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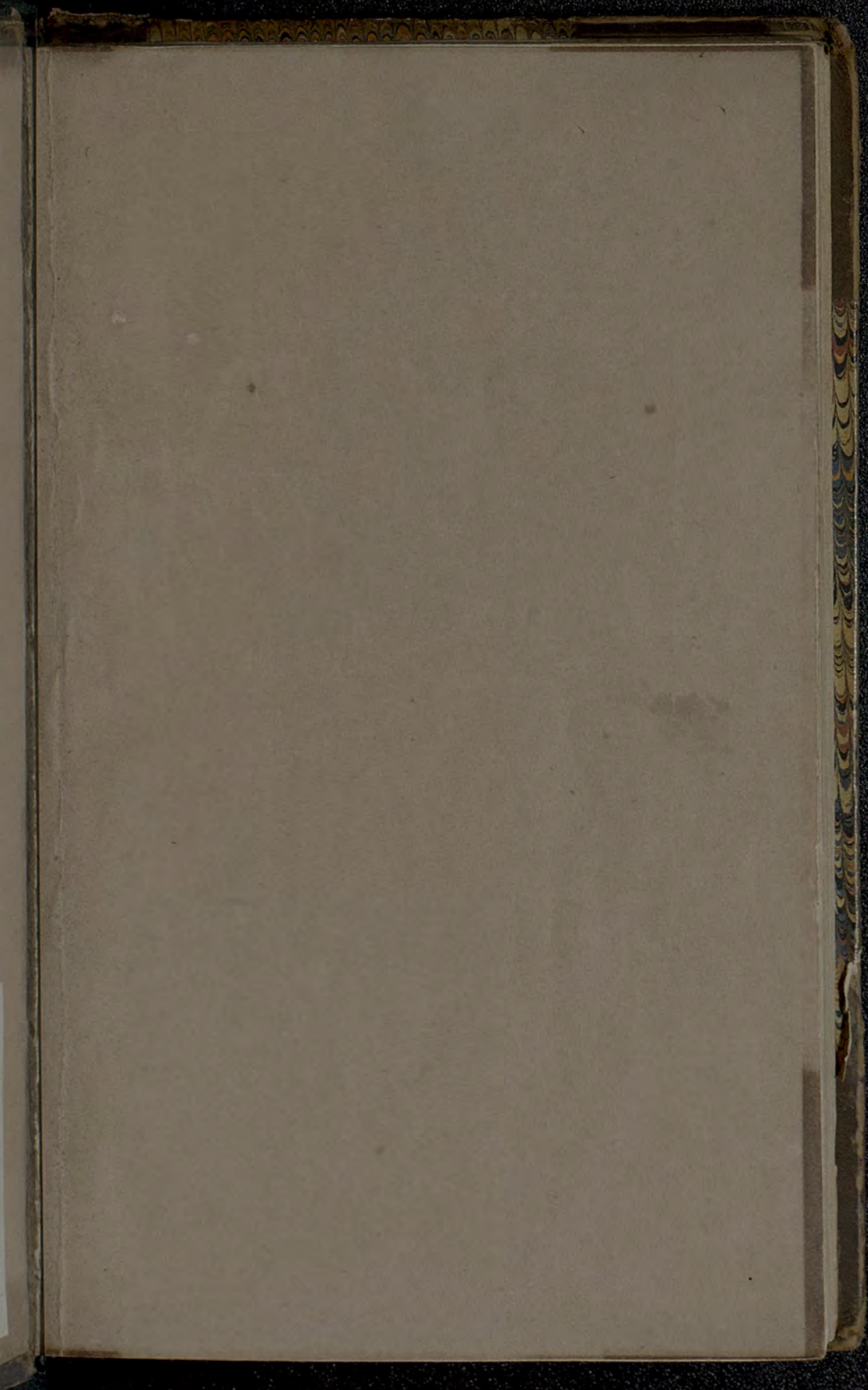


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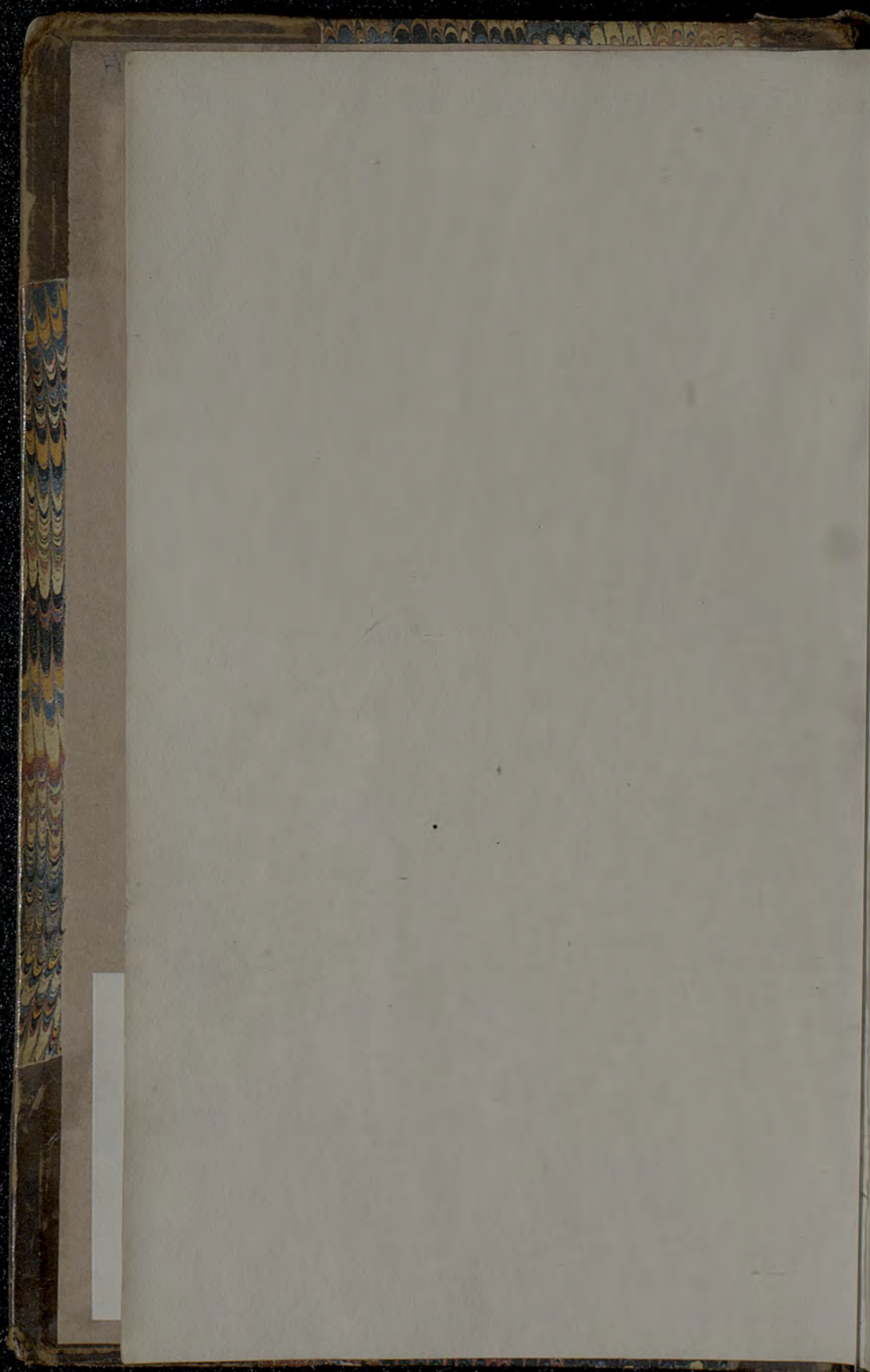
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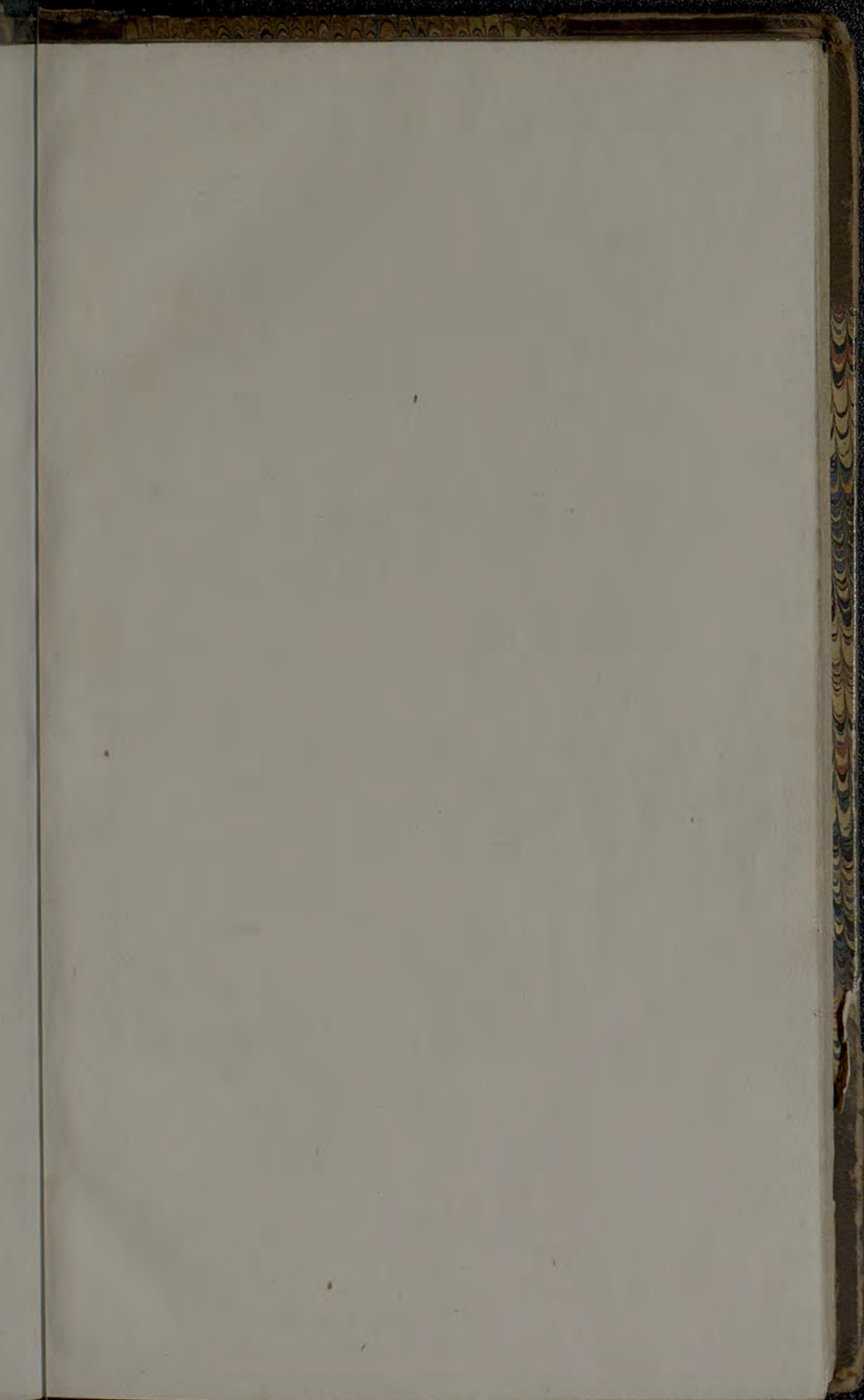




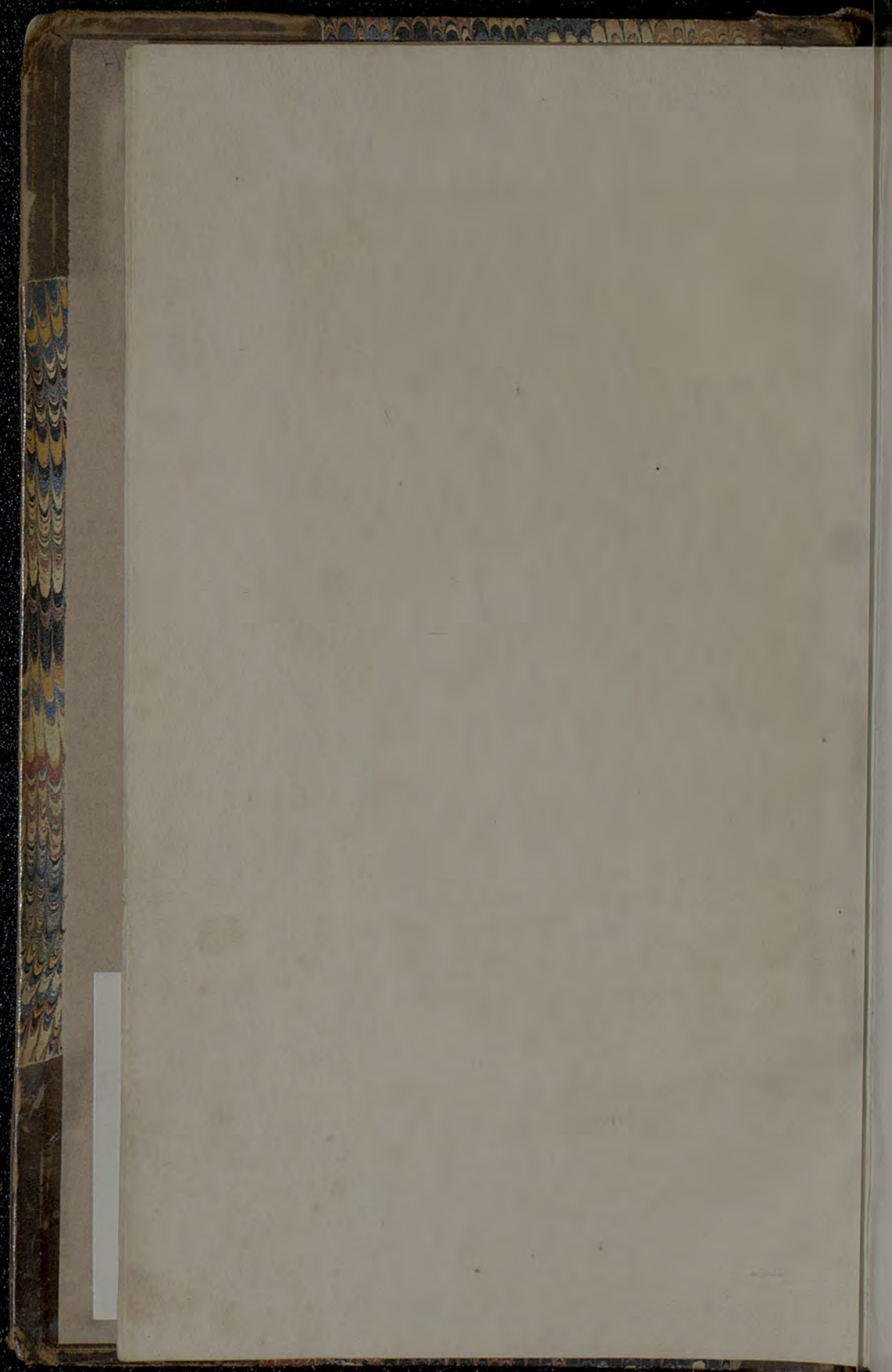




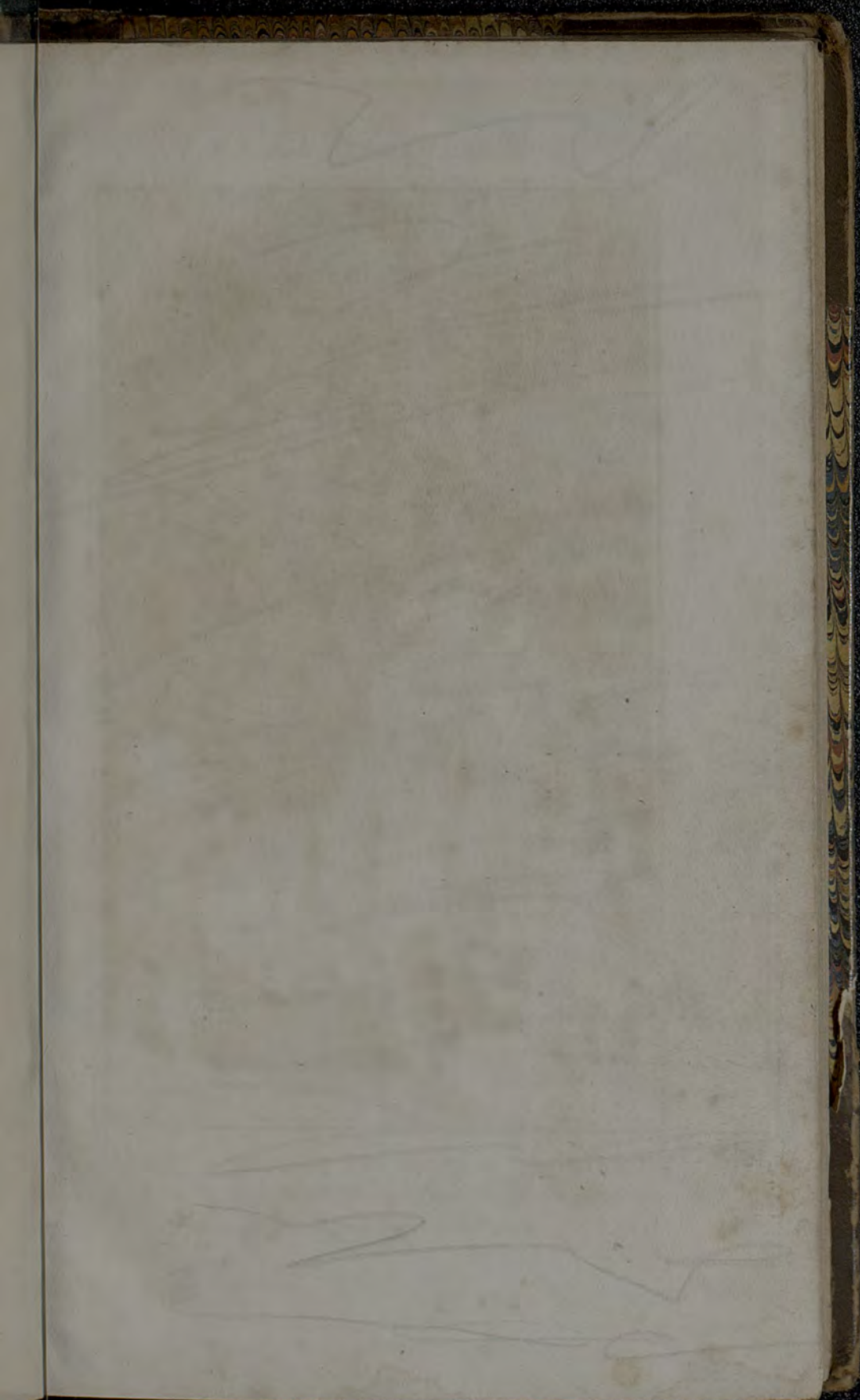














THE FISHERMAN.



*"His Wife" in a moment springing into his arms, and bursting into tears of joy, relieved her oppressed bosom.*



TALES  
OF  
INSTRUCTION  
AND  
AMUSEMENT.

WRITTEN FOR THE USE  
OF  
YOUNG PERSONS.

---

By Miss MITCHELL;  
AUTHOR OF RATIONAL AMUSEMENT, FAITHFUL  
CONTRACT, AND MORAL TALES.

---

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR J. HARRIS, (SUCCESSOR TO E. NEW-  
BERRY,) CORNER OF ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD.

1807.



Printed by E. Hemsted, Great New Street, Fetter  
Lane.



# DEDICATION.

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*ADDRESSED*

TO

MISS HARRISON,

AND

MISS M. A. HARRISON.

---

AS you have for some years been the objects of my most anxious care, and fondest affection, my mind has been sedulously employed, even in the few leisure hours I could command, in endeavouring to promote your welfare. I, therefore, address to you the following pages; which, what-



ever their demerits, will, I hope, afford you some useful instruction; they will shew you that religion and virtue must ever be the basis of solid happiness. Read them, then, with attention, and a wish of improvement; and suffer them to be a memorial of my unceasing regard, when different climes may, perhaps, separate us.

You are now entering on a more extensive plan of education, you are mixing with a larger society; but do not in the public seminary forget the private friend! Let those precepts, it has always been my ardent desire to inculcate, still live in your remembrance! Let them warn you, that however desirable music, drawing, and those elegant accomplishments befitting your rank may be, they are still but secondary considerations; which, though



they may render you agreeable, can never, without higher acquirements, make you beloved;—they may impart pleasure, but can never bestow happiness! Let virtue, then, be your first, as it will be your noblest pursuit; and trust my experience, when I assure you, that virtue and peace are never far distant; for though all are vulnerable to the shafts of adversity, by none are they so easily repelled as by those whose hearts are shielded by conscious integrity.

Adieu! may you be good, and happy!  
and oh, may the noon and evening of  
your days be as fair, as unsullied as is  
their early dawn, prays with unceasing  
favour, and heartfelt sincerity,

Your affectionate

M. M.







## PREFACE.

---

THE authoress of the following pages, new to publication, and conscious how much more she has to dread from censure, than to hope from applause, steps fearfully forward as a candidate for public favour.

She approaches the altar of criticism with but little reason to believe she shall be favourably received; yet, though she cannot help soliciting some indulgence for this her first, and feeble effort, she seeks not to avoid, but to soften censure; as she is convinced that what wounds her



pride may also correct her judgment, and that those faults which the wise and candid point out, is the part of the judicious to obliterate or amend.

*Copford Hall,  
Dec. 5, 1794.*



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TALES  
OF  
INSTRUCTION  
AND  
AMUSEMENT.

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Read Nature's book ! that wond'rous power revere,  
Who form'd each being for its proper sphere ;  
But who to man superior bliss has giv'n,  
Bliss, which the virtuous find matur'd in Heav'n.  
Yet ah ! disdain not those who sporting, gay,  
Range unconfin'd, the tenants of a day !  
In joy and freedom, let their moments flow,  
Nor take that life which thou can'st ne'er bestow !

---

---

LUCRETIA was one fine morning walking  
in the fields with her Mama, when she took  
notice of several small masses of earth, which  
seemed to have been purposely thrown up ;  
“ Pray, Mama,” said she, “ why do the  
people make these lumps ? I think they are  
very ugly.”



*Mrs. Mountain.* "They are ant-hills, and are formed by those little creatures you have sometimes seen in the garden."

*Lucretia.* "And why do they make them?"

*Mrs. Mountain.* "Look here; do not you observe several holes? Well, if you could see within those, you would behold a city."

*Lucretia.* "A city, Mama! are you not joking?"

*Mrs. Mountain.* "No indeed I am very serious; and I assure you what I say is perfectly true. The ants dig some depth into the earth, and by throwing out the mould, as you here see, they leave a hollow space within."

*Lucretia.* "But does not the earth fall back again into the place underneath?"

*Mrs. Mountain.* "It certainly would do so, if these ingenious little creatures did not contrive a method to prevent it. They collect such pieces of stick as they judge necessary, which several of them carry to the spot where they intend to build their city; they then lay them across the top of their streets, forming by this means a roof. They also consolidate the earth with a kind of glue, and then cover the pieces of wood with moss, grass, or dry rushes."

*Lucretia.* "And is it possible, Mama, that these little creatures should be capable of doing so much?"

*Mrs. Mountain.* "Yes, indeed it is, and



even a great deal more; for they form these roofs in a shelving posture, by which means the current of water is turned from them. They divide their city into different departments; lay up provisions of all kinds in their magazines, and conduct all their business with the greatest care and regularity. They are likewise the tenderest parents to their young, nurse them with the greatest affection, and amply supply all their wants."

*Lucretia.* "Really, Mama, it is very wonderful, but yet I can easily credit it; for I recollect a few days since, when I was walking by the honeysuckle bower, I observed a vast number of ants crawling about. I stood some time to observe them, and I do assure you I saw one of them carry a part of a dead fly in its mouth."

*Mrs. Mountain.* "That is by no means uncommon with them, for they are indefatigable in their labours."

*Lucretia.* "I have often heard you say, Mama, how much pleasure the study of natural history afforded you. Will you teach me it? I am sure I should like it very much."

*Mrs. Mountain.* "Most readily; for there is no science which more strongly displays the wisdom and power of the Creator. It is a science which ought to teach us humility, as it shows us the wonderful powers which some of



the animal tribes possess; and as many of these are employed for our advantage, they ought to secure to their possessors the kindest treatment."

The next morning Lucretia begged some grains of corn of one of the servants, with which she immediately hastened to the spot where she had before seen the ants. She laid her treasure on the ground, and in about a quarter of an hour several of these industrious insects came to it. Their numbers soon increased; she called her Mama to observe them, who told her, she had no doubt but this was nearly the whole colony, as it was well known the ants kept spies, whose business it was to discover any thing worth amassing, which was no sooner done than they gave information of it, and the whole party immediately sallied out.

Mrs. Mountain and her daughter stood some time to observe the little labourers, and saw them take all the corn to deposit in their granaries. The pleasure of Lucretia was very great in beholding their industry, and she frequently placed corn or fruit that she might observe them carrying it away. Nor was her curiosity gratified, nor did her researches end here. Natural history by degrees was familiar to her: botany, that repository of wonder and pleasure, soon became the favorite study of her hours of recreation. Her mind being thus enriched with



useful knowledge, no vacuum was left for those trifling amusements, which are equally a disgrace to the head and heart.

Those who observe the beauties of Nature, who accustom themselves not merely to look at, but to see all around them, can never be at a loss for employment. Every bird that skims the air, every beast that ranges the field, will furnish them with sufficient amusement, and lead them to the contemplation of that Being whose wisdom and goodness are equally conspicuous in all that he has made.



---

Whate'er thy lot, thankful for what is sent,  
If rich, be lib'ral ; and if poor, content !  
With firm submission learn each woe to bear,  
For all who taste of life, must taste of care.

---

IT was towards the latter end of September, when a remarkably fine afternoon tempted Mr. Inton, and his son Maurice, to take a walk. They sauntered along, talking of various subjects, till they had proceeded more than three miles. They ascended a hill that they might have a better prospect of the country, clad as it was in the yellow, but rich tints of autumn. They sat down after having gazed around them for some time, and observed at leisure all the beauties which the hand of Nature had so lavishly bestowed. It was with some reluctance Maurice left this delightful spot, and descended into the plain. But suddenly the whole face of nature was changed: a dark cloud obscured the resplendent rays of the sun, and burst over their heads in a violent shower of rain. "What shall we do, Papa," said Maurice, "here is no shelter?"—"No indeed there is not," replied Mr. Inton; "and as evening is approaching very fast, we had better hasten home than seek any." Maurice took hold of his fa-



ther's hand, and for some time bore the "pelt-  
ing of the storm" with tolerable fortitude. But  
as he had been little exposed to the inclemencies  
of the weather, nor knew what houseless wan-  
derers are often obliged to suffer, he at length  
became tired, and bursting into tears bewailed  
his fate, as if he had endured the greatest mis-  
fortune. "I am very sorry," said Mr. In-  
ton, "you have so little resolution as to suffer  
your spirits to sink under such a trifle as this.  
You know when you get home you will find a  
good fire, and you can very easily have dry  
clothes. Compare your situation with that  
of many others, and blush for the weakness  
which occasions these tears. Thousands of  
poor creatures, equally deserving the gifts of  
fortune as yourself, are exposed to the air in all  
seasons, without knowing when their troubles  
may end—who have no house to return to, and  
no kind friends to welcome and receive them :  
I doubt not but this very night many unfortunate  
beings will sleep with no other shelter than a  
hedge, or a miserable barn, through which the  
wind and rain finds a thousand inlets."

*Maurice.* "But it is impossible, Papa,  
they should like it, and no doubt would be  
very glad to be better sheltered if they could."

*Mr. Inton.* "There I perfectly agree with  
you : but if it is not in their power to procure  
those comforts, which are certainly very desira-



ble, it is highly commendable in them to submit, without repining, to their deprivation. Their situation is oftentimes deplorable; but what would it be, if, like you, they gave way to fretful discontent! It is not by crying and murmuring that the evils of life will ever be lessened, but by that noble fortitude which rises superior to misfortune, which gives firmness to the mind, resists the trials of calamity, and instead of sinking under its load, teaches us only how to support it. It is the possessors of such qualities who have attained the highest degree of excellence in all ages of the world. The more you read of history, the more you see of mankind; you will learn that patience, fortitude, and self-denial, have always raised their possessors above the common lot of mortals. Riches are as frequently bestowed on the wicked as the virtuous, therefore they alone can never discriminate excellence. Power is often attained by base and ignoble means, but virtue, with all its train of rugged attendants, can only be possessed by the good."

Here Mr. Inton ceased, and they walked on in silence, till coming to a miserable cottage, whose clay-built walls tottered with every blast, Mr. Inton knocked at the door. It was opened by a boy about the age of Maurice, whose appearance bespoke extreme poverty. "Will



you give us leave," said Mr. Inton, "to shelter ourselves here for a few minutes?"

"Oh, yes," answered the boy, "pray come in." They then entered a room, the only furniture of which was a miserably tattered bed, and a broken table. Upon the bed lay a poor man, apparently very ill; several children, half naked, were playing on the floor, whilst a middle-aged woman cooked something on the fire. She turned round at the entrance of the strangers, and dropping them a curtsy, said she was sorry she had not a chair to offer them, but if they would sit at the foot of the bed, they should be very welcome."

"You seem in great distress, good woman," said Mr Inton; "is your husband ill?"

*The Woman.* "We are in distress indeed, Sir. My poor husband met with a bad accident, about a month since, and he is not yet recovered. God knows what is to become of us, but I believe we must all die for want of food."

*Mr. Inton.* "Are none of your children able to work?"

*The Woman.* "Billy, my eldest there, Sir, is only nine years old, and he is employed in finding us a bit of firing. The rich, Sir, don't know what the poor suffer, and when a family is reduced to starving, they think it all owing to mismanagement; but I am sure my husband and I have worked early and late to provide for



our family ; and if it had not pleased God to send us this affliction, we should have done very well."

*Mr. Inton.* "Has this poor man had any body to attend him?"

*The Woman.* "Yes, Sir ; we begged Dr. Armer to come, and he did once and sent some medicines, but as he knew we were not likely to pay for them, he would not send any a second time.—My little master," continued she, addressing Maurice, "you seem very wet and cold. Do come to the fire! Billy, get a few sticks." Maurice, who was indeed shivering, very gladly obeyed the summons, and at his father's desire pulled off his coat, and dried it. The rain still continuing very violent, Mr. Inton sent the cottager's eldest son to order the carriage. Whilst they were waiting for it, the poor man attempted to sit up in his bed; his wan and ghastly countenance, and his emaciated figure, but too plainly spoke his sufferings and poverty. He looked at his children with an eye of anguish, and then, as if unable to behold them starving, he wiped a tear from his cheek, and again sunk down in his bed. Mr. Inton sympathised in his distress, and as he knew the cause, and was able, in some measure, to remove it, he took out his purse, and giving the woman five shillings, told her he would call in the morning, and see if he could be of any



farther service to her. She thanked him with the warmest gratitude, and said she had not possessed such a sum for many months. "My poor starving children," said she, letting drop a tear of joy, "may now have a comfortable meal. Oh, Sir! may you never know the miseries of poverty, even though it were to experience the joy I now feel."

It was not long before Mr. Inton's coach came, into which he stepped with Maurice. During their ride, "well," said he, "whose misfortunes were the greatest? your's, in being exposed to a shower of rain, or these poor people's, who are enduring all the calamities of life?"

Maurice felt ashamed at this question, but immediately answered, "These people's, Papa, to be sure."

*Mr. Inton.* "Ought it not then, when you see the miseries which some are doomed to suffer, make you ashamed of that foolish weakness, which cannot support the slightest inconvenience? it is but too often the fatal effects of riches, to render the minds of their possessors feeble and enervated. Secured from those calamities to which a state of poverty is liable, they indulge themselves in all that is frivolous and weak; as if to be idle and useless were the privileges of wealth. They feel only for themselves, and think the order of nature ought to be



changed for their accommodation. An unexpected shower, the loss of the most trifling pleasure, seem a trial too great to be borne. Their riches they consider as bestowed upon them merely for their own gratification, and instead of looking into the world for the poor and needy to share them, they encourage an habitual meanness of soul, and feel for no one beside themselves. Forgetful of the starving children of poverty, the children of one common parent, they live equally useless to others, as themselves; and after an ill-spent life sink to the grave without leaving any one to bless their memory: for it is impossible to be either esteemed, or beloved, unless virtue makes us so. The poor distinctions, which rank alone can claim, are justly contemptible in the regard of the wise; none but the weak and servile will ever pay them, and none but the base and ignoble ever be pleased with them. To raise yourself above others, you must attain superior fortitude, courage, and goodness; for indeed, Maurice, notwithstanding your rank, you will be contemptible, if you suffer every trifle to act upon your mind as the greatest misfortune. Whilst you think so much of yourself, you must forget others: and he who is destitute of the social affections, loses the purest pleasures of life. What greater delight can any one wish for than having the power of contributing to the happiness of all around him: of giving bread



to the hungry, shelter to the houseless, and alleviating the pains of sickness?"

