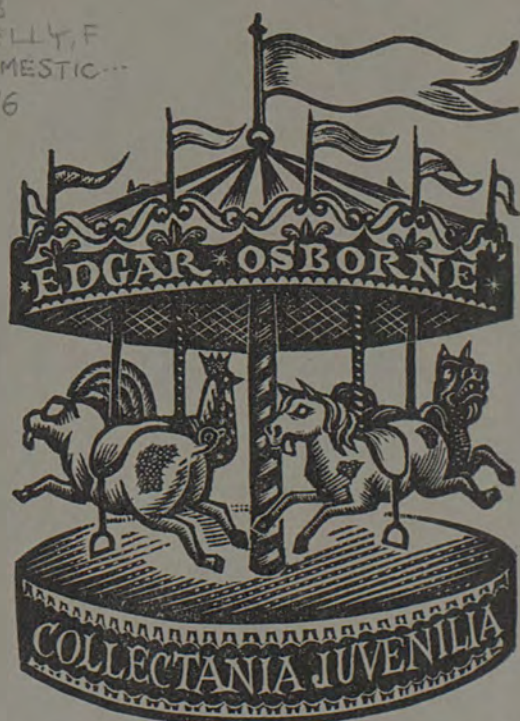


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born 14th of Nov^r

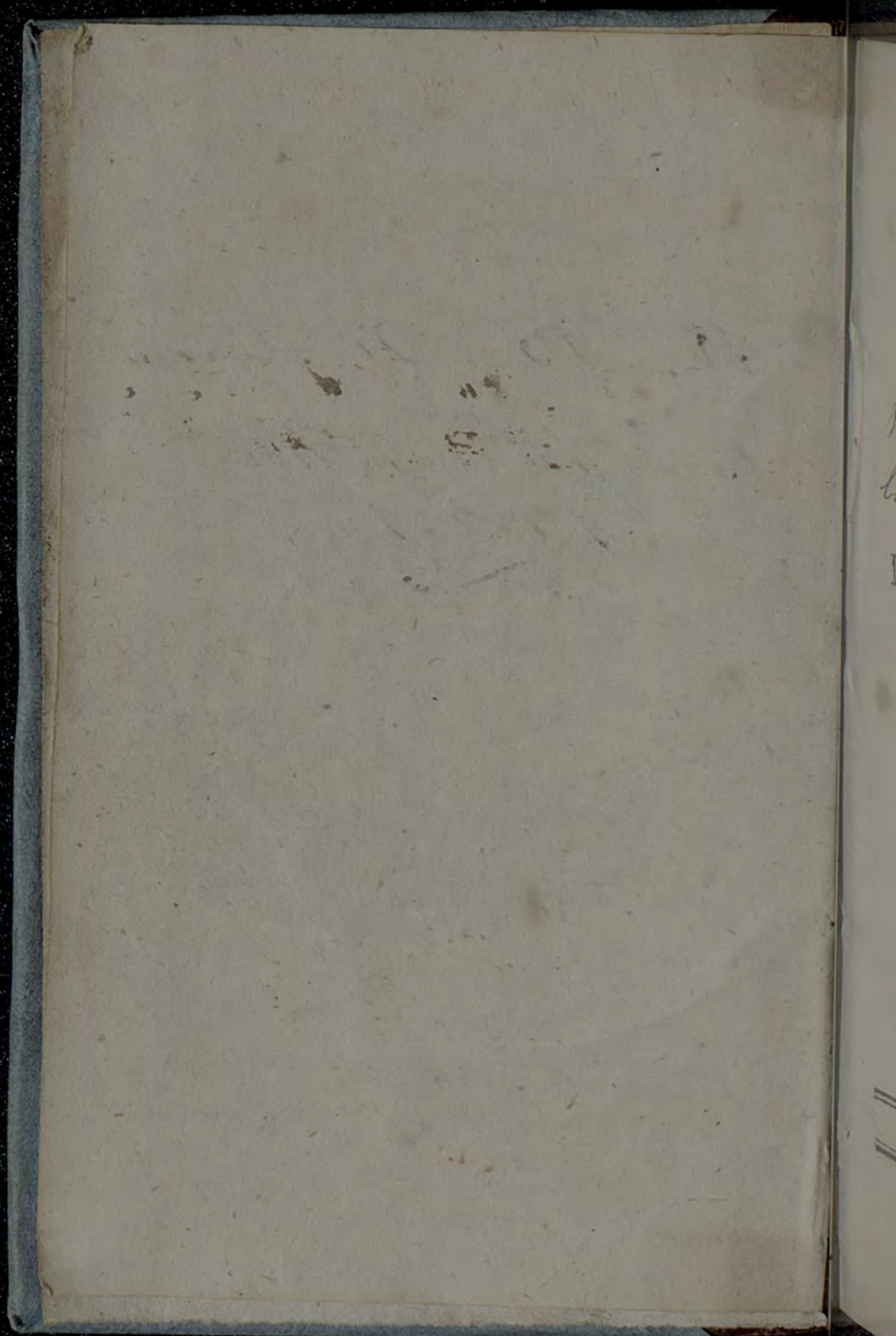
1821



Edward Bullock

born 30th March

1843.



