply for amusement: and admirably suited to this purpose is the narrative of "THE TWIN SISTERS," in which the benefits of devotion are illustrated in the lives of two very young persons, whose pursuits were, not the vanities of the world, but the true and lasting pleasures of religion, and time well spent. The tale is told in an engaging and affecting style; a great interest is kept up by the introduction of various well-drawn characters; and in the sequel it fully sustains the proposition with which the writer sets out—that if the duties of Christianity be not attended to in life, its support and consolation must not be expected in the hour of death.

74. INSTRUCTIVE RAMBLES in LONDON and the adjacent Villages. By ELIZABETH HELME. Eighth Edition, with a frontispiece. Price 4s. 6d. bound, 12mo.

Those who are fond of singular adventures, and of deriving instruction from whatever they meet with, will gladly accompany the Author in her RAMBLES; and a rich fund of entertainment will reward their labour.

75. The LOOKING-GLASS for the MIND; or A Selection of Moral Tales, chiefly from the "CHILDREN'S FRIEND," with 74 woodcuts, designed and engraved by Bewick. The Seventeenth Edition. Price 3s. 6d. bound.

76. The CHAPTER OF KINGS, a Poem, exhibiting the most important Events in the English History, and calculated to impress upon the Memory the Order of Succes-

sion of the English Monarchs. With 38 copperplate engravings, in which the Costume of each Reign is strictly attended to. By Mr. COLLINS. Price 3s. plain; or 4s. col. Square, half-bound.

77. MARMADUKE MULTIPLY'S MERRY METHOD OF MAKING MINOR MATHEMATICIANS; or, The Multiplication Table in Rhyme. With 69 appropriate engravings. To be had either in Four Parts, 1s. each, coloured; or half bound together, 4s. 6d. col.

78. A NEW BIOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY, containing a Brief Account of the Lives and Writings of the most Eminent Persons and Remarkable Characters in every age and nation. By STEPHEN JONES. Seventh Edition, with numerous additions and improvements. Price 6s. boards.

"No species of writing seems more worthy of cultivation than biography; since none can be more delightful, or more useful, or can more certainly enchain the heart by irresistible interest, or more widely diffuse instruction, to every diversity of condition."—*Rambler*.

79. JONES'S PRONOUNCING DICTIONARY. Price 3s. 6d. bound.

80. GEOGRAPHY FOR CHILDREN; or, a Short and Easy Method of Teaching and Learning Geography.

Designed principally for the Use of Schools. Thirty-first Edition. Price 2s. bound, 12mo.

31. CROXALL'S *ÆSOP*; or, Fables of *Æsop* and Others. Translated into English, with Instructive Applications, and a Print before each Fable. By SAMUEL CROXALL, late Archdeacon of Hereford. Twenty-second Edition, carefully revised. Price 3s. 6d. bound, 12mo.

32. PERRIN'S SPELLING: a New and Easy Method of Learning the Spelling and Pronunciation of the French Language. In Two Parts. Twenty-first Edition, revised and corrected by C. GROS. Price 2s. bound, 12mo.

33. PERRIN'S FRENCH FABLES. Price 2s. 6d. bound, 12mo. Twentieth Edition.

34. BEAUTIES of STURM'S REFLECTIONS, in Lessons on the Works of God and of His Providence, rendered familiar to the Capacities of Youth. By ELIZA ANDREWS, Author of "Manuscripts of Vertue," &c. Eighth Edition. Price 3s. 6d. bound, 12mo.

35. STAUNTON'S CHRONOLOGICAL ATLAS; or, Outline of Universal History; designed to facilitate that Stu-

dy, by a Comparison of contemporary Occurrences; divided into Periods, in the following order:—1. A General View of the Revolutions of the several States and Empires.—2. Outline of the Subversion of the Babylonish Monarchy, by Cyrus.—3. and 4. From the *Æra* of Cyrus to that of Charlemagne.—5. and 6. From Charlemagne to the Year 1818. Engraved on six large copper plates, and coloured. Price 17. 1s. half bound. With an explanatory Pamphlet.