*Maurice.* "Indeed, Papa, I feel I was wrong, but I will in future try to act better."

*Mr. Inton.* "I hope you will, as well for your own sake as that of others."

The next morning as soon as Maurice was dressed, he took his purse, and walked to the cottage. He found the poor family with much more cheerful countenances than they had the preceding evening. They were eating a comfortable breakfast of bread and milk; the man also was sitting up, and partaking of the rural fare. They all welcomed the young gentleman with the greatest respect, and told him it was to his father's bounty they owed this treat. Maurice took out his purse, and with a smile of benevolence, presented its contents to the woman, telling her he hoped she would have many such treats, and soon see her husband restored to health. The man, at sight of this unexpected treasure, clasped his hands, and silently prayed Heaven to bless his little benefactor. The woman seemed almost frantic with joy, and the children crowding around Maurice, offered him their imperfect thanks.

Such was their situation when Mr. Inton entered the cottage. For some moments he gazed in silence on the angelic countenance of his son; then clasping him in his arms, uttered those



sentiments, which affection and admiration equally inspired. Never had Maurice felt so much happiness before; he had always been a niggard of his money to others, though he had lavishly spent it in dainties for himself; yet never had he purchased any thing which imparted half the delight of this benevolent action. He had in a short time the satisfaction of seeing his delight was not momentary—when he beheld the man supplied with medicines to mitigate the pains of his disorder, his wife and children enjoying the necessities of life, and could say to himself, “these have I helped to impart;” his heart glowed with rapture, and he gratefully thanked that Power, whose bounty had enabled him to assist others. From that time his conduct was totally changed; he was no longer the selfish boy who thought only of himself; but, mindful of the miseries of others, and eager to relieve them, he experienced those pure joys which benevolence and generosity will ever impart. In proportion as he extended his regard to others, and shared their calamities, he acquired fortitude to support his own; and grew to manhood one of those bright examples, who unite the beauty of virtue to the splendour of rank.



---

How vain the hope in change of scene to find  
That calm content which centers in the mind!  
Though ev'ry state thou fruitlessly hast try'd,  
In ev'ry state, did not thyself reside?  
Did not ill-humour still thy breast invade,  
Or when thou sought'st the croud, or when the shade?  
Know then thy heart alone the thorn contains,  
Which wounds repose, awakens all thy pains;  
Disturbs thy peace alike in splendid halls,  
Or in the lowly cot's poor clay-built walls.  
Let virtue, then, alone thy search employ,  
For she alone can give unmixed joy;  
Alone dispenses sweets which ne'er decay,  
Which find increase with each increasing day.

---

FEW little girls had their play-room better filled than Adelaide. Besides an hundred other toys, she had a baby-house so large as to contain a great many rooms. They were all furnished in a very elegant manner, and in the dining-room was a sideboard, with glasses, cases with silver knives and forks, spoons, and, in short, every thing the same as adorned her Papa's, except that her's were much smaller. There were also carpets in all the rooms, and the beds, window curtains, &c. were of silk damask. Any little girl would have imagined, Adelaide must, with all these, be the happiest creature alive. But, alas, it was far otherwise! Ade-



laide wanted, what can alone impart happiness, a contented and virtuous mind. She had so often seen her playthings that they gave her no pleasure; and half the day she used to be crying in a corner for want of amusement. Her Mama, quite weary of her ill-humour, took but little notice of her; so that she was equally ignorant and unhappy.

One day as she was strolling about the park with her maid, she perceived two little girls apparently about her own age, picking sticks and dry branches, which the wind had blown from the trees. These children, though very ragged, were singing with all the glee imaginable; and appeared much happier than Adelaide, notwithstanding her muslin frock, and silk coat. She regarded them attentively a few minutes, and then walking up to them, said, "Why are you so happy, little girls? you seem to be very poor."

*The girl.* "Oh, Miss, we have nothing to make us sad, when we can get victuals to eat; and my daddy is going to fell timber in the park, so I hope we shall do very well now."

*Adelaide.* "But have you nothing to amuse yourselves with?" The children stared at this question, which Adelaide repeating, added, "I mean, have you any playthings, or dolls, and sweetmeats?"

*The Girl.* "Why no, Miss, mammy al-



ways keeps us employed; sometimes we spin, or else gather sticks, and in the harvest time we glean. And then of a Sunday we are so happy? we go to church, and sometimes have a piece of pork for dinner; and in the evening we have nothing to do but to sit and enjoy ourselves."

*Adelaide.* "But should not you like much better to have such a frock as mine, than that ragged gown which you wear?"

*The Girl.* "To be sure this gown is old, but I am to have a new one when I can earn money enough to buy it. But as to having a frock like yours, Miss, it would be of no service to me. Every step I went I should be afraid of tearing it; and when I wanted to fill my lap with sticks it would not bear the weight of them, but would soon be torn to pieces: it may be very well for young ladies like you, but such poor children as we should not know what to do with such fine clothes."

Adelaide continued some time talking with them, but she could not discover that they were unhappy, though they appeared so poor. She walked home reflecting on what she had heard, and wondering what could possibly make these poor children so much happier than herself. They were poor, ragged, and obliged to work hard, yet they were cheerful, healthy, and contented; whilst she, possessed of every good



thing this world affords, had always some cause for sorrow. "It is very strange," said she; "I wish I was one of these poor children! then, perhaps, I should be happy."

So wholly was her mind engrossed by this idea, that as soon as she returned home, she communicated it to her Mama; adding, she was sure she should like to live as these children did, and then she should never cry.

"If you think you shall be more capable of enjoying life in the station of these little cottagers," said Mrs. Merwin, "you shall, Adelaide, make the trial. I wish, as much as you can do, that you should discover what is the cause of your constant discontent; why you are always fretful, and always unhappy. And should you be able to find, in the change you propose, what you so much want, I shall most sincerely rejoice that you have made the trial."

Adelaide, after some necessary preparations, went to the cottage; she changed her dress as well as her mode of life; she no longer inhabited spacious rooms, nor saw plenty and elegance cover the table. Brown bread, with a little milk, was all that was offered her; the rooms were small, and the beds without curtains: yet with these the little cottagers were happy. She went with them to gather sticks, and began to assist them, but she was soon tired, her back



ached with stooping, and the heat was intolerable. She sat down on the grass, and burst into tears. Her companions asked her what was the matter, and hoped they had done nothing to vex her; but Adelaide made no answer, and they continued their employment. When dinner time arrived, Adelaide, who had lost all appetite for eating, could not touch a morsel. The two little girls, however, ate their portion with eagerness, for exercise had made them hungry; they tried to persuade Adelaide to taste what they thought was so good; but they could not succeed. At night, when she retired to bed, she could not sleep; the bed was hard, and the sheets coarse and rough; yet the sweetest slumbers sealed the eyes of the peasants. "Ah," said Adelaide, "I am very much mistaken, I feel I shall never be happy here."

Next morning she returned to her Mama, her countenance still clouded by care. "Well," said Mrs. Merwin, "I hope you are returned to inform me you have at last succeeded in your wishes."

"No, I have not," replied Adelaide, "and though I have lived in the same manner as the little cottagers, I was still unhappy, whilst they were singing and laughing; and I was so tired and uncomfortable!"

Mrs. Merwin. "But what could occasion this?"



*Adelaide.* "I do not know, Mama."

*Mrs. Merwin.* "Then you certainly must have been wrong in supposing it was the employments of these children which imparted happiness, because you see they could not bestow it on you."

*Adelaide.* "No, Mama, they did not indeed, but yet it is very strange why children who are poor should be without any troubles, whilst I, who am rich, have so many."

*Mrs. Merwin.* "But what, Adelaide, can be the cause of it; do you think their tempers are different to your's?"

Here Adelaide was silent for some minutes; she hung down her head in confusion, but at last said, "yes."

*Mrs. Merwin.* "Right; that, Adelaide, is the only cause of all your tears. Those children are always contented with what they have, whilst you are pleased only with what you have not; and even that, when obtained, you throw by with disgust. Were it possible for you to place yourself in every different situation in the world, you would always be miserable, because you suffer a repining, discontented temper to take possession of your bosom. It is this which makes you miserable in the midst of the blessings which Providence has bestowed upon you. Whilst these children, doomed to poverty, and exposed to many hardships, are unacquainted with care,



you, possessed of all that riches can bestow, or the affection of your friends impart, are always gloomy and a stranger to peace. Believe me, Adelaide, unless you will resolve to correct your temper, you will be one of the most miserable beings on earth. You will pine in the midst of plenty, and sigh for pleasure though surrounded with the means of enjoyment. You must be convinced nothing but the sincerest wishes for your welfare can interest my heart. Take, therefore, my advice; and immediately begin the great work of reformation. Pray the Almighty to assist your endeavours. Good resolutions seldom fail, if persevered in, of obtaining their end; why then should you despair? Once resolve to grow good, and you will have already made some advance in virtue."

Adelaide, now open to conviction, was certain that what her Mama said was perfectly just; she threw her arms round her neck, and assured her she would endeavour to amend; which indeed she did. She had found by experience that a bad temper makes every state wretched; and though she suffered many severe struggles ere she could conquer habits so long indulged, she was at last victorious. She soon experienced the happy effects of a virtuous mind; the days were no longer passed in listless idleness, nor in tears and discontent. Study and amusement alternatively shared her time.



22 *Happiness attainable by Content.*

Having no hours unemployed, she had no leisure for folly, and no cause for repentance. Content and good nature, so long strangers to her bosom, now became its inmates; and she found that possessing these, none could ever be truly wretched; whilst, wanting them, the highest rank would at best be but splendid misery.



*Benevolence rewarded.*

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Oh ne'er with harden'd heart behold distress,  
But freely give, what richly you possess!  
Be kind, be lib'ral! fate awaits on all,  
Oft' those who soar to-day, to-morrow fall.  
Then ne'er refuse the boon to want or pain;  
So when you ask, you may not ask in vain.

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NEAR the sea coast, on the western side of Scotland, lived Mr. M'Intyre; he had a large family of children; and though decended from an ancient and honourable family, his income was so small as scarcely more than to supply the necessaries of life. Conscious that all he could give his children would be a liberal education, he spared no pains in the culture of their minds; in this he was likewise assisted by his wife, and they had the pleasure of seeing their care amply rewarded.

As Cæsar and Lucius, the two eldest boys, were one morning playing in the field near the house, they perceived a man lying under the hedge, covered with blood, and apparently dead. They immediately ran in the greatest consternation to inform their father, who, with one of his domestics, came to the spot; and found the person exactly where the children had described. Mr. M'Intyre and the servant en-



deavoured to lift him up, and with some difficulty conveyed him to the house; Cæsar was then sent to the neighbouring town for a surgeon. As soon as the gentleman came, he declared the stranger's wounds not mortal; he had been put to bed, and now began to discover signs of life. All that care and attention could effect, was imparted by Mr. and Mrs. M'Intyre; and when the necessary avocations of their family called them away, some of the elder children were left to watch by the bed of the stranger.

At the end of a fortnight he was sufficiently recovered to sit up; and then informed his benevolent friends, that he had been wounded and robbed by some villains, as he was pursuing his journey to Edinburgh, whither business had called him. He expressed his thanks in the most grateful manner for the kindness he had received, and said, though it was not then in his power to return it, he hoped it would at some future time. Mr. M'Intyre begged him not to mention the subject; "If," said he "I have been serviceable to you, I am amply rewarded in seeing you restored to health; I never sought, nor ever wished, any other recompense."

Mr. Bayley (for that was the stranger's name) as soon as he was sufficiently recovered to travel, took leave of his hospitable host, and his worthy family, whose conduct had made the deepest



impression on his heart. Their amiable manners had won his esteem, and made him utter a fervent wish that he had been able liberally to reward their goodness.

After taking an affectionate leave, he pursued his journey to Edinburgh, and Mr. M'Intyre, now again wholly engrossed by his family, renewed those pursuits which his visitor had somewhat interrupted. For two years after this event the family enjoyed tranquil prosperity, when alas! the clouds of adversity began to gather around them. The property Mr. M'Intyre possessed, he had, in the hope of increasing it for the benefit of a rising family, placed in the hands of a gentleman, with whom he had entered into business. This person basely deceived him, and after having been detected in several fraudulent practices, he secretly collected all that he possessed, and left the kingdom. Several people were sent in search of him, but without effect. It is impossible to describe the sensations of Mr. M'Intyre, and his afflicted wife, on the receipt of this intelligence. Their little all was gone. Ten children looked up to them for support and protection; but how were they now able to impart it? "Oh!" cried the almost distracted father, "why was I not contented with the little I possessed? yet it was not for myself I wished more, it was for my beloved wife, my amiable children!"



So much were the affairs of this unfortunate man deranged, that he was soon obliged to resign his house and furniture for the benefit of his creditors. A brother of his wife's, who lived near London, offered them a temporary asylum, till they could fix on some plan for their future support. Oh, how were the fair prospects of this once happy family destroyed in a few weeks! Poor, dependent on others for subsistence, they must now be content to solicit what they had formerly bestowed.

But, in the excess of his sorrow, there was a gracious Being on whom Mr. M'Intyre fixed his firm reliance; to whom he looked up for support, and to whose dispensations he endeavoured to submit with fortitude. As travelling by land with so large a family was very expensive, Mr. M'Intyre embarked with his wife and children on board a vessel which was bound to London. With feelings the most painful they bade adieu to the mansion where they had passed so many happy years, and where they hoped to have spent so many more.

A prosperous gale promised them a speedy voyage; they stood up on the deck to contemplate the scene they had left, till the receding shore faded away in distance. Poignant grief then took possession of their hearts, and tears of sad regret trickled down their cheeks. They had been at sea several days, sometimes with a



prosperous, at others with an adverse wind, when a terrible gale arose. The waves rolled like mountains, and broke over the deck of the vessel with inconceivable fury. The sea was covered with a white foam, constantly irritated by the angry blast. Death in its most dreadful form seemed to threaten this unhappy family; the children clung round their mother, and weeping with terror begged her to save them. "Let us implore," said the wretched father, "the mercy of Heaven!" They all knelt down, and the little innocent suppliants raised their clasped hands, whilst they repeated the words of their father. They continued some time thus piously employed, and then arose more resigned to the fate which seemed to await them. They sat down in awful silence; three of the children were clasped in the arms of Mrs. McIntyre, and two hung on her knee.

As soon as the morning began to dawn, the master of the vessel perceiving they were within sight of land, hoisted a flag, as a signal of distress; and about an hour after they had the happiness to see a boat coming towards them. The sea, however, was still very rough, and it seemed doubtful whether this charming hope would be realized, for the boat was every moment in danger of being upset—anxiously was it watched by every eye on board the vessel. Sometimes it was raised aloft by an immense



billow, at others precipitated in the opening gulph. Hope, dread, and despair, alternately seized those who watched its motions—but at length it reached the vessel, and Mr. and Mrs. M'Intyre, the children, and several of the ship's company got in. The first emotions of the parents at this prospect of deliverance were, fervent thanksgivings to that Omnipotent Being, to whom they owed their preservation. The wind was now considerably abated, and they reached the shore without any other inconvenience than that of being thoroughly wet by the waves, which successively broke over them. It is not to be described what feelings agitated the hearts of Mr. and Mrs. M'Intyre when they first landed. There are situations we must experience, before we can form an adequate idea of the feelings they awaken—such was this. Transported beyond every recollection but that of their deliverance from an untimely death, they sunk on their knees on the shore, and with their eyes lifted to Heaven, uttered the most impassioned thanks. They were conducted to a small house at a little distance from the shore, and their half-famished children were supplied with food. They continued here till the next morning. The ship, which had been driven on shore, was too much damaged to proceed on her voyage, till she had received considerable repairs. Mr. M'Intyre proposed finish-



ing their journey by land : and he thought they might by short stages reach the place of their destination on foot. This indeed their slender finances made absolutely necessary, as the expenses their late disaster had incurred left them barely sufficient to support them on the road. The morning was delightful ; the wind sunk to a perfect calm, and the surface of the water hardly moved. To every heart but the distressed parents, it seemed to impart pleasure ; but they, engrossed by their heavy and accumulated misfortunes, which now returned to their minds with all their force, were totally insensible to circumstances, which, in happier days, they would have contemplated with delight. They had not proceeded more than a mile, when a very handsome house, which stood near the road, attracted their notice. The children were tired, and observing a foot-stile which led to a road that crossed the park, they sat down upon it to rest themselves.

“ I wish that house was ours, Mama,” said Maria, one of the little girls ; “ then we might stop and dine, and live always without going to sea, and travelling till we are so tired.” Mrs. M‘Intyre looked at the child with tenderness, but made her no answer. Her husband observing a tear steal down her cheek, said to his daughter, “ Perhaps, Maria, the owner of that stately mansion is not happier than we are ; his



being rich will not exempt him from sorrow, nor bestow on him peace, except he is good."

*Maria.* "But he cannot be obliged to travel as we are; and his little girls will never see their Mama cry because she is poor."

*Mr. M'Intyre.* "Perhaps not: he may not have exactly our troubles, and yet he may be oppressed with others as heavy. But supposing him exempt from all sufferings, will our wishes for his lot, and murmurings against our own, make us happier? Will the fatigue of travelling be lessened by complaints; or shall we be richer from repining at our poverty? The trials which we experience, I own, are severe; but we may still mitigate their poignancy by submission and fortitude. Let us, instead of regretting what we have lost, reflect on what we possess, and we shall find more cause to be thankful than you are aware of. Is it not a great blessing that you have parents, who, however limited their power, will make your happiness the study of their life; and willingly withhold from themselves the little they possess, to bestow it on you? Are you not also blessed with health? which is a treasure so inestimable, that thousands, rolling in that wealth you envy, would gladly relinquish their splendid magnificence, their fine houses, their spacious gardens, to be possessed of it. Without it they can enjoy nothing; but with that, and content, no one can be miserable."



Just as he finished speaking, a gentleman, who from his appearance seemed the possessor of the mansion, crossed the park; seeing such a party he turned from the road he was pursuing, and came towards them. When he approached nearer he suddenly stopped, and then springing forward, exclaimed, "'Tis he, 'tis my generous benefactor!" The children in an instant scrambled over the stile, and catching hold of his hand, cried, "Mr. Bayley! Mr. Bayley! our dear Mr. Bayley!" For some minutes mutual congratulations alone passed, and then Mr. Bayley anxiously inquired why he saw his friends in such a situation? Mr. McIntyre informed him in a few words of the misfortunes which had befallen him. Mr. Bayley expressed his concern in the most animated terms, and then conducted the whole party to his house; which was indeed the one whose magnificent appearance had attracted their notice. When he had welcomed Mr. and Mrs. McIntyre to his mansion, and regaled his little friends, he thus addressed the former: "You must, I am sure, long ere this, have accused me of the basest ingratitude, in never taking an opportunity of acknowledging your uncommon kindness. Let me, however, inform you what was the reason, which, I trust, will be some excuse for my silence. I was, at the time you received me into your house, engaged in a lawsuit, the event of which was either to reduce me



to beggary, or put me in possession of four thousand pounds a year. I was the rightful heir to this fortune, which was bequeathed me by an uncle ; but an unfortunate clause in the will made a distant relation, who was the next heir, eager to try, if, by the chicanery of the law, he could not obtain immediate possession. The cause was strongly contested on both sides, and but little more than a week is elapsed, since it was determined in my favour. I am now, therefore, in possession of my patrimonial estate. Though I arrived here but yesterday, I immediately, on being secure of my inheritance, wrote to you, and was even now anxiously waiting an answer to my letter. During the process in which I was engaged, beside having scarcely an hour I could call my own, I was unwilling to make you any promises, I was so uncertain whether I should be able to perform. Yet, believe me, when I assure you, I have never forgotten your kindness, it will live in my remembrance to the latest moment of my existence : and I hope and trust you will not now, by unnecessary scruples, prevent the first pleasure I can receive from my splendid fortune, that of establishing you in peace and independence." Seeing in the countenances of Mr. and Mrs. McIntyre the painful emotions, which, in spite of their poverty, made them unwilling to incur such a debt of gratitude, he cried, " Whence this ill-boding



silence, which thus urges you to grieve me? did not I receive from your hands favours, I can never entirely repay, and had then but little prospect of being able even to acknowledge? yet I suffered myself to accept them, convinced that a generous mind is more gratified by conferring a favour, than even those who receive it."

Mr. M'Intyre thus called upon could no longer be silent. "Impute not," said he, "to pride, the feelings which you have awakened, for I know no man to whom I would so willingly be obliged as yourself. But indeed we have no claim to such munificence, let us not then rob those who have. I cannot accept all your offer, though I will not wholly refuse it. If you will enable us to continue the rest of our journey in carriages, we shall be greatly obliged to you; any thing more I positively decline. We are reduced to poverty, but the avenues of industry are still open to us. What formerly we possessed in ease, we must now endeavour to acquire as the recompence of labour; the task is not so difficult as many suppose it; with health and strength we may do much; and I have ever condemned those principles of pride, which induce their possessors to sink into idleness and the most disgraceful poverty, because they have once had fairer prospects. That we are all born to calamity no one dis-



putes, we ought therefore to be prepared for the blow, and as the storm increases, increase also our fortitude. Leave us then, my generous friend, to virtuous industry. My boys are active, my girls will soon become useful; and we shall all, I trust, show we have not been undeserving prosperity, by convincing the world that we know how to support adversity."

Just and praise-worthy as these sentiments were, they were insufficient to convince Mr. Bayley. His heart was wounded, he was hurt that his friend would not except his offers, and so ardently and repeatedly did he enforce the acceptance of them, that at last Mr. M'Intyre yielded.

The whole family continued some weeks at this hospitable mansion, and then, accompanied by Mr. Bayley, went to re-purchase the house in Scotland. That gentleman's munificence stopped not here; he established his friends in easy independence. More than ever attached to their amiable society, he spent the greatest part of his time with them, either at their house, or his own. Each looked upon much of his happiness as derived from the other's goodness, which had preserved the one from death, and the other from poverty; and in their daily orisons to Heaven, they supplicated the Almighty to strengthen in their hearts those social affections which make the chief bliss of life: without



which, wealth is but an empty name, and man a forlorn and solitary being; who in the midst of crowded cities would be without a friend, and in the midst of pleasure, ignorant of enjoyment.



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Trust not to fortune, nor a titled name,  
To lead thee to the avenues of fame!  
But let some nobler aim thy mind engage,  
And sow in youth, what thou may'st reap in age.  
Let virtue guide thee to her blissful seat,  
Which firm remains, and braves each shock of fate;  
When fairest laurels grace the victor's brow,  
Who sits secure, and sees the storm below.

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MR. Jeffries was a rich merchant who lived in the greatest splendour: he kept a vast many servants, and had several carriages. His house in London was spacious, and fitted up in the most costly manner; nor was his country seat less magnificent. This gentleman had two sons: Lewis and Archibald. As soon as they were of a proper age, they were put under the tuition of a worthy clergyman, who lived at some distance from the metropolis. As these children had been accustomed to a life of indolent indulgence, to do nothing for themselves, and to have servants constantly attending them, they were weak in body, and debilitated in mind. Their wishes, however absurd, had always been gratified, and hence, though of much possessed, they were with nothing pleased. Their desires increased from the facility with which they were complied with, and only serv-



ed to render them fretful and dissatisfied. What they had did not gratify them, and what they wished for, when obtained, pleased them no longer.

Such were the pupils Mr. Briant received; their pride was equal to their indolence, they constantly rang the bell for every trifle they wanted, and gave their orders in the most imperious manner. They complained of the fatigue they endured, because they were obliged to walk, instead of having a carriage always at their command.

Mr. Briant, who was a man of sense and learning, and who knew much of life, was certain that with such dispositions his pupils could never be happy, notwithstanding the bounty which distinguished their lot.

To possess the means of happiness is not sufficient, unless we know how to apply them; and of this knowledge how many are ignorant! how rarely is plenty enjoyed by those who riot in profusion! how seldom are the sweets of rest tasted by such as have no employment! To subdue superfluous wishes, to learn to prefer what is really good, to what only appears so, is the way to be truly happy. We ought never to shrink even from labour and toil, if by it our virtue is strengthened, or the good of our fellow-creatures is promoted. To subdue every sordid and selfish inclination, and to oppose to



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them the pure precepts of benevolence and philanthropy, can alone raise any one above that equality, which is the natural inheritance of all.

It was the active, and arduous endeavour of Mr. Briant, to erase from the minds of his pupils those pernicious maxims they had long been suffered to indulge; to lead them to nobler aims, than merely living at the expense of others, and passing their time in listless idleness. By degrees he inured them to exercise, and they often assisted him in cultivating a garden which belonged to his house. Eager to imitate what they saw, they were insensibly led to better habits; and their minds as well as their bodies were strengthened by them. They arose early in the morning, which, though at first they found difficult, use soon made agreeable. A delightful walk, or a story from Mr. Briant, more than repaid them for every exertion. Their breakfast was rendered entertaining by a recapitulation of the events of the preceding day, and whenever they had performed any praise-worthy action, the warmest commendations recompensed their virtue. Their tempers also, which before were sour and morose, were now become pliant and obliging. When they returned in the holidays to their father's house, so great was the alteration a twelvemonth had made, that he could scarcely recognize them as his sons. They were healthy, active, good-tempered, and condescending.



Fretfulness no longer made them disgusting, nor did they weary every one with the constant attendance they required. It is impossible to speak the delight of Mr. Jeffries upon this occasion, and he gave the most liberal proofs of his gratitude to Mr. Briant. At the expiration of their holidays, they returned to their improvements, and their useful avocations. Besides the studies and accomplishments deemed necessary for their rank, they were instructed by Mr. Briant in the knowledge of agriculture, in all its various and useful branches. They were astonished to see by what numerous and extensive labours man is supplied with food; and in proportion as they saw how much they depended upon others, they became more affable and obliging. They would frequently go into the fields to see the plough open the bosom of the earth, the sower scatter the seeds, and the harrow finish the toil; they would watch the seed as it broke through the ground, and the green blade as it began to sprout. In the joyous time of harvest, they would assist the poor gleaners, and intreat Mr. Briant to throw them a few handfuls from the rich sheaves. By this conduct they endeared themselves to every one, and there was scarcely a cottager in the village who had not cause to revere the names of Lewis and Archibald. Far from despising the menial, but useful offices of life, they felt the greatest



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pleasure in rendering themselves useful. They no longer sighed for a gilded coach, nor a numerous train of useless dependants.

Their progress in learning was equal to the improvements of their minds, and whatever advantages they might derive from their rank, were far inferior to those their intrinsic merit bestowed.

At length, after finishing their studies at Oxford, they returned to their father, such sons as any father might delight to own. The splendour, the opulence which surrounded them, gave them frequent opportunities of being serviceable to their fellow-creatures; nor did they ever let such opportunities pass unheeded.

But, alas! how uncertain is every thing mortal! Mr. Jeffries, whose success in life had hitherto been invariable, now experienced a cruel reverse. The sudden breaking out of war first involved him in difficulties, and a house, with whom he had very large connections, stopping payment, plunged him still deeper in ruin. The information of several ships which were freighted for him being captured, compleated the fatal blow; after all his debts were paid he found himself master of little more than 4000*l*. This, to a man who had been accustomed to spend such a sum as the yearly expenses of his household, was but a degree removed from poverty. In the first agony of grief and disappointment,



he abandoned himself to despair, till the affectionate and dutiful attention of his sons recalled him to reason and reflection. They made use of every solacing argument they thought likely to comfort him, and added, as neither guilt nor imprudence had been the cause of his misfortunes, he could in no respect upbraid himself; but must endeavour more calmly to submit to the dispensations of Heaven. "We are young," said they, "healthy, and strong, and by our labour we will still support you in ease and plenty; long enough have you thus supported us. We have now an opportunity of shewing our gratitude; so sweet will be the offices, that the melancholy occasion which called it forth shall be wholly forgotten." The afflicted father made no answer, but folded them tenderly to his bosom. By the advice of his friends, and the concurring wishes of his own breast, he determined to leave England, as he could not bear that the place, which had witnessed his former grandeur, should behold his present absement. He had unfortunately been accustomed to look on wealth as the only means of happiness; the luxuries it afforded, the respect it commanded, were dearer than ever to his bosom; and though whilst he possessed riches, he was still anxious for more, and still found that accumulation satisfied not his wishes, nor at all added to his real enjoyments, he could now neither resign



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his wealth with fortitude, nor bear its loss with submission. He had a lesson to learn which to him was very difficult, that industry and content are better securities of happiness, than wealth and parade. The small sum which was left of his immense riches, he proposed laying out in the purchase of some land in Jamaica; whither with his two sons he immediately repaired.

Lewis and Archibald, whose education had furnished them with resources of which no chance could deprive them, and which enabled them to live contentedly in any sphere, sympathized most sincerely in the afflictions of their father, and by their dutiful and unremitted attention endeavoured to lighten them; but poverty presented not itself to them in a form so dreadful; they were willing and able to support themselves by active industry, and they possessed sufficient resolution to make their wishes subservient to their power of gratifying them.

On their arrival in the West Indies, they remained, for a few days, at a friend of Mr. Jeffries, and then repaired to their own dwelling. This was small, and had been built not for purposes of luxury, but from motives of convenience; it was sweetly situated, and presented to the eye the most beautiful and romantic scenery that can be imagined.

It is impossible to describe the sensations which the beautifully picturesque views of Ja-



maica occasioned in Lewis and Archibald, for their father was too much absorbed in sorrow to be sensible of such pleasures. They ascended a neighbouring hill to contemplate at leisure the lovely scene. From this eminence they beheld rivers winding in a majestic course along the rich plain, and in some places skirted by woods decked with perpetual verdure. There rich savannahs opened to distant scenes, where the foot of European had seldom trod. Every thing which could please the eye, all that could satiate avarice, and gratify luxury, were here combined! But ah! dreadful were the means by which the latter were accomplished. Here poor, toiling wretches dragged on a miserable existence, to contribute to the artificial wants of others; and whilst plenty smiled around them, they were obliged to satisfy the cravings of hunger with a piece of dried fish, their common and scanty fare!

In the generous, the humane, the well-formed minds of Lewis and Archibald, such an abuse of power could create no other sensations than detestation of the oppressor, and pity for the oppressed; and they resolved, if Providence should so far prosper their industry, as to place them in a higher station, their dependents should sweeten the bread of labour with the smiles of freedom.

They were soon employed in cultivating the



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little ground their father possessed, and this, so far from considering as a degradation, was the source of their highest pleasures: they were giving the strongest proofs of filial affection, they were returning some part of the debt they had contracted with their late munificent father.

In a country so bountiful as Jamaica, the necessities of life were easily procured; but Lewis and his brother sought for their father those luxuries to which he was still but too much attached.

Their little plantation flourished beyond their most sanguine expectations, and bestowed an ample reward on their pious industry. The next year they increased their quantity of land, and had again the most abundant crops. They now found it necessary to employ more servants, but slavery contaminated not their labours. The generous youths gave them emancipation, and then hired them, leaving them so far masters of themselves, as to be able to leave their situation whenever it became unpleasant.

Increasing wealth did not, in Lewis and Archibald, create avarice, or nurture pride; on the contrary, they were equally moderate in their desires, and affable and courteous in their manners. Their servants, unaccustomed to such kind treatment as they now experienced,



were as much attached to them from affection, as from duty.

In the course of twenty years, by their industry, upright integrity, and the blessings of Heaven, they acquired a very large fortune, and now, with their father, returned to England. There they lived, not to squander, but to enjoy their wealth; to taste the only real delight wealth can impart, that of assisting the needy, and comforting the afflicted.

Mr. Jeffries lived not long after his return to England, and on his death-bed, calling his sons and friends around him, he spoke to them thus: "Twenty years have I been supported by the industry of my sons; who have much more than repaid, whatever they may have received from me. They have been resigned in adversity, cheerful in the midst of affliction, have patiently borne with all my infirmities, and have been the unshaken props of my old age. Heaven has looked upon them with its most favouring eye, and has amply rewarded their exemplary virtue. May their sons deserve, and receive from them such praises as, even now, it is my delight to bestow! In the midst of plenty, even when fortune smiled upon me, I never experienced half the real pleasure the worth of my children has imparted to my heart. Oh, deserving objects of my fondest affection, receive my blessing; accept all the gratitude a parent



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can bestow!" Here he ceased, the shades of death closed his eyes, and he sunk to eternal repose.

As soon as Lewis and Archibald had paid the last duties to their father, they hastened to Mr. Briant, whom they considered as a second parent, to testify to him that gratitude which warmed their bosoms. It was to him they owed the early culture of their hearts; it was he who had first led them to the paths of virtue, and taught them those useful exercises, which, as they are conducive to the support of man, no one ought to be ashamed to perform. The mutability of human affairs may convince us, that he who is born to riches is not always secure of their possession. Some unlooked-for storm may blast his fairest prospects; some unexpected misfortune destroy his dearest hopes. How helpless, how contemptible is the state of that man, who is bereaved of pleasures whose loss he has not fortitude to support, nor knowledge sufficient to regain! Ignorant of every thing useful, of every thing which makes the real boast of man, he sinks to the grave unpitied and unlamented. But, on the contrary, what can misfortune take from those, who, like Lewis and Archibald, are capable of supporting themselves under every adversity; who are not influenced by that false shame which disdains what is useful, because it is menial.