W. B. N. Green
from 14th Nov 1821

DOMESTIC COMFORTS.

A TALE.

Printed by J. Darling, Leadenhall-Street, London.

Domestic Comforts. Page 46



*With all my force, I thrust
my parasol at him, the length of the
stick, and the weight at its end, I suppose
was too much for my strength. see page 47*

Wm. E. Esq

DOMESTIC
COMFORTS.

~~~~~  
A Tale founded on Facts.  
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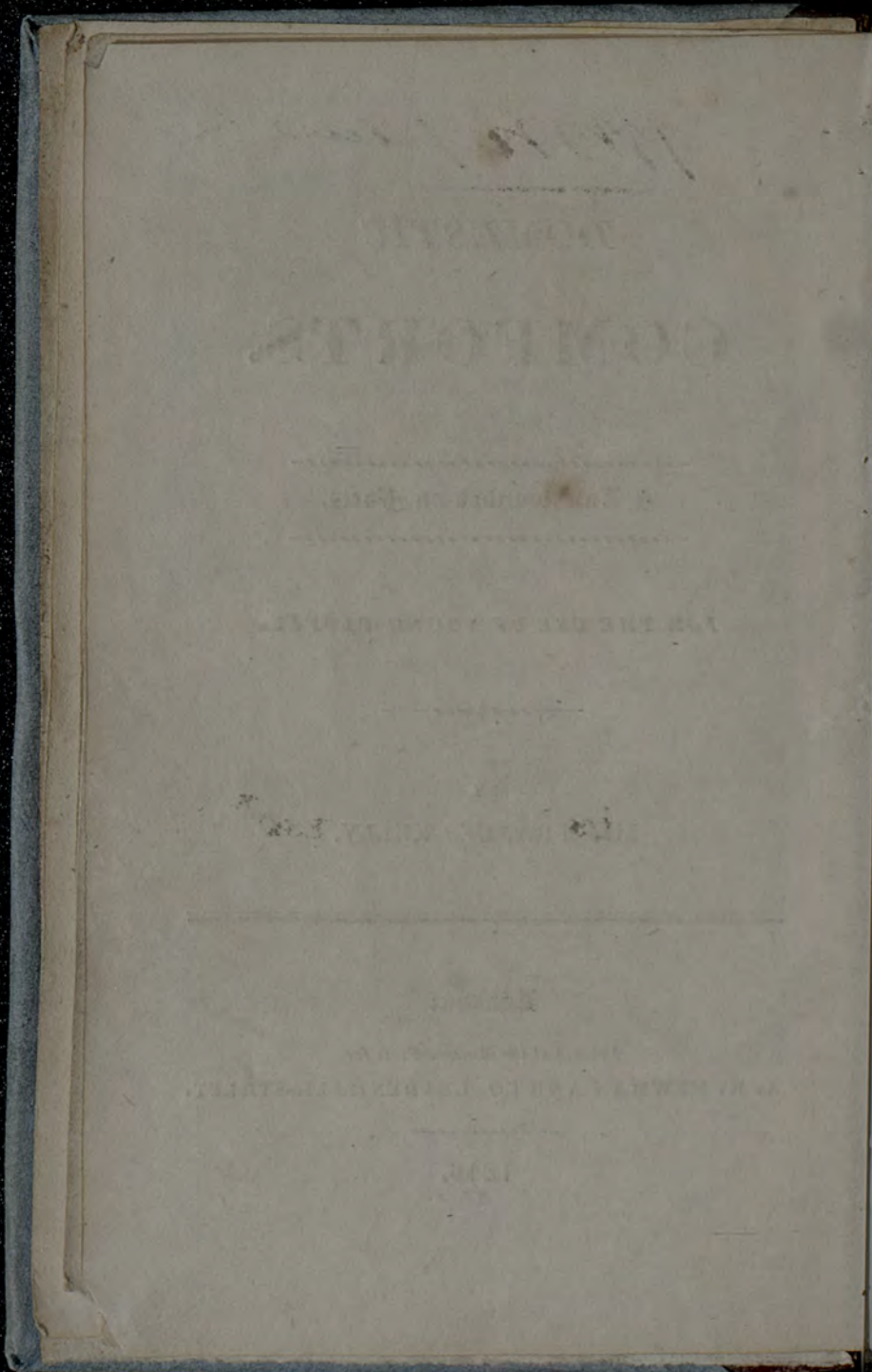
FOR THE USE OF YOUNG PEOPLE.

~~~~~  
BY  
MISS FRANCES KELLY. *ESQ*

~~~~~  
London:

Printed at the Minerva Press for
A. K. NEWMAN AND CO. LEADENHALL-STREET.

~~~~~  
1816.  
1834





TO ONE,

Whose tender Affection has ever been my Pride  
and my Pleasure; whose Advice has cheered  
and comforted me in Affliction; and  
whose friendly and cordial Participa-  
tion has added to all my Joys;

TO HER,

Whom no Misfortunes have been able to alienate,  
no Adversity to cool;

TO MY

*COMPANION, FRIEND, & SISTER,*

THIS LITTLE WORK IS DEDICATED,

By her truly affectionate,

FRANCES KELLY.