36. A CLASSICAL DICTIONARY, for the Use of Schools. By DR. BROWNE. Sixth Edition. Price 3s. bound, royal 18mo.

37. HELME'S ENGLAND. Seventh Edition. One vol. bound. Price 5s. 12mo.

This history of our own country is delivered in a series of familiar conversations between a father and his children, and agreeably diversified with elucidatory remarks upon the facts as they arise: a mode of instruction peculiarly suited to the class of historians for which it was compiled.

38. WAKEFIELD'S INTRODUCTION to BOTANY. Ninth Edition, with 200 plates. Price, in boards, 4s. plain; or 7s. 6d. coloured.

39. GOLDSMITH'S HISTORY of ENGLAND; with Corrections, and a Set of Questions by DYMCK, and Wood engravings. Price 4s. bound, 12mo.

90. A DICTIONARY of NATURAL HISTORY; or, A Complete Summary of Zoology; containing a full and succinct Description of all the Animated Beings in Nature. A Pocket Volume, with plates. Price, half bound, 5s.

91. LONDON and its ENVIRONS; or, The General Ambulator and Pocket Companion for the Tour of the Metropolis and its Vicinity, within the Circuit of Twenty-five Miles. Twelfth Edition, much enlarged. Price 12s. boards, 12mo.

92. The HISTORY of SANDFORD and MERTON. By THOMAS DAY, Esq. A new edition revised throughout, and embellished with beautiful cuts from new designs, by HARVEY. Price 7s. 6d. 12mo. Half bound.

New Editions of the following celebrated little Works are bound in leather backs and paper sides, each illustrated with four engravings. Price 1s. 6d.

These little Books, which have been long favourites in the Nursery, had, through lapse of time, become somewhat antiquated in their style of embellishment; yet, as their intrinsic value remained unimpaired, they are now brought forward in a manner more consistent with modern taste, and will, like "old jewels newly set," be found to have lost none of their original splendour by the change. They all convey sound moral sentiments, couched in entertaining language, and enforced by pleasing examples.

1. The MEMOIRS of a PEG TOP.

2. The VILLAGE SCHOOL; a Collection of Entertaining Histories, for the Instruction and Amusement of all Good Children.

3. The PERAMBULATIONS of a MOUSE.

4. The ADVENTURES of a PINCUSHION

5. The HOLIDAY PRESENT.

6. The HISTORY of GOODY GOOSECAP; or, The Orphan.

Just Published.

7. The TRANSFORMATION of a BEECH TREE; or the History of a Black Chair.

8. The BIOGRAPHY of a BROWN LOAF. By the Rev. I. TAYLOR. With 5 wood-cuts and a beautiful frontispiece.

Shortly will be published, in an uniform style of printing and size,

1. The HAPPY FAMILY; or, The History of Mr. and Mrs. Norton.

2. JEMIMA PLACID.

3. The HISTORY of PRIM-ROSE PRETTYFACE.

4. The HISTORY of MORE CHILDREN THAN ONE; or, Goodness Better than Beauty. Containing also, the Histories of a Great Many Little Boys and Girls.

5. LITTLE STORIES for LITTLE FOLKS. Also, The Good Child's Delight.

6. MRS. NORTON'S STORY-BOOK.

Eighteen-pence, boards; or 2s. in roan.

1. MILLS'S ENGLAND, 2 vols. 96 engravings.
2. ——— BIBLE, 48 do.
3. ——— ROME, 48 do.
4. MILLS'S BIOGRAPHY, 48 engravings.
5. ——— PORTRAITS of the KINGS, 48 do.

Two Shillings, neatly half bound.