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Poverty can take but little from those who are temperate and industrious. Heaven seldom fails to reward the labours of virtue, and its blessing is more peculiarly promised to those, who, in all trials, pursue the road of integrity and honour.



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Virtue shall live when riches fade away,  
When splendour sinks ;—the bauble of a day!

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**JENNY** was one day sitting at the door of her father's cottage, when a gentleman's carriage passed. As there was a gate at a little distance, she ran to open it, and a young lady in the coach threw her a shilling. She hastily picked it up, her eyes sparkling with joy ; she had never before possessed such a sum, and now imagined she should be able to gratify all her wishes. She stood for some minutes gazing upon her treasure : her first idea was in what manner it would be best to dispose of it ; and thus she argued the matter with herself. " Suppose I should lay this money up ; I can look at it as often as I like, and it will always be mine. Yet, what should I be the better for that ? I should only be like the great Squire, who, they say, locks up his money and would never spend a farthing of it if he could help it, though he is so rich. No, no. I will be wiser than he is. The fair is coming, so I will buy a new green gown, and a blue riband for my head. Blue, do I say ? I think pink will be best with green. Well, that I must consider more about.—To be sure pink is apt to fade.



If I could also have a new pair of shoes I should be more complete. I must, however, save something to buy gingerbread. Ah! ah! I shall make the most of my money. Dolly Perkins won't know me when I get my new things on; and one will say, Why, sure this is not Jenny Maple! Look at her new gown! says another. And then Peggy Sawyer will observe my riband, for she loves a smart riband, I have heard her say, more than any thing. Well, never was any thing so lucky as my going to that gate; my fortune to be sure is made." Just had she finished this eloquent harangue as she reached home; her mother desired her to mind her work, and not lose her time in running about; but instead of answering, Jenny only showed her money. She could think of nothing but her shilling during the day, and was so fearful of any accident by which she should lose it, that she awoke two or three times in the night to satisfy herself it was safe; for she had put it in a piece of paper under her pillow. The next morning, instead of attending, as usual, to her business, her head was full of the finery her riches would procure her. Every thing went wrong, Jenny was idle, and her mother was angry. She took her work, and sat down to spin; but she left off so often to contemplate her treasure, that when evening came she had not finished her task. This oc-



casioned her another severe reprimand, and being sent supperless to bed.

The next morning she had some eggs to carry to a shop at a small town about two miles distant. As she was walking along, determining whether her riband should be blue, or pink, and not regarding where she walked, she stumbled over a stone, and fell. What a terrible disaster! every egg was broken! She dared not to return to her mother, yet she had now no occasion to continue her walk. She took her empty basket, and sitting down under a hedge wept bitterly. "Ah," said she, "I used to think if people were rich they must be happy! but I now find I was very much mistaken: for ever since I have had this money, nothing but disasters have happened to me. If I had not been thinking so much about it, I should not have tumbled, and might now have been happy: I should not have gone without my supper last night, and my mother would not have scolded me. What does it signify whether I have this gown or a new one, when I am crying, and afraid to go home?"

She had not been sitting long, when a poor lame beggar passed by. What few cloaths he had were hanging in tatters, and he told her he had not tasted a morsel of victuals since the preceding day. Jenny was good tempered, and had always pitied those poor creatures, she



could not relieve: but now she had it in her power to do more than pity them. "If," said she to herself, "I was to give this poor man my shilling, he wants it more than I do, because I have had a good breakfast—but then, I can buy no new things." Here she paused for some minutes, undetermined what to do. At length, she nobly resolved to part with her money. "I have heard my father read in the bible," said she, "of good people who did not care what they wore, or what they suffered, if they could make others happy; and even very often would go without victuals themselves, that they might feed the hungry." She took the shilling in her hand, and holding it out, said, "Here friend, take this, and I wish you good luck with it." The beggar returned her a thousand thanks, and loading her with blessings, crawled on. "Perhaps now," said she, "this man will have a very comfortable dinner. How glad I am I gave him my money!"

The recollection of the benevolent action she had performed, for some minutes banished from her thoughts every idea of her recent misfortune; till, observing her basket, the dread of her mother's displeasure again filled her eyes with tears. At length she arose to go, determined, if she could obtain forgiveness this time, she would in future be more careful. She proceeded with slow and sorrowful steps, but was



presently overtaken by Mr. Seamore, the curate of the village. As soon as he saw her in tears, he inquired the reason: this inquiry renewed all her grief, and it was some minutes before her sobs would suffer her to explain their cause. This, however, at length, she did, without concealing any thing, except the manner in which she had disposed of her shilling. When she had ended, "such," said he, "is in general the consequence of vanity; and I hope, Jenny, you have now been taught a lesson you will not easily forget. Be assured whenever you suffer a motive of pride to influence your bosom, you will neglect the duties of your station, and therefore must be wretched. Poverty, to the industrious and contented, is not a state of misery; it is only idleness and folly which make it so. You learn from the scriptures, which you read to me every Sunday, that the great Saviour of mankind, the Son of God, was clad in the plainest manner. He travelled to preach his doctrine, not in sumptuous carriages, but in the barks of poor fishermen, or else on foot. His diet was simple, his manners affable and meek; and very often this pattern of every virtue had not a place to rest his head. His disciples also were poor, though virtuous; and instead of being ashamed of their poverty, many of them refused every means of coming rich. They knew that God would



regard their actions, and their hearts, and not whether they were clad in costly, or mean apparel. You see, therefore, that poverty has in itself no cause for shame. If you perform your duty, you may be equally happy, and I am inclined to think much happier, than many of the rich. But how do you at last intend to dispose of your money?"

"I gave it, Sir," answered Jenny, to a poor beggar, who seemed in very great distress."—Just at that moment they overtook the man who had been the object of her bounty. He was sitting by the side of the road, eating a piece of bread and cheese. He arose at sight of Mr. Seamore, and bowing, said, "O, Sir, to that little angel I am indebted for this refreshment. I have not tasted a morsel till now, since yesterday, and I was almost dying with hunger when she bestowed a shilling upon me." Mr. Seamore gave the man something more, and then with his little companion walked on. He looked earnestly at her for some minutes, and then said, "No, Jenny, your noble conduct shall not go unrewarded; I had determined not to avert your mother's anger, by repairing the loss of your eggs, because I thought your pride and vanity deserved punishment. I now, however, retract my resolution. Your conduct to this man shows you have a heart which would do credit to any situation ;



a heart, which, I trust, is sensible of its errors. Think no more of your eggs, I will take care your mother shall not feel their loss." So saying, he walked home with her, and after relating every circumstance of her conduct, and bestowing the highest commendations on her benevolence, he paid Mrs Maple what she had expected to receive for her eggs. Nor was this all—he took Jenny home with him, and put her under the care of his housekeeper, a worthy woman, who taught her reading, writing, and plain work; and also instructed her in domestic affairs. Jenny was as happy as virtue could make her; she grew up dutiful to her parents, and thankful to her Creator for the blessings bestowed upon her. Her gratitude to Mr. Seamore increased with her increasing years. Through his interest she acquired a comfortable situation as waiting maid to a lady in the neighbourhood. Here her good conduct gained her universal esteem; and she found by experience, that to be truly respectable depends not on the appearance but the heart.



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O let not pleasure tempt thee with her smile!  
The treach'rous goddess woos but to beguile:  
Her silken snares o'er pois'nous weeds are spread,  
And sad repentance follows in her tread.  
Ah then, let prudence whisper in thine ear,  
And bid thy yielding heart, in time, beware.

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**P**ARTICULAR business obliged the tutor of Edgar and Florentine to leave them for a few days: but as he wished them to be profitably employed during his absence, he left each a portion of Ovid's *Metamorphoses* to learn, and told them he hoped at his return he should find they had not spent their time in idleness. The two boys made the fairest promises, and assured Mr. Frasier he should have no cause to be dissatisfied with them.

As soon as they were left to themselves, Edgar proposed a walk; to which Florentine consented, saying, "It is impossible to study to-day: let us enjoy our liberty, and to-morrow we will rise early, and make amends for lost time." They accordingly set out, and sauntered till dinner time; the rest of the day they were rowing about their father's pond; too much occupied to think of study. They went



to bed, however, with the resolution of rising early; and accordingly desired George, their father's man, to call them. But when he came the next morning they were both so sleepy, that they forgot their tasks, and the clock struck nine whilst they were dressing. During their breakfast a poor blind fiddler came to the window, and begged charity. "Dear!" said Edgar, "how I should admire a dance! Juliana, would you like it?" Juliana said, "yes," and accordingly they made a party, and began dancing. After this exercise, which they continued some time, they went into the summer house to rest themselves, and their attention was wholly occupied by some young birds, which Edgar had taken from the nest, and was endeavouring to rear. In the afternoon they attended their sisters on a visit to one of their little neighbours, and thus was the second day passed. "Well," said Edgar, when he went to bed, "I am determined to study to-morrow, so I will put my book under my pillow." Florentine agreed to do the same, "for," said he, "Mr. Frasier will certainly be very angry if he finds we have not obeyed him. 'Tis very unlucky that just at this time we should have so much business. To-morrow I must mend my kite, or I shall have it quite spoiled." "And I," cried Edgar, "must go to the shop to buy some marbles. Well! if we cannot



study to-morrow, we must the next day, that is all. When once we set about it, we shall soon accomplish it."

The next day, however, and the next they found sufficient to divert them from study: for the idle will always have some pretext for their folly, and go on deferring what they ought to do, till the time is past which they can call their own. A week had their tutor been absent, when, one evening as they were playing before the house, they saw him coming at a little distance; this reminded them of their tasks, and instead of stopping to welcome him home, they ran to seek their books; but they were mislaid, and after running into several rooms, and enquiring of every servant, they could no where find them. They then searched the summer house—but all in vain. They hurried back again to the house, and lest Mr. Frasier should see them, they went through the kitchen. Upstairs they crept to their father's study; tossed the things about, and threw the books some this way and others that—but to little purpose. They were then proceeding to look elsewhere, when Edgar cried, "Brother, a thought has this moment entered my head. Let us get our hats, and creep out softly; we will walk till supper, our tutor will not know but we were out when he returned. It will then be so late



he will not ask about our tasks to-night, and to-morrow we can get them before he rises."

"What, without the books?" cried Florentine.

"Oh! we shall find them; never fear;" said his brother.

They then immediately hastened through the garden, creeping close to the trees and bushes, lest any one should see them; and then went into those paths they thought least frequented. As their only wish was to escape observation, they hastened along, regardless whither, till the dusky tints of evening began to appear. These warned them to return, but still fearful they should be home too soon, they loitered along, and having without knowing it taken a wrong turn, every step was carrying them farther from their house. It was now nearly dark, when, very much terrified, they perceived their mistake. "Oh! what shall we do?" said Florentine. "What will become of us!"

"I am sure I know not," replied Edgar. "But let us return this way." They then took hold of each other's hand, and went a little farther, but presently both tumbled over some brambles. They got up, though very much scratched and hurt, and began to cry and lament the folly which had caused their troubles.

"Oh," said Edgar, "that we had but learned our tasks! then we should have been



happy at home with Papa and Mama." The cold evening air pinched them very much, and they were exceedingly hungry. Presently they saw, at a little distance, a light; this revived their hopes, and they endeavoured to go towards it, as they supposed it proceeded from some cottage. They were, however, mistaken, and after getting several falls over the bushes, were obliged to relinquish their attempt, for it was only a vapour which arose from the neighbouring fens. Tired, half famished with hunger, and shaking with cold, they were at length obliged to sit down under some bushes. They wept some time, but growing sleepy, they clasped their arms round each other's neck, and cried themselves to repose.

In the mean time, their parents, astonished at their not returning, sent servants every way in search of them. Mr. Frasier, too, walked out, in the hope of finding them, but was obliged to return unsuccessful to Mr. and Mrs. Wyatt, whose feelings upon the occasion were agonizing beyond description. All night they sat up, listening to every sound they heard, in hopes it might be their returning children. At length Mr. Wyatt, unable to bear the torture of suspence, joined the search, but with as little success as those he had before sent.

With the first dawn of morning Edgar and Florentine awoke, and getting up looked



around them. But what was their astonishment, when they found themselves in the middle of a large common, which they knew was nearly three miles from their father's house. Instantly recollecting the occurrences of the preceding evening, they determined to hasten home, where they arrived about seven o'clock. The moment they entered the hall, their parents flew to meet them, and for some minutes gave way to the joy they felt, at again clasping their children in their arms. They then entered the parlour, and Mr. Wyatt asked the cause of their staying out all night! The crimson glow of shame suffused their countenances, and after a few moments pause, they threw themselves at their father's feet, and confessed the whole affair. Mr. Wyatt bid them rise, but said nothing more till after breakfast, when taking them into his study, he addressed them in the following manner: "Though I highly condemn your idleness, which has brought upon you so much uneasiness, I decline all farther punishment, because I think you have already suffered very severely. Yet I cannot omit the opportunity of giving you some advice, which may deter you from similar faults in future. You say you did not intend wholly to neglect your tasks, you only deferred studying them till another day; which is merely saying you had not resolution to do what you knew was your duty.



You were unwilling to bestow the necessary attention which was required, though you felt yourselves culpable in not obeying your tutor's commands; you therefore tried to rest satisfied with the poor evasion of deferring till to-morrow what ought to have been accomplished to-day. But the morrow came, and your intention was again deferred, till you found that every day as it increased your difficulties, increased also your idleness and irresolution. Thus what might at first have been performed with ease, you suffered, by neglect, to become the greatest difficulty. To avoid detection, you had then recourse to the meanness of deceit; the inconveniencies that deceit have brought upon you, are too recent to need particularizing. Let me, however, notice some consequences of your fault, which seemed to have escaped your observation: namely, the displeasure of that Being whom by your misconduct you have offended, and the agonizing sensations you last night occasioned your mother and myself. Ignorant of what might have befallen you, we have passed the tedious hours in all the horrors of dread and suspense. How you intend to expiate your fault I know not; but the only atonement which can be acceptable to Heaven, and pleasing to us, is, to avoid a similar conduct in future. And be assured that unless you resolve, and keep firm to your resolution, to overcome the habitual in-



dolence you have some time indulged, there is no saying to what evils you may not be precipitated ; for indolence, and want of resolution, are the sources of half the miseries of life. The former will expose its votaries to all the distresses of poverty ; the latter plunge them in every species of vice.



Oh let not selfish views thy mind employ,  
Which rob the soul of ev'ry purer joy !  
Riches are lent—and well employ'd, impart  
The first of pleasures to a gen'rous heart.  
These joys be thine—nor think of self alone  
But learn in other's bliss, to find thy own.

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**L**ORD and Lady Egerton were accustomed to spend their summer months at some bathing-place. It so happened this year that they went to Yarmouth, a pleasant sea-port on the coast of Norfolk. Clement and Celestina, their two eldest children, accompanied them; and were highly delighted with the beautiful scenes the sea afforded. It was about the beginning of June; and the children used to ramble whole hours on the shore, picking up shells, seaweeds, and other marine productions. One fine morning they sallied out as usual, and as they passed a pastry-cook's shop, they were tempted by the appearance of the dainties with which the windows were adorned to enter, and taste them. In short, they so far indulged their greedy appetites, that they left not the shop till their money was all expended; they then proceeded to the shore, and sat down on a bank of sand which the receding tide had left. Whilst they were sitting, they observed two boats com-



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ing towards them; one was nearer than the other, but they both looked so beautiful as they glided through the water, that the children expressed an ardent wish to be in one of them. That which was nearest soon came on shore, some of the men jumped out, fearless of the waves, and dragged the boat on the sand. Clement and his sister walked up to it, and saw it contained a vast quantity of mackarel, whose beautifully variegated colours appeared more resplendent than any thing they had ever seen. They gazed with equal admiration and astonishment till the other boat was landed. Several people had been waiting its arrival, among the rest, a poor woman, whose loud lamentations seemed to testify some terrible misfortune; four children stood by her, weeping also, and as the boat drew nearer, their sorrows increased. Clement and Celestina involuntarily left the objects of their recent attention, and proceeded towards the party. As they possessed both good-nature and humanity, they sincerely commiserated the poor woman's grief, though ignorant of its cause. But of this they were soon informed, for two men took out of the boat the corpse of a person who had been accidentally killed. This person was the husband of the wretched woman, who, on seeing the mangled form of one so justly dear to her, gave way to all the paroxysms of the most violent grief, whilst her weeping children



clung round her sobbing aloud. She was poor, and now friendless, for she had in her husband lost her only earthly support. As Celestina and her brother contemplated the mournful spectacle, tears started into their eyes: they felt for their purses, but, alas! they were empty. What were their feelings at that moment, my little readers, who have experienced the wish of mitigating distress, without having the power, will easily conceive. The feelings, however, of Clement and Celestina were much more acute, since their own folly alone had deprived them of the means. They would gladly have made the greatest sacrifice, to have again in their possession the money they had this morning so lavishly squandered. That, however, was not in their power, and they had the mortification of seeing the poor sufferers walk away, without having any comfort to offer them. Their feelings kept them silent as they returned home, whilst tears of repentant sorrow trickled down their cheeks. They were met, as they passed to their room, by their Mama, who, with words of the sweetest tenderness, inquired the cause of their distress. They made no answer, but their tears flowed still faster. She bade them accompany her to the dressing-room, where she repeated her question, and they informed her of all that had passed. "You know, my dear children," said she, "how unwillingly I ever



punish you, and even when obliged to do so, punishment has always ceased when conviction began. In the present instance, therefore, your own feelings sufficiently point out your fault, and sufficiently convince you of how much pleasure you deprive yourselves, when you forget to reserve some of your wealth for the poor and unfortunate. The claims of benevolence can never be neglected by a good and tender heart, without incurring the severest remorse: the truly virtuous will always consider they are not born for themselves alone, but that the indigent have the strongest claims upon them. To some, Heaven has given abundance of wealth, whilst others suffer every extreme of poverty. The former is your lot; and, oh, abuse not the gift. Suffer not selfishness and meanness to shut your hearts to the duties of your station! Your present feelings will, I hope, guard you from future errors; for I think to see you deaf to the calls of benevolence, would break my heart." Here she ceased, and Clement and Celestina throwing their arms round her neck, promised to be all her affection could wish them.

Nor were the intentions of amendment momentary; they had felt the pain of self-reproach and the uneasy sensations of conscious guilt. But they soon obliterated the stain their characters had received; for no sooner did their Mama give them their pocket-money for the



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ensuing week, than they hastened with it to the poor woman; and felt from this action more real delight than the greatest profusion of tarts and cheesecakes could ever bestow. They likewise, in future, reserved some of their money for charitable purposes, and many of the pleasantest hours of their lives were those they spent in assisting the sick and helpless, and softening the rigours of poverty and distress.



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What storms, what dangers on the sailor wait !  
Whilst lazy grandeur sits enthron'd in state,  
With pamper'd appetite, and listless mind,  
And dooms the toiling wretch to brave the wind,  
The waves—to climb the craggy mountain's side,  
To suffer hurt, and cold, and death, to soothe his pride—  
Ah, poorly great ! did ye but think aright,  
How would ye turn disgusted from the sight ;  
How soon would own, that industry and worth  
Are nobler far than pomp, and titled birth !

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MR. Morton and his son Adrian were walking by the side of the Thames observing the vessels, and the bustle and business there seemed on the wharf, when Adrian stopped to examine some very large bundles, which were conveying in wherries to a ship at no great distance. Adrian asked his father what they were ? “ They are called bales,” said Mr. Morton, “ and contain, most probably, some of the manufactures of England ; such as Norwich stuffs, those of Canterbury, and of many other places where they are made. They are going to Hamburg, a trading town on the river Elbe, in Germany ; but as I have some knowledge of the master of this ship, we will go on board.”



They then stepped into a boat, and in a few minutes reached the vessel. The master happened to be on board, and very civilly invited them into the cabin. Mr. Morton thanked him, but said, he merely wished to let his son see something of the method by which commerce was carried on, of which he was wholly ignorant. They then went into the hold, which is that part of the ship where the goods are placed. Adrian was astonished to see with how much regularity every thing was conducted, and what a number of things one ship would contain. Beside the bales of goods which he had before observed, there were several large boxes, which he was informed contained the manufactures of Birmingham and Sheffield—in another part were large casks of porter, and a considerable number of cheeses. Adrian wondered how these great casks were got into the ship: “Sure, Papa,” said he, “a dozen men could not lift one of them.”—“Very true,” replied his father, “but here is a crane, by means of which the greatest weights are moved with almost incredible facility.”

“Now, Sir,” said the master of the vessel, addressing Adrian, “when I arrive at Ham-  
burgh, all these things will be taken out of the ship, and conveyed to the people to whom they are consigned by the merchants in England. I shall then enquire at a place called the 'Change



(which is a large place where people meet to transact business) what gentlemen wish to send any goods to England, to be disposed of in the same manner. What I most usually bring is, wine, raw silk, raisins, spices, prunes, figs, and various other commodities; and thus it is we transact business." Adrian thanked him for his information, and then went to see other parts of the ship. The cabin he liked very much, but the sailors' hammocks he thought must be miserable places to sleep in, and the men's lives very uncomfortable.

"As to the beds, Sir," answered the master, "we seldom get into them but when we are so tired we could sleep any where; and in regard to sailors being unhappy, I believe there is no class of people more inclined to be otherwise. To be sure we have a great many hardships and dangers to encounter, and have the prospect of death almost always before us; but from this very circumstance death loses half its terrors, and we endeavour to live in such a manner as to be always prepared for it. We do not shrink from every trifle, and both our minds and bodies acquire a degree of strength, which is the best support in every situation. Whilst those who are accustomed to all the conveniences living on land affords, think, having their victuals ill-cooked, or the loss of some expected dainty; the greatest misfortune, we are con-



tented, for months together, with a piece of salt beef, a hard biscuit, and a glass of water; but even this, a good appetite makes pleasant, and gives a relish to what those who are pampered would look upon with disgust. But I doubt not, young gentleman, you will easily determine which is the worthiest member of society: he, who is content with a frugal, simple repast, or he, who deprives half a dozen innocent creatures of their lives, to deck his table with a profusion he knows not how to enjoy."

Mr. Morton and his son, after thanking the master for his civility, went on shore. As they returned home, "I think, Papa," said Adrian, "that is a very sensible man; I did not expect to find a master of a ship know so much."

*Mr. Morton.* "Why as to that, Adrian, I see no reason why knowledge should be precluded one class of people any more than another: a little more acquaintance with the world will convince you that it is not. There are but two ways of acquiring knowledge; either by books, or by observations upon, and converse with mankind. It is in general best when these means are united; but the latter will often, where the understanding is strong, effect the purposes of the former, without its labour. The man, from whom we have just parted, has an understanding of the first order, and though his education has been somewhat confined, the



liberality of his heart, the clearness and precision with which he sees things, and the various scenes of life in which he is accustomed to mix, have given him a superiority, which justly ranks him among the higher order of beings. His reading has not been extensive, but what he has read have been chosen authors, and with these few he is become so conversant, that he has formed his ideas from the purest models. Had he, with such a mind, been early instructed in literature, and led into the pleasing paths of science, he would have been one of the wisest and most learned men; as he is, however, he is a very intelligent person, and never do I converse with him, without feeling the sincerest wish that I could enjoy more of his company.

“How apt, my dear Adrian, are we to forget the obligations we are under to our fellow-creatures, how much we depend upon others for support, and how blameable those people are, who look on the lower ranks of life with contempt! When we recollect what storms the sailor encounters, to procure us many of the superfluities of life; what toil and labour are necessary to produce even the bread we eat, we can never treat with too much kindness those to whom we are so much obliged.

“You and I, Adrian, are by the affluence of our situations, exempted from the labours of life, but we are not from its duties; reflect a



moment how many spend their time in contributing to our comforts, and you will find the higher in life your station, the greater are the obligations you have to society; and the more it behoves you to treat with condescension and humanity those, whom the wisdom of Providence has placed beneath you."



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Ye doating parents, of your charge beware,  
The richest soil requires the greatest care.  
Ah, then destroy each baneful weed betimes!  
Remember this—that faults will grow to crimes,  
If no correcting hand, with well-aim'd skill,  
Avert their pow'r, and bend the stubborn will.  
How oft must reason whisper in your ear,  
A blighted spring will make a barren year.

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EMMELINE was the daughter of a gentleman of large fortune; she was always dressed in the most elegant manner; her nursery was filled with the most expensive toys, and she had several servants to wait upon her. If she wished for any thing, however absurd in itself, or incapable of pleasing her when obtained, yet Emmeline must be indulged. Not a servant in the house was suffered to contradict her, and sometimes, if they happened to displease her, she would scratch and beat them in the most violent manner. Notwithstanding her finery, and her superfluity of toys, notwithstanding she had every thing at her command which riches could procure, and every one was striving to make her happy, she was a most miserable little girl.



Her tyrannical temper made her universally disliked, even by those who were obliged to be subservient to her, and her fretfulness and ill humour was a constant thorn in her own bosom.

At the entrance of her father's park stood the lodge, which was inhabited by a poor man who had also one daughter. Little Jenny was one of the best tempered girls in the world; she was never seen crying and out of humour like Emmeline, but, on the contrary, was civil and obliging to every body. There was not a servant at the hall but loved her as if she had been their own child; and never did they go down to the lodge, but they were sure to carry her an apple, or a piece of plum-cake, or something nice in their pockets. It frequently happened that Jenny was sent for to play with Emmeline, which she did not like at all, for the young lady was so whimsical it was impossible to please her, and frequently would desire Jenny to do what was very improper. On such occasions she would never comply; for though she paid the haughty little girl every respect which was due to her rank, she never forgot what was due to herself: well knowing that a wrong action is equally culpable, whether the person who tempts us to commit it be poor or rich. If in their play they happened to break any thing, Emmeline would desire Jenny to



say it was one of the servants who did it; and when she refused to be guilty of so wicked an action, Emmeline would put herself in a violent passion, and frequently beat her. In short it is not to be conceived how disagreeable she made herself. She was also very ignorant; she could neither read, nor write; for though she had several masters, not one of them attended her more than three or four lessons. Mrs. Gordon would not permit her to be reprimanded, and no one could long endure her unrestrained insolence. She was therefore unacquainted with the most common branches of learning, and when Jenny, who was nearly of the same age, could read very well, Emmeline scarcely knew her letters. Jenny was one day as usual sent for to the hall, and when she arrived she found the young lady in the parlour with her Papa and Mama, who were endeavouring to divert her by a great variety of very pretty prints, which they had sent for from London. She looked at them a little time, and then being tired, tossed them away. Jenny took one to look at, when Emmeline snatching it from her, asked her how she dared touch it? "I beg your pardon, Miss Emmeline," said she, "but I was only going to look at it."

*Emmeline.* "And who gave you leave? to be sure you are a mighty fine lady with your stuff gown to give yourself such airs."



*Jenny.* "I thought, Miss Emmeline, you sent for me to play with you, and not to laugh at my dress, it is the best my father and mother can afford, and I am much obliged to them for it; many very good little girls have much worse."

*Emmeline.* "Well, to be sure they must be very good, if they have not a gown."

*Jenny.* "Can people's dress, Miss, make any difference in their goodness?"

*Emmeline.* "Oh I do not know: pray don't ask me such questions. Come let us go and play."

They then went into the garden, accompanied by a servant, for Emmeline was never suffered to move without one. As they were running about, Emmeline happened to fall, and scratch her arm against a gooseberry bush. She immediately began to cry and shriek so loud, that in a few minutes her Papa, Mama, and half the servants came running to see what was the matter. Mrs. Gordon chided the servant very much for the accident, though she well knew it was in no servant's power to prevent her daughter's doing what she liked. Mr. Gordon took her in his arms, and carried her into the house; but it was some hours before she could be pacified. Such was this child, whom unbounded indulgence had totally spoiled; for Emmeline had not naturally bad dispositions.



With increasing years, her faults increased also, and her parents then began to see, and lament the folly of their conduct. Every pleasure, every comfort of their lives was totally destroyed. They could not enjoy their own home from the wretched temper of their daughter, nor were they happier when abroad, as their fears for her safety were ever awake. They knew no one could controul her, and that however dangerous, what she had a fancy for, that she would do. They were invited to spend a month at a gentleman's seat at some miles distance. Not without great reluctance did they accept the invitation; but at length it was determined Jenny should stay with Emmeline during their absence. Poor Jenny dreaded the persecution she knew she must endure, and when she put on her bonnet to go to the hall, she could not help crying. The first day of her visit was spent much as usual; but the second, Emmeline was, if possible, more ill-tempered than ever; and Jeany, tired beyond all endurance, thus addressed her: "Miss Emmeline, I am come here, not because I wish it, but because your Mama has desired it; do not therefore think that I will be treated in this manner. I know that I am poor, and you are rich; but yet, Miss Emmeline, I would not change situations with you. Of what use to you is your rank, but to enable you to torment others,



and to make every one as unhappy as yourself? I do not believe the poorest beggar suffers more than you do. You have riches, but you do not know how to enjoy them, and though you call yourself great, nobody loves you."

This was language Emmeline had never before heard; she would have uttered the effusions of her passion, but shame kept her silent. She felt a sensation she had never experienced; an inferiority wholly new. How much did this little peasant appear superior to herself? how was all her boasted consequence dwindled to nothing?

Such is the power of virtue, that even the wicked are awed by it. From that time Emmeline felt a veneration for Jenny she knew not how to account for. She saw how happy she always appeared, how much she was beloved, and, in short, how different she was in every respect to herself. These reflections first convinced her of her folly, in imagining she could ever be happy, if she was not good. She resolved to imitate the conduct she could not but admire, and, if possible, to become amiable. But she found this a very hard task; she had not only virtues to acquire, but faults to conquer which "had grown with her growth, and strengthened with her strength." But yet, though it was difficult, it was not impossible; she told her resolution to Jenny, who could



scarcely contain the raptures she felt at hearing this declaration ; and she thought Emmeline had never appeared so lovely as in that moment. Her countenance was no longer clouded by frowns and tears ; she began to feel what happiness virtue can bestow, and that it is she alone who makes us truly great.

Very often did she relapse into her former habits, but reflection, by pointing out their folly, and experience, by shewing their misery, fortified her mind to resist their attacks ; Jenny too was near, and assisted her to conquer them. Hitherto the profusion of money, which the too great indulgence of her parents had allowed her, had been spent in cakes, sugar plums, and toys ; but now, a new source of delight was opened to her ; she tasted the charms of benevolence, and her bosom was warmed by the emanations of charity. The poor of the village saw in her a rising benefactress, and the widow and the orphan prayed for her happiness. The servants too, whom she now treated in a very different manner, respected her as much, as they had before despised her ; and every one was eager to wait upon and oblige her. As for Jenny, by whose example and advice the little tyrant had been reclaimed (for it was she who had taught her to pray Heaven to assist her good intentions) it is impossible to say with what warmth of affection she loved her. Her



stay at the hall was no longer disagreeable to her, no longer occasioned dread and uneasiness.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon had been persuaded by their friends to extend their visit a month longer. So uncomfortable was their own home, that they agreed to it with much less reluctance than they would otherwise have done. Two months, therefore, they had been absent, when they began to prepare for their return. The pleasure they would have felt in seeing Emmeline, after this long absence, was much damped by the consciousness how ill she deserved their affection: yet themselves only had they to blame; for her heart was good, and naturally inclined to virtue; but so destructive are the consequences of unrestrained indulgence, that human nature is vitiated by it.

The first glance Emmeline caught of the carriage among the trees, her heart began to beat with unusual sensations. She felt the painful emotions of conscious shame; she knew how ill she had requited the tenderness of her parents, and after a struggle with some few remaining sparks of pride, she determined to confess her faults, and entreat her parents' forgiveness. As soon as they entered the house, she expressed in a manner very different from her former habits the joy she felt at seeing them. They clasped her to their bosoms, and looked at each other in silent astonishment. They now began to



display the profusion of toys, which they had brought her home, and asked her how she liked them? She made no answer, but bursting into an agony of tears, threw herself on her knees before them, and declared her conduct had hitherto made her unworthy their goodness, but she would in future endeavour to deserve it more.

Inexpressible were the raptures of Mr. and Mrs. Gordon; they could not find words to declare their feelings, but each endeavoured to exceed the other in the most affectionate caresses. She now constituted their happiness as truly as she had before been the cause of their sorrow. Her bad habits had been too long indulged to yield to any thing but time and resolution; yet her relapses were short, and the contrition she felt was her best security against their return. When her parents were informed it was to Jenny they were in a great measure indebted for their daughter's reformation, they determined their gratitude should equal her virtue.