TO HER

When tender attention has been my share  
And thy presence; when thy voice has cheered  
And comforted me in affliction; and  
Whose words and looks have brought  
Joy to my heart in all my days

TO HER

When my life's path has been dark and drear  
In adversity and grief

TO ME

COMPARISON, FRIEND & WIFE

THIS LITTLE WORK IS DEDICATED

TO HER WHO HAS BEEN MY

FRANCIS KELLY

A 2



---

## INTRODUCTION.

---

**I**T is very far from my intention to detain my youthful readers, and delay the pleasure I hope they will receive from the perusal of the following “Tale, founded  
on

on facts ;” yet do I think it necessary to observe, that my wishes, in publishing this little work, are to render instruction agreeable, to point out the real satisfaction a virtuous mind must feel in the performance of its duties, and how interesting and amiable, docile and affectionate children will always appear.

Had Mrs. Smith continued her works for the use of young people, this had never made its appearance ; yet I have not the  
vanity



vanity to offer it as a substitute for the productions of that charming writer. Report tells us she is in happier circumstances than formerly; if so, I heartily rejoice in it: if, on the contrary, her health has sunk under the pressure of misfortune and affliction, I truly sympathize in her sorrows, and would fain (were it within my power) comfort and console her. I do not presume to compare this work to Mrs. Smith's "Minor Morals," or to  
either

either of her two former works on the same plan ; deprived of such books, I only wish that " Domestic Comforts" may be read with pleasure and improvement by some—for is not the weary traveller, when no longer enlivened by the sun, cheered even with the paler and less brilliant light of the moon ?

DOMESTIC



## DOMESTIC COMFORTS.

---

A VERY few years since, there lived in Cornwall a family of the name of Belfield, who had formerly been amongst the noblest of this country, as it still was of the most ancient. The widow of a gallant officer, with her large family, were now all that were left to transmit to posterity a name once so noble, and still so unblemished.

Colonel

Colonel Belfield had been killed in his country's service; and as soon as his young and lovely widow was so far restored to that health, which had materially suffered from her deep grief for the loss of a beloved and excellent husband, she resolved on quitting London, where she had resided during the Colonel's absence, and on retiring to Belfield House, to superintend the education of her children—she had six.

The eldest of these, Elinor, was, at the death of her father, just thirteen, a tall and very fine girl, of amiable disposition and excellent understanding. The second was a son, named Edmund, a twelvemonth younger,



younger, who was heir to a noble estate; he was eager and ardent in his temper, yet easily persuaded by his mother's arguments, though not so easily would he yield to the commands of his tutor. The third was a girl, named Anna; and the fourth Eliza. These two were twin sisters, and so alike, both in person and disposition, that it would have been difficult indeed to distinguish one from the other, had it not been for a small mole near the right eye of Eliza; they were mild, beautiful, and fondly attached to their mother and family, docile, attentive, and sensible. The fifth, George, was a bold, fine boy of nine, with first-rate

B

under-

understanding and warm heart, but with very many faults, that needed a careful hand to correct them. The youngest, Laura, was a perfect cherub; she was only four years old, and though a universal favourite, gave promise of every endearing quality of the head and heart.

It is necessary to speak also of other parts of this family, and two principal persons must be mentioned with great respect, for their worth and talents demand much deference—Mr. Churchill, a worthy clergyman, about fifty years of age, who had met with many misfortunes in life, and his amiable and accomplished wife; they had lost their only child,



child, a daughter, in a most melancholy way. From a principle of gratitude and attachment to a family from whom they had received the kindest attentions and most liberal assistance in the day of need, this excellent couple, with pleasure, undertook to assist, in the pleasing, but arduous task of education, their friend and their benefactress; and with her and her charming family, bent their way to Belfield.

Without any material accident they arrived at Bath, and some of her young people being of an age to partake of a few of the amusements that place affords, and Mr. and Mrs. Churchill having a near relation, a

very respectable merchant then there, Mrs. Belfield agreed to remain a week, with a view to satisfy Edmund's eager desire of seeing *every thing*, as he termed it; and they were soon settled in elegant lodgings.

This amiable family spent their time in seeing whatever was worthy of their notice in that gay city. Elinor and Edmund, with Mr. and Mrs. Churchill, went twice to the Theatre; and Anna, Eliza, and George, were permitted to see a favourite pantomime. Mrs. Belfield had now no pleasure in any amusements of this kind, yet was she cheerful, resigned, and grateful.

When



When the time arrived for leaving Bath, not one of the party felt the smallest regret—the young folks skipped into the carriage with the utmost glee, inquiring if indeed they should be at dear Belfield the next day. Mr. Churchill had with him an excellent book of roads and descriptions of every gentleman's seat, and of every thing worth notice in the road, which he took great delight in explaining to his young pupils and their sisters.

The family had been absent from Belfield above three years, and in that time what a loss had they sustained! As they approached it, how many tender recollections crowd-

ed on their minds ! and after the last exchange of horses, Mrs. Belfield wished to travel quite alone, but was prevailed on by her considerate friends to suffer Elinor to accompany her, they thinking the presence of this dear and feeling girl might be at once a comfort and restraint.