1. The BLIND CHILD; or, Anecdotes of the Wyndham Family. New Edition.
2. NINA; an Icelandic Tale. By a Mother. Author of "Always Happy." Second Edition.
3. RAINSFORD VILLA; or, Juvenile Independence. A Tale. By a Lady. New Edition.
4. ETIENNE, the Young Traveller; being a Relation of his Adventures in Search of his Father. By G. R. HOARE. New Edition.
5. The CHILD'S DUTY. By a MOTHER. With a frontispiece.
6. AMUSEMENTS of WESTERN HEATH; or, Moral Stories for Children. Two vols. Price 2s. each, half bound, 18mo.
7. The HISTORY of PRINCE LEE BOO. With a frontispiece. Seventeenth Edition.
8. The TALES OF MOTHER BUNCH, as originally related.

9. The RENOWNED TALES OF MOTHER GOOSE, as originally related.

10. POPULAR TALES; or, Nursery Classics.

Half-a-Crown, half bound.

1. BIRDS on the WING; or, Pleasant Tales, and Useful Hints on the Value and Right Use of Time. By Miss PARKER. Second Edition.
2. ALWAYS HAPPY; or, Anecdotes of Felix and his Sister Serena. A Tale, written for her Children, by A MOTHER. Eighth Edition.
3. RIGHT and WRONG; exhibited in the History of Rosa and Agnes. By the same Author. Fifth Edition.
4. A KEY to KNOWLEDGE; or, Things in Common Use simply and shortly explained. By the same Author. Seventh Edition.
5. NURSERY MORALS, chiefly in Monosyllables. By the same Author. With 24 plates. Fourth Edition.
6. ELLEN the TEACHER; a Tale for Youth. By Mrs. HOFLAND. New Edition.
7. The HISTORY of an OFFICER'S WIDOW and her YOUNG FAMILY. By the same Author. New Edition.
8. COOPER'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND, from the earliest Period to the present

Time; on a Plan recommended by the Earl of Chesterfield. Twentieth Edition.

9. The DAUGHTER of a GENIUS. A Tale. By the Author of "The Son of a Genius," &c. Fourth Edition.
10. CHOSROES and HERACLIUS; a Tale, from the Roman History. By Miss SANDHAM. With six plates.
11. THEODORE; or, The Crusaders. A Tale. By Mrs. HOFLAND. Fifth Edition. With a frontispiece.
12. ROBINSON CRUSOE. A New and Improved Edition, with Twelve engravings; (or 3s. 6d. coloured.)
13. The STORY-TELLER; a Collection of Original Tales. With twenty-four engravings. Third Edition, square. Bound in coloured cloth.
14. The ESKDALE HERD-BOY. A Scottish Tale. By Mrs. Blackford, Author of "Arthur Monteith," and "Scottish Orphans." Third Edition.
15. LE BABILLARD; an amusing Introduction to the French Language. By a French Lady. With twenty-four wood engravings. Bound in coloured cloth.
16. MARGERY MEANWELL; or, the Interesting Story of Goody Two-Shoes rendered into familiar Verse. With twenty beautiful engravings. Ditto.
17. CONVERSATIONS on ASTRONOMY. With several appropriate engravings. Bound in coloured cloth.
18. EASY RHYMES. Written by a Lady. With a variety of elegant engravings. 18mo.
19. SHORT STORIES. By A LADY. With sixteen engravings. Square.
20. CATO; or, the interesting Adventures of a Dog; interspersed with real Anecdotes. By A LADY, Author of "Easy Rhymes," &c. Third Edition.
21. NURSERY FABLES, Original and Select. With nineteen cuts. Bound in coloured cloth.
22. BLOSSOMS of MORALITY; a Collection of Tales. By the Editor of the "Looking-glass." With forty-seven woodcuts by Bewick. Eighth Edition.
23. The LITTLE READER. With twenty woodcuts, plain; (or 3s. 6d. coloured.) Square.
24. EARLY RECOLLECTIONS; or, Scenes from Nature. 18mo.
25. LESSONS of WISDOM for the Young; or, Spring Mornings and Evenings. 12 plates. By the Rev. W. FLETCHER.
26. CONVERSATIONS on the LIFE of CHRIST. With a frontispiece, 18mo.