Emmeline had very soon a worthy woman provided as a governess for her, to whom she was docile, obedient, and attentive; and made so rapid a progress in her studies, that she astonished all who had known her former ignorance. Jenny was kept at the hall, and shared in the pleasure and instructions of her friend, to whom she every day became dearer.



From this story, my little readers may learn the benign influence of virtue. Vain are riches, vain the boast of power without it! They can never raise any one so high as virtue.

Let them consider Emmeline and Jenny. How much was the latter, though clothed in the simplest manner, superior to her haughty friend, even when decked in the most costly attire! Let none then despise poverty, it is often found the residence of virtue. Let them pay to merit what is always its due, though found in the humblest walks of life. And let every one remember there is no real superiority but that of goodness; and that it is equally the part of wisdom and virtue to efface the wild inequality, the distinctions paid alone to rank and riches, which pride and folly have introduced into the world.



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Keen blows the storm, the angry billows rise,  
Each foaming mountain seems to meet the skies.  
Death leaves his cave—sounds in the sailor's ear,  
And bids his daring bosom yield to fear.  
He sees with terror each o'erwhelming wave  
Prepar'd to hurl him to a wat'ry grave.  
His wife, his children, to his bosom dear,  
Now claim the sad, but unavailing tear;  
He calls upon them with his latest breath,  
E'en as he sinks into the shades of death.

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A POOR fisherman who lived on the Kentish coast had six children. His wife was active and laborious, and he was industrious. Though they were very poor, yet by the providence of Heaven, and their own prudence, they had been secure from want. Whenever Jacob (for that was the man's name) came home from fishing, he found his wife ready to receive him, his cottage neat, and his children rejoicing at his return. It sometimes happened that he was out several days, and it was after he had been absent about this time, in the middle of the month of December, that his wife anxiously expected his return. The cold east wind blew, and the snow fell so fast, that the ground was in a short time covered with it. The woman made a good fire, and fetching a piece of fish, put it in the pot, that it might be immediately ready



when her husband returned. She went to a hill near the house to see if she could descry the well known sail; but the snow thickened the air so much, she could discover nothing. Night came; but Jacob returned not. The children anxiously inquired why he was so long, and every sound they heard, they fancied his footsteps; but in vain they inquired, in vain they looked out! the night was exceedingly dark, the wind roared like thunder, and the loud dashing of the billows added to the dismal scene. It is impossible to describe the feelings of Dinah during this dreadful night: suspense and dread filled her soul. The moments crept slowly away, and in the morning all that she saw seemed to confirm what she dreaded. The shore was strewn with pieces of wreck, and several dead bodies were taken up; among the rest, a sailor, whom every one believed was Jacob, though the face was so much bruised and disfigured, it was impossible to ascertain the fact. The grief of Dinah for some time refused all consolation; her children clung round her, begged her not to cry, and said they hoped their father would soon come to comfort her. "Oh," said she, "he will never return any more! Who will ever help to maintain us as he has done? Many a time has he pinched himself to supply us. Oh, my poor dear husband! to die in such a dreadful manner, with-



out having any one to speak a word of comfort to you."

Some of her neighbours tried to persuade her that there was yet room for hope; but day after day passed, and she received no tidings. Extreme poverty, at any time dreadful, was now more so from the inclemency of the season. The sharp frost pinched them, and they had scarcely any fire to warm their benumbed limbs; they were hungry, but their scanty morsel did not satisfy their appetites. To add to their miserable situation, their landlord threatened to seize all they possessed, if the rent was not paid. Dinah had not an earthly friend to whom she could apply for assistance, and she had no prospect but that of becoming a naked wanderer with six starving children. But Heaven, who mercifully watches over all its creatures, and whose power is able to deliver us from the extremest wretchedness, looked with an eye of pity on these sufferers.

As Dinah was one evening lamenting over her unfortunate offspring, somebody knocked at the door; the eldest boy rose to open it. Guess the rapture, the joy, the unspeakable delight of this little family, when Jacob entered the house. His wife in a moment sprang into his arms, and bursting into tears of joy, relieved her oppressed bosom; the children jumped about in ecstasies, and the countenance of Ja-



cob testified the most lively emotions. As soon as they had given some vent to joy and surprise, Dinah was eager to know the cause of her husband's long absence, which had been productive of so much misery. "I had gone out to sea," replied he, "farther than usual, as I had had but bad success, when I found a very tempestuous night coming on; and before I could shift the sails, a sudden squall almost overset the boat. I was driven along at an amazing rate by the wind, and the waves, which ran mountains high, broke over me so often, that I expected every moment to be swallowed up. I endeavoured to steer towards a creek at about a league distance, but was not able. Whilst I was thus tossed about, a person swam by; I endeavoured to catch hold of him, and being driven by a wave nearer to him, providentially effected my purpose. It was some time before he recovered sufficiently to inform me that he was captain of an East Indiaman, which had been wrecked, and but for the goodness of Heaven, and my assistance, he must have shared the same fate as the rest of his companions. After passing a dreadful night, we found ourselves in the morning near the coast of France, and, to increase our calamities, we were overtaken by a privateer, who easily made us prisoners. We were carried to Boulogne, and cast into prison, where we remained till last



week; when Captain Thomson, by means of his friends, not only procured his own release, but mine. He took me with him to England, where I no sooner arrived, than I hastened to you." Here the man ceased, and his wife recollecting her recent afflictions, said, "Ah, my dear Jacob, you know not what you come to. The 'squire has threatened to send a bailiff into the house, if we do not pay our rent; and that is impossible at present."

"Do not distress yourself about that," replied her husband.

"Not distress myself!" cried Dinah; "why Jacob how you talk!"

"See here," said he, pulling out a purse which contained several guineas, "see what I possess; besides a bank note! This is what my worthy captain presented me with before he left me."

Joy seemed now to overpower Dinah almost as much as her late sorrows; such unexpected happiness was more like a dream than a reality; yet it was a dream too delightful to be forgotten. They now paid their landlord, and were not only restored to their former comforts, but from this temporary deprivation of them, were more than ever sensible of their value.



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Danger oft lurks beneath the fairest flow'r,  
As serpents twine around the honey'd bow'r.  
Let Prudence, then, thy youthful footsteps guide,  
And sacred wisdom o'er each act preside !  
So shalt thou pass thro' life's uneven road,  
The chosen fav'rite of the wise and good.

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**MARCELLUS**, as he stood in the parlour, heard a loud buzzing noise, and he looked about some minutes before he perceived what it was which occasioned it ; at length he discovered a fly entangled in a cobweb, and close by, the spider itself, exulting over the prey it was beginning to devour. Marcellus was struck with detestation at beholding such tyranny ; he jumped upon the window seat, and endeavoured to pull the cobweb down, but he could not reach it. He then took a stool which belonged to his sister Emma, which stood in one corner of the room, and placing it on the window-seat, he got upon it, and seized the object of his resentment. He threw it upon the carpet, and having crushed it with his foot, exclaimed, "you wicked creature ! if I could see a thousand of you, I would kill you all in the same manner."



But, alas! in his eagerness to destroy the spider, he had also crushed the fly, which he did not immediately perceive. He was exceedingly sorry when he found what he had done, and running with tears in his eyes to his Papa, he communicated to him the whole affair.

"Poor fly!" said Mr. Marshall. "He has, however, suffered less than he would have done, if left to the merciless power of his tyrant."

*Marcellus.* "I wonder, Papa, you ever suffer spiders to be in your house."

*Mr. M.* "Indeed I am not surprised that you are struck with abhorrence of their savage dispositions; for they seem to be possessed of a wonderful degree of art and cunning. But tell me, did you never see flies destroyed by any other means than the cruelty of spiders?"

*Marcellus.* "Why yes, Papa, I cannot say but I have; for yesterday, when I asked Betty for some honey upon my bread, she took down the honey-pot, and in it there was such a vast number of flies, you would have been astonished to see them. Some were quite dead, and others were scrambling about as if they were trying to get out; several of them with struggling had lost their legs and wings."

*Mr. M.* "But which must you blame for this; the honey, or the flies?"



*Marcellus.* "Oh, the flies, to be sure, Papa. If they had not jumped into the honey-pot, I do not think the honey pot would have jumped to them."

As Marcellus finished this speech, he could not help smiling at the conceit; and his father, after pausing a few minutes, said, "And may not the same observation be made in regard to the spider, who, though she spun her web as a snare, yet had not the fly heedlessly entangled himself in its slimy substance, she would have spun in vain? And thus, my dear Marcellus, it will ever be, not only in regard to insects, and inferior creatures, but also to the human race. Those who suffer themselves to be attracted by what either tempts the eye, or the appetite, from the paths of prudence, will, in the end, suffer the punishment due to their folly. It is always right carefully to examine before we proceed; life is full of cobwebs, and destructive sweets, to entangle the thoughtless and unwary. To you, who are a child, play may be called the honey which would seduce you with its sweets. If you suffer all your thoughts to be fixed upon that, if for it you neglect your studies, are inattentive to the wishes and commands of your parents and preceptor, you will find that you will suffer much more than even the flies. You will struggle through life ignorant of every thing which adorns the man, and forms



a truly respectable character. The mists of ignorance will obscure your sight, and the clouds of error darken your understanding. You perceived that the flies were anxious to get out of the honey, cloyed by the abundance of those sweets which had tempted them to their ruin. And thus it is with the idler. Constant play disgusts, and pleasure, beyond certain bounds, degenerates into pain. In the same manner, if you are allured by whatever appears pleasant, you will also find delusive cobwebs. Only to instance this to you in one occurrence: you remember whilst we were last summer in the country, the gardener's son was most severely stung by some wasps."

*Marcellus.* "Yes, Papa, I do; and likewise that his father, instead of being vexed at it, thrashed him heartily."

*Mr. M.* "Well, Marcellus, I observed that too, and inquired why he did so. He told me that he had cautioned his son not to go into that field, as there were several wasps' nests which they meant to destroy. Dick, disregarding his father's advice, and attracted by some beautiful flowers which grew in the field, entered it, and met with the punishment he deserved. He trod upon a wasp's nest, and was, in an instant, surrounded by those insects, who stung him most severely.

"And now, Marcellus, let the incidents we



have just been discussing furnish you with a lesson which may be useful to you all your future life; and henceforth remember, that prudence and moderation are the pillars of safety and health.



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Let no unguarded action wound repose,  
From trifling causes sorrow often flows;  
An unkind word may wound the tender heart,  
A hasty deed may plant a barbed dart.  
Ne'er then let passion give to peace alloy,  
Nor wound that breast thou ought'st to fill with joy!

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"YOU are a very naughty boy," said Frances to her brother Henry, and I will certainly tell Mama."

"Oh, pray do;" replied Henry. You ought to teach your doll to know when I speak to her, and to do what I bid her."

Frances. "But you know she cannot hear; she is only made of wax, and you were very cross to cut her head off. I can never dress her any more, nor have any more pleasure in playing with her. You said yesterday she should ride in your chaise, but now she has no head she cannot."

Here the little girl began crying again, and her Mama soon after entering the room inquired the cause of her grief. Frances told her, and said she could not have thought Henry would have vexed her so much.

"And pray," said Mrs. Carlton, to her son, "why have you destroyed your sister's doll in this ridiculous manner?"



*Henry.* "She was the most obstinate little thing you ever saw; she would not mind me in the least."

*Mrs. Carlton.* "And was that a reason for your cutting its head off? You knew perfectly well the doll could not feel, and therefore your sister was the only sufferer."

*Henry.* "Oh no, Mama, I did not wish to vex her."

*Mrs. Carlton.* "How can you say so, when you knew how much pleasure this doll used to afford her? You were very certain it would grieve her to have it spoiled."

*Henry.* "I cannot say I thought about that at the time."

*Mrs. Carlton.* "Perhaps you might not, but that is a very poor excuse to Frances for the loss of her doll. I do not know what you think of the grief you have caused her, but I am very angry with you for it, and as a punishment you shall continue in this room all day. I am very much inclined to think, if Frances, for a similar cause, had broken your cart, or your wheelbarrow, you would not have been reconciled to your loss from her merely telling you that she did it because they would not mind what she said to them."

Henry made no answer, but looked with a countenance of some resentment at his sister,



whom he foolishly considered the cause of his disgrace.

"Come," said Mrs. Carlton, taking Frances by the hand, "we will leave this ill-natured boy to his own reflection."

They then quitted the room, and walked to a neighbouring cottage. Frances tried to run about and be merry as usual, but the thoughts of her brother's disgrace took from her all power of enjoyment. Many beautiful butterflies did she see, but Henry not being present to admire them with her, their colours seemed less brilliant than usual. The old woman at the cottage gave her some fruit, but she could neither relish that, nor the nice new milk.

At length the woman inquired for Master Henry; this question quite overpowered her, and bursting into tears, she hid her face in her Mama's lap, and made no answer.

As she returned home she entreated her Mama to forgive her brother, and she did not mind the loss of her doll half so much as his punishment. Mrs. Carlton commended her affection, and bid her always cherish it. "It will be to you," said she, "a source of the sweetest pleasures, and had Henry felt similar emotions he would not now have been in disgrace."

But let us see how Henry occupied himself during their absence.—At first he began to cry,



and accuse his sister of ill-nature; but after the emotions of grief were a little subsided, and reason had some influence, he was convinced she deserved no reproach. She had but the day before given him a pretty new sixpence, and the largest share of a very fine peach, and always pleaded for him when his Papa or Mama were angry with him. All these things now recurred to his memory, and he would willingly have given all he was possessed of that he had never vexed her. He now thought how he might repair the evil he had committed: he took out his purse, and finding he had sufficient for his purpose, he hastened to a shop, about a mile from his father's house, and there fortunately met with a doll which he thought Frances would like. He was just returned, quite out of breath with the haste he had made, as his Mama and sister came from their walk. He followed them into the parlour, and having laid his purchase on the table, threw his arms round his sister's neck, and begged her to forgive him. They both wept for some minutes, and Mrs. Carlton stood a silent spectator of their mutual embraces. At length Frances exclaimed, "You have not offended me, indeed you have not; I was sorry for my doll, but that is now past, and I have quite forgotten it. My dear Mamma, do pray forgive him, see how sorry he is, and how your anger afflicts him."



"I forgive him," said Mrs. Carlton, "very readily; but I cannot help advising him in future, before he gives way to his petulant disposition, to reflect whether he is not indulging himself at the expense of some one else; and to remember, that the only way to secure his own happiness, is, by endeavouring to promote that of others."



Abhorr'd by all who rule with tyrant nod,  
An o'er their vassals stretch an iron rod ;  
Who drag the sons of injur'd Afric's shore,  
From kindred, friends, whom they shall meet  
no more.

Till death has op'd the silent, peaceful grave,  
And broke the fetters of the wretched slave :  
Ye guilty, stop ! your souls let pity warm,  
Oh mark the heart, and not the face or form !

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MR. Murray had lived many years in the island of Jamaica, where he had amassed a large fortune by selling to other countries sugar, and various commodities. He had several children, and as he thought they could not be so well educated in the West Indies as in England, he came over with them for some years.

The first winter they were in England, nothing could exceed the surprise of the children at the sight of snow, which fell in great abundance. They were continually running out to take some in their hands, to taste it, hold it to the fire, and then see it return to its natural state of water. It was not without some difficulty their parents convinced them that this phenomenon was produced by the atmosphere they



were now in being much colder than that of Jamaica. This occasioned the drops of water to freeze, which would otherwise have fallen in rain, and many of them meeting together formed flakes of snow. "But why are they so white?" said the curious little Dorothy.

"Because," answered her Mama, "they are composed of several particles, or small pieces, which are transparent, and consequently the light being reflected through them, gives them that beautiful appearance which you so much admire."

Mr. Murray, among other black servants, had brought over a little girl, who was rather a companion, than servant to his children; her father and mother had spent their lives in his service, and it was impossible to have a stronger attachment than their orphan daughter had for their master's children. I am sorry to say they did not always return this affection as it deserved. They would sometimes tease Janet (for so was the little negro called) and pinch, and beat her; nay, sometimes ridicule the colour of her skin, and call her Miss Blacky. It was one morning, when they had been more than commonly ill-tempered, and poor Janet, unable to bear their treatment, had burst into tears, which the little tyrants stood ridiculing, that their father happened to enter the room. They were so much occupied, that



they did not immediately perceive him, and he was for some minutes an unobserved spectator of their cruel behaviour. As soon as James, the eldest boy, saw his father, his cheeks were suffused with the blushes of guilt, and he stood confused with his eyes upon the ground. Arnold, Dorothy, and Sophia, wondering at their brother's silence, looked round for the cause, which they no sooner perceived, than it had as instantaneous an effect upon themselves. "Go into the library," said their father, in a tone of unusual severity, "and you, Janet," continued he more mildly, "go into the nursery, and I will send for you in a few minutes." The little culprits were no soon seated, than Mr. Murray thus addressed them: "I do not ask the cause of Janet's tears, for your behaviour, during the short time I watched you, sufficiently explains it. I know not how, in words adequate to my detestation of your conduct, to convince you how despicable it makes you appear. Tell me, however, what this poor child has done to provoke such treatment!" To this question they were all silent, till Mr. Murray repeating it, Dorothy said, "Nothing." "Nothing!" repeated her father, "then what could be your motive for such behaviour?" James, recovering a little from his confusion, answered, "Why, Papa, she is a negro, and who cares for those people?"



*Mr. Murray.* "What do you mean by a negro?"

*James.* "A person with a black skin."

*Mr. Murray.* "And who gave them that skin?"

*James.* "God, Papa."

*Mr. Murray.* "If then God gave it, it is God whom you offend when you make a mockery of any of his works. But you seem to think your conduct justified because Janet is a slave. Now tell me what you mean by a slave. Do you answer me, Arnold?"

*Arnold.* "A person one buys because he is a negro."

*Mr. Murray.* "Because he is a negro; that is a very ridiculous distinction; for you then say you may buy, ill treat, and ridicule a person whose skin is black."

*Arnold.* "No, Papa, I do not mean that; but I thought nobody cared for slaves."

*Mr. Murray.* "Why not? do you suppose they are not equally susceptible of pleasure and pain as yourself? Is not a slave a human being? and are you not expressly commanded to do all the good you can, and avoid all voluntary evil?"

*Arnold.* "Yes, Papa, I know that: but every body thinks slaves of no consequence."

*Mr. Murray.* "Of no consequence! they may easily be of as much consequence as a



worthless boy, whose pride perverts his reason. But I do not ask you what other people think, but what is your own opinion; it is no very difficult matter to inform me whether any meanness in the situation, or any difference in the features and complexion, can justify ill usage."

*Arnold.* "I believe not, Papa."

*Mr. Murray.* "I will, however, inform you who it is you have thus undeservedly abused; not because I would have you suppose you can be justified by the lowliness of their station in behaving unkindly to any of your inferiors, or in rendering their condition harder, than in many respects the lot of servitude will ever be; but only to show you how easily those are deceived who judge from such superficial distinctions as outward appearance. Africa, from whence Janet's ancestors came, is a very hot country, much hotter than Jamaica. It abounds with an extraordinary number of animals, some very ferocious and savage. To subdue these is one of the highest boasts of the African. Their youths are early instructed to combat them, and in these exercises they are so hardy, that they brave every danger, and even death itself. The interior part of this country is divided into many territories and kingdoms, and the grandfather of Janet was monarch of one of the latter." Here the children looked at each other in surprise. "Yes,"



continued Mr. Murray, "the person you have just been insulting is actually descended from a king. He was at war with a neighbouring monarch, by whom he was taken prisoner, after having fought till his subjects lay scattered around him by the arrows of the enemy. He was sold by his conqueror to some Europeans, of whom my father bought him with many other negroes. After some years servitude, when the kindness of his master had gained his confidence, he made him acquainted with his former rank. My father commiserated his misfortunes, and softened his labours, by taking him into the house to wait upon himself. The son and daughter of Almata (for so was the monarch called) continued also in our family: and little Janet, their only child, was bequeathed to my care by her dying parents; I have endeavoured faithfully to discharge the trust reposed in me, and never, whilst I can call myself her protector, shall Janet want a friend. If, as you seem to think, superior rank gives any one a right to treat their inferiors with supercilious contempt and derision, few people would in that case escape contumely. For as rank must be comparative, every degree would ill treat those beneath them, and many of your own acquaintance would make you the objects of their scorn. Even Janet might do this, as your birth is far inferior to her's. None, how-



ever, but mean and ignoble minds, would make use of such arguments to justify arrogance. A good heart would rather delight to lessen another's inferiority, than seek to make that inferiority more painful. Nor do I believe that, had Janet been in your situation, she would have behaved so ungenerously; she has a liberal and affectionate heart, and is, I am sure, sincerely attached to you. That you may, however, judge whether servants (or as you are pleased to call them, slaves) are such useless beings, you shall none of you have any thing during a week, but bread and water, unless you can procure other food by your own exertions. I will speak to your Mama, Dorothy, and Sophia, and I am sure she will coincide in my opinion, that you deserve nothing from those you know not how to treat with civility." He then rang the bell, and desired a servant to call Janet: she came immediately, and Mr. Murray said, "I am extremely sorry, Janet, these naughty children have behaved so ill to you. I now insist on their all begging your pardon, and it shall be my care in future, that they conduct themselves towards you in a more proper manner." The children then begged her pardon, and Mr. Murray added, "this is not sufficient; I likewise desire Janet that you assist them in nothing till I give you leave; I shall be very much displeased if you



do." Poor Janet burst into tears, and begged Mr. Murray to forgive them, as she was sure they did not mean to vex her." "You are too good to them," replied their father, "they are undeserving your regard, nor will I in the least relax their punishment." From that hour they had no one to wait upon them; their dinner they knew not how to cook, and were therefore obliged to content themselves with dry bread. The next day was the same, and the next to that. They could make no fire, for they were unable to strike a light, and pinched with cold, and regretting the loss of numerous comforts, they wept away the tedious hours. It is impossible to enumerate the thousand wants they were unable to gratify: at length the week passed away, which, with very little intermission, had been spent in tears. They had been interrupted whenever they would have amused themselves by many of their play-things being out of their reach: they were treated by every one with contempt and neglect, and even poor Janet, though she wept for their disgrace, dared not speak to them. When the time of their punishment was over, they went into the parlour, confessed their fault, and promised never more to be guilty of it. Their parents accepted their contrition, they were reconciled to Janet, and never afterwards treated her with scorn. They had



learned by experience how useful their domestics were, and how much they were indebted to their labours: and convinced how little they could do for themselves, they became grateful to those who so liberally assisted them.



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Hail, sweet affection ! hail, thou sacred pow'r  
Thine the pure pleasures of the social hour.  
In ev'ry state, thy charms, by all confest,  
Can soothe the aged, warm the youthful breast;  
Wake the fir'd soul to ecstasy of bliss,  
And bid a better state begin in this.

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**PAULUS**, a young Etonian, was engaged to spend the midsummer vacation with his cousin Lucinda. They had, till Paulus went to school, passed their time together, and the strongest affection subsisted between them. As soon as Lucinda saw the carriage which brought her cousin enter the park, she ran out, and not having patience to wait till it came near the house, she hastened along the gravel road to meet it. Paulus, who soon perceived her, begged the coachman to stop, and jumping out, flew to meet her embraces. They stood for some minutes clasped in each others arms, and then, mutual congratulations and inquiries occupied them till they reached the house. On entering the drawing room they found Sir William and Lady Anson, who welcomed their nephew to the Abbey with little less joy than Lucinda. As Paulus had not seen his cousin for six months, a separation which each had found



long and melancholy, they could for some time do little else but express their present delight. Their first employment was to visit those spots which they had formerly enjoyed together. There was a bower, to which they were more particularly attached; Lucinda loved it because Paulus had made it; and Paulus admired it, because Lucinda had twined the honeysuckles and jessamines. They were now in full blossom, and charmed equally the sight and smell. They sat down—Lucinda praised it for being so commodious, and Paulus declared the flowers which adorned it were the sweetest he had ever smelt. The spot recalled to their remembrance many past occurrences, and those infantile days when the society of each other made all their happiness. “Do you not recollect,” said Paulus, “how we used to sit here? you dressed your doll, whilst I gathered nosegays; and sometimes we read, or played an hundred diverting tricks. Ah Lucinda! I often wished for you at Eton.”

*Lucinda.* “And I as often wished for you here. I know not what to do without you; if Mama takes me on a visit, every body asks after you, and that brings your absence to my mind, and makes me so melancholy that I am ready to cry.”

*Paulus.* “You are very good, Lucinda; but now we are together we shall be happy;



and I shall not leave you again for five or six weeks." Here a summons to dinner interrupted the conversation; in the evening they walked to the village, where Paulus found many of his old acquaintance. There was one man, who had formerly been a servant in the family, who was in raptures at seeing him. "Why, Sir," said he, "how you are grown! You are nearly a head taller than Miss Lucinda. 'Twas but last last night, master Paulus, I was saying to my old dame, I wondered if you would come among us these holidays. I drank your health out of that jug. God bless his sweet face!" said I. "I hope I shall see him once more before I die! and when Mr. John, the Coachman, told me this morning you were coming, all the water flew into my eyes for joy." Paulus thanked him for his affection, and then with Lucinda sat down to eat some strawberries which the honest people had provided for them. The sun was nearly down when they reached the Abbey; but as Sir William and his Lady were in the garden, they went and joined them, and related the occurrences of their walk.

The next day they went to a review of some cavalry, who were soon to embark on foreign service. At their particular request they rode on horseback, having each a pretty little grey poney which they had been taught to manage



very dexterously, and the baronet and his lady went in their phaeton. As this was quite a new sight to the young people, they promised themselves much pleasure, and set off with hearts beating with expectation. After a pleasant ride of about five miles, they arrived at the destined spot, and being situated in a very advantageous place, they had a full view of all the manœuvres. Amongst the rest was a mock fight, and both Lucinda and her cousin were astonished at the rapid movements of the horses in different directions, some flying from the pretended enemy, and others pursuing with shouts of victory. Sometimes they lost sight of them in a deep valley, at others, their glittering arms distinguished them on the rising hill. The sound of martial music, the trampling of horses, the thunder of cannon, and the general appearance of pleasure, quite delighted them, and they expressed their regret when the sight was over.

As they were returning to the Abbey, talking of what they had seen, they overtook a poor woman who was weeping bitterly. They regarded her with compassion, and stopping their horses inquired the cause of her grief. The question seemed to increase her sorrow, and for some minutes she made no reply. At length she said, " My dear little gentlefolks, I hope you will never know the grief I now feel; I have been



taking leave of my husband, who is a soldier, and is going abroad with the troops, perhaps I shall never see him again, and what is to become of me and my poor children God knows; but I believe we must all come to the parish, or else starve."

"I hope not," said Lucinda. "Where do you live?"

"In Dorsetshire, Miss; but how we shall travel such a journey I cannot tell; for what with affliction and fatigue I am now ready to die. But God is merciful; and perhaps he will take pity on us."

A tear stole down the cheek of Lucinda, and taking out her purse, she gave the woman half a crown; her cousin did the same, and the poor creature thanked them in the most grateful manner.

Just at this moment Sir William and Lady Anson came up; their daughter related to them the circumstances of the woman's distress, and added, she had a long way to travel, and was very poor. Sir William and his lady each gave her five shillings, and desired her to go to the Abbey, where she should receive further relief.

Paulus and Lucinda, beside the approbation of their own hearts, received the warmest commendations from their friends; who rejoiced to see this early dawn of benevolence in two objects so dear to their hearts. The poor woman



and her children, after being refreshed with a hearty meal, and provided with the means of returning home with some degree of comfort, took her leave with the most thankful gratitude to her kind benefactors.

The days which we spend in uninterrupted happiness are soon fled, and seldom do we know their real value, but by their loss. Time with Paulus and his cousin flew swiftly away: they walked, read, or visited their friends without recollecting how soon they must be separated. The last week of his holidays had commenced, ere the thought presented itself to their minds; and when it did, it was sufficient to damp all their pleasure. The feelings of their hearts soon overspread their countenances, and those eyes which so lately had beamed nothing but joy, were now expressive of nothing but sorrow. Sir William and his lady perceived the change, and the former inquired of his daughter the cause. She burst into tears, and said, "because Paulus must so soon leave her." "But why," said Sir William, "have you so little resolution as to suffer what is unavoidable to afflict you so deeply? Your cousin must go; would it not then be better to suppress, in some measure, those feelings which will not merely embitter the future, but sour even present enjoyment? You have still nearly a week to be together, perhaps longer, for as I have some



business in town, I shall, when we accompany Paulus to school, stay some days in Grosvenor Square. But even this will afford you no pleasure, if you think only of your approaching separation."

*Lucinda.* "But how, Papa, if I love my cousin, and you know I do, can I think of losing him without being sorry? If I have pleasure in his company, I must feel pain when I cease to enjoy it."

*Sir William.* "No, Lucinda, that does not necessarily follow. In such cases reason must moderate your grief. I know your affection for your cousin as well as his for you, nor do I wish to repress it; I would only have you act in such a manner, that each should be worthy the regard of the other. And were you, Lucinda, to see your present conduct in its true light, you would blush for your selfishness."

*Lucinda.* "Dear Papa, I selfish!"

*Paulus.* "Surely, Sir, you are joking. It is impossible any body should be more disinterested than Lucinda. I do not believe there is that circumstance in which she would not at any time relinquish her own pleasures to promote those of other people."

*Sir William.* "Well, that I allow, in general. But I repeat, that in the present instance she is guilty of unpardonable selfishness. Why else does she grieve thus at your leaving her?"



Are you not going to pursue those studies, and acquire that knowledge, which alone can make you respectable? Yet these she wishes you to relinquish for childish pleasures, idleness, and leisure. She would rather enjoy your company, though at the expence of the most valuable part of your life, than suffer a temporary deprivation of it, by which you will derive the highest advantage."

*Lucinda.* "Indeed, Papa, you judge too severely. I have no such wish; so far from it, I always rejoice at hearing of my cousin's improvement."

*Sir William.* "Why then do you repine at his pursuing the means which his friends have judged most likely to promote it?"

*Lucinda.* "I am vexed that he is going to leave me, not that he is going to school."

*Sir William.* "I see, Lucinda, you are an able disputant. But had you not been blinded by selfishness, you would have overcome your own sorrow, when you found it could not be removed but by injuring your cousin. To grieve for what is unavoidable, is most undoubtedly weak and childish. Life is full of disappointments, those therefore who are not prepared to meet, and sustain them with some degree of fortitude, will be constantly miserable. Look around you, and see whether others are not forced to relinquish what they value as well as



yourself. Think of the poor woman whose husband is gone to Flanders, and you will see her cause of sorrow was aggravated by ten thousand melancholy circumstances. She was left in poverty with three small children to provide for. She had also to dread the dangers of war, which made it probable her husband might never return; she knew also the hardships to which he must unavoidably be exposed, to sleeping often without a shelter, to the pestilence of camps, to scanty provisions, and those not always eatable. You, on the contrary, are surrounded with all the blessings of affluence; your wants are amply supplied, your separation from your cousin will be but temporary, and exposes neither of you to the smallest danger: tell me, then, whether you have cause for all this sorrow?"

*Lucinda.* "I cannot say I saw my cousin's leaving me in the same light I now do; but, indeed, Papa, I must really assure you, that I shall never think of his going without being very much vexed."

*Sir William.* "That is another matter: there is a wide difference between insensibility, and the unrestrained indulgence of your feelings. Try my advice, and not only you, but Paulus, for I speak equally to both, and I will venture to affirm you will secure to yourselves much happiness. Instead of being miserable



in the expectation of your parting, think of the advantages which will result from it; and whenever you are tempted to indulge immoderate sorrow, reflect whether the cause is sufficient to justify it, and whether the exertion of reason and good sense may not point out some alleviation which before you had not discovered."



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Ah, pity those who in pale mis'ry groan,  
Allow for others' faults, but not thine own.  
Ne'er with reproach the humble suppliant load,  
Doom'd by stern fate to tread the thorny road  
Of rugged poverty!—Ah, learn to feel,  
And with kind hand the fest'ring wound to heal!  
Perhaps from guilt thou may'st the wand'rer lead,  
And his untutor'd soul with justice feed.  
Reason may end what charity begun,  
And give to virtue a repentant son.

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IN the north-western angle of Merionethshire is situated the beautiful vale of Festiniog, in the recesses of which a respectable farmer reared his little family. Nature here roamed at large, and gave all that was necessary to life. The fertility of the soil amply rewarded the labour of the husbandman, health smiled on his brow, and plenty gladdened his heart. The day was devoted to labour, and at night they enjoyed the sweets of repose. Mr. Smith had four children, three sons and a daughter, who were strong, active and industrious: they had lost their mother when very young, but their father had amply supplied her loss. The sons were old enough to earn their living by husbandry, and Patty had the care of the household affairs. She was one evening going to a shop at the next village,



When she met a large party, which consisted of men, women, and children. Their dress was very shabby, and their complexion quite brown. One of them, who had a child at her back, came up to her, and after sundry grimaces, asked her if she would please to have her fortune told. Patty at first paid no attention to the question, but as the woman continued to importune her, she turned round, saying with an arch smile, "can you tell me whether we shall have a good crop of potatoes this year, or when Nan will die?" The gypsy (for such she was) stared at this question, but finding Patty was not to be deceived, she began to abuse her, and the poor girl, quite frightened, continued her walk. Having soon finished her business at the shop, she was returning home, but finding it began very fast to grow dark, she called at a cottage, to whose inhabitants she was known, and asked one of the lads to walk with her. Joe instantly accompanied her, and she arrived at her father's in safety, though not without some trepidation, for she could not forget the terrifying appearance of the gypsies. As they sat in the evening round their comfortable fire, Patty recounted what had happened to her, and concluded by saying, she had no patience with such idle vagrants. "Here they go about," said she, "begging of industrious people, when they can as well work themselves. There were five



or six children, who all asked me for something, but I knew better how to employ my money.