Some of the children were too young, on their leaving Belfield, to remember much of it ; and little Laura was quite an infant. The elder ones promised themselves great pleasure in showing every little beauty to their companions ; but the damp their affectionate hearts felt on witnessing their beloved mamma's pale and dejected countenance, which



which grew still paler every mile they drove, quite took from them their gaiety; their spirits were gone, and they dared not speak, lest they should add to her affliction.

Sensible of the injury her children might suffer in their health, this truly good mother endeavoured to restrain her emotion, and to appear at least tranquil. An old servant, who had attended Colonel Belfield from his first entering the army, whose father was butler to General Belfield, had been wounded at the same time his master was, but not mortally; he had been sent down to Belfield, to be nursed and attended with the utmost care, immediately  
on

on his return to England, and was now tolerably restored to health; but he still mourned his beloved master.

About a mile from Belfield, this trusty servant (who had been all day expecting his mistress and young master) had posted himself, to catch a glimpse of them a little sooner than his fellow-servants. Mrs. Belfield, who, with her daughter, was in the first carriage, descried the faithful Jones as they turned into the park, and, unable to restrain her emotion, she heaved a deep groan and fainted. Poor Elinor called instantly to the postillion to stop, and resting her mother's head carefully on



on her shoulder, strove, by salts and hartshorn, to restore her to her senses. Poor Jones came to the carriage, and opening the door, respectfully desired permission to bear his dear lady into the air. Elinor felt that the unexpected sight of the good man had caused her mother's illness, but she had no heart to wound him by telling him this; she gently opposed his intention, but advised his fetching a little water, which she thought would soon revive her mamma. Jones made all possible haste to procure the water; but as he could only walk very slowly, in consequence of the wound in his leg, Mrs. Belfield was perfectly recovered before

fore his return, and having called all her fortitude to her aid, received his honest welcome with tolerable composure.

Arrived at the house, she left her children, and their friends, Mr. and Mrs. Churchill, to receive the honest and respectful homage of her domestics, and retired to her chamber, to pray for that fortitude she could hope to derive from no other source but pious resignation: she took some little refreshment in the course of the evening, saw Elinor and Mr. Churchill for a moment at the door of her dressing-room, but promised to join them all in the breakfast-room on the morrow.

She



She was punctual to her promise, and although pale, and evidently struggling with her feelings, she from this time appeared tranquil, and often cheerful.

The family being recovered from their fatigue, and settled in their former apartments, the plan of education to be pursued was finally determined on, and order, regularity, and harmony, were established.

Mrs. Belfield's fortune was not large, and her jointure was considered small, in comparison to the family estate, which was upwards, at that time, of four thousand a-year, and capable of very great improvement.

ment. Mr. Churchill, and a counsellor of great eminence, were named by Colonel Belfield as guardians, with their mother, to his children, and one thousand a-year to be appropriated to Edmund's education and support, until he was eighteen; from that period, until he came of age, his mother had it in her power to increase this allowance to two thousand pounds. The younger boy was to have his mother's fortune, fifteen thousand pounds, agreeably to the marriage-settlement, and the daughters each ten thousand pounds. One thousand a-year, out of the estate, was to be paid for the education



tion and support of the five younger children for six years; and twelve hundred a-year was her jointure.

The house was a large, old-fashioned building, the park and grounds extensive, and the establishment was, in every respect, handsome and genteel, if not splendid.

Now the dear master of this family was no more, many parts of her establishment were superfluous, if not useless; she therefore gave away to a near neighbour a fine pack of hounds, and disposed of several high-priced hunters; she retained only one carriage, a coach, and a garden-chair. Two grooms and a helper she discharged; and for the under-  
c butler

butler she procured a good service. Poor Jones, the Colonel's own man, she kept to attend entirely on herself and daughters, as she was gratified in having him always about her person.

A much larger volume than this would not contain a full account of all this excellent woman's prudent regulations; and while many a young widow was wasting her time and her children's property, as far as in her power, depriving them of her maternal attentions and tender instructions, leaving them to be taught or not, as chance, or the principles of those she hires to teach them, dictate, flying from one public place to another



another in search of admirers, or of amusement, destroying her health, if not injuring her character—the lovely Mrs. Belfield, at the age of thirty, with her beauty unimpaired, and her mind ripened to the highest perfection, devoted all her time to her children and her God.

It is as a bright example to other mothers, that I have selected this *true tale*, and as an example to all children, I am about to give some particulars of the progress of these amiable children's improvements.

In this happy family, the morning duties being first paid to the Giver of all good, it was usual for the young people to take an hour's walk,

when the season permitted, the boys with Mr. Churchill, and the girls with their mother or Mrs. Churchill, and sometimes with both; and indeed very often the two parties joined, as Mrs. Belfield was solicitous to give her children habits of early rising, and of being, as much as possible, in each other's society. At breakfast, the children were suffered to make remarks on any thing they had observed in their walk, and to ask questions. After breakfast, they played for an hour or more, at what they chose themselves, attended by the faithful Jones, and Mrs. Martha, a niece of the housekeeper, who had been in the family since the birth of Elinor;



Elinor; and in this hour, as it was what they called their *own time*, many of their little schemes of benevolence were put in practice. When this hour was expired, they attended Mr. and Mrs. Churchill, and received their lessons; they continued together an hour, when the young gentlemen retired with their good tutor, to receive his instructions in Latin, Greek, and Mathematics, during which time the young ladies worked; their Music and Drawing lessons were taken altogether in the afternoon; and then too they were allowed to speak only in French.