27. The PHILOSOPHER'S STONE; a Tale. By the Author of "Don Ulloa's Travels."

28. The SMUGGLER'S SON; a Tale. By the same Author.

29. NEWBERRY'S HISTORY of the BIBLE; with wood cuts. Ninth Edition. 12mo.

30. RIDDLES, CHARADES, and CONUNDRUMS; the greater part of which have never before been published. Second Edition.

CONGO IN SEARCH OF HIS MASTER. With a frontispiece, 18mo. Third Edition.

7. The TWIN SISTERS. By Miss SANDHAM. 18mo. Sixteenth Edition.

8. The CHAPTER of KINGS. By Mr. COLLINS. With 38 engravings. (4s. coloured.)

9. TALES of the HEATH, for the Improvement of the Mind. By Mrs. H. BAYLEY. 18mo. half bound.

Three Shillings, half bound.

1. The LITTLE GRAMMARIAN; in a series of Instructive Tales. By the Rev. W. FLETCHER. With 12 engravings, 18mo.

2. FATHER ALFRED'S ELEMENTS of KNOWLEDGE. By the same. With a frontispiece, 18mo.

3. A FAMILIAR INTRODUCTION TO GEOGRAPHY. By the Abbé GAULTIER. With coloured Maps, square 16mo, coloured cloth. Second Edition.

4. INFANTINE KNOWLEDGE. By the Author of "The Child's Grammar." With 144 neat engravings, square 16mo, cloth, plain; (or 3s. 6d. half bound, coloured.) Second Edition.

5. A VISIT TO GROVE COTTAGE; and, The INDIA CABINET OPENED. By the Author of "Fruits of Enterprize," &c. 18mo.

6. The ADVENTURES of

Eighteen-penny, 12mo. Bound in stiff Covers, with Coloured Plates.

1. MOTHER HUBBARD & her DOG.

2. DAME TROT and her CAT.

3. COCK-ROBIN; a very pretty Painted Toy, for little Girl or little Boy.

4. WALKS WITH MAMMA; or, Stories in Words of One Syllable.

5. The HISTORY of the HOUSE that JACK BUILT.

6. The HISTORY of the APPLE PIE. Written by Z. An Alphabet for little Masters and Misses.

7. DAME DEARLOVE'S DITTIES for the Nursery; or, Songs for the Amusement of Infants.

8. PETER PIPER's Practical Principles of Plain and Perfect Pronunciation.

9. The INFANT's FRIEND; or, Easy Reading Lessons.

10. The SNOW-DROP; or, Poetic Trifles for Little Folks.
11. The HOBBY-HORSE; or, The High Road to Learning: a Revival of that favourite Alphabet, "A was an Archer, who shot at a Frog."
12. The CRIES of LONDON; or, Sketches of various Characters in the Metropolis.
13. The COURTSHIP, MARRIAGE, and PICNIC DINNER of COCK ROBIN and JENNY WREN.
14. The ALPHABET of GOODY TWO-SHOES; "by learning which, she soon got rich."
15. The HISTORY of SIXTEEN WONDERFUL OLD WOMEN; exhibiting their principal Eccentricities.
16. SPRING FLOWERS; or, Easy Lessons for young Children, not exceeding Words of Two Syllables; with Lessons for Sundays: and Hymns. By Mrs. RITSON.
17. The PHENIX; or, A choice Collection of Riddles and Charades.
18. Sir HARRY HERALD'S Graphical Representation of the DIGNITARIES of ENGLAND: shewing the Costumes of different Ranks, from the King to a Commoner, and the Regalia used at a Coronation.
19. The PATHS of LEARNING strewn with Flowers; or, English Grammar illustrated.
20. TOMMY TRIP'S MUSEUM of BEASTS; or, A Peep at the Quadruped Race. Part I.
21. TOMMY TRIP'S MUSEUM of BEASTS. Part II.
22. TOMMY TRIP'S MUSEUM of BEASTS. Part III.
23. COSTUMES of DIFFERENT NATIONS Illustrated.
24. WONDERS! A Description of some of the most remarkable in Art and Nature.
25. The MONTHLY MONITOR; or, Short Stories, adapted to every Season of the Year. By Mrs. RITSON.
26. The PEACOCK AT HOME; with the BUTTERFLY'S BALL.
27. SIMPLE STORIES, in Words of One Syllable, for Little Boys and Girls. By the Author of "Stories of Old Daniel."
28. WHITTINGTON and his CAT.
29. VALENTINE and ORSON; or, The Surprising Adventures of Two Sons of the Emperor of Greece.
30. TAKE YOUR CHOICE; or, The Alphabet Community.
31. CINDERELLA; or, The Little Glass Slipper.
32. TOM TICKLE'S FAMILY HISTORY, versified by Himself.
33. TOMMY TRIP'S MUSEUM of BIRDS; or, A