"'Tis, indeed," replied her father, "a shocking life to lead, and I never wish to encourage the idle any more than you; but yet in such cases I in general give a trifle."

*Patty.* "I wonder, father, you should. Where now would have been the good of my giving those creatures a penny? Perhaps they would have spent it in liquor, and no one would have received any benefit from it. And to say the truth, I have no great pity for any beggars; every one may get an honest living if they will."

*Mr. Smith.* "In general I believe so. Yet there are cases, where misfortunes reduce men to such extreme poverty, that to beg is all that is left them; I have myself experienced such a deplorable situation. I received from my father a very good education for one in our sphere, and marrying your mother early in life, we for some time continued in very prosperous circumstances, and I believe no people were ever happier. But unfortunately for us, there came to live in the neighbourhood a man of so wicked a disposition, that his whole delight seemed to consist in tormenting others. He had not long been amongst us, when some cattle of mine broke his fence; I offered him the reparation I thought adequate; he would not accept it, but prose-



cuted me for the damage. I was cast in the suit, which was long before it was decided, and what with the expense of lawyers, and the sum I was obliged to pay, I found my affairs very much involved. Shortly after I had a stack of hay destroyed by lightning, and the next year proving very unfavourable, I was obliged to quit my farm, being no longer able to pay the rent. Your mother was so much afflicted by our losses, that she did not long survive them. To me her death was the greatest of all my sorrows, I cared not what became of me, so wholly was I absorbed in affliction. But the sight of four starving children soon roused me from my lethargy of grief. I applied to those who called themselves my friends for some temporary relief; but I soon found that the professions which are offered to those in prosperity, are often only made, because it is known they will not be accepted. Many with whom I had lived in the strictest intimacy now upbraided me with extravagance and mismanagement, and declared they would never relieve sufferings which were the consequence of imprudence. Driven almost to despair by such treatment, I left the neighbourhood, resolving to try if strangers would be more kind to me. For several weeks I travelled about, working whenever I could get employment, and when I could not, obliged to beg. You were all too young to remember the circum-



stance, but many hours did I spend lamenting over you. I was one day thus engaged, when, as I was sitting on the side of the road, a lady passed by. I turned my head at the sound of her horse, and judged from the number of her attendants that she was some person of distinction. But it was not so much her rank which attracted my notice, as the sweetness of her countenance, which was marked by affability and good nature. She stopped her horse, and taking out her purse, threw me half a crown. So large a donation awakened both gratitude and surprise; I sprung forward, and falling on my knees, prayed Heaven to reward her generosity. She was struck by my impassioned manner, and giving me her direction, bade me call at her house. I did so; and told her my story. From that time she has been to me the most liberal benefactress, and for most of the comforts we possess we are indebted to her. She soon after placed me in this cottage, supplied me with implements of husbandry, and enabled me once more to taste of peace. Had she, however, Patty, been of your disposition, your father might have perished for want. Now tell me which you think is best, to relieve as much as is in our power the miseries of our fellow-creatures, or to leave them to sink beneath their weight, because it is possible they may be the consequence of their own folly?"



*Patty.* "To be sure, father, what you say is very true, but then to think of relieving all the beggars one sees, it is an impossible matter."

*Mr. Smith.* "Perhaps so. But you may still do all you can; it is not expected any one should give what he cannot afford; but there is no occasion to add to afflictions because we cannot relieve them. Kind treatment is always in our power, and what we do not mean to give, we may refuse without ill-nature. Poverty has evils enough of itself without the addition of unkind language; and as no one is certain what may be his future lot, it is wise to do good to others as far as we can, that if we should need it, we may hope to receive it ourselves. Industry in general secures people from extreme want, but there are some calamities which industry cannot avert, and it is surely cruel and ungenerous to the last degree, to suffer all who beg to go without relief, because some who ask may not happen to deserve it."

Just as Mr. Smith finished speaking, somebody knocked at the door. James (one of the sons) ran to open it, and a poor little girl begged a morsel of bread with such earnestness, that Mr. Smith bade her come in and take a piece. He had no sooner given her a large slice, than she ate it with the utmost greediness. When she had finished it, she returned many



thanks, and said, she had not eaten any thing so good for two or three days.

“How then do you live?” said Mr. Smith.

“Oh,” replied the child, “sometimes upon berries, and what any body will give us. Mammy and the rest of them get very good dinners often, but they never let us have any thing but what we can pick up for ourselves, for fear we should not be clever at the business ; and we are oftentimes half starved. But it don’t signify crying, for they only beat us if we do.” Mr. Smith then gave her another piece of bread and some cold meat, with which she went joyfully away. “Here,” said Mr. Smith, when she was gone, “is a striking instance of the injustice of opinions such as your’s. You cannot more than myself detest the idle habits of these vagrant people : but are the poor children to be blamed for them ? Can it be right to heap on them the sufferings due only to their parents ? It is from such ideas as your’s, that so many beggars are to be found in every place. People will not relieve them, because they think they encourage idleness ; they will not employ them in any way by which they may earn a decent livelihood, because the method by which their characters must be ascertained would be too troublesome, and they do not chuse to employ them without. Hence, from extreme want, these poor creatures are driven to the commis-



sion of many bad actions, which they would otherwise never think of, and are forced to continue in a way of life, which, perhaps, they would be glad to quit. Every one will desire them not to beg, but work, yet none will give them the means. For my own part, I am possessed of nothing more than my industry earns, but whilst I have a morsel to bestow, no one who is in want shall go from my door unrelieved. The profligate are certainly undeserving our encouragement, but the poor have always a claim to our benevolence and pity.



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Envy with squalid look, and hollow eye,  
 And breast, which heaves at others' joys a sigh,  
 Blasts peace and hope. Beneath her pois'nous tread  
 Springs instantaneous ev'ry noisome weed.  
 Lo, there she stalks! and in her haggard train,  
 Behold pale guilt and sorrow, want, and pain!

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ADELINE was one day amusing herself at the window by observing the objects which passed by, when a very elegant coach, with the servants in splendid liveries, caught her attention. There were three young ladies in it, dressed in all the extravagance of fashion. The carriage stopped at the adjoining house to Adeline's father's, and as the young ladies alighted, she had a full view of their finery. Their muslin frocks, silk coats, bespangled shoes, but above all, their hats and feathers charmed her. "Do pray, Mama," said she, "observe how beautifully these little girls are dressed! How happy must they be! Do you know who they are?"

*Mrs. Prior.* "They are the Miss Otways."

*Adeline.* "What! Lord Otway's daughters?"



*Mrs. Prior.* "Yes, my dear; and I assure you by no means such enviable objects as you seem to think them."

*Adeline.* "Dear Mama, why not?"

*Mrs. Prior.* "They are very proud, cross to each other, disobedient to their parents, and disrespectful to their governess. With such dispositions they cannot be happy; and in spite of their dress, which seems so much to delight you, they are undeserving of any attention. However, you will yourself have an opportunity of judging in a few days, for they are to be at Mrs. Donner's."

*Adeline.* "Are they, Mama? I shall be quite ashamed to be dressed so plain, when they are so fine."

*Mrs. Prior.* "You will be dressed as suits your station, and that is no subject of shame. For my own part, I think that children, however exalted their rank, appear to much greater advantage when dressed with plainness, than when decked with all the frippery of fashion. But for those who are placed in an humble sphere to wear such a profusion of finery, is the height of folly. Instead, therefore, of envying the Miss Otways' superior rank, try to ennoble your own by a uniform good conduct. The accidental advantages of birth and fortune can command little real respect, if not dignified by superior virtues."



Here some domestic affairs called Mrs. Prior away, and Adeline sat watching the young ladies' return, that she might once more behold their fine cloaths. They soon came to their carriage, and as they drove off, the foolish Adeline uttered a wish that she was as happy ! for so she thought they must be with such fine cloaths and so splendid an equipage.

The day at length arrived on which she was to visit Mrs. Donner ; but instead of feeling the pleasure she used to do, when going to meet a party of her little friends, she was fretful and discontented ; for pride and envy had found their way to her bosom. She sighed for finery, and she could not bear the idea of being inferior to others. So different was her behaviour to what it had formerly been, that had not Mrs. Prior hoped she might derive a useful lesson from her visit, she should certainly have punished her by making her stay at home. When her frock was put on she found a thousand faults in it : " It was coarse, and ill made ; her sash was too narrow, and looked like an old one. And then to go without a cap ! what must the Miss Otways think of her ? " Her Mama replied, " The miss Otways' opinion of your dress is a matter of total indifference ; I am sorry, however, you dislike it, because it is the best I can afford to buy you."

Weary at length of her daughter's imperti-



nence and complaints, Mrs. Prior spoke to her with more severity. Adeline burst into tears, and this so completely disfigured her face, that she certainly never appeared to greater disadvantage. The time of her departure soon arrived, and with slow reluctant steps she walked to Mrs. Donner's. She found there a large party of children, many of whom were of her own age. The Miss Otways likewise graced the circle, and were distinguishable by their splendid attire.

Adeline was not naturally of a bad temper, though two vices, which had lately crept into her bosom, obscured her inherent virtues. The gaiety of her little companions soon revived her own, and forgetting all her late cares she jumped about as happy as the rest. In the course of the evening blind-man's-buff was proposed, and Master Donner was blinded. Every one endeavoured to secure a corner, where they sat squat till a titter betrayed their hiding-place; then they scampered this way and that, fearful of being caught, yet each accelerating the other's danger, by pushing all forward but themselves. It was in this general scuffle that Miss Louisa Otway happened to tread upon her elder sister's foot, who resented the accidental misfortune, by giving Louisa a violent blow; this was returned, and the party lately so happy were now in the greatest consternation, to see so shocking



a sight as two young ladies, sisters, fighting, screaming, and crying. Miss Otway in the heat of her passion, struck Louisa on the face, which made her nose bleed in the most violent manner. The children ran some one way, and some another, to call for help, till Mrs. Donner, and several of her friends, frightened at the noise they heard, entered the room. The cause was soon made known, and the ladies with evident marks of astonishment and contempt regarded the two combatants. Miss Louisa's nose was soon stopped from bleeding, by the application of cold water; and Mrs. Donner expressed her concern that any circumstance so unpleasant should occur in her house. Neither of the young ladies could make any answer; shame and anger kept them silent, but Miss Emma replied, "Oh, pray, Ma'am, do not mind it, they are always quarreling at home, and my governess says she never saw such naughty girls."

"It does not become you, Emma," answered Miss Louisa, her face red with passion, "to say so, for you do just the same."

"Yes, that she does," cried Miss Otway. "It was only this morning she pulled a handful of hair off Jenny's head."

At this Miss Emma, provoked in her turn, burst into tears, and it was with some difficulty Mrs. Donner prevented a second quarrel.



After a long cessation of mirth, Master Donner proposed resuming their sports, but none of the Miss Otways would join in any sport which was proposed, but sat sullen and pouting at each other till the carriage came for them. After they were gone, one of the ladies observed, that she never passed an afternoon in her life with the Miss Otways in the course of which they did not quarrel. Their father's house," said she, "they keep in constant confusion."

Adeline, who with silent wonder had observed all that had passed, could scarcely have believed it possible for any young ladies to make themselves so disagreeable. She now saw how little happiness wealth and splendour can bestow when not united to a mind dignified by virtue. She was convinced they could give no charms like goodness, gentleness, and humility. Wanting these the Miss Otways, in spite of their finery, appeared, even to her who had so lately envied their state, mean and contemptible. She returned home convinced of her error, and penitent for the faults it had betrayed her into, she begged her Mama's pardon, which having received, she assured her she would never more be proud and envious, but learn to be contented with that station, which, as infinite Wisdom had ordained it for her, she knew was best.



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Then radiant truth, celestial form ! appear'd,  
By angels honour'd, and by men rever'd.  
The goddess spake : " Hear this my fix'd decree,  
" All who as constant vot'ries bow to me  
" My smile shall bless, my aid be ever nigh,  
" Respected shall they live, lamented die :  
" But those who scorn my sway shall taste of woe,  
" And pain and sad repentance only know."

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**I**N a pleasant little village on the banks of the Medway was situated the house of Mr. Sewell. He had no children of his own, but had taken a son of his brother to reside with him.

Arthur, for that was the little boy's name, was about nine years old. He was generous, good-tempered, and unsuspecting ; but giddy, and easily persuaded to whatever was proposed, though sometimes in contradiction to his better sense.

Near the house of Mr. Sewell lived a gentleman, who had a son nearly of the same age as Arthur ; in consequence of their being neighbours, they soon became intimate, and most of their play hours were passed together.

The gardens of Mr. Sewell led immediately to the edge of the river, where he kept a pleasure-boat, in which he often amused himself and his



friends; but well knowing the danger to which this boat might expose his nephew, he gave him the strictest injunctions never to enter it but when some of his older friends were with him. Arthur promised he never would, nor did he ever think of breaking his word, till one delightful evening in the month of July, as he was playing with Charles, (his favourite neighbour) the latter proposed getting into the boat.

"No," said Arthur, "that I will not. My uncle has desired I never would, and I am sure he will be extremely angry if I do."

*Charles.* "But how should your uncle know it? is he not gone to Rochester?"

*Arthur.* "Ah, but I shall know it; I cannot hide it from myself."

*Charles.* "How foolishly you talk! you would not tell a tale of yourself I suppose. Come along, and have no more scruples."

For some time Arthur maintained his resolution, but at length the entreaties of his friend, the fineness of the evening, and his own fondness of the water, induced him to comply, and they stepped into the boat. At first they only paddled a little way with the oars, but finding this very agreeable, they soon slipped the chain, and the boat being caught by the stream, was hurried along with considerable rapidity. They tried to stop it, but in vain, and both began to be very much frightened, and heartily to repent



their imprudence. They knew not what to do, they pushed with the oars this way and that, but to no purpose, they knew not how to manage them, nor had they strength to resist the force of the current. Near a mile had they been thus forcibly carried along; when a wherry came near them, and the men in it, seeing their distress, inquired to whom the boat belonged; and being informed, as they were going up the river, they fastened it to their vessel, and so towed it along, till they came to Mr. Sewell's garden. With what joy did Arthur once more behold himself there in safety! After having thanked the men for their assistance, he and his companion went into the summer-house, where they continued some time, and then Charles took his leave.

How apt are we to be betrayed by one fault to the commission of many more! Hence the danger of the smallest deviation from rectitude.

Few plunge at once into the abyss of guilt; it is by gradual steps that the vicious and profligate have become so; and it often happens that the very people we justly hold in abhorrence, can remember the time when they would have started at the bare mention of what they now fearlessly commit. Young people, in particular, are apt to be seduced into farther guilt by the hope of escaping present punishment. They think not of the pangs of remorse, but



only endeavour to shelter themselves from the just reproaches of their friends. Thus it fared with Arthur—he feared to tell his uncle what he had done; but how, without a lie, could he conceal it? If he should be asked in what manner he had amused himself, what was he to say? Would not his countenance betray him? Would not the blushes of shame discover his guilt?

He sat some time devising a plausible tale to tell his uncle, when he unexpectedly entered the summer-house. Arthur was all in confusion, and could scarcely answer any question put to him. He endeavoured, however, to escape the observations of his uncle by appearing to be busily employed in adjusting his kite. The evening was far advanced, Mr. Sewell soon after returned to the house, and his nephew went to bed. But the thoughts of his folly tormented him even in sleep, and he awoke the next morning, not as usual, to peace and joy, but to tears and sad regret.

Some particular business happened to employ Mr. Sewell's attention, he did not therefore observe the uneasiness which Arthur's countenance evidently betrayed.

For some days the recollection of the late event hung painfully upon his mind, but, alas! he had not resolution to disperse the cloud by ingenuously declaring the truth.



Every day increased the difficulty, till at last he entirely abandoned the thought, and began to persuade himself his fault was not so great, as it had at first appeared to him. Having once passed the boundaries of virtue, his mind soon became perverted, and regarding vice without horror, he soon committed it without remorse. Whilst he beheld his fault in its true light, there was every reason to hope the sorrow he felt would prevent a repetition; but when once this ceased, where was the barrier, since conscience presented none, which would be his security in future?

About a fortnight after this affair, he went to dine with Charles, and in the afternoon they proposed taking a long walk. They had not proceeded more than a mile, when they sat down to rest themselves under a low hedge, which formed a fence to the garden of a neat little cottage. The weather was hot, and they were very thirsty: they looked about for something to allay their thirst, and soon perceived a tree laden with fine cherries. Charles declared his intention of going over the hedge and getting some; Arthur objected to it as dishonest: but the rhetoric of his friend soon removed his scruples, and they both crept softly into the garden. They looked about to see if they were observed, but discovering no one, they began to revel in the plenty which pre-



sented itself; and not content with eating, filled their hats and handkerchiefs. They were thinking of departing, when the sound of footsteps frightened them away. They both jumped hastily over the hedge, and Charles was out of sight in an instant; but Arthur, overpowered with what he had eaten, was obliged to sit down under the hedge: where he heard the poor old man, to whom the cottage belonged, and who, on entering his garden, perceived the robbery which had been committed, thus bewail himself: "Gracious Heaven! the tree which was laden with fruit, stripped of more than half! the profits of these cherries I hoped would help to support me through a long and dreary winter. What must now become of me? without money, without friends, I must perish. Barbarous wretches! could not pity induce you to spare the little possessions of a poor old man, who will not want them long? One who has never injured you, one who for a short time only will be a sojourner on earth, and even that time your cruelty has embittered."

Here a flood of tears trickled down his furrowed cheeks, and in melancholy silence he entered his cottage. Arthur, who had heard every word, was stung to the soul by the recollection of his baseness. His conduct now presented itself to him in all its enormity, and roused the conscience which had so long laid



dormant. "And have I," said he, "to satisfy a greedy appetite, been the cause of such sorrow to this poor old man? Have I deprived him of the fruits of his garden, and the provision he had made for an approaching winter? What a wicked boy I am! I have deceived my uncle, and been a thief and a robber! What will become of me? How must I act? What ought I to do in such a situation? There was only one way by which he could possibly retrieve his lost honour, and this he resolved to pursue. He emptied his hat and handkerchief of the cherries they contained, and put them through a cavity of the hedge into the garden; then, as fast as he possibly could, he returned to his uncle's house. It is impossible to describe his emotions when he entered the parlour—Mr. Sewell, however, was not there: shame, a returning emotion of guilt, urged him still to secrecy. He paused a moment—"Shall I," said he, "conceal my crime? Oh no—I have been guilty enough already, I will make no addition to my offences." Tears fell from his eyes, he wiped them away, and inquired of one of the servants for his uncle. "He is in the summer-house, Sir," replied the man. Thither therefore he directed his trembling steps, and perceiving Mr. Sewell, he covered his burning face with his hands, and throwing himself at his feet, burst into an agony of tears.



His uncle, astonished at this strange behaviour, inquired the cause, which, however, it was some minutes before he could tell. He then made a discovery of his whole conduct, concealing not the minutest circumstance. When he had finished his narration, he entreated his uncle's forgiveness, and assured him of his resolution to make the man he had robbed all the reparation in his power.

"And what reparation," said Mr. Sewell, with a look expressive of the greatest displeasure, "will you make that Being who knows every secret of the human heart, who has witnessed both your deceit and injustice?" Arthur made no reply, but by increased sobs: he had suffered himself to consider his fault as trifling, and recollected not the Judge whom no partiality could prejudice. His contrition, which was now sincere, urged him to make immediate atonement to the old man, and entreating his uncle to let him return to the cottage, he gave its owner all that he possessed; amounting to nearly eight shillings.

Soon after he returned home, he began to feel himself extremely ill, owing undoubtedly to the great quantity of cherries he had eaten, together with the stones. His disorder increased rapidly, and Mr. Sewell, very much alarmed, sent for a neighbouring apothecary. He found his patient delirious, and declared there were



very little hopes of his life. Every one in the house was greatly afflicted at this information, as Arthur was much beloved, and had, till lately, supported the character of a very good boy. He was now, to all appearance, on his death bed, and had been reduced to this state by his own folly. He presented a melancholy picture of the evil consequences of guilt. He continued to languish three days in dreadful sufferings, before he shewed any signs of returning reason. The first objects he saw were, his uncle sitting by his bed side, and his father and mother weeping over him. "Pray do not grieve for me!" said he faintly; "I have been a very wicked boy, and do not deserve to live: but when I am dead, be kind to the poor old man whom I have so much injured." He could say no more, so debilitated was he by the violence of his disorder. As soon as he began to amend, he inquired for his friend Charles. His uncle told him, that when his companion had so hastily left him, from fear of detection, he ran with so much speed, that he fell down, and hurt himself in such a manner, that he was obliged to be carried to his father's house, and had ever since been confined to his bed. "What sufferings," said the repentant Arthur, "have followed our guilt! Oh my dear father and mother, and you, my kind uncle, if I should ever recover, you shall see by my future



conduct, how convinced I am, that to be good, is the only way to be happy." By degrees he regained his health, and evinced ever after, by his good behaviour, that he was sensible of his errors. He was never more known to be deceitful, and continued a generous friend to the poor cottager. Charles, in his fall, received a hurt in his hip, which could never be cured, and he continued lame all his life. He had, however, been taught by experience the baneful consequences of vice, and that sooner, or later, it exposes its votaries to shame and misery; he therefore endeavoured, by correcting his faults, to merit the favour of his friends, and the approbation of that Being, who, whilst he punishes the incorrigibly guilty with the greatest rigour, is kind and beneficent to the good and virtuous.



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From door to door he begg'd his scanty fare,  
And ev'ry morning dawn'd to pain and care ;  
Till lib'ral charity bade sorrow cease,  
And led the mourner to the paths of peace.

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**MR.** Rawlins was possessed of a pleasant villa near Lymington in Hampshire ; the beauty of the country around, and its vicinity to the sea, made it a delightful summer residence. It was during their annual visit, that Algernon, Philip, and Laretta, (Mr. Raymond's children) were playing one morning in the garden, when a sailor seeing them through the palisades, begged charity. As these children had always been accustomed to affluence, unmindful from whom that affluence was derived, and never remembering that the same God who protected them was also the protector of the poor, they had learned a supercilious contempt for every one who was not as well dressed as themselves. Instead therefore of pitying, they derided the misfortunes of the poor suppliant, and were even wicked enough to throw dirt and gravel at him. Mr. Raymond happened to pass by at the time, and inquired of the man what had reduced him to so abject a condition ? He said he had been



wounded in an engagement at sea, and had lost one of his legs, in consequence of which he was disabled from serving his Majesty, and had been dismissed with but little to support him, and with no hope of relief but from the charitable and humane. Mr. Raymond gave him a shilling, saying, "there is something to relieve your present necessities, and you may likewise go and dine in the kitchen."—"God reward your benevolence!" said the poor man, in a transport of gratitude, "and I hope his providence will never let you want what you so liberally bestow."

After he had finished his meal, Mr. Raymond sent for him into the parlour, and with the greatest affability asked him if he had made a good dinner. "Yes, indeed, Sir," replied he, "thanks to your bounty, such a one as I never expected to taste again."

"You are perfectly welcome, my friend," said Mr. Rawlins, "but tell me, have you spent all your life in the navy?"

*The Sailor.* "No, Sir, not all; for many years I was in a trading vessel, and various are the scenes of life I have witnessed, and the hardships I have endured: but old age begins now to creep upon me, and I am not so able to bear any calamity as I used to be."

*Mr. Rawlins.* "I should like to hear some



account of yourself; pray continue your narrative."

*The sailor.* "Though I am so poor now, Sir, I was born of very creditable parents, and received from them a good education. I very early discovered an inclination for the sea, and was therefore, when I had finished my learning, put on board an East Indiaman; but even my first voyage was unfortunate, for being, with some of the ship's company, soon after our arrival at Madras, ordered out with a boat, a sudden gale sprung up, and after being hurried along for some time with inconceivable velocity, we were driven ashore on one of those islands in the Bay of Bengal, called the Nicobars. Weak, and tired, half famished, and spent with fatigue, we hastened immediately towards some habitations we saw at a distance, which we hoped would afford us shelter. The houses had, to us, a very singular appearance, they were raised on pillars about eight or ten feet from the ground; which we afterwards learned were intended to secure them from rats, and snakes, with which the island abounded. They were without windows, and the entrance was by a trap door. We made known, as well as we could, our misfortune to the inhabitants, who treated us with the utmost hospitality; they offered us pork, cocoa-nuts, and whatever the island produced. As our boat required



considerable repairs, we were obliged to stay nearly a fortnight with these simple, unoffending people. During that time we had an opportunity of observing something of their manners. They seemed cheerful and contented; the present was all their care, for the future gave them no concern. Dancing and music were their chief amusements: the latter was only an instrument made of a bamboo cane, with a string fixed along it, and the place beneath hollowed; this, though it could produce no great variety of tunes, was by no means inharmonious, especially when accompanied by the voice. The virtue of honesty seemed to subsist among them in its most perfect state. Locks and bolts were unknown to them, and if they were going a journey, they never thought of fastening their doors, but trusted to the stronger security of their neighbour's integrity. They were ignorant of every kind of science, and whenever they made a voyage to another place, it was always performed by the help of the sun and stars. Like most barbarous nations, they ate and drank to the greatest excess, and their feasts generally ended in intoxication. As the island abounded with timber, we were easily supplied with the means of repairing our boat; which having finished, we embarked, and arrived in safety at Madras. We found our companions well, who imagined we had all



been destroyed by the storm. I continued some years in the India service, and then, being possessed of some little property, I purchased part of a vessel, in which I sailed as master. I took in a freight at London for Barcelona, from whence I proceeded to Buenos Ayres. Ah, Sir, what scenes of oppression and cruelty did I there witness! it is scarcely possible to conceive that one part of the human species should take a delight in rendering the other so miserable. I have often thought, if the rich knew how many of the poor suffer the cruellest calamities to procure their luxuries, they would learn to suppress their superfluous wishes, and endeavour to make the lot of mankind more equal. Here have I seen parents dragged from their children, husbands from their wives, and relations separated for ever, to labour harder than beasts of burden; and doomed to all these miseries in a country which of right belonged to themselves. I was, during my stay there, acquainted with a native of Peru, who would often entertain me with some account of his country. His ancestors belonged to the court of the unfortunate Inca Atahualaph. The cruelty exercised by the Spaniards upon the wretched natives exceeds all credibility. Sufficiently, however, have these barbarous ravagers been punished, even by that influx of wealth which they sought with such avidity.



When first the Spaniards appeared in Peru, they were regarded by the natives as a superior order of beings; the richest presents were sent them, and they were stiled the children of the Sun. They, however, basely violated every tie of hospitality, took the Inca prisoner, murdered the nobility, and at last treacherously put an end to the monarch's existence, after having received immense sums for his ransom. Peru and Chili were deluged with the blood of the unfortunate natives, the royal line was destroyed, and the Spanish yoke substituted in its room. The temples were demolished, their religion was ridiculed, and every indignity offered by the insolent usurpers. The lands were portioned out to the Spaniards, and the natives sold as appurtenances to the estate. Remonstrances were vain, and supplications disregarded; common humanity was violated, and nothing appeared but bloodshed and oppression. The person who gave me these particulars, though descended from an illustrious race, was employed as a common slave. The rod of tyranny had not subdued his feelings, and he wept with the most poignant anguish when he related the injuries of his suffering country. These, indeed, were so striking that I felt a secret joy when I left the settlement; for it was dreadful to be a witness of such enormities.



“ A few days before my departure, as I was one day walking near the town, I saw a poor Indian sitting with a child in her lap, which appeared very ill; she wept as she surveyed its pallid countenance, clasped it to her bosom, and then burst into an agony of maternal tenderness. I walked up to her, and asked if her child was ill? ‘ Oh yes,’ cried she, ‘ he is dying, he is going from me; but the great god Virachoca will receive him, will break the fetters of slavery, and carry him to a joyful habitation, where the sun shall warm him by day, and sweet slumbers refresh him by night.—Where Europeans shall be punished for their cruelty, and no longer suffered to seize the possessions of others.’ I asked her if this was her only child; she said, ‘ Yes, she had had two others, but they were dead. Oh,’ cried she, her tears flowing afresh, ‘ what a life of sorrows has mine been! I was married to Surani, the son of Narbama, the best youth of our tribe; our days were happy, we had cocoa nuts in abundance, our hut was decked with spoils, and we slept at night on the softest skins. We sung throughout the day, and seemed the most favoured by the great Virachoca. But the thunder of the white men was heard in our country, we were torn from our habitations, our aged sires were murdered, and we were brought here to servitude and misery. We wept with the



earliest dawn of morning, and all day groaned in fetters. A few months since, my beloved Surani, with some more of his kindred, resolved to fly from their tyrants, and seek shelter among the mountains; but their intention was discovered, and they were sent to work in the mines of Peru. Oh that I had died before my husband was torn from me! Oh that the God of thunder had struck me in his vengeance, and made me wither in the prime of my days! Oh that some adder had pierced me with his sting, for even he would have been more merciful than Europeans! They make me live to weep for Surani, and to see my last hope expire in my arms.'

I tried to comfort her, but all my efforts were vain; her infant died; she was missed, and after some search, her body was found in one of the lakes. She had broken the hard fetters of captivity, and rushed uncalled to the arms of her God. I was never more afflicted by any incident in my life, than by the sorrows of this poor American. She was buried by some of her kindred, and the following lines sung over her grave:

Rejoice, rejoice! Almala dies;  
She seeks in yonder spangled skies  
Fair freedom's sacred form.  
No more shall slav'ry goad her breast,  
No more shall rob her soul of rest,  
But hope her heart shall warm.



No more from pow'r she dreads alarms,  
No more is wrested from her arms  
The husband of her soul ;  
No more the chilly touch of death  
Her smiling children robs of breath,  
Nor gives to joy controul.

No more the rolling storm she hears,  
No more the livid lightning fears,  
Which scatters dread around.  
Fair freedom now supports her head,  
She sits beneath the tam'rind shade,  
And hears the dulcet sound.

The jocund reed to joy invites,  
And crowns with bliss the peaceful nights,  
And wakes the smiling morn.  
The cocoa's flowing bowl she sips,  
And sweet ananas court her lips,  
Whilst joy her brows adorn.

Let then no tear be ever shed  
Beside this mansion of the dead,  
For sad Almala's fate !  
For in the grave exempt from care,  
The tyrant cannot wound her there,  
Nor pierce with ranc'rous hate.

There injur'd tribes shall guide the steel,  
Bid European bosoms feel  
The woes they here impart ;  
There vengeful shades shall haunt their sight,  
Torment them thro' the gloomy night,  
And strike the guilty heart ;



Shall teach them that the righteous God  
Will point his arrows, guide his rod,  
To punish crimes below :  
Then shall they learn, (tho' then too late)  
That justice, (such the will of fate)  
Is sure, tho' sometimes slow !

"After I left South America," continued the sailor, "I made many voyages to different places, and I believe there is scarcely a corner of the known world I have not visited; and I have universally observed that those nations were the happiest, and most formidable, who possessed least wealth."

*Mr. Rawlins.* "There is, indeed, very often in riches something inimical to lasting happiness; perhaps it is that they are so often drawn from the miseries and labours of others, that they become the punishment of their possessors."

*The Sailor.* "About four years ago, the vessel, of which I was chief proprietor, was taken by the French. Fifteen months I lingered in prison, and was then released with nothing but the tattered clothes I wore, in a strange country. I had, however, been too much inured to hardships to sink under them; I knew that fortitude and resolution might still do much for me, and that though my situation seemed deplorable, it was not beyond the power



of Heaven to amend it. I procured a passage in a ship which was sailing to Hamburgh, and from thence proceeded to England. As I had lost all the property I possessed, I entered on board a man of war, and by the interest of the captain was made master's mate. It is now five months since I lost my leg, and sickness and trouble have brought me to this abject state. I have out-lived all my relations, and seem doomed to pass my days in solitary poverty. Few men have seen more of life than myself, and there is one observation I have drawn from my travels, which may be of service to me in the few remaining years I have to live: that he is of all human beings the happiest who has a conscience untainted by guilt, and a mind so well regulated, as to be able to accommodate itself to whatever the wisdom of Heaven shall think fit to ordain."

It was impossible for Mr. and Mrs. Rawlins not to be struck with the unaffected piety of this worthy man; and after a few minutes silence the former said, "I have a project in my mind, my friend, which, if you approve, will secure you from poverty, and enable you to end your days with some degree of comfort. I am now in want of a steward. I know no one more likely to fill that office with propriety than yourself. I wish not my poor tenants to be op-



pressed, though I desire not to support the indolent and lazy."