Elinor and Edmund always dined with Mrs. Belfield, and the sweet

twins every other day: George was sometimes permitted that pleasure, but not so often as he might have been, had he had a little more steadiness and mildness about him: little Laura had a seat next mamma on Sunday and on all birthdays, and behaved sweetly.

You are now to suppose, that this happy family have been settled at Belfield considerably more than a twelvemonth; and though the elder children had not thrown off the remembrance of their dear, indulgent father with their mourning, the younger ones thought not of care or sorrow.

Mr. and Mrs. Churchill bore their heavy



heavy losses like Christians; and Mrs. Belfield was most grateful for the blessings still left her, yet could not, when she contemplated the handsome, intelligent countenance of her eldest son, who was the very picture of his brave father, help breathing a sigh for him she was deprived of.

I shall now describe some scenes, and bring you more intimately acquainted with my favourites, by leaving them to speak for themselves.

It was a very fine morning in June, and the birthday of Edmund; he was fourteen.

*Time,*

TIME, *before Six o'Clock,*

MORNING.

SCENE, *the Lawn before the House.*

Anna and Eliza were very busily employed in folding something in silver paper; Elinor was earnestly teaching the little Laura some lines to sing under Edmund's window; and George poring over the notes of the air which he meant to accompany her in on a very nice little flute, the gift of Elinor on his last birthday. Elinor seemed to have left nothing undone herself, but was anxious all  
should



should be ready to greet her Edmund. At length the great clock struck six; the whole party assembled under their brother's window. Laura began her little serenade, accompanied by George's flute; the melody of her tones was very fine, and George was attentive and quite correct; in the chorus they were joined by Elinor, Anna, and Eliza; and as they all chanted forth,

Happy, happy, happy boy,

Arise and share your { sister's } joy,  
                                   { brother's }

Edmund flew to embrace and thank them; he caught little Laura in his arms, and bidding Elinor take hold  
of

of his arm, they set off to amuse themselves till breakfast.

ELINOR.

I have a present for you, Edmund; will you promise to wear it for my sake? set down Laura, and look at it.

EDMUND.

What is this, Elinor? have you indeed painted this for me? oh good Elinor, how can I thank you! I will always wear it when I am grown a man, but now, how can I?

LAURA.

Oh brother! I have made a pretty chain of ribbon on purpose to tie it, and mamma said she would hang it round



round your neck; wont you like my chain as well as Elinor's picture?

ANNA *and* ELIZA, *taking each a hand of* EDMUND.

ANNA.

From us you can have but one present, my brother, because we can feel that we are the same, and have no separate choice; take then this purse; it is our united gift; we both worked on it equally; say, will you love it for us?

ELIZA.

Will you, dear Edmund?

EDMUND.

Thank you, dear girls. I fear I am too happy. You might well call me

me happy boy. I do not think I shall ever be so happy again, if I live fifty years more. But where is George?—here he comes, labouring with some heavy thing or another, up the terrace steps.

ELINOR.

Cannot you recollect, Edmund, what you were wishing for last week, and what you said you would buy when you could spare the money?

EDMUND.

I do not recollect *any* thing I could want *seriously*; yet I did say I should like a camp and fortifications in wood—but they are eighteen shillings a-set.

GEORGE,



GEORGE, *appearing*.

No, no, my boy, I got this for sixteen shillings, and I have more money left yet—last birthday mine was the worst present—now this cannot be the worst, because I know it is just such a thing as you like.

“ Dear boy ! noble boy ! good fellow ! ” they all exclaimed.

ELINOR.

If Jones or Martha were here, I should like a walk in the fields, brother; are either of them near, George, do you know ? Oh, here comes our old man: now let's set forward ; I will take one of George's arms, and he can lead Laura with the other ;

D

Anna

Anna and Eliza shall be honoured with your support.

And thus the happy party proceeded, singing as they went,

Happy, happy, happy boy,  
Come and share your sister's joy.

They were just crossing a lane, and going into a meadow; Elinor was even on the stile, when a loud voice called, "Master Belfield, Master Belfield, Miss Eliza, Miss Anna, come back, come back," and Jones was seen running like a young man, still screaming—"Come back, dear young ladies, come back." Elinor stopped, and they all turned round.

EDMUND.



EDMUND.

What is the matter, Jones? you have quite frightened my sisters, and your looks almost frighten me. Where is your mistress? speak quick.

*All the other children speaking at once.*

Where is dear mamma?—tell us quickly, good Jones.

JONES.

She is better—she is well, I dare say, by this time—Miss Elinor, do not be frightened—indeed my mistress is hard by, quite recovered, as a body may say—that is, almost well—

EDMUND and ELINOR, *much agitated.*

Shew us the way.