- Peep at the Feathered Creation, Part I.
34. TOMMY TRIP'S MUSEUM of BIRDS, Part II.
35. The INFANT'S GRAMMAR; or, A Picnic Party of the Parts of Speech.
36. The MONKEY'S FROLIC, &c.
37. The HISTORY of the SEVEN CHAMPIONS of CHRISTENDOM.
38. LITTLE RHYMES for LITTLE FOLKS. By the Author of "The Infant's Friend," "Easy Rhymes," &c.
39. PUSS in BOOTS; or, The Master-Cat.
40. PUNCTUATION PERSONIFIED; or, Pointing Made Easy. By Mr. STOPS.
41. PUG'S TRAVELS thro' EUROPE.
42. A PEEP at the STARS.
43. The SCRIPTURE ALPHABET.
44. PORTRAITS and CHARACTERS of the KINGS of ENGLAND, Part I.
45. DITTO, Part II.
46. The NEW YEAR'S FEAST, on his coming of Age: a Poem, illustrative of the Festivals and Fasts throughout the Year.
47. TRAVELS and ADVENTURES of JOHN BULL the YOUNGER. With sixteen engravings.
48. An ALPHABETICAL ARRANGEMENT of ANIMALS. By SALLY SKETCH.
49. The THREE CAKES; a Tale, in Verse. From the Original in Prose, by Mrs. BARBAULD.
50. The WORD BOOK; or, Stories, chiefly in Three Letters. By A. B. C.
51. The RATIONAL ALPHABET; or, Rudiments of Reading.
52. The ROYAL PRIMER; or, High Road to Learning. The subjects chiefly Birds and Beasts.
53. The OLD WOMAN and her PIG.
54. The NEW TOM THUMB. With many coloured plates.
55. The DAISY and COWSLIP; or, Cautionary Stories in Verse, adapted to the ideas of children from four to eight years of age. With 60 engravings, plain, square.

One Shilling, 18mo. with Plain Plates.

1. The COWSLIP; with 6 engravings, (1s. 6d. coloured).
 2. The DAISY; ditto, ditto.
 3. FLORA; with woodcuts.
 4. The SORROWS of SELFISHNESS. With woodcuts.
 5. The BROTHER and SISTER, a Tale. With neat engravings.
- The above Five have plain plates, the following are all coloured.*
6. The OLD WOMAN and her SONS; with 16 coloured plates.

7. The PICTURE GALLERY; with 16 ditto.
8. POOR OLD ROBIN; with 16 ditto.
9. PETER PRIM'S PRESENT; with 16 ditto.
10. MADAM BLAIZE; with 8 ditto.
11. JOE DOBSON; with 16 ditto.
12. The PEACOCK and PARROT; neat engravings.
13. MARMADUKE MULTIPLY'S MERRY METHOD of MAKING MINOR MATHEMATICIANS; or, The Multiplication Table, Part I. with 16 coloured plates.
14. DITTO, Part II. 17 do.
15. DITTO, Part III. 16 do.
16. DITTO, Part IV. 20 do.
17. The PENCE TABLE. By Peter Pennyless; with 14 ditto.
18. The PARAGON of ALPHABETS, with 26 ditto.
19. The MINT; or, Shillings turned into Pounds; with 16 ditto.
20. The TRADES and CUSTOMS of FRANCE, with sixteen ditto.
21. The CRADLE HYMN. By Dr. WATTS; with 16 ditto.
22. PRIM'S PRIDE; or, Proverbs to suit the Old and Young; with 16 ditto.
23. JACK and the BEAN STALK; with 16 ditto.
24. GRIMALKIN'S CONCERT; with 16 ditto.
25. JERRY and KITTY, with 16 ditto.
26. PUG'S VISIT; or, the Disasters of Mr. Punch, with 16 ditto.