The sailor's gratitude for this unexpected good fortune was beyond all bounds, and unable to utter what he felt, he burst into tears of joy. When he was somewhat recovered, he thanked Mr. Rawlins in the warmest manner, and was immediately invested in his new office.

During his relation, the hearts of the children had been agitated by various emotions, sometimes they looked at each other, then at the sailor, and then they stole a glance at their parents; but the angry looks they gave them sufficiently showed their displeasure. After the sailor had left the room, Mr. Rawlins asked Algernon what he thought of the man he had treated with such indignity? Algernon sat silent, overpowered with shame. "I will tell you," said his father, "what I think; that he is as much superior to yourself, your brother, and sister, in real merit, as you are to him in rank. He ennobles his station by virtue, fortitude, and the noblest sentiments: you degrade your's by insolence, meanness, and pride. The heart which, unmoved, can behold a fellow-creature in distress, has but little to boast; and the mind which can insult the unfortunate sinks its possessor even beneath contempt. You are unworthy the favours Heaven has bestowed upon you; go now to your room, to-morrow



you shall appear in a habit as mean as your dispositions." The children crept sobbing out of the room, and the next morning the two boys, instead of the elegant dress they were accustomed to, were clad in the humble attire of peasants; Lauretta's muslin frock was changed for a stuff gown, and the rest of her cloaths were equally homely. When they appeared at breakfast their parents took no notice of them, but after dinner Mr. Rawlins said, "You are not thus habited because such cloaths are in themselves a disgrace to the wearer, but because you seem to think that those who are dressed with elegance want nothing more to make them estimable. Such an idea, which springs equally from pride and ignorance, is so subversive of every thing great and noble; that it is my duty, as your parent, to correct it. Hence, therefore, you appear thus; for, believe me, with your dispositions I should think you equally unworthy whether you were habited as you are to-day, or as you are usually accustomed to be.

"And now inform me in what respect these cloaths have altered you from what you formerly were; the occasion of your putting them on may indeed fill you with shame and sorrow, but, excepting that, are you less capable of being happy than you were before? Are you less able to be good, gentle, and obliging? And may you not be equally obedient and attentive



to your Mama and me?" The little weeping culprits sobbed a reply, and Mr. Rawlins continued, "how ungenerous, then, was your conduct to this poor sailor! he supplicated your bounty, and you derided, instead of relieving him. Had he been well dressed you would have behaved otherwise; in either case you knew nothing of his real merit; but, like many other foolish wicked people, you thought his poverty authorized you to insult him, though to affluence you would have behaved with respect, and given to that what you had denied to merit."

The children, ashamed of their conduct, made repeated promises of amendment; and it was the care of their parents to convince them that virtue was preferable to fine cloaths, and that merit may often be found with poverty and rags.



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And canst thou pleasure call what causes pain ?  
Ah, pause a moment, and thy mirth restrain !  
Know, that what robs another of his ease,  
Nor can, nor ought the the gen'rous mind to please ;  
Ne'er then indulge a wish to purchase joy,  
By those base means which others' peace destroy !

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THE winter was set in with very great severity, the poor little birds could find nothing to eat, the water was frozen over with a thick ice, and the ground was covered with snow, when William and his brother George went out to make snow-balls. They had unfortunately a great inclination for what they called *fun*, regardless whether in pleasing themselves they did not injure some one else. They had pelted each other for a considerable time, when a poor old woman happened to pass by with a basket on her head, filled with little boxes, steel pins, and several other things which she sold. The boys, when they saw her, marked her as an object which would afford them some merriment. William pulled off his hat, and making her a low bow, said, "How do you do, Madam? it is very cold weather to trudge along on foot, I wonder you do not go about in your carriage."



“God bless you, master!” replied the woman, “I have no carriage but my ten toes, and though it is very cold, poor people must not mind that, but be very thankful if they can get a bit of victuals and a shelter at night. “Don’t you want, Sir, to buy any boxes or balls? I have a great variety.”

“You have, indeed,” said George, “but we do not want boxes, and as for balls we can make plenty of them of snow, which will cost us nothing.”

The woman finding they would not buy, put the basket upon her head and left them; but she had not proceeded many steps when they each aimed a snow-ball so dextrously at her head, that touching the basket, down it came: the boxes rolled this way, the balls that, and to add to her disaster, a sudden squall of wind blew off her bonnet, which was soon carried to some distance.

William and his brother were ready to expire with laughing, and crept behind a tree that they might enjoy the sport unseen.

They had not been stationed there many minutes, when a husbandman coming past, and seeing the woman’s distress, offered to help her. Some of her goods were damaged by the snow, and others she could not find. Her bonnet, notwithstanding her search, she could no where discover, and she loudly lamented her



loss. "Two impudent little boys," she told the man, "had been the cause of her misfortunes, by throwing snow-balls at her head."

"I wish I could see them," answered the man, "and I would soon make them repent their joke."

William and George hearing this began to be much frightened, lest the man should discover them, and put his threat in execution; and as soon as they saw an opportunity, they scampered home as fast as possible.

Dinner was just going into the parlour when they returned, and shaking the snow from their cloaths, they sat down to table. As soon as the cloth was removed, their father inquired how they had passed their time since they left their tutor?

"Making snow-balls, Papa," answered George.

*Mr. Todd.* "And at whom did you throw them?"

*William.* "At each other first, Papa, and then at an old woman's head so cleverly, that they pushed her basket plump down. Her hat blew off, and if you had but seen what a droll figure she looked, you would have died with laughing."

*Mr. Todd.* "Had she any thing in her basket?"

*William.* "Oh, yes, a thousand things.



Some flew helter-skelter one way, some another. I never laughed so much in my life. Then she began grumbling and scolding in such a manner !”

*Mr. Todd.* “ And do you know what she meant to do with the things she had in her basket ?

*George.* “ To sell them, Papa ; for she told us she was very happy if she could get victuals and a shelter at night.”

*Mr. Todd.* “ Then how could you think her an object for ridicule, and not content with deriding her situation, take from her the means of providing for her support ? Her boxes, and whatever else she sold, you must be sure would in some degree be damaged by the fall, and by that means become unfit for sale. Such a loss may to her be irreparable ; see then how dearly you have purchased your sport.”

William and George said, they did not mean to do any harm ; they only wished to have a little *fun*.

“ That may be an excuse to yourselves,” replied their father, “ but it is a very poor reparation to the woman for her loss.”

The two boys seemed not much convinced by what Mr. Todd had said, still persisting there could be no harm in a little fun.

George’s birth-day arrived soon after, which was to be celebrated as a little festival. A



large cake had been sent him from London by his godfather. He took it to show his brother the sweetmeats, and the charming sugar with which it was frosted, and after admiring it some time, he said he would carry it into the parlour upon his head. Henry, his younger brother, seeing this, went softly behind him, and giving him a sudden push, down he fell. George was but little hurt, but the cake was broken into a thousand pieces, and all the sweetmeats totally destroyed. He burst into tears, and running to his Papa, told him his misfortune; begging him at the same time to punish Henry.

"Why," said Mr. Todd, "have you so soon changed your sentiments? I thought there was no harm in a little *fun*."

George. "Oh, but there is in this, Papa, because you know the cake was to have been for our feast."

Mr. Todd. "If, then, you feel this to be an injury, which only robs you of what you can well spare, how much more faulty was your conduct to the poor woman, whose whole subsistence depended upon the profits of what you wantonly destroyed! you thought *that* a trifle, because you felt no inconvenience from it; but no sooner, by a similar action, do you become a sufferer, than you learn that nothing can justly be considered as a joke, by which



*merits not the Name of Pleasure.* 161

any one is injured. Remember this, George, not only now, but always, that those who seek their own pleasure at the expense of any of their fellow-creatures, justly deserve to be ranked amongst the lowest of their species."



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Behold the tyrant ! e'en his name abhor'd,  
Despis'd at home, and infamous abroad ;  
All join to whelm him with a just disgrace,  
And mark his deeds opprobrious to his race :  
He sinks unpity'd, no kind hand to save,  
But thousands shout o'er his unhallow'd grave.

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OCTAVIUS had a pretty little nag which he used frequently to ride. The animal was extremely docile, and would carry him many miles. Numerous were the pleasures Poppet (for so the poney was called) had procured Octavius. In the summer he could, by means of his horse, travel half over the country, visit his young friends, and partake of all that could please or delight. Any one would suppose it was impossible to treat such a useful animal unkindly : but, alas ! Octavius would frequently whip and spur him in the most unmerciful manner without any cause whatever. His gentleness was termed stupidity, and his patience under the blows he endured obstinacy. Octavius, with all the cruelty of tyranny, would frequently ill treat this poor animal merely because it was in his power to do so. He was one day riding



him, and as usual spurring him till the blood trickled down his sides, when the poor animal panting with anguish, and provoked beyond all endurance, galloped off at a most violent rate. In vain Octavius pulled the bridle, or wounded afresh his mangled side; he was unable to stop him, and was obliged to exert all his strength to keep his seat. After running some time in the most rapid manner, the poney suddenly stopped, and sunk down on the earth. This happened in the middle of the turnpike road, where numerous passengers were passing. A party of gentlemen in a chaise seeing Octavius entangled in his stirrups, ordered the postillion to stop, and with great good nature alighting from the carriage, helped him to rise. They then endeavoured to raise the poney, but what was their indignation at beholding the unfortunate animal's bleeding sides! They looked at Octavius with anger and contempt, and one of them taking the horse-whip from the postillion, gave him several severe lashes. "You little, unfeeling rascal!" said the stranger, "so cruelly to treat a poor unoffending animal. "Go," cried he, continuing his discipline, "and learn to feel the agonies you have inflicted." He then with his companions got into the chaise and drove off, leaving Octavius sobbing with pain. He took the bridle off his poney, and was leading him home, when a poor labourer met him, and re-



garding the animal some minutes, exclaimed, "You young rogue! if you were my son, I would treat you as you have treated your horse." He then gave him a blow with a stick he had in his hand, and walked off. The pain Octavius now suffered was more severe than before, and he sat down on a bank by the side of the road, till he was able to proceed. But here another mortification awaited him; some ladies and gentlemen who were passing, stopped to look at him, and his unfortunate horse. They made the severest reflections on the inhumanity with which the animal had been so evidently treated, and declared a boy so void of feeling was a disgrace to the name of a gentleman. Ashamed, tired, and weeping with pain, he arose, and slowly proceeded to his father's house, leaving Poppet in the park, after he had taken off the bridle and saddle. He then went to his own room, where he began weeping afresh. As he reflected on what he had himself suffered, he for the first time in his life felt pity for his horse. His own pain from the chastisement he had received, awakened in his bosom a sense of what the poor animal must feel when his sides were torn with the spur. He recollected that Poppet had always been a faithful servant to him, and till this morning had never resented the aggravated cruelties he had received. As he considered all this, he determined in future



to alter his conduct, and to become as kind, as he had been a cruel master.

His father had that day a very large party to dinner, and among other conversation, one of the company asked a gentleman, who sat next to him, when he had seen Mr. Percival, his particular friend? "I had the pleasure of seeing him this morning," answered the gentleman, "he stopped at my house, in his way to town; but he had met with an accident on the road which had given him so much pain, that he was unable to banish it from his mind. My friend is a man of great humanity, and cannot bear to see wanton cruelties exercised upon any one. He happened to overtake a boy who had spurred his horse, till his sides streamed with blood; and it lay panting on the ground with anguish. He horsewhipped the boy, but I am afraid the heart which could be capable of such barbarities, was too radically corrupted to be easily corrected. It is shocking to behold such cruelty in any one, but in children, whom one should hope were yet untainted by guilt, it is doubly dreadful; since what may we not dread in riper years from those, who even in their infancy show themselves such monsters?" During this speech, the cheeks of Octavius were tinged with the deepest crimson, his hands trembled, he laid down his knife and fork, and at length, unable to restrain his feelings, burst



into tears. The eyes of every one were instantaneously turned towards him, whilst some of the company, imagining his tears were those of sensibility awakened by the late recital, loudly praised his humanity, which they contrasted with the cruelty they thought so abhorrent to his nature. But conscious how little he deserved such praise, it became the severest censure, and as soon as his sobs would suffer him to speak, he cried out, "O load me with your reproaches, your hatred, for I have deserved both! It was I who so cruelly treated that poor animal, but believe me my conduct is now as odious to myself, as it is detestable to you." He then hastened out of the room, to indulge his feelings in private. His repentance was sincere, and he soon after walked into the park, ashamed to meet the eyes of the company. But here poor Poppet immediately presented himself to his view; and no sooner did the animal perceive him, than he came gamboling towards him, as if to demonstrate his joy at seeing him. "Poor fellow!" said Octavius, wiping the tears from his eyes, "you have indeed been cruelly treated, but you shall find me in future more deserving your attachment." He then went to one of his father's grooms, whom he entreated to accompany him to Poppet, and telling him in what a state the animal's sides were, the man carried some balsam, which



he applied to the wounds, and they were in a few days healed.

Octavius uniformly kept his promise, and not only treated Poppet with more tenderness, but endeavoured in every respect to correct the ferocity of his disposition. In this he was assisted by the counsel and attention of his father, and as few things are impossible to those who have reason and resolution, Octavius not only corrected his evil habits, but was at length as deservedly beloved for his humanity, as he had been justly hated for his cruelty.



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And dost thou think that dress can e'er impart  
True dignity, or virtue to the heart?  
Can it avert the hand of dire disease?  
Or bid the guilty taste of joy and ease?  
Or stop the foot of quickly flying time?  
Or give thee charms, or bid thee soar sublime  
Like active, gen'rous worth? Oh no—its pow'r  
Is but the splendid bawble of an hour;  
Regarded by the wise with just disdain,  
And pleasing none except the proud, and vain.

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THE haughty pride of Theresa was insupportable, and made her justly odious to all who were acquainted with her. She regarded nothing but fine cloaths, elegant equipages, and a numerous retinue; and whoever possessed these, she thought required nothing more. The acquirements and virtues of the mind she deemed worthy the attention of none but the vulgar. She was haughty and tyrannical to her inferiors, proud to her equals, but mean and servile to her superiors. As her father lived in a very splendid stile, she had few competitors in the country where she resided. Not far from the mansion house stood the parsonage, where a very worthy clergyman resided, named Am-



herst. He had a large family, and Theresa would sometimes honour (as she termed it) these children with a visit. As her pride was of that contemptible sort which delights in convincing others of their inferiority, she would, whenever she visited at the parsonage, dress herself with the most studied elegance, in order to oppress with her splendour those who, she knew, could not imitate it. But when thus decked out she could never stir without danger of spoiling some of her finery; and was therefore obliged to sit still whilst her companions were happily enjoying the privileges of their age. Her behaviour made her a very unwelcome visitor; nor was there a little heart at the parsonage, which did not rejoice at her departure. She was accustomed to spend the winter in London, and it was during her absence from the country, that Mr. Amherst received into his house the son of Lord Sommerton. This nobleman, who wished his son to trust to virtue, and not to birth and fortune alone, for respect, knew no one more capable of instilling the purest precepts of goodness into the youthful heart, than Mr. Amherst. Edward, for so the young gentleman was called, had been early accustomed to every gymnastic exercise of which he was capable. His habits of life were fitted to make him vigorous and healthy; he was dressed in the plainest manner, rose early, and pursued some



of the exercises in which he most delighted. He had an open countenance, which the rosy hue of health helped to adorn. His temper was amiable, he was generous, affectionate, and sincere; delighting in every kind of knowledge, and blest with an understanding of the first order. The contrast between his manners and those of Miss Newman, was too obvious to pass unnoticed. Her supercilious pride in vain sought the regard, which the unassuming worth of Edward seldom failed to secure. She had been but a few days returned into the country, when she determined on making a visit to the parsonage, in order to display the finery she had brought from London. She was wholly unacquainted with Edward's residence in the neighbourhood, and when she saw him with the young Amhersts, she took him for some farmer's son, and felt very much offended that he should have been invited to meet her. They all walked into the garden, and Edward gathered some strawberries, which he presented to Theresa upon a leaf. But she, in the rudest manner imaginable, tossed them from her, and said "she was not accustomed to associate with clowns." Edward looked at her with some surprise, and said, "a motive of civility had induced him to offer them, but that he was sorry he had so much offended her."

"I beg," replied she, "you will not offer



me any impertinent reflections; such language may suit very well your father's ploughmen, and those you are accustomed to mix with, but it is very unbecoming to me!" She then turned into another walk, and would join in no amusement. A summons to tea soon after led them to the house. They were scarcely seated when Mr. Amherst said, addressing his pupil, "Edward, I have just received some news which I think will give you the sincerest pleasure. Not, however, to keep you in suspense, your father is coming to see you."

"Is this really true?" said Edward, his eyes sparkling with the liveliest joy, "do you, indeed, mean Lord Sommerton, my Papa?"

*Mr. Amherst.* "Indeed I do."

*Edward.* "And when, Sir, will he be here?"

*Mr. Amherst.* "The beginning of next week." Edward again expressed his joy, and was the whole evening in raptures: not so Theresa; she was struck with consternation at what she had heard; nor is it possible to describe the mortifying feelings which agitated her bosom, when she discovered it was the son of a nobleman she had treated with so much insolence; more especially as he, since her rude rebuke, had not even looked at, but bestowed all his attention on the Miss Amhersts, whom he treated with the most engaging politeness. She



tried by every mean in her power to efface the ill impression she had made ; she talked with the most easy familiarity, laughed, admired every thing Edward said, and endeavoured to engage him in conversation. But all in vain—it was impossible not to discover the cause of this change in her behaviour, which only exposed her the more to contempt. It was now her turn to feel the pain of neglect, and for the first time in her life to perceive there were those who considered her as unworthy notice. When the carriage came for her, she threw herself in, and drawing up the glasses gave vent to a violent shower of tears ; yet it was not conviction, but wounded pride, which caused them to flow. She would not have cared had she offered every possible indignity to one of her inferiors, but to the son of a Baron she could not bear the thought of appearing rude. The more she reflected upon the occurrences of the afternoon, the more they vexed her ; but instead of condemning the pride which had been the cause of her mortification, she only lamented the blindness which had hindered her perceiving the rank of the young gentleman. A few days after, as she was sitting at her dressing room window, which commanded an extensive view of the adjacent country, she saw a chaise and four, with two servants following it. An opening between some trees presently afforded her a



nearer view, and she had no doubt but it was Lord Sommerton. This idea awakened in her bosom a thousand painful emotions—the weak and the guilty are always suspicious. She thought Edward would tell his father of her conduct, and prejudice his lordship against her. Edward, however, was too generous, and too much unlike herself to be guilty of such meanness; he held her conduct in that abhorrence it justly deserve, but he well knew her faults could never justify him in unnecessarily exposing them. The feelings of others we may observe, when we observe only to avoid them: but to make them the subjects of our conversation with a view to raise enemies to their possessors, is mean and ungenerous in the highest degree. We may prejudice those against them, whose regard no future amendment may be able to conciliate; and the knowledge of their faults, from being so widely spread, may outlive even the faults themselves.

As Lord Sommerton staid some weeks with his son, he was during his visit invited to dine at the mansion house: Edward, Mr. and Mrs. Amherst, and their daughter Maria, were also included in the invitation. On the appointed day, Theresa, as usual, spent half the morning in determining what she should wear, and how she might appear to the best advantage. When this important point was settled, and she had



finished dressing, it was nearly four o'clock: she, therefore, proceeded to the drawing room, with the hope of raising admiration and regard. She found the company assembled, and after the first compliments were over, employed all her art to engage the attention of Edward. But she was again unsuccessful; being her visitor he was perfectly polite to her, but farther than that he paid her no regard. Lord Sommerton too scarcely noticed her; he was not one of those superficial observers who look not beyond the face or form. To him, the unaffected modesty, the genuine merit of Maria, were a thousand times more attractive, than all the studied graces of Theresa. He could distinguish through her apparent sweetness, the meanness of pride rankling in her heart; her affability seemed unnatural to her, and whilst she wished to be thought indifferent to admiration, it was easy to perceive her whole aim was to create it. She experienced, however, the common lot of pride and vanity, for mortification and disappointment followed all her endeavours.

More is necessary to charm and endear than the accidental advantages of birth and fortune: for though splendour may attract the gaze of the ignorant, it is virtue alone can secure the esteem of the wise.



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Lol in the gloomy prison now he dwells,  
A wretched inmate of its darksome cells;  
See, by his couch sits haggard cank'ring care,  
Mark his wan temples, furrow'd by despair;  
By the pale lamp he weeps o'er moments past,  
And prays the present hour may be is last.

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CHILDREN are naturally fond of talking, nor is there any thing wrong in such a propensity, provided they never disclose the secrets of others, or what they know ought to be concealed.

Elmira was a beautiful girl about nine years old: she was lively and entertaining; but having been much caressed for the droll things she sometimes said, her fondness for talking became insupportable. She was curious to a great degree, and would inform herself of all the secrets of her little friends, in order to relate them the first opportunity. Beside this, she seldom told things exactly as she heard them; for the sake of raising a laugh, she would insert some ludicrous circumstance, which existed only in her own imagination. Whenever she was in the parlour, she was sure to have some anecdote to relate; and by this habit, though she was na-



turally of the sweetest disposition, she would slander all her little neighbours without mercy. "Do you know, Mama," she would say, "that Mira was ignorant of every word of her lesson to-day? and, besides this, Isabella tells me she is the most ill-natured girl to the servants you can conceive. Oh! but now I have the drollest thing of Charles Seymour to relate, you ever heard.—You know Mrs. Roll! well, she walked past Charles's house, as he happened to be up at the window. What does he do, but throws a bason of water upon her. She was in a violent passion, besides being quite wet, so she went to Mr. Seymour to tell him of his son's behaviour. He was very angry, and sent for Charles, and asked him how he dared behave so rudely? Charles said he did not mean to behave rudely, but he knew Mrs. Roll had bread, so he meant to give her a little water." This anecdote produced a general laugh, and Elmira was rewarded by a gentleman, for the humour with which she had told it, with a fine speech. Thus encouraged, she set no bounds to her tittle-tattle, and soon became the greatest gossip in the village. It signified not to Elmira who was injured by what she said, provided she had something to talk of. Whatever she knew she immediately disclosed, though she had perhaps promised never to reveal it. The daughter of a gentleman in the neighbourhood



was her particular friend; they went to the same school, engaged in the same sports, and the one seemed not to enjoy pleasure, except the other partook it. Eliza Panton was frank, generous, and unsuspecting, but unfortunately, like Elmira, fond of talking. Eliza had an elder brother, whose extravagance had incurred the displeasure of his father. He had lately run in debt to a considerable amount, and Mr. Panton refused to satisfy his creditors, and even forbade him his house. Mrs. Panton, knowing he was without a home, and fearing unkind treatment might only drive him to greater imprudences, privately received him into the house; and there he had been more than a week concealed, when Eliza, by some accident, became acquainted with the affair. She, as a most important secret, disclosed it to Elmira, with many entreaties that she would never divulge it. Elmira promised she never would, and for one day kept her word; but, alas! her love for talking was stronger than her principles of honour, and the following night, as the maid was undressing her, she revealed the whole affair; not forgetting to desire Mary never to mention it. Mary, however, followed the example of her little mistress, and disclosed it to John; he told it to one of the grooms, the groom to some one else, so that before noon the next day, it was spread over the whole village.



The creditors of the young man no sooner became informed of it, than they sent bailiffs to Mr. Panton's house: who still refusing to discharge the debts, his son was conveyed to prison. Eliza was at home when the circumstance happened, and conscious of her indiscretion, her grief at being the cause of such affliction to her brother threw her into violent fits. When she saw him dragged from the house, she ran after the bailiffs, and falling on her knees, entreated them to release her dear George, offering all she was worth as a compensation. The men, however, were too much accustomed to scenes of distress to be moved by such feeble bribes, and pushing her from them carried away her brother. She ran immediately to the house of Elmira, and upbraided her with her breach of confidence. Elmira, conscious she deserved the charge, had nothing to say in her defence, and her friend left her with the loudest reproaches, declaring she would never more associate with one so undeserving her affection. Elmira was no sooner left alone than she felt the greatest sorrow for what she had done. In revealing the secret, she had not thought of the consequences which might ensue from it, nor the meanness she was guilty of in betraying the confidence of her friend. When she now, therefore, saw her conduct in its true light, she started at the enormity of her fault;



and the thought that young Panton might, through her means, end his days in a prison, quite overpowered her. She knew not what to do, nor whose advice to ask; she dreaded the reproaches of her parents, and the disgrace which would be annexed to her name, when her conduct became public. She had now, however, but little time to deliberate; something she felt ought to be done for young Panton, as she could not help considering herself as the author of his present miseries. She went to her Papa and disclosed to him the whole affair. When she had finished speaking, "Is it possible, El-mira, said he, "you can have been guilty of such baseness? and have you, for the poor pleasure of telling a tale, betrayed the brother of your dearest friend, and perhaps rendered him miserable for life? Who do you suppose will ever seek your acquaintance, when they know the dangers to which it will expose them? You will be shunned and contemned by the whole world, and beside the reproaches of your own conscience, you will be continually haunted by the invectives of others. Poor Eliza had indeed cause for her behaviour towards you, since she might justly consider you as the destroyer of her family's happiness; but, I doubt not, there are many, who will take advantage of your character to revile you, with equal animosity, though with less justice; and you



must, henceforth, expect only to be mentioned as an object to be shunned and detested."

Elmira could for some time make no reply, but gave vent to her sobs and tears. At length she said, "Ah, Papa, I thought you would advise me how I might repair the evil I had committed, but you only add to my distress, and make me, if possible, more miserable than before."

*Mr. Vassal.* "But how, Elmira, can you repair it? you may, by determining to be more circumspect in future, make some atonement to yourself, but this will be none to young Pantton; it will neither pay his debts, nor release him from prison."

*Elmira.* "Oh, Papa, there is one thing you might do, that would make me happy for ever, but I dare not propose it, you now think me undeserving any kindness, and though my promises of amendment are indeed sincere, you will not place any confidence in them."

*Mr. Vassal.* "How can I, when you have given so recent a proof they are not to be depended upon? I am sorry your conduct authorizes such treatment, but you must not, henceforth, be surprised, if I doubt the truth of whatever you assert. Those who can break a promise solemnly made to a friend, can have no claim to reliance; for what will induce you to be steadfast in truth when neither honour nor affection have any sway? Whatever your pro-



posal is, you may depend upon my rejecting it. You are unworthy of every indulgence, and, like Eliza, I cast you off from my affection." Elmira at this speech fell on her knees, and entreated her Papa's forgiveness, but he was deaf to her solicitations, and desired her to prepare herself for a walk, telling her she should see the consequences of her ignoble conduct. She was soon ready, and Mr. Vassal desired her to follow him. They walked till they came to the prison; Elmira trembled when she saw it, and catching hold of her Papa was ready to faint. He took her hand, and led her through numerous dark passages till they arrived at a miserable room. It was lighted by one lamp which hung from the cieling, and just discovered the melancholy abode; it contained a miserable bed, without curtains, and almost without bed-cloaths; a broken chair served both as a seat and a table, and upon it lay some pieces of bread, which had been brought for young Panton's dinner. The youth sat upon the bed, his countenance ghastly, and descriptive of sorrow and despair. When the door turned on its melancholy hinges, he looked stedfastly to see who would enter, and perceiving Mr. Vassal and Elmira, he rose in the greatest confusion, and traversed the room without uttering a word. Mr. Vassal was going to address him, but he interrupted him by



saying, "If, Sir, to gratify your curiosity you are come here, the sooner you retire the more agreeable it will be. Whatever have been my follies, the consequences are too severe to need aggravation. I therefore entreat you, as the only favour you can do, to leave me to myself; and in future, before you visit any one, to know whether your company is likely to be agreeable."

Mr. Vassal, who well know how to make allowance for the petulance of affliction, immediately left the room, without seeking to irritate the youth, who was, at present, not in a state of mind to be reasoned into submission. Elmira, sick, and ready to faint, crept out of the prison with her father's assistance; but what she had seen had so much afflicted her, that she was forced to stop some time in the air, before she could proceed home.

Always accustomed to plenty and elegance, she had never had the smallest idea of such a scene as she had lately witnessed. She had heard of poverty, of its attendant evils, but as she was secure from them, they had never made any impression upon her mind; and she had lived in affluence without a thought of the starving children of penury. But she had now beheld distress in its aggravated form, she had seen it without having the power of affording relief, and it was in a great measure incurred by



her own folly. Poignant were her feelings, sleep was a stranger to her pillow, and she spent the night in tears and lamentations. In the morning she sought her Papa, and again entreated him to hear her request. Her pallid countenance, from which sorrow had chased the roses of health, showed her internal sufferings; and as Mr. Vassal hoped her repentance was sincere, he spoke to her with less harshness, and bade her mention what it was she wished.

"You know, Papa," said she, "you are very rich, and if you would but employ some of your riches as I wish, you shall see how grateful I will be all my life; and I will never, upon any account, be seduced into the fault for which I now suffer so severely."

*Mr. Vassal.* "But what is it you desire? speak your request, I shall then be better able to judge whether I ought to comply with it."

*Elmira.* "I am afraid to tell you; for if you refuse me I have no other hope left. But yet, perhaps, you will indulge me.---Oh, Papa! if you would pay George Panton's debts, and take him out of prison, I shall never know how to be thankful enough to you for your kindness."

*Mr. Vassal.* "But have you deserved such kindness? and how can I be certain, when you are extricated from your present difficulties, you will not soon involve yourself in similar



ones? on your word I can have no reliance, what pledge can you then offer me to which I can trust?"

*Elmira.* "I know, Papa, I have not deserved such a favour, but, indeed you may trust me for the future."

*Mr. Vassal.* "Was your veracity unimpeached, I could instantly rely on your word, but as it is not, that I consider as what you will perhaps break as soon as pledged. This, *Elmira*, will ever be the case where truth is once violated. There can be no dependence where there exists no principles; your professions, whatever their sincerity, will gain you no belief, and you will be an object of suspicion to all who are connected with you. Young *Panton*'s situation I most sincerely pity, and should be happy in being instrumental in extricating him from it. When, therefore, you can give me any pledge, less disputable than your word, that your resolutions of amendment are sincere, I will exert my power in his favour."

*Mr. Vassal* then left the room, and *Elmira* little less afflicted than before, as the conditions of his bounty seemed to her impracticable.

Since her promises were rejected, she could only show by her conduct the sentiments of her heart, and as this would require time, *George*'s imprisonment and sufferings would necessarily be lengthened. She had not seen *Eliza* since



she came to upbraid her. Eliza, who in all former difficulties had been her counsellor and guide. "Oh, how ill," cried she, "have I returned her friendship! I will, however, go and see her. Perhaps when she knows my repentance she will be less severe." She immediately walked to Mrs. Panton's, but was informed by the servants that Eliza was ill in bed. This was a new blow; she was terrified at the information, and entreated permission to see her. "No Miss," said one of the servants, "you must not go up stairs, for she has particularly desired that you should not be admitted." Elmira turned away thunderstruck at this intelligence; "Ah," cried she, "whom have I now to apply to; my Papa will not believe me, my friend will not see me." She wept as she walked home. In crossing the hall she met her Papa. "Well, Elmira," said he, "have you thought of my conditions?"

*Elmira.* "Oh, Papa, why will you punish me so severely? if you do not believe what I say, how am I to convince you I am sincere?" Mr. Vassal without replying walked into his study, and bade her follow him. "Could I," said he, "be assured I should have no reason to repent my indulgence, I would instantly set young Panton at liberty; but the fear that you will relapse into your old faults still deters me."



*Elmira.* "Indeed, Papa, I will not; if ever you find in me the least deviation from truth, or see that I talk of things which ought to be concealed, I will submit to any punishment, however severe, you will chuse to inflict."

Mr. Vassal, still doubtful, was some time irresolute, but at length the entreaties of *Elmira* prevailed, and he again walked to the prison, after having sent for young *Panton's* creditors.

Mr. Vassal, whose riches, though great, were not superior to his generosity, presented *George* with his discharge, and taking him by the arm led him from the prison without speaking a word. Surprise and joy kept the youth silent, and for some time seemed to have overpowered his senses. *Elmira* was the first who spoke, and her gratitude to her father was unbounded. When they arrived at Mr. Vassal's, he led them into his study, and said to young *Panton*, "you are now, *George*, free from all difficulties and I hope you will make so good a use of your liberty as never again to be in danger of losing it."

"To your bounty," replied the youth, "I am indebted for more than life, and believe me when I assure you, that you shall in future taste the sweets of your kindness. For to a soul, generous as your's, the pleasure of bestowing can only be excelled by seeing the good which



arises from its gifts. Only, Sir, reconcile me to my father, and I shall have nothing left to wish. How few young men who have pursued my follies, have found like me a benefactor to extricate them from them!