D 2

EDMUND.

## EDMUND.

Elinor, take my arm; George, come with the rest; and mind, my good fellow, take care of little Laura—exert yourself, sister, pray do; I am not much alarmed, and you are sensible I love our mother most tenderly—come, come, in an instant, and we shall be with her.

Not in an instant, but in a few minutes, by Jones's directions, they arrived at a little cottage, and found their dear mother just recovered from a fainting fit. With the fondest solicitude, they attended and caressed her; and being tolerably restored, and George having run home to order the garden-chair, at a hint from  
Elinor,



Elinor, this good mother, surrounded by her children, returned to the house. Children are usually curious, but good and amiable children will always suppress curiosity, if they feel it on such an occasion, or when a parent, friend, or sister, appears in danger or distress.

Arrived at the door, the dejected party were met in the hall by Mr. and Mrs. Churchill, who, unacquainted with any accident, had been waiting to congratulate the family on the return of this happy day : they did not know Mrs. Belfield had left her room : how much were they alarmed at seeing her in the chair, pale, and evidently suffering from

D 3

pain,

pain, though still smiling to dissipate her children's fears : these dear children, whom they had heard an hour before singing on the lawn, were now looking grave and unhappy. Mr. Churchill advanced to Edmund, who ran first into the hall for a chair to carry his mother into the house in.

MR. CHURCHILL.

Tell me, dear Edmund, what is the matter? what accident has befallen your gracious mother? Heaven preserve her!

EDMUND.

I know nothing, dear Sir, more than yourself. My dear mother is ill, but, I trust, not dangerously so.

I have



I have sent to Mr. Brandon, and he will be here soon.

MRS. BELFIELD, *in a low voice.*

I can walk to the book-room with my Edmund's arm and Elinor's: but you tremble, my son!—ah, my son, my other Belfield!—but I affect you—lead on. Now I will rest me on the sofa, and after breakfast I will tell you my adventure.

Mr. Brandon, the apothecary, just then arrived; he found Mrs. Belfield's wrist out of place, and very much swelled; he did not think bleeding necessary, but bandaged the arm and hand, which caused great pain. Mrs. Belfield did not show the

the least signs of suffering ; Elinor never moved from her side ; and her two sisters, encouraged by her example, with their eyes full of tears, handed the linen to Mr. Brandon, their colour varying every instant. Edmund knelt on the sofa, to support his mother, and George held her other hand. Every thing being adjusted, the young folks, except Elinor, retired for a few minutes ; and when they returned, and Edmund bent to her with peculiar grace and feeling for her blessing, Mrs. Belfield exclaimed—" Bless, oh bless my son ! and make him worthy of his father's name."

The whole family then sat down  
to



to breakfast, Elinor by her mother's side, to assist in doing the honours of the table. After their repast, Mrs. Belfield began the account of her adventure, as she called it.

“ I am satisfied of all your anxiety about me, and I cannot enough commend my young folks command of themselves, in not overwhelming me with inquiries. I rose earlier than usual on this happy day, dear Edmund, to join your morning ramble, but found your sister's impatience exceeded even mine. I followed the happy group, and heard a part of the affectionate and very pretty serenade. However, I thought I should surprise you agreeably, by  
going

going round by the garden-walls, and bringing with me a basket of strawberries and cherries, which the gardener had promised me for this day. You know by this I had the little close to cross, and there now lies all my fruit, and the new basket, with some beautiful roses from the greenhouse. I fancied I heard a strange noise, and turning round, saw a furious ox, that had, I suppose, been over-driven, making, with frightful haste, to the lane I knew you must all pass. I need not describe my terror—you can all feel for me. I had heard that these beasts have a particular dread of any thing thrown suddenly in their way. I  
spread



spread my parasol, and fastened my shawl to it, in a moment, and flying, rather than running to the stile, got over; the beast made directly to me, and, had he passed, would have been up with my children in two minutes. With all my force, I thrust my parasol at him; the length of the stick, and the weight at its end, I suppose, was too much for my strength: I felt my hand give way. The ox startled, galloped fiercely back, making a shocking noise. Joy, terror, and pain, overcame me, and I fainted. I know no more, until I found myself in dame Atwood's cottage. I thought of my Elinor's fear  
of

of these beasts, and this terrified me excessively.

“ Let the danger your mother has escaped help to make you, my good child, less fearful ; reflect on the consequences—had the beast pursued its way, no one can tell the mischief ; had your brothers flown to your relief, your younger sisters, and little Laura, who still more wanted their protection, must have been left to themselves ; and Elinor, who is wont to set them the best examples, would, most likely, have contributed to their terror. I do not, my sweet girl, intend any lecture on this blessed day ; look up then, and wipe away



“ Edmund, your young acquaint-  
ance from Castle Coombe will be  
here to join in your fishing party;  
but I trust you will return to the  
lawn by one o’clock, as your pre-  
sence will add greatly to the plea-

sure

sure of your pensioners at their repast."

EDMUND.