Works by the late Mrs. TRIMMER; New Editions of which have been reprinted on good Paper, and with a clear Type.

1. ENGLISH HISTORY, brought down to the present Time; with forty-eight engravings on wood. 2 vols. 9s. bound, 18mo.
2. ANCIENT HISTORY, with forty engravings on wood, 4s 6d. bound, 18mo.
3. ROMAN HISTORY, with forty engravings, 4s. 6d. bd. 18mo.
4. SCRIPTURE HISTORY. Old Testament. Twenty-four engravings. 3s. bound. 18mo.
5. SCRIPTURE HISTORY. New Testament. Forty engravings. 3s. bound, 18mo.
6. OLD TESTAMENT PRINTS, on copper plates, with Descriptions. 2 vols. 3s. 6d. bound, square.
7. ROMAN HISTORY PRINTS on copper plates, with Descriptions. 2 vols. 5s. 6d. bound, square.
8. ANCIENT HISTORY PRINTS, on copper plates, with Descriptions. 2 vols. 5s. 6d. bound, square.

CARDS AND GAMES.

1. The Sun of BRUNSWICK; exhibiting the principal Events during the Reign of GEORGE THE THIRD; with Tetotum, &c. 9s.
 2. The Panorama of London; a New Game, with Tetotum and Counters. 9s.
 3. Historical Pastime; a New Game of the History of England; with Tetotum, &c. 6s.
 4. The Game of Emulation, &c. 7s. 6d.
 5. The Game of Human Life, &c. 6s.
 6. The Road to the Temple of Honour and Fame, &c. 6s.
 7. The Swan of Apollo; a New Game. 7s. 6d.
 8. A Geographical Description of the World; on Cards. 3s. 6d.
 9. A new and interesting Method of Instructing Youth in the first four Rules of Arithmetic; on Cards. 2s. 6d.
 10. A Lilliputian History of England; in easy Verse. on Cards, 2s. 6d.
 11. MIDDLETON'S New Geographical Game of a Tour through England and Wales; with Tetotum, Pillars, and Counters, 5s.
 12. Dissected Maps of England, Ireland, Scotland, and France, at 12s., 10s. 6d., 7s. 6d., and 3s. 6d.
 13. Ditto of the World; same prices.
 14. Ditto of Europe; same prices.
 15. Ditto, Asia; same prices.
 16. Ditto, Africa; same prices.
 17. Ditto, America; same prices.
 18. A Lilliputian History of England, from the Norman Conquest, dissected in a Box. Price 10s. 6d.
 19. Costumes Dissected — a large plate, having the dresses of 60 different nations beautifully and correctly coloured, price 10s. 6d.
- A variety of ELEGANT PUZZLES, from 2s. 6d. to 10s. 6d. each, and upwards.
- Also the following LIBRARIES, fitted up with Books agreeably to the fancy of the Purchaser, *viz.*
1. The Casket of Intelligence.
 2. The Reward for Merit.
 3. The Cabinet of Lilliput.
 4. The Historical Library.
 5. The Infant's Library.

In addition to this Catalogue of *Juvenile Works*, the Proprietor has on Sale, Books on all subjects; Bibles and Common Prayer Books; School Books; Stationery; a large Assortment of Books, suitably bound, for Presents, &c.

A few remaining Sets of the BEAUTIES of ENGLAND and WALES, in 25 Vols. 8vo. are for sale at a reduced price.