*Mr. Vassal.* “I am truly happy in having been serviceable to you; and I hope I shall be able to complete your satisfaction, by bringing about a reconciliation with your father. And you, Elmira, to whom Mr. Panton owed his late imprisonment, will, I hope, remember what you have suffered, and let it be a warning to you in future. None can ever deviate from the paths of rectitude without subjecting themselves to innumerable evils. The best security we have for peace is the performance of our duty: for the good can never be truly wretched, nor can the wicked ever be permanently happy.

Mr. Vassal had the pleasure of reestablishing peace in the family of Mr. Panton, who again received his son to his favour. Elmira was restored to the affection of Eliza, which she never afterwards forfeited; but showed through the course of a long life, that her father had not forgiven her faults, nor had she resolved to correct them, in vain.



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With lib'ral hand the simple board he spread,  
And bade the stranger welcome to his shed.  
Whene'er thro' tangled woods he bends his way,  
By night he shields him, and directs by day.  
In ev'ry deed displays the noblest mind,  
Though ne'er by science taught, nor art refined.  
Though haughty pride may call him savage, wild,  
Yet virtue mark'd him as her fav'rite child.

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**DURING** the time that America was the prey of every barbarous invader, and its unoffending inhabitants became slaves to the conquerors, lived Cholili. He was a native of the empire of Mexico, and disdaining the inglorious yoke of slavery, he sought refuge, with his wife and infant son, among the mountains of that district. Here he was joined by some more of his countrymen, and they lived for some years in peace and tranquillity. The education of their children, and the preservation of their liberty, were their chief objects. The former was in many respects so excellent, that I cannot help describing it. The children were divided into separate classes, according to their age, and were removed from one to the other as they ad-



vanced in knowledge. Care was taken to discover the inclination of their youths, whether they preferred a life of arms, or any of the professions of peace; rightly judging they were most likely to excel in what they were most attached to. They were taught to recite by memory such songs as recounted the most valiant deeds of their ancestors, and inspired with an emulation even of excelling them. To strengthen their bodies, they were inured to fatigue, lifted heavy weights, jumped, ran races, and wrestled; every athletic exercise was encouraged. They were also taught, unrepining, to suffer hunger, thirst, and the inclemencies of the weather. The use of the sword, and dexterity in throwing the dart, and shooting arrows, was considered for those who were trained to arms of the highest importance, and in these they frequently attained a very great degree of excellence. Nor was the cultivation of their minds neglected; hospitality (which is amongst their first virtues) docility, modesty, fortitude, and patience were strongly inculcated. Let no one therefore imagine, when he hears of the native Americans, that they were, as they are sometimes represented, a race of rude barbarians. The Mexicans were, in many instances, far advanced in the arts when their empire was overthrown by Cortez. Several of their public buildings were executed with taste and magni-



ficence, the ornaments of their temples were splendid, and their gold wrought into various well-formed devices.

The repose of Cholili and his companions was first interrupted by a party of Europeans, who attempted to seize their little possessions. In this they were disappointed, yet the Indians no longer thought it safe to remain where they had once been discovered, and they removed their little colony. Finding that the fertility of the soil only tempted the rapacity of the invader, they took a long journey, farther north, in hopes they should here live unmolested. They did so; but their descendants were less fortunate. The possessions of Haleh Ham, one of the grandchildren of Cholili, were invaded, and wrested from him. His bow and arrows were all that was left him of his ample patrimony, and with these, accompanied by his wife, and two sons, he became a wanderer, in search of some retired corner which might secure him from European avarice.

The Americans are naturally brave, and fearless of danger and death. Hardened to fatigue, ignorant of the destructive luxuries of more refined nations, every man is capable of maintaining himself. They do not waste their time in idle consultations on what they shall eat, or how their victuals shall be dressed, but, content with a little parched corn, or a piece of dried



fish, they sweeten their plain and wholesome fare with an hospitality peculiarly their own.

Haleh and his family wandered about for some time, but at length found a convenient spot on the banks of a river, and here they soon built their habitations. Some of the natives resided at no great distance, and this was a farther inducement for them to fix on the spot. Their hut was soon erected; a few stakes stuck in the ground, covered with leaves of plantain, and rendered impenetrable by a kind of slime, with which the outside was daubed was all which composed it.

Haleh, however, and his neighbours, did not long enjoy uninterrupted peace, for the ravagers of their country again attacked them. They made all the resistance in their power: more than half their numbers lay dead on the field ere they began to retreat. Those who escaped the sword of the enemy fled to the woods and mountains; among the latter was Haleh and his family.

As all dangers seemed inferior to those they dreaded from Europeans, these poor people traversed "pathless deserts and mountains clad in snow," to avoid the footsteps of man.

At the foot of a mountain, which seemed almost inaccessible, they once more erected their huts. Here was nothing to invite avarice or usurpation: the soil was barren, craggy



rocks, and mountains, whose summits reached almost to the clouds, formed its safety, by removing all temptations to seize its domains. Its barrenness obliged its inhabitants to seek provisions beyond its precincts, but they always proceeded with caution, and well-armed. It happened in one of these hunting parties, after they had procured an ample supply of provisions, and were preparing to return to their habitations, that they perceived at no great distance a small party of Europeans. An instantaneous dread seized the Americans, and they were flying for safety to the mountains, when Haleh, the remembrance of whose wrongs superseded every other consideration, called to his companions to stop, and embrace this opportunity of revenging the repeated injuries the robbers had done them. The whole party instantly turned, and with a celerity and address peculiarly their own, soon surrounded the Europeans, who were wholly unprepared for such an attack. A general panic seized them, and they were now doomed to experience those sufferings they had so often inflicted. The hatchet of their enemies soon levelled them with the dust, whilst the yell of triumph drowned the groans of the dying. One youth alone, of all their party, remained alive; he had fought bravely by the side of a venerable officer, whose body he was bedewing with tears of anguish, when Omli,



the eldest son of Haleh, lifted his sword to level him also with the dust. The youth looked up, his face bedewed with tears; Omli suspended the dreadful blow, and after a few minutes pause, threw down his weapon, and by signs convinced the youth he had relinquished his hostile intentions. Haleh came up at that moment, and upbraided his son for not instantly destroying the enemy he had spared. "Oh, unworthy son," cried he, "of thy noble ancestors! "Is it thus thou treatest the enemies of thy race? Hast thou forgotten how they hurled Motezuma from his throne, and deluged Mexico with blood? Were not our fertile fields overspread with desolation, children torn from their parents, and husbands and fathers doomed to slavery, by this cursed race? Oh, be their punishments equal to their crimes! May they be interred without either weapons, or provision, and may their journey to another world be dark and solitary! May they meet rivers which they cannot cross, and see profusion which they cannot taste! May they be surrounded by enemies from whom they cannot defend themselves, and behold friends whom they are not permitted to embrace! May the angry gods terrify them with omens, and at last doom them to endless sufferings!" This speech, which was uttered with all the vehemence of rage, did not



shake the resolution of Omli. With the kindest benevolence he endeavoured to soothe the sorrows of the stranger, as well as their mutual ignorance of each other's language would permit.

The first care of the Americans was, to take the bodies of their countrymen who had fallen in the engagement, and inter them with great funeral honours. Nothing but the prayers, the supplications of Omli, saved the European from being sacrificed on their tombs, for amongst other barbarous customs, the Americans practised that of offering human sacrifices to their gods and heroes.

Gustavus (for that was the name of the stranger) was born of English parents of high rank in their native country. His father was a lieutenant-general in the army, and was stationed with his regiment at one of the English settlements. As a life of arms was what he had always been accustomed to, and what he preferred to all others, he had early inspired his son with similar sentiments; a thirst for military glory was among the first lessons he had learned; the heroes of antiquity had been given him as models, and he was told that the only way to become respectable was to distinguish himself in the field of battle. With these sentiments, at fifteen years of age he accompanied his father to America, where he had resided three



years. When they were encountered by the party of Haleh, they were marching to punish an offence which some Americans had committed, by taking what reason and the law of nations declared was their own. These people had bravely fought to regain a portion of land which had been wrested from them; and this was deemed a crime of such a nature as to call for immediate punishment. The offenders, however, though reduced to a very small number, were still hostile, and the general was on his march to reduce them to obedience, when he received his death from the arm of Haleh.

Another contest succeeded with Omli and his father, ere the latter would suffer Gustavus to be carried to his hut. Implacable resentment, nourished by repeated injuries, and never taught to yield to the pure principles of Christianity, had in the heart of Haleh taken such possession, that he considered kindness shewn to an European, as equal folly and baseness. Omli possessed a mind more enlightened; he felt for the wrongs of his country, but he justly considered that the crimes of others could never justify his own. "Because," said he, "Europeans have desolated our country, and have shown themselves robbers and assassins, shall we become murderers? No; rather let us endeavour to disarm their rigour, by showing them how little we deserve it, and that it is nobler to save an



enemy than to plunge a sword in his bosom." Though the rectitude of his sentiments could not convince his father, his entreaties prevailed, and Gustavus was led to their habitation, and treated in the most hospitable manner. His wounds were bound up, and soon healed by an infusion of the juice of some salutary herbs, well known to the Americans.

Could kindness, and an unaffected wish to please, have conferred happiness, Gustavus here had tasted peace. Omli became his most generous friend;—but, alas! regret for his parent, whom death had snatched an untimely victim to the grave, and the keen anguish which assailed his soul at the little prospect there was of his ever again being restored to his friends, closed every avenue to happiness. Added to this, Gustavus had always been accustomed to European elegance, and though, as a soldier, he might have suffered temporary hardships, he knew not how to quench his thirst at the stream, or satisfy his hunger with the frugal fare of the Americans. Omli, whose soul was enlightened by the purest sentiments of benevolence, seeing the stranger still continue sorrowful, left no means untried to discover the cause. He could not conceive it possible that he should grieve for his father: for the Americans deem it the highest honour to fall so bravely: he, therefore, thought it probable he either



sighed for his native country, or disliked his present mode of living. "I cannot," said Omli, "at present restore him to his friends, but I will endeavour to obviate his other objection."

When very young he had once seen some Europeans cooking their dinner; he had been struck with the unnecessary trouble he thought they gave themselves, but as the event was still fresh in his memory, he determined to prepare his guest's victuals in the same manner. When he had done so, he presented it to Gustavus with a smile expressive of the delight he felt in the hope of giving pleasure. It was impossible to mistake this silent eloquence; and from that moment Gustavus felt for him a growing affection which every day increased.

Most nations who are uncorrupted by luxury and pride, estimate men in proportion as they are possessed of strength, courage, fortitude, and address. The Americans in particular valued these qualities, and the Mexicans suffered no one to ascend the throne, who was not distinguished for them. Gustavus, according to their ideas, was ignorant of the most valuable endowments. He could neither sleep on the cold earth, transfix the tiger with his dart, nor guide a canoe with any degree of dexterity. These were arts he had now to learn. Omli was his tutor, and, such is the force of habit,



in little more than four months he joined the hunters in their excursions, guided a canoe over their lakes, and performed many feats of dexterity. Numerous were the beasts which fell beneath his arrows, and songs and dances graced his victories. The damsels of the tribe joined in his praise, and offered him presents as the recompence of his glory. These consisted of feathers of various colours, beautifully formed into ornaments for the head; strings of pearl, or gold fancifully wrought into divers figures.

Several years rolled away whilst Gustavus was an inhabitant of these mountains; during which time his affection for Omli had daily increased. He found in him all that could interest or endear: he was liberal, affectionate, and humane. Gifted by nature with an understanding the most comprehensive, and possessing a desire of knowledge which made him excel in whatever he was taught; he had learned the English language of Gustavus, and was frequently amused with his description of England, its customs, and manners, so different to those of his own nation. When he heard of the magnificent palaces, splendid equipages, and the thousand superfluities which wealth demands, he would say, "Thus it is the Europeans become unjust. Those who multiply their wants only increase their cares, whilst



thousands must labour for their pleasures : this breeds discontent. Few like to spend their lives in acquiring what they know they shall never enjoy : nor has any one a right to expect such a sacrifice of his fellow creatures. The venerable man, under whose care I spent my youth, always taught me that he who was able to defend his country from her enemies, and to procure for himself the necessaries of life, was a being most worthy the favour of the gods. "Never," said he, "imitate the conduct of those who are become the destroyers of your country. They will talk to you of luxury, but this luxury is only another word for injustice. He who multiplies his wants beyond his power of gratifying them, must live at the expense of others; and whilst he finds it easier that others should labour for him, than that he should labour for himself, his only wish is to live in indolent enjoyment. To secure this, riches are necessary : then comes tyranny, oppression, and a thousand vices. Some must be impoverished ere he will be rich : if he lives in idleness, others must be bowed down by labour ; and when the majority of the people are oppressed, that a few may riot in plenty, destruction must be near at hand. A nation thus circumstanced is fast hastening to decay. None taste of happiness : the poor sigh for wealth ; the rich for content ; the labourer for rest, and



the indolent for enjoyment. All will repine from different motives, and while each wishes for happiness, none will acknowledge that luxury is the cause of his misery. But to this fiend may be attributed half the calamities of the human race: it was this that taught the Europeans avarice, and first led them basely to invade our country. "Such," continued Omli, "being the sentiments which I early imbibed, you will not wonder that I consider your refinements as the harbingers of injustice, your splendour as a robbery of thousands, and your costly decorations, and splendid attire, as useless glitter, and idle parade."

Whilst thus passed the life of Gustavus, the increasing calamities of his country called Omli to the field of battle. Old age had, some months since, conveyed his parents to the grave, and his brother had been killed in hunting. Gustavus had now the first place in his affections, but, alas! it was against the countrymen of Gustavus he was going to lift the hatchet of war. Could he expect that Gustavus would accompany him? Oh, no; to suspect it, was to injure his friend; for he, who could raise his arm against his own nation, Omli would have thought unworthy his esteem, even though it had been his beloved Gustavus. Nor were the feelings of Gustavus himself less painful: at the first information that his countrymen were so near him, his heart bounded to press them to



his bosom; his raptures were depicted on his countenance, and he thought only of being restored to his friends. But his affection for Omli soon asserted its power, and he paused, uncertain for a moment whether his expected happiness would counterbalance the pain of the melancholy parting which must precede it. His friend easily penetrated into his feelings, and seizing his hand, thus addressed him: "My dear Gustavus, I know your thoughts, and may the gods reward your attachment to me! but suffer not this attachment to lead you from your duty! What you owe your country and friends, is far superior to what I can claim; I will accompany you as near to the British camp as I prudently can. You will soon be united to your countrymen. Yet, ah! when you are again restored to them, let not their superior endowments make you blush to own, you once regarded as your friend an unlettered American."

"Oh, why," cried Gustavus, folding him to his bosom, "why will you suspect me of such ingratitude? Here I solemnly swear, and I call the God of my fathers to witness the protestation, that my arm shall never be lifted against the inhabitants of a country to whom I owe such obligations. My heart lingers to return to my relations, but this wish can never supplant my affection for Omli. Oh, my



friend, would you make my happiness complete, would you leave me nothing more to wish,—accompany me to England! There will I convince you that ingratitude is not the characteristic of our nation; that though there may be men whose tyranny have rendered them deservedly odious, there are also those whose minds are illuminated by the rays of virtue.”

“No,” cried Omli, with firmness, “I never doubted but you could boast the most worthy characters. I revere your superior knowledge, and did not duties, which are not to be neglected, forbid my accompanying you, I should go with joy to your nation. But is this a time for Omli to think of himself, when his country so loudly calls for his assistance? Oh, no; ere I stoop to a conduct so ignoble, may my arrows be wrested from my hand, and my whole frame totter with feebleness! Here I will remain; with the last drop of my blood will I assert our rights, and either perish, or live in freedom. The gods, I trust, will favour our design; they created us for happiness, and will not doom us to misery. Urge me no farther; I am firm in my resolution—Hark!—I already hear the sound of war. Go, my friend, leave me: but know that you carry with you my affection, my esteem, and good wishes. And, oh! may your days be prosperous! may your friends receive you with shouts, and prepare for you a



feast of gladness! may your vessel glide swiftly over the great waters, and not a cloud darken your passage! may the morning bring you joy, and the evening rest! may skins of the softest beavers court your repose, and dreams of sweetest pleasures encircle your brow."

The firmness of the American was not to be moved by the entreaties of Gustavus. In vain he persuaded, reasoned or wept.—Omli was still immovable. Mutual was their anguish at parting, and Gustavus at that moment would gladly have relinquished every other hope, to remain with his friend. But he cast a look at the English camp, and tore himself from his faithful and affectionate friend. When he arrived at the British quarters, he desired to be conducted to the general's tent; and there declaring his name, and the circumstances of his long residence in America, he was received with the greatest kindness.

The next day every thing was prepared for battle. The Americans advanced with great order, adorned with high plumes of feathers, which they always wore in battle, and which gave them a very noble appearance. Their shouts, together with the harsh sound of their warlike instruments, which consisted of flutes made of canes, shells, drums hewn out of the trunks of trees, hollowed, and beat with a stick, were intended to terrify the enemy. Their wea-



pons were bows and arrows, darts, and swords; the latter made of wood, edged with flint, and so heavy, that both hands were employed to use them. They had also clubs and slings, with which they threw stones with amazing dexterity.

The Indians of distinction were also defended by breast-plates and shields; some of which were made of tortoise-shell, and others of wood, with plates of gold or copper. On the day of battle they always painted their faces in the most frightful manner, in order to strike terror into the enemy. Their first attack was furious, but they were soon put into confusion by the cannon and musquetry of the English.

Notwithstanding their courage and impetuosity, they fell in heaps, either by the sword, or by the volleys discharged at them. The chief, finding his troops gave way, addressed them in a speech of such fire and ardour, that they were animated by it almost to madness. They renewed the attack with double fury, and pressed each other on to destruction; the rear trampling on the front, and rushing with such violence on the English, that victory seemed doubtful. But the Europeans soon recovered themselves, and in spite of their valour and courage, made a terrible slaughter of the Indians. They were, at length, obliged to retreat, but not till the



greatest part of their number lay dead on the field.

Gustavus during this scene had experienced sensations no pen can describe. Sometimes he remained in the general's tent, and sometimes ascended a neighbouring hill to view the battle: then he fancied he discovered Omli sarrounded by enemies; his heart thrilled with horror, and he groaned aloud. At length the shouts of victory met his ears; he flew to the field of battle, and with frantic agony demanded Omli. But in vain his search, in vain he called upon his name, for Omli could not hear him. He ran to the general, and on his knees implored the protection of his generous preserver. The officer bade him be more calm, and said, that if the person he inquired for was among the prisoners, he should be instantly released, but that he could promise nothing more. Gustavus then proceeded to examine the prisoners, but Omli was not there.

Sad, and sorrowful, he departed, now reproaching himself for having ever quitted a friend so deservedly dear, and now lamenting that death should have opened an untimely grave for one so worthy of life. He refused all comfort, and spent the day in wandering about, and the night in sighs and lamentations. In one of his solitary walks, as he was meditating upon the occurrences of his past life, and



recollecting how miraculously he had been preserved from death by the very friend he now lamented, he saw at a distance two soldiers, who were so intently occupied by something on the ground, that they perceived not his approach till he drew very near them. A faint groan just then proceeded from some one, and a soldier said, "why don't you dispatch him at once?" This drew from Gustavus an involuntary scream,—the soldiers, alarmed, instantly fled, and Gustavus hastened to the spot. But what was his horror when he perceived bleeding, and without any signs of life, his beloved Omli! He threw himself on the ground by his side, called repeatedly upon his name, tore his own linen to bind up his wounds, and then flew back to the camp for assistance. He soon returned, and Omli was conducted to the place appointed for the sick. Here his wounds were dressed, and pronounced not mortal; the joy of Gustavus was now equal to his late despair: he quitted not the bed of his friend till he began to recover, and as soon as this happy period arrived Omli informed him, that after the battle he had retired to the woods with some of his companions; and that finding it impossible longer to resist such superior numbers, their chief had resolved to sue for peace, and to become tributary to the English. "When I heard this," said Omli, "and that my country no longer needed



my assistance, I determined to seek you in the English camp, for I knew not till we were separated how strongly I was attached to you. I therefore took leave of my countrymen, and providing myself with some gold, which I thought would, perhaps, be necessary among those who so highly prized it, I quitted the woods. I travelled in safety till I came within sight of your camp. Oh, how did my heart rejoice at the prospect of being so near you! I pictured to myself the joy you would also feel, and at that moment forgot every sorrow. As I was walking, two men suddenly seized me, and were dragging me forcibly along, when one of them seeing what I possessed, proposed to his companion to stab me with his bayonet. The other was unwilling to agree to this proposal, though he assisted in stripping me. I made all the resistance in my power, till, faint with the loss of blood, I sunk on the ground. You presently came to my assistance and preserved a life, which without you would be of little value."

Gustavus replied to this speech with the warmest expressions of regard, and as soon as his friend was sufficiently recovered, they embarked for England. Gustavus was received by his friends with the most rapturous fondness, and when told they owed his preservation to Omli, they gave him the most liberal testime-



nies of their gratitude. Gustavus and his friend lived many years in the strictest friendship; their regard knew no abatement, but continued to the end of a long life, a source of the purest pleasures. Generous and noble as was the mind of Gustavus, that of his friend was in no respect inferior; and this amiable American was a convincing proof, that merit and genius are not confined to one particular clime; and that though they may be cultivated by the lettered sons of Europe, they have also flourished among the injured tribes of a distant world.



Oh, read and learn that genius, wit, or sense,  
To admiration have but small pretence,  
Unless humility thy actions guide,  
And shut the path to arrogance and pride;  
For should those noxious weeds thy mind pervade,  
And blast each virtue by their pois'nous shade,  
Better for thee had been an humbler lot,  
To live unknown, neglected, or forgot.

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**L**AURA Maynard was the daughter of a gentleman of fortune in Devonshire. She was possessed of the most brilliant understanding, and her readiness in learning whatever she was taught, made her the delight of her governess and masters. She read extremely well, and for her age was wonderfully accomplished. But alas! Laura had neglected one useful lesson; namely, humility. Instead of being thankful for the superior advantages she possessed, she treated all those who knew less than herself with the most supercilious scorn. As her vanity taught her to believe she could never do wrong, she was impatient when reproved, and frequently retorted with impertinence the advice her Mama, or other friends gave her. If she visited her little companions, she would be sure to talk of such things as she knew they did not understand; and after having suffi-



ciently convinced them of their own ignorance, she would endeavour to impress them with a sense of her superior wisdom. By this conduct she made herself many enemies; as even those who acknowledged her abilities condemned the use she made of them. No one likes to be oppressed with a superiority which they cannot attain; and hence it is that those who are wise, as well as learned, seek rather to raise, than depress their inferiors; and never discover that they know more than those they are with, except when it will give pleasure or forward improvement.

Laura was one day invited with her Mama to dine at a gentleman's house in the neighbourhood. She happened to be seated at dinner next to an officer in the army. He was fond of children, and therefore took much notice of her. "Pray," said he, "how do you pass your time these long days? the weather is too hot to walk much, have you a doll?"

Laura was highly offended at this question, but as her Mama's presence was some restraint upon her, she only replied, "No, Sir, I have neither dolls nor playthings, for I am very fond of reading, and have therefore no time for such childish amusements."

*The Officer.* "But you cannot always read!"

*Laura.* "Oh no: I have music and geo-



graphy; and besides these, I am learning botany."

*The Officer.* "Indeed! I did not know what an accomplished little neighbour I had."

"Oh, yes," said the lady of the house, "I know no young person who does more credit to her instructors than Miss Maynard. She studies, I believe, a great deal."

"I wish," said a gentleman to a friend who sat next him, in a low voice, "she would study to be agreeable as well as learned."

Laura overheard this speech, and it covered her face with momentary confusion; but she soon recovered herself, when she recollected the gentleman was universally allowed to be a man of sense.

The vain and presuming are, however, always liable to mortification; and thus it fared with Laura, who suffered many hours uneasiness which her own folly caused. The young people, after dinner, retired to amuse themselves, and being joined by several other little friends, whom the lady of the house had invited, in hopes of making the visit more agreeable to Miss Maynard, they formed a pretty large party. Various were the amusements they chose, which all afforded much merriment, till Laura, eager to indulge her favourite propensity, said they had played so much, she should be glad to rest herself, and she thought, in the mean



time, they might find pleasure in asking each other questions out of the History of England. The children were, evidently, not much pleased with this proposal, however they made no objections. Laura began by asking in what part of the kingdom the Druids used most to reside, what was their worship, and by whom their sacred groves were destroyed, and themselves driven from their retreats? As no one could tell, she answered the several questions herself, and with a look of the most insolent triumph, added, "I am surprised you do not know these simple things; I am not the oldest in this company, but it is evident I know the most." Maria Jones, a girl of much drollery and address, answered this speech by saying, "As you are so good an historian, perhaps, Miss Maynard, you can tell us whether Canute, when he desired the waves not to wet his feet, looked to the east or the west? Every one of the children, except Laura, burst into a violent fit of laughter, but she was too angry to join their mirth, and told them it was no proof of their sense to turn learning into ridicule.

"Indeed, there is no one would do so," said Maria, "if you, Miss Maynard, did not give yourself such airs, because you are cleverer than we are. But, for my part, I had rather be ignorant than learned, if it only teaches people to make themselves disagreeable."



Here a quarrel would most probably have ensued, but for the interposition of the other children, who, with some difficulty re-established order, and they all renewed their sports. The pique, however, Laura had conceived against Miss Jones, prevented her enjoyment, and as she returned home in the evening, her Mama evidently saw she was not pleased with her visit.

"Well Laura," said she, "you and your companions seemed to be very merry, for I think I heard you laughing several times."

*Laura.* "Oh, I dare say you did; for they were all terribly childish."

*Mrs. Maynard.* "And what else is to be expected from children? At your age, in the hours of recreation, pleasure is the sole object of your pursuit; youth seldom looks beyond the present moment, and is, therefore, easily pleased. I speak, however, of those whose pride and affectation do not incline them to become ridiculous by despising what is suitable to their years."

*Laura.* "I see, Mama, you mean this hint for me; and it is a very poor reward for my attention to my studies, that they should always expose me to the affronts of every one."

*Mrs. Maynard.* "I, Laura, though your parent, am blinded by no partial prejudices; I can see what is commendable in you, as well



as what is faulty. Yet I assure you, with the greatest sincerity, I had rather see you ignorant than abuse your learning, as you most certainly do."

*Laura.* "A mighty odd speech, Mama! I really do not know what to make of it."

*Mrs. Maynard.* "I am sorry for it; as it is by no means difficult to be understood. I will, however, endeavour to be more explicit. Let me ask you, in the first place, what advantage you derive from knowing more than your companions? So far from seeking to instruct the ignorant, you make them the constant subjects of your ridicule. Learning is only valuable when it tends to expand the heart, as well as store the mind. But how very far is it from having this effect upon you! Why could you not, this afternoon, (for I know all that has passed) play at such sports as your friends were best calculated to engage in? There certainly was no harm in what you proposed; so far from it, were such questions always asked as recreations, instead of being considered as tasks, much useful knowledge might be attained, without the labour of study."

*Laura.* "Why, then, Mama, do you blame me?"

*Mrs. Maynard.* "Ask yourself that question; for what you proposed I do not blame, but the motive which urged the proposal. You



knew what these children were capable of, because they all go to the same school with yourself; and it was from the certainty of their ignorance that you asked the question; not because you wished to inform them, but because you sought an opportunity of ungenerously triumphing over their meaner capacities. You were, however, deservedly ridiculed, and the very means you made use of to humble others, became the cause of your own mortification."

*Laura*, bursting into tears. "You seem, Mama, to take as much pleasure in seeing me made unhappy, as other parents do in giving their children comfort."

*Mrs. Maynard*. "I hope, *Laura*, you are not sensible of all that ungrateful speech conveys! These are the consequences of the fault I wish you to correct. Your vanity makes you impertinent, disrespectful, and disobedient; and must, at last, render you completely miserable. Do you suppose superior abilities were given you that you should trample on every duty, and despise the authority which is only exerted for your good? Because you readily learn whatever you are taught, are you, therefore, to condemn those from whom you derive your knowledge?"

"It is not learning which is in itself valuable, but the use which is made of it, and those who



pervert it, as you do, had better always have continued in ignorance."

Laura was too much offended for conviction, and she wept the remainder of the evening. Mrs. Maynard took no notice of her, and she retired to her own room, mortified, but not corrected.

What pity was it, that any one possessed of such advantages should make them the means of their being universally disliked! It would be endless to enumerate the uneasiness to which she exposed herself; for in proportion as her vanity and arrogance increased, so much more was the mortification she felt, when she received not the applauses she considered herself intitled to. I will only enumerate one instance, and then leave my young readers to their own reflections; which, I sincerely hope, will be such as to lead them always to avoid Laura's faults: for which, not all the advantages she possessed could compensate.

Her father had, at the bottom of his garden, a large summer-house, where she would frequently take her books, and amuse herself. Here she had one morning retired from the excessive heat of the sun, when the sound of voices drew her attention. She heard her name repeated, and as she always expected it to be coupled with praise, she crept softly towards the door to listen. "I repeat it," said a gen-



tleman, whom by his voice she knew was a person who visited at the house, "she must have a bad heart. Her vanity I could pardon, but the delight she takes in mortifying others is not to be borne. I am astonished her parents can bear her in their society, or ever introduce her to that of their friends."

"She is, indeed," answered the curate of the village, "a most disgusting little creature; and will, in time, be hated by every one. So conscious is she of her own superior abilities, that I frequently expect she will correct me for advancing things in the pulpit, not consistent with her ideas."

*The Gentleman.* "Did you observe her this morning when she read the anecdote in the newspaper? I'll venture to affirm she thought herself equal if not superior to Mrs. Siddons. It is astonishing to me you can suffer your children to associate with her, I should be afraid of the effects of her baneful example."

*The Curate.* "My dear friend, such a character as Laura Maynard's must be detestable even to children; and it is from the certainty of this, that I wish them sometimes to be in her company. Ten thousand lectures on the odiousness of vanity and arrogance would never have half the effect of an hour's converse with her." The gentlemen were soon too distant for Laura to distinguish any more. She had,



however, heard enough to give her the greatest affliction. She threw down her book in a passion, and hastening from the summer-house gave vent to her feelings in a violent shower of tears. As she walked along, she sometimes upbraided the injustice of the world, which she thought blind to her numerous accomplishments, and sometimes the ignorance of those who disliked her. She failed not to impute to envy, the rancour with which she was treated, and she determined to disappoint every endeavour to vex her, by laying still stronger claims to admiration.

Such were the thoughts which occupied her mind, and which had insensibly led her to wander a considerable way from her father's house, when a neat little cottage caught her attention. As she was very much tired, she determined to rest herself at it; and opening a gate, she went through a small garden which led to the house. She knocked at the door, which was opened by an elegant girl about her own age; Laura requested permission to rest herself a little while, which was immediately granted with sweetness, and she followed her conductress into a neat little parlour. She was somewhat surprised, on entering, to see a piano forte, some very pretty drawings and the whole of the furniture much superior to what is usually found in cottages. After sitting some little time, she requested the stranger to play her a tune, which the young lady, whose name was Harriot, immediately



complied with. She played a lesson of Clementi's in a very superior stile, and Laura, however reluctantly, was obliged to own that she excelled even herself. The drawings, which were Harriot's performance, created likewise the wonder of Laura, who thus saw herself rivalled by one she thought so infinitely beneath her. Determined, however, to know whether music and drawing were all her acquirements, she said, "you seem to live here very retired. Have you a good library? I suppose you do not read French; if you do, I can lend you some books."

*Harriot.* I am much obliged to you, for your civility to a stranger; I do read French, and likewise speak that language."

*Laura.* "But why is it that you, who are so accomplished, live in this poor little cottage?"

*Harriot.* "I am much obliged for what little I know to the kindness of my parents; my father, who was in the army, and is lately dead, took great pains with me; and I sometimes fear his attention to me might injure his health."

*Laura.* "But do you know how much you would be admired, if you were more known, and to let people see how infinitely superior you are to half the world?"

*Harriot.* "Oh, Miss, I have not so much vanity as to believe that; and as to praises,



none would ever give me so much pleasure as deserving those of my Mama. And if I can in some measure shew my gratitude to her, by making what I have received from her goodness contribute to her amusement, it is all I wish.

*Laura.* "But is it possible you should have learned so much, only to entertain your Mama?"

*Harriot.* "And who is there I can wish to please half so dear to me? Oh, you do not know her, or you would not wonder I love her so dearly."

*Laura.* "I do not doubt but she is very good: yet if nobody but one's parents know our acquirements, I do not see any great advantage it is to be accomplished."

Just as Laura finished this speech Mrs. Howard entered; Harriot immediately introduced her visitor to her, and then said to Laura, "this is the parent I wish only to please, and if she is contented with me, I am indifferent to the whole world beside."

*Mrs. Howard.* "I think, Harriot, you are not indifferent to the esteem of the wise and good."

*Harriot.* "I am sure, dear Mama, you will never commend me for what is not right, and therefore, if I deserve your esteem, I may hope to possess that of many more."

*Mrs. Howard* then addressing Laura, said,



“Harriot is a prating little girl, Miss Maynard, I am afraid you have found her a troublesome companion.”