My dear mamma, you are too good to me; but pray do not exert yourself too much; let us defer the concert to another day—until Elinor's birthday, or even till Laura's; any thing rather than fatigue you.

MRS. BELFIELD.

No, my dear boy, every thing is arranged. Lord Cecil's family cannot be put off, nor yet Mr. Onslow's; therefore let me see you enjoy yourselves—it is my greatest happiness.

The family from Castle Coombe  
arrived



arrived about eleven; it consisted of Ladies Sophia and Charlotte Anwyll, and their two brothers, Henry and Edward. Lord Wentworth, the eldest son, did not join the party; he was near eighteen, and the son of a former marriage; his mother was a first cousin of Mrs. Belfield's, and the young Arthur was very high in her favour. The other children of this family will introduce themselves very shortly: I shall only observe, that their mother too was dead; and Lord Cecil had brought his family, at their united entreaties, into Cornwall for a few months.

A Master and Miss Onslow, children of a gentleman in the neighbourhood,

bourhood, will likewise speak for themselves.

We are now to suppose the young party assembled in the saloon, proper compliments being passed on all sides; and refreshments having been distributed among them all, to refresh them on the water, they set off, attended by the faithful Jones and another man-servant, and also Mrs. Belfield's woman and Mrs. Martha.

EDMUND.

Lady Sophia, will you take my arm, and Miss Onslow the other. Come, gentlemen, assist the young ladies; see, my little Anna has already wet her feet. Pray, Jones, assist



assist us to get the ladies into the boat. Come, George, where is your flute? Eliza, here is your mandolin. Now, who are singers amongst us?

EDWARD ANWYLL.

I like "*Hoist every sail to the breeze*;" 'tis a pretty song, and will suit us, I think: do you know it, Miss Belfield? Sophia and Charlotte *can* sing it, if they will.

ELINOR.

I don't know the song, but remember the tune, which I think very sweet.

EDWARD ANWYLL *to Master Onslow*.

This is fine playing, Master George—he puts them all out.

E 3

GEORGE,

GEORGE, *leaving off*.

And suppose I do—'tis worse in you, Sir, to talk when ladies are singing. I play as well as I can; you had better behave as well, I I think.

EDWARD ANWYLL, *with a smile*.

You are warm, a little or so, my young Sir. Lend me your flute, and I will show you how to play that tune.

GEORGE.

No, I never lend my flute.

EDWARD.

I don't want your flute—it is not so handsome a one: I lay a shilling it did not cost half-a-crown.

GEORGE.



GEORGE.

And you would lose your wager, for I think it very handsome; it is a present of my eldest sister's, and I am sure cost at least seven shillings.

EDWARD.

If I had been Miss Belfield, I would have known whether you could play better, before I gave you a flute.

ELINOR.

I gave it to my brother, Master Edward, to practise on; he is very young to play so well as he does.

EDWARD.

You had better have given him a  
Jew's-

Jew's-harp, ha! ha! ha!—he would have played nicely on that.

LADY SOPHIA.

For shame, brother Edward, you always spoil all our pleasure—I wish papa had not let you come—he would not, only Arthur begged you off, you know.

EDWARD.

And what occasion had you to tell every body that, my lady? I know who was in disgrace when we went up the Tamer in papa's own barge.

HENRY.

Come, come, let us be merry now. Ned, here is some of the cake you like so. Sophy, will you sing something



thing cheerful with Miss Onslow and Miss Anna? we will all join, little Laura and all.

EDMUND.

Pray sit down, Master Anwyl; we shall get our sisters all wet; go to the other side of the boat, I beg of you.

EDWARD.

I shan't though—I like this side best, because—and I will jump too. Come here, Hal——and pulling his brother to him, he made the boat incline so much that way, that Jones thought it right to interfere, and respectfully begged him to sit quiet, or they should catch no fish.

EDWARD.

EDWARD.

Well, and what is that to you, my old boy? mind yourself—I can do well enough without your advice; so sit down, I say.

EDMUND.

Master Anwyl, you will oblige me by speaking more civilly to my mother's old servant, whom we all love and respect. Jones, if you please, we will get back as soon as may be; our time is almost expired for fishing, and we shall be expected on the lawn, while the village lads dine.

MISS ONSLOW.

What, do you see them all dine? How happy you are! I have never  
been



been out without my governess or mamma before, and I am almost fourteen. Papa says, girls should not be trusted; and he would not have allowed me to come without Mrs. Marlow to-day, only he thought Mrs. Belfield would not like her coming—he is always afraid of something. Are you often suffered to be out, with only that old man and that queer woman?

ELINOR.

We are frequently out with our old and faithful attendants only, because it is not always convenient for mamma or Mrs. Churchill to be with us; but we love to have them near us as much as possible; and did not  
mamma

mamma think it proper for us to take more exercise than agrees with her health, we would all rather remain within when she cannot come out.

MISS ONSLOW.

Dear me! that is very odd now, for I am never by myself.

LADY CHARLOTTE.

And we are always almost by ourselves—our governess has always something to do—and the servants too.

EDWARD ANWYLL.

What a bore such a humdrum party is! Why, we have had no fun.

EDMUND.

I am sorry you find it so dull; but  
you



you will find plenty of amusement soon, I hope.

EDWARD, *aside*.

I mean it, I promise you.

The boat by this time arrived at the place they set out from; and the young folks having had their pleasure so much interrupted by a grumbling boy, skipped lightly on the turf, all but poor Miss Onslow, whose elegant muslin frock the mischievous Anwyll had contrived to fasten to some part of the boat, and in jumping out, she left a large piece behind her. The poor girl, who was kept at home in the strictest subjection and fear, burst into tears at the bare

F

idea

idea of her mamma's anger: the young ladies offered her all the consolation in their power, and promised to help to mend it; but still she cried in a childish manner about such an accident, while the ill-natured boy laughed outright at the fun, as he called it; and as they stood close to the canal, endeavouring to sooth the frightened girl, he came slyly round, and giving Anna a little push, she would have fallen into the water, had she not caught by George's jacket. The warm-hearted boy called it cowardly to frighten girls, and helping up Anna, who had fallen down, told him "he would not serve a boy such a sly trick."

EDWARD.



EDWARD.

But I would serve him worse—  
youngster, take that, and learn to  
call gentlemen cowards for a bit of a  
frolic.

He then hit him in the face, and  
George lifted his arm to return the  
blow with interest, but his brother  
caught his arm.

EDMUND.

Dear George, consider Master An-  
wyll is our guest; besides, he is  
younger than you; remember how  
pleased our dear mamma will be,  
when she hears of your forbearance.

GEORGE.

You are always right, brother; but

F 2

I will

I will run home, with Anna, for if he says any thing more, I shall surely give him a drubbing—I cannot help it.

The party were somewhat discomposed by these accidents and disputes; however, they got back to the house before one.

Miss Onslow was dressed in a frock of Elinor's, which, though rather long for her, when fastened up with a bow of ribbon, looked vastly well. Edward Anwyll, fearful of having his bad conduct told to Mrs. Belfield, behaved pretty well; and the rest of the Cecil family, ashamed of their brother's tricks, strove to show their good breeding.

The



The young party partook of the happiness of the village lads; they did justice to their own dinner, served in the hall; each performed some part in the concert admirably well; and every face wore a smile, all the troubles of the morning being forgotten.

Miss Onslow's frock (repaired by Mrs. Martha, who had seen and pitied her distress at the accident) was again put on; and Edmund led Lady Sophia to the saloon to begin the ball. Master Onslow, a sensible, steady, well-behaved boy of fifteen, wished to dance with Elinor; she smiled her consent, when Edward Anwyll, no longer able to wear the

appearance of satisfaction, rudely said, he himself meant to dance with Miss Belfield, and surely Master Onslow would not think of preventing him.

ELINOR.

I thank you, Master Anwyll, for the preference, but I am engaged to this young gentleman; I will dance with you, if you please, after supper;—and away she was running to join the dance.

EDWARD, to ONSLOW.

Harkee, Sir, you don't dance with that lady.

ONSLOW.

Not dance with Miss Belfield! but indeed I will—as I have her permission,



sion, I shall not ask yours, Master Anwyll.

EDWARD.

I say, Sir, you shall not dance with her; I have a *right* to choose—you will not dispute with a Lord's son, Sir.

ONslow.

Good bye, Sir, the dance waits—and away he flew, to join his partner—The mischievous Edward followed him, and coming behind Onslow, as he was asking Elinor to stand up, he slyly tript up his heels, and the astonished boy fell on his face against the chair next that on which Elinor sat; he then crept away. Poor Onslow's mouth and nose bled very much, and  
the

the girls were all very much frightened.

Mrs. Belfield, who had seen what past, first with contempt and pity at the boy's ill breeding and consequential airs, but at last with displeasure at his mischievous tricks, ordered what was necessary for Master Onslow, and retired with him for a while. Just as she had quitted the saloon, the young Lord Wentworth came in to compliment Mrs. Belfield on her son's birthday, and shake his cousin Edmund, whom he greatly liked, by the hand; Elinor's partner was gone, and she was the only one sitting near; he politely asked and received her hand, and went down  
the



the dance with his fair cousin. Just as they had finished it, Mrs. Belfield returned, and welcomed the young Lord, with great pleasure, to Belfield; she mentioned slightly to him, on his expressing his surprise at finding her daughter sitting by, his brother's behaviour, and he promised for him both contrition and amendment.

“But, my dear Madam,” said he, “you and your charming family must pity, while you condemn, the conduct of my younger brothers and sisters: there are many excuses to be made for them; they, alas! have no kind mother, or kind friend, to root out every little weed as it springs up, and to train and nourish every opening

opening blossom of virtue. These dear children will still, I hope, make worthy men and women. How much I wish you would speak to the Earl on this most important subject! I shall leave England next month, and it would give me heartfelt pleasure in my absence, if I might hope, on my return, to find my young brothers and sisters approaching something nearer to my cousins at Bel-field."

A great deal more, on the same subject, at various times of the evening, passed between Lord Wentworth and Mrs. Belfield. Edward, restrained by his brother's presence, was at least quiet; and the rest of the



the party danced: the elder ones, after partaking a light supper, had