*Laura.* “Not at all, Ma’am. Miss Harriot has favoured me with a lesson on the piano.”

*Mrs. Howard.* “And will you favour me with one, for I think you play?”

Laura, after several apologies for her want of skill, sat down, and played with such an air of confidence, notwithstanding her apologies, that Mrs. Howard soon discovered her real character. She stopt several times to make observations; how much better the lesson would have been, had such and such variations been introduced; and, in short, so-disgusted Mrs. Howard, that she never more desired her as a guest.

Such was Laura Maynard, and such she always continued. Endowed with extraordinary talents, and all the advantages a liberal education could bestow, she was seen to be shunned, and known to be despised; for whenever her accomplishments procured her acquaintances, her arrogance failed not to convert them to enemies. Thus she was equally feared by the ignorant, and avoided by the wise; and those very talents, which properly employed would have procured her not merely admiration, but esteem and love, by the ill judged use she made of them, occasioned her nothing but contempt and hatred.



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Hail virtue! source of ev'ry good below;  
From thee all pleasures spring, to thee they flow;  
'Tis thou instruct'st us ev'ry woe to bear,  
And blunt the barbed dart of cank'ring care:  
Thou bidst the soul to better regions rise,  
And soar to bliss in worlds beyond the skies.

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AT a small, but convenient, house in Surry, lived Mr. Mason. He had formerly been a merchant in London, but having met with several losses, he retired from business, and with his daughter passed his time in the country. After he had settled all his affairs, he found he had yet sufficient to live in independence with frugality. He had an excellent library, and this afforded both himself and Serina amusement inexhaustible.

Though he lived in retirement, he did not abandon himself to idleness. His garden and a few acres of ground at the back of his house were cultivated by his own hands. The exercise benefited his health, and was an agreeable employment, when Serina was busied in domestic affairs.

It was in the month of November that some particular business called him to the neighbour-



ing town, which was about five miles distant from his own house. He told Serina he should be home early in the evening, and affectionately embracing her, mounted his horse. His business, which was not so speedily transacted as he hoped it would have been, detained him late, and it was eight in the evening when he left the town. As he was crossing a common which led to his house, a cloud, which had long been gathering, burst over his head in a violent shower of hail and rain. He was obliged to quicken his pace, and knowing there was the remains of a barn at no great distance, he endeavoured to find it in order to shelter himself. In this he succeeded, and stayed till the storm began to abate. Just as he was leaving the shed, the moon burst from behind a cloud, and by its momentary light he discovered something glittering on the ground: it was the case of a watch; he took it up and put it in his pocket, "It should seem," said he, "that this barn has already afforded shelter to some one; whoever it was, he will have reason to rejoice that I also entered here, since I shall be the means of restoring him his watch case."—He then mounted his horse, and soon after reached his own house. Serina flew to the door to meet him, and told him she had been some hours in expectation of his return; and had suffered more than she could express



lest some accident should have befallen him. "But what, my dear Sir," said she, when he had entered the parlour; "for Heaven's sake, what have you done to your coat? the back part is covered with blood."

"With blood!" repeated Mr. Mason; who, as he recollected the circumstance of the watch case, felt his soul thrill with horror: "Surely, Serina, you are mistaken!" He then pulled off his coat, and was fully convinced of the suspicious appearance. Serina began to wipe it off, and whilst she was thus engaged, the carrier entered, and delivered a letter to her father. The man, struck by her occupation, regarded her with the most fixed attention, till being paid for the letter, he left the house. This circumstance was not noticed by either Mr. Mason or his daughter, their minds were otherwise engaged; and the first thing which drew Serina from the earnestness of her own reflections, was observing the evident perturbation with which her father read the letter. "Surely," thought she, "my father cannot have been engaged in any quarrel; every thing of the sort is so contrary to his disposition." She chid herself for the momentary suspicion, and then said, "We will now, Sir, if you please, set down to tea; we are not often thus fashionable; it wants but twenty minutes of



ten." Mr. Mason made no answer, but seemed overwhelmed with melancholy. He sighed—Serina looked at him, and fancied she read in his countenance some terrible disaster. Her hand trembled as she endeavoured to pour out the tea, a sudden faintness seized her, and she was near sinking lifeless on the floor, when the fear of augmenting her father's affliction renewed her strength and gave her fresh vigour. During tea Mr. Mason spoke not a word, but seemed wholly absorbed by his own reflections. Serina sat some time in the most agonizing suspense, and then said, "My dear Sir, what is it that thus distresses you? Will you not tell your Serina? Will you not permit her to share your sorrows, and if possible, to alleviate them?"—Mr. Mason embracing her, said, "Oh, my beloved child! never can I suffer any calamity which will wholly overpower me, whilst blessed with such a daughter. You do, indeed, deserve my confidence; I will trust your fortitude in the present instance, which I hope will support you under the afflictions of which this letter is the messenger. Remember, my Serina, that the sorrows which are inflicted by Heaven often prove to us the most salutary lessons; they humble our pride, and wean us from a world, which, even in its best state, has but little to bestow.—Your aunt and cousins"—

"Are dead!" cried Serina, starting involun-



tarily from her chair, with a look of perturbation and horror.—

“They are!” replied her father.—She clasped her hands, but was silent. Cold drops trickled down her lovely face, she trembled, tottered back to her chair, and then burst into an agony of tears. These proved a most salutary relief; her father attempted not to suppress them by premature consolation, well knowing that after the first violent emotion of sorrow was past, her own good sense would be her best counsellor. She knew, however, at present, but half her affliction, as the melancholy circumstance attending the death of her relations infinitely aggravated the calamity. They had intended spending a few months with Mr. Mason, and for this purpose had embarked from Ireland, where they usually resided, in one of the packet boats. They were overtaken by a violent storm, the ship was wrecked, and all on board perished. Serina was strongly attached to her cousins; she felt for them a sisterly affection, and much of her early life had been spent with them. Her aunt had been to her a second parent, and was endeared to her by the most valuable qualities. This dreadful and unexpected calamity drove the fear of every other from her bosom, and she could neither think or talk of any thing else. “I respect your feelings too much,” said her father, after they had



been talking some time on this melancholy affair, "to wish to repress them. But yet, my Serina, let us remember that those we weep for are past all sense of pain; they have no more to suffer; but are receiving in a better world the reward of their good conduct in this. The knowledge of their worth makes their present bliss undoubted, and must convince us, that whatever we desire for ourselves, we have nothing more to wish for them."—This subject occupied them till they separated for the night; Serina with a bosom bleeding with the keenest sufferings, and her father little less afflicted..

The next morning, during their breakfast, they were surprized by the entrance of four ill-looking men, who going up to Mr. Mason, told him he must accompany them to Justice Bull's; and then shewed him a warrant which empowered them to seize him for the murder of Captain Thornton.

"Gracious God!" exclaimed Mr. Mason, "what do you mean?"—Serina no sooner heard this, than she uttered a dreadful scream, and fell lifeless on the floor. Her father flew to her, and lifted her up; for some minutes she occupied his whole attention; but when she was somewhat recovered, he turned to the men, saying, "Surely, my friends, you must be mistaken in the house you are come to; my



character, I should hope, secures from every suspicion of such an atrocious crime; and as to the gentleman you mention, I never before even heard his name.”—

“That is nothing to us, Sir,” replied one of the men; you must answer for that before Justice Bull. We must carry you to him, and there is an end of our business. You must, however, go with us, so you had better go at once.”—

“What!” cried Mr. Mason, with the warmest indignation, “to be tried as a base assassin! No, never will I submit to such indignity.”

“Sir,” said the men, “we are forced to do our business, and that commands us to convey you by force, if you do not go willingly. If there is any mistake, the justice, I dares to say, will soon set it to rights. As to our *parlyfying* here, we can’t do it; so Sir, I hope you will not oblige us to force you along.”—Mr. Mason, half stupefied by such a charge, stood for some minutes immoveable, till the clamour of the men roused him from his stupor. Finding all he could say disregarded, he took his hat, and with a firm tone desired the men to lead the way, adding, “I trust in the justice of Heaven, and am not afraid of the accusations of man.” Then turning suddenly, and embracing his daughter, “Do not weep, my



Serina," said he, I will soon return. Make yourself easy, and have no apprehensions for me. The heart which is supported by conscientious integrity fears no inspection, nor shrinks from any scrutiny. Adieu, my beloved child, in less than an hour I will be with you again." He then followed the men out of the house, and Serina, more dead than alive, was unable either to speak or attempt to follow him. The servant came into the room to offer her assistance, and Serina bade her stop, as any society was preferable to solitude, to a mind in such a state as her's.

Mr. Mason, when he arrived at the justice's house, expressed in the warmest terms his astonishment and indignation at the calumny with which his character was loaded.

"Why, Sir, said the justice, "appearances are much against you."

"What appearances?" demanded Mr. Mason fiercely.

*The Justice.* "Why, Sir, Captain Thornton was last night murdered at the barn on the common, between the hours of eight and nine, at which time you were seen to come from this barn. You were also seen after this at your own house, your coat sprinkled with blood, which your daughter was wiping away. Now, Sir, if you can confute these charges, do. I shall be very glad to acquit you. The proofs



of your guilt, are, however, so strong, that prevarication will avail but little."

"And would it avail much," replied Mr. Mason, indignantly, "I have a heart which would disdain to make use of it. That I was in the barn last night I attempt not to deny, for I took shelter there from a violent storm. My coat, on my return to my own house, was also besmeared with blood; but are these circumstances to prove that I have been a murderer?"

*The Justice.* "The law will admit them as such. You have, however, forgotten what you took from the deceased."

*Mr. Mason.* "I repeat it again, and I attest it by the most sacred protestations, that I never saw Captain Thornton, nor ever, till this morning, heard his name. There is a watch-case I picked up as I left the barn, and which I supposed some one had dropped, till on my return home, my daughter observed some blood on my coat, which first awakened in me a suspicion of something more horrible."

*The Justice.* "But why, with such a suspicion, did not you immediately return, and search the barn, that would have been the most likely way of attesting your innocence?"

*Mr. Mason.* "And that, late as it was, I should have done, had I not almost immedi-



ately received a letter, which contained the most melancholy information, and which drove every other thought from my mind."

*The Justice.* "This, Sir, will not acquit you in the eye of the law. I will, however, call the witnesses, and see what can be done."

Three men then entered the room, one of them was the carrier who was at Mr. Mason's house, the evening before; the others he never remembered to have seen. These deposed that as they were crossing the common, they saw a man coming out of the barn; they were close to him, and by the light of the moon saw him pick up a watch-case. As soon as he had mounted his horse, curiosity led them to enter the barn, where they found the body of the deceased, who had been very recently murdered, and whom they instantly conveyed to the first house they came to. The carrier said that he had seen Mr. Mason's daughter wiping blood from his coat: they all took an oath to what they had attested, and the justice committed Mr. Mason to prison, saying it was impossible he should acquit any one against whom there appeared such strong evidences of guilt. In vain the unfortunate man protested his innocence; in vain he urged the uniform tenor of his conduct during seven years in which he had resided in the neighbourhood, and that he had never, in the smallest instance, injured any hu-



man being. He defied any one to prove the contrary, and told the justice that if a good character was not a sufficient shield against calumnious assertions, he knew not to what any man must trust. His words, however, had little effect, the justice telling him the law must be obeyed, and that with such proofs of guilt, no magistrate could acquit him as innocent. He was then conveyed to prison, where all the indulgence he was allowed, was a room separate from the rest of the prisoners.

The time of her father's examination had been passed by Serina in dread and horror. Sometimes she fancied he would be condemned to an ignominious death, or torn from her arms, and doomed to perpetual exile; sometimes, that the stern voice of oppression and power would silence every plea of innocence, and sentence him to linger out his days in a horrible prison. Suspense, whilst it left her but little to hope, gave her much to fear; and tormented by the keenest sufferings, she sat counting the melancholy moments of her father's absence.

Heavily pass the hours which are spent in sorrow, and Serina thought this morning the longest she had ever known. Her father, however, returned not;—but, alas! she too soon knew his fate. The perturbation of her spirits at first overpowered her feelings, but almost in-



stantaneously recovering the strength of mind, she had early acquired, she took her hat and cloak, and alike regardless of the entreaties of those about her, and "the merciless pelting of the winter storm," she proceeded to join her father in prison. Forgetting every thing which concerned herself, she employed all her thoughts in devising the most likely means to alleviate his distress. "I will accompany him," said she, "not only to prison, but to the most wretched dungeon that malice can consign him to. I fear nothing, I dread no calamities, if I can soften his sorrows. Shall I return the tenderness I have experienced from him, by deserting him when he most needs consolation? Oh, no; I will not be so ungrateful. Duty, religion, every future hope, and every present satisfaction, forbid such baseness. There is a Power to whom the innocent appeal not in vain; in him we will trust, and whilst we rely with confidence on his power, we will learn with fortitude to submit to his decrees."

There is something so soothing in religion, that there is no calamity which it cannot mitigate. Whilst these thoughts occupied her bosom, she insensibly became more calm, she considered both herself, and her father, as protected by a Being too just to be prejudiced, and too wise to be deceived.

She quickened her pace, and soon arrived at



the prison; she involuntarily started back; its gloomy appearance struck her with horror. But again hastily advancing, "Shall I," said she, "one moment waver in my purpose for so inconsiderable a circumstance? Of what avail is the place in which I dwell, provided I discharge my duty; and where my father is, there I ought to be?" She knocked at the gate, and whilst she stood listening for distant footsteps, the jailor looked through the iron grate, and asked her in a surly tone, what she wanted? She said, to see her father, and earnestly entreated him not to refuse her. The man replied he had no orders to admit her, and very likely he should do wrong if he let her go in without. "Oh, no," said she, clasping her hands, "that is impossible, is he not my parent? what then can you fear? Oh, if you have a child of your own, and her presence ever gave you pleasure, think of my father, and conduct me to him! Perhaps he may be deprived of all else, oh, let him not have the insupportable misery of losing his child! Heaven will reward you for the indulgence shewn me, and in some hour of sorrow send you also comfort."

The man, after many objections, and a long conference, at length, though reluctantly, suffered her to enter, and then conducted her to her father. He sat with his arms crossed upon



a table, his eyes lifted up to Heaven, and apparently in fervent prayer. One feeble taper burned in the room, for the light of day never entered. Gloom, misery, and despair, seemed fitted for this abode, for the very appearance struck an involuntary horror. Serina was in a moment in her father's arms, the jailor shut the door, and left them together. Mr. Mason, roused from the reverie in which at her entrance he seemed to have been absorbed, fervently exclaimed, "Heaven be praised! my Serina is all I thought her. Now let misfortune come, I am armed to meet the worst, for the tenderness, the virtues of my child, will support me under all; she will never forsake me!"

"Heaven forbid I should be so ungrateful!" cried she. "But let us not talk of sorrow! I am come, my dear Sir, to make you cheerful. Many are the lessons of fortitude and resignation you have taught me, and you shall now see I have not learned them in vain; and that no calamity can make those wretched, who are unacquainted with guilt. We will smile even here, and convince the world that if we cannot escape sorrow, we at least know how to blunt its sting. We will have our books; I will read to you, and the hours shall pass in so tranquil a manner, that we shall forget we are not at our cottage." Mr. Mason clasped his hands, and lifting his eyes to Heaven, uttered a prayer



of thankfulness for the possession of such a daughter. Yet sorrow sat heavy on his brow; and Serina found her task very difficult to support his spirits. She, however, relaxed not her vigilance, but by forcing smiles into her own countenance, endeavoured to communicate them to his. She had been a fortnight in this gloomy mansion (where she had a room adjoining her father's) when the assizes drew very near. Mr. Mason prepared for his trial, and several lawyers offered to undertake his cause; but he declined their assistance, saying, he would himself assert his innocence, and trust alone to that and Heaven.

Serina, though in the presence of her father she endeavoured to appear cheerful, gave free vent to her sorrows when alone, and frequently passed the night in all the bitterness of anguish. The circumstances which convicted her father were such as even to stagger her belief; but yet when she recollected the spotless tenour of his conduct, the upright integrity of his heart, she severely condemned herself in having for a moment suspected his virtue. "Oh," said she, "how little is there in this world to attach any one to life! were it not for the hope of brighter scenes hereafter, how soon should we sink in the wearisome road! but this, whilst it shews us the termination of our sorrows, presents also to



the good a motive for resignation, and a reward for virtue."

A few days before his trial, as Mr. Mason and Serina were sitting at tea, the man who usually attended them came in, and said to Mr. Mason, "a gentleman, Sir, presents his compliments to you, and requests you will give him leave to pass half an hour with you. Perhaps, Sir, you have heard of him.—'Tis Mr. Morley; he is a very good sort of a gentleman, and was here a few years since. He never goes any where but he does a world of good. You had better let him come, Sir, he will make you and the young lady quite cheerful." Mr. Mason, who had no wish for any society but his daughter's, hesitated; the man, however, persuaded him to admit him, adding, "I'll answer for it, Sir, you'll never repent it." He therefore sent his compliments and he should be glad to see the gentleman. A few minutes after he entered. He was a tall, thin figure, apparently about forty years of age; his countenance was full of benignity, and seemed to announce the goodness of his heart. After the first compliments were over, and they were all seated, "I am afraid," said Mr. Morley, "you will hardly forgive the seeming rudeness of a stranger, who in his wish to do good, sometimes incurs the charge of impertinence. Yet believe me no such motive induced



me to make this visit. I heard of your situation, I was informed of your character, and struck with pity for the one, and admiration of the other, I ventured to request your acquaintance; for though, to your character, I knew I could add no lustre, I hoped I might be able to take something from the gloom of your unmerited confinement."

"You are very good," replied Mr. Mason, "but as my confinement is not the consequence of guilt, I trust the goodness of Heaven will release me from it."

"I do not doubt it," said Mr. Morley, "and I again repeat, that I hope you will pardon my interference. If my rhetoric fails, this young lady must become my advocate; she, I think, will not plead in vain."

"You want no advocate, Sir," said Serina; "and if my father appears unwilling to receive visitors, it is not because he is insensible to your kindness, but that his mind is too much depressed to suffer him to entertain you as he could wish."

"Serina is right," replied Mr. Mason, with a deep sigh, "my mind is oppressed indeed."

"But guilt," cried Mr. Morley, with the liveliest animation, "is a stranger to it, and therefore it is prepared to resist the shafts of adversity. But let us at present wave this subject: only remembering, that the Judge, whom no-



thing can prejudice, and no circumstances mislead, will assist his earthly delegates to clear your character, and vindicate your innocence."

Mr. Morley then discoursed on various subjects, in which he discovered such a fund of knowledge, such liberality of sentiments, and goodness of heart, that his hearers were insensibly charmed from their sorrows. When he found that he had effected his purpose, by gaining their attention, he endeavoured to retain it by relating the circumstances of his own life. "When very young," said he, "I became possessed of an immense fortune, which, by the care of my guardians, was so increased during my minority, that when I came of age, I found myself one of the richest commoners in England. Having, as I thought, such ample means of happiness, I determined to be happy, and to enjoy life to the utmost. I engaged in every pleasure, kept a splendid table, furnished my house in the first style of magnificence, bought superb carriages, and hired numerous domestics. My house was open to all, and I seldom found that my guests required much persuasion to repeat their visits. I hurried from one place of diversion to another, and had exhausted every species of amusement before I discovered that I had mistaken the road to happiness. Some of my acquaintance, though



they sought my society, were I perceived indifferent to my welfare, and the greater part of those who called themselves my friends, were eager to enjoy, not my company, but my fortune.—“It is not thus,” said I “I shall ever be happy. Gilded roofs shelter not content, nor is dissipation the road to enjoyment. The heart is not engaged by these ; and what occupies only the senses soon sinks to satiety. Time may, indeed, be passed at public diversions, but these when passed are soon forgot, and leave an aching void for the hours of solitude. To be happy we must have some higher pursuit than mere amusement.

“I then changed my course of life. I retired to the most sequestered of my country seats, refused myself to all company, and passed my hours in reading and meditation. The novelty of my situation at first pleased me, and I mistook the effects of variety for the dawns of happiness ; but I soon found my mistake ; I became listless, and tired of living always alone. I may here,” said I, “escape guilt, but is such negative perfection all that is attainable by man ? Shall I call myself virtuous, and deserving the favour of Heaven, merely because I act blamelessly where I have no temptation to err ? Man was born for some nobler pursuit than wasting his days in woods and deserts.



Have not my fellow-creatures some claim upon me? Can it be possible that Heaven should have given me such abundance, only to contribute to my own felicity? others ought to feel its influence. Riches should neither be squandered in dissipation, nor poorly amassed by useless avarice. It is by distributing them nobly, that I shall be benefited by their power. He who lives only for himself is undeserving the favour of Heaven. I will, henceforth, by contributing to the happiness of others, endeavour to secure my own. My heart shall be warmed by the touch of charity, and my soul expand at the call of benevolence. I will neither exclude myself from pleasure nor society; but by moderately enjoying the one, and judiciously selecting the other, I doubt not but I shall taste felicity.—Thus again I changed my plans, and I found I was now much nearer the attainment of my wishes, than I had hitherto been. It was impossible to make others happy, without sharing their happiness, or to diffuse the smile of content, without feeling its influence. No self-reproach goaded my bosom; I hoped that I was not an unworthy delegate, and that the riches I possessed were not bestowed in vain. At first my views were confined to the unfortunate who resided near my dwelling, but knowing that misery might be found in every quarter of the world, I extended my wishes, and



taking care that no one should suffer by my departure, I left my habitation, and in the course of twenty years have visited almost every part of Europe. Various are the scenes I have witnessed, yet never have I found vice long triumphant, or virtue long oppressed. Some unforeseen event, which human sagacity could not discover, has always bestowed on the good the means of deliverance, and involved the wicked in shame and disgrace."

Such conversations as these not only raised the worthy Mr. Morley to the highest admiration of his auditors, but greatly amused Mr. Mason; and by strengthening his fortitude, gave him courage to support himself under the trial which awaited him. Serina saw the eventful time approaching, which must either clear her father's character, or doom him to infamy, with a dread the most poignant. Her heart was heavily oppressed, her spirits failed her, and even in the presence of her father she could not always restrain her feelings. Mr. Morley, by amusing him, took something from her employment, and having more leisure for reflection, her fears and her anguish became more insupportable. This would not have escaped the notice of her father, had not his time been wholly employed in preparing for his trial. No light had yet been thrown upon the murder, and though in the search of Mr. Mason's house no-



thing had been found which corroborated the fact, yet even those who knew the uprightness of his character, were staggered when they reflected on the suspicious circumstances which appeared against him. Mr. Morley was now their constant visitor, whenever his other avocations called him not away; and his friendly attentions proved the most salutary balm to the wounded mind of Mr. Mason. The evening preceding the trial, when he paid his accustomed visit, he found Mr. Mason with manly fortitude struggling against his calamities. Serina, however, by her countenance, which ill concealed the feelings of her heart, shewed how much she suffered. Seeing this, Mr. Morley endeavoured to draw them from their own sorrows, by relating those of others, and shewing them how much bliss they still possessed, whilst no self-reproach robbed them of repose. "I am just returned," said he, "from beholding, in one of the apartments of this prison, a scene of very aggravated calamity. A young officer who has distinguished himself in a military capacity, but by improvident waste has spent a good fortune, is confined here for debt. His wife and three children live in his melancholy cell, where they are almost starving. Yesterday was the first of my seeing them. When I entered the room, the two eldest children were crying with cold and hunger; the youngest was



at its mother's breast, but grief had exhausted this source of nourishment, and the poor baby was also crying from its unavailing efforts to satisfy its wants. The lady tried in vain to rock it to repose; her husband observed her useless endeavours, and knowing that hunger was its only complaint, he put his hand involuntarily into the tatters of his waistcoat, to find the means of purchasing food; but soon recollecting his penury, he struck his forehead in an agony of despair and exclaimed, 'Oh, has my folly reduced me to this? must I see my wife and children starving around me, yet have nothing to give them? Gracious Heaven, in pity look down upon our sorrows! I have been the only offender, let me be the only sufferer!' Here he burst into a convulsive agony of tears, his wife ran towards him, the children rose from the floor, and clung about him, telling him not to cry, for they would not ask him any more for something to eat, and the weather would soon be warmer, and then they should not want a fire. I had for some minutes been an unobserved spectator of this scene, but I now advanced, and introduced myself to their notice. They were astonished to see a stranger, but endeavoured to convince them I came as a friend; and when I left them I hoped their sufferings were somewhat alleviated. But guess my disappointment, when I found them to day in deeper affliction than before. Their eldest child, a lovely boy about four years old,



had just overset a kettle of boiling water, by which he was scalded in so terrible a manner, that he expired a few minutes after. The lady when I entered was in strong hysterics, her husband hanging over her in speechless misery. I immediately called in medical assistance, but for the child it was in vain: for the little cherub was united to kindred angels in a better world. The sorrows of the parents would yield to no medicine, and I left them overwhelmed with affliction. I most sincerely pity them, and shall be amongst the first to rejoice at their better fortune."

The next morning Serina arose but little refreshed by the slumbers of the night; sleep had been a stranger to her pillow, the image of her father condemned, perhaps, to death, haunted her imagination, tormented her with horrid ideas when she closed her eyes, and awakened in her soul dread and affliction.

Mr. Mason arose early; he considered this day as decisive of his future fate, as the day on which his reputation would be cleared from every stain, or deeper involved in the cloud which already shaded it. He endeavoured to arm his mind with the courage and fortitude becoming his innocence; and waited with the utmost composure for the officers who were to conduct him to the court. At length they arrived—Serina in an agony she could not con-



ceal, sprung from her chair, and threw her arms round her father's neck. "Recover yourself, my child," said he, embracing her, "remember your father goes not as the trembling culprit to be judged by men, but with the firmness of integrity to assert his innocence, to vindicate a character so infamously aspersed, and to convince those who have dared to defame him, that though their malice may wound his repose, guilt alone could rob him of peace."

Here the men interfered, and prevented his saying any more by telling him it was time he should be in court. He then again embraced Serina, and entreating her to support her spirits, followed his conductors out of the room. He was carried to the bar, and after the charges against him had been read, the judge asked him what he had to say in his defence.

"My lord," said he, "I stand at this bar, though numbered by men with the guilty, yet in the sight of Heaven as free from all reproach. In regard to the circumstances on which your lordship rests with such confidence, give me leave to say, there is a wide difference between guilt, and what only appears so; and though it is undoubtedly the part of a wise and good man to avoid even the semblance of guilt, yet it will sometimes happen that circumstances, apparently suspicious, will cloud the brightest reputation. But in such cases, ought any one to judge as if determining on the conduct of the



most profligate and vile? Is nothing to be allowed for an upright character? May no indulgence be claimed where appearances only criminate? Can it be possible, that in a land like this, where justice boasts that she holds her equal scales, any one should be doomed to death, against whom no positive proofs of guilt can be adduced? Yet, think not, my lord, that the fear of death alone urges my defence; were the hand of the executioner now lifted against me, I would submit unrepining to the blow, had I by misconduct deserved it. But thus to sink to an untimely grave, my name stigmatized as that of the vilest assassin, and loaded with disgrace and infamy, whilst conscious innocence animates my bosom, can I, my lord, submit to such a sentence without endeavouring to avert it? Is it wonderful that my injured honour should bid me seek redress, and call for that respect in which I have hitherto always supported myself? Riches, I long since voluntarily abandoned; contented with competence, I sighed for nothing more, but left wealth and splendour to such as could be charmed by their possession. Am I, then, a likely person to become a nightly robber, to stab in the dark, and rank myself with the vilest of my species? Oh, my lord, examine my case impartially, and let me not suffer from a failure of that justice here, which I fear not to meet at an higher tribunal!"



Here Mr. Mason ceased ; his accusers were again examined, and again swore to what they had formerly asserted.

Just at this moment, breathless with haste, and his eyes sparkling with satisfaction, entered Mr. Morley. He instantly advanced to the bar, and requested to be heard, having, he said, something of the greatest importance to communicate. He likewise entreated that the accusers of Mr. Mason might be secured ; this was done, and the judge ordered him to proceed in what he had to relate. He then said, “ as I was riding this morning, I passed a miserable cottage, which seemed to betoken the extreme poverty of its inhabitants. I stopt to see if they merited relief, and alighting from my horse, I entered the house ; but I could see no one, and was leaving it, when a groan met my ears. I started, and listening, heard it again. I instantly followed the sound, and crept up a broken ladder which led to the room above ; and here I perceived a pale, emaciated figure, lying on the floor, apparently in a dying state ; I approached him, and asked if no one attended him—he was sure he was dying, he added, and guilt made his sufferings more dreadful. He bade me come close to him, and he would inform me what lay so heavy upon his mind. He had belonged, he said, to a gang of thieves, who had long infested the neighbourhood. That about a month since, he, and two more of his compa-



nions, robbed and murdered a gentleman at a barn on the common. That whilst they were watching for some other booty, a person alighted from his horse and entered the barn: they intended to have robbed him also; but one of them knowing it was Mr. Mason, and that he was not likely to repay their trouble, they did not molest him. Guilt, however, made them fear a discovery of their villainy; a thought instantly occurred to them to charge him with the murder and robbery of Captain Thornton; and having in their haste dropped the case of a watch, which, by the light of the moon they saw Mr. Mason pick up, they imagined this would at once corroborate their evidence, and prove the guilt of the accused. They also knew that the deceased, who had struggled long for life, had so marked the barn with blood, that it was almost impossible for any one to enter it without being stained with it. The truth of this conjecture was proved by the carrier, who was one of the gang, and thus far all proceeded as they could wish. They conveyed the corpse, as has before been said, to a house at no great distance, the better to prove their innocence. But the wretch who made to me this confession was soon after seized with a virulent disorder, which, for want of proper assistance, had brought him to the edge of the grave. I asked him where the men were who had been accessory to the murder—he said, they were gone to appear against Mr.



Mason. I staid to hear no more, but rode with all possible dispatch hither."

During this relation, the countenances of every one betokened surprise and satisfaction, all, except the three witnesses, who, at this unexpected discovery of their guilt, were so confounded, that they confessed the whole affair. They were tried and condemned, the two who were concerned in the murder to death, and the carrier to be transported for life.

The feelings of Mr. Mason at this attestation of his innocence are not to be expressed; every one crowded to congratulate him, and the judge also expressed his satisfaction at the event. Mr. Mason was instantly liberated, and left the court with Mr. Morley. "Oh," cried he, addressing this worthy man, "but for the interposition of Heaven, and your goodness, a shameful death would have been my portion! Never can I express all that my heart dictates; but before I offer you any proofs of my gratitude, let us hasten to my beloved Serina, whom I left in the deepest affliction."

As soon as she saw her father she sprung to embrace him, but fearing to ask what was his doom, she stood in trembling silence. "Dispel every fear, my Serina," said he, "I am honourably acquitted, and free to leave this dismal abode."

"Is it possible?" exclaimed she, whilst the most rapturous joy sparkled in her eyes, "are we indeed released from every apprehen-



*and the Reward of Virtue.*

sion? Then Heaven be praised, for I have nothing more to wish! Oh, with what emotion have I waited your return! Every step I have I fancied was your's, and then the dread of what might be your lot made my heart sink with apprehension.—Let us go instantly from this horrid place, where we have passed so many hours of sorrow. Our peaceful home will appear, if possible, ten times sweeter than before."

Mr. Morley congratulated her upon her father's release, and then, having nothing more to detain them, they left the prison. As they proceeded to Mr. Mason's house he informed his daughter of all that had passed on his trial, and how much they were indebted to Mr. Morley. "Next to Heaven," said he, "I consider him as my deliverer, and you must assist me to prove my gratitude; yet never can I recompence him as I could wish."

"I ask no recompence," said Mr. Morley, "the pleasure of being instrumental to your happiness is a sufficient reward. I have before said, pleasure is best received, when it flows from the joy of others. To receive it thus is my highest delight; and when I see my fellow creatures smiling around me, every wish of my heart is gratified. I detest the narrow soul which would live only for itself. No; let me from my large store distribute to others, let me as far as I can mitigate the calamities of life, and I shall possess as much happiness as reason can desire."



*the Punishment of Vice, &c.*

Mason and Serina were again reinstated in their peaceful abode, and the remembrance of their past sorrows gradually wore away; or rather, they were remembered only to convince them, that however to the partial sight of mortals the wicked may for a while appear successful, it is only to make their fall more dreadful, and to convince mankind, that Heaven, though sometimes slow in its judgments, will at last guide the rod of vengeance, and point against the wicked the arrows of destruction.

The good, the virtuous, the philanthropic Mr. Morley, whose life was a continued series of benevolent actions, released the officer before mentioned and his family from prison, and enabled them to provide for themselves in an honest manner.

He continued not long in that neighbourhood, but eager to dispense the riches he possessed, to mitigate the sorrows of others, and to befriend the friendless, he travelled from place to place

“Where’er mankind, and misery are found,”

beloved, esteemed, and revered by all who knew him; happy in the constant enjoyment of an approving conscience, and crowned with the favour and the blessing of Heaven.



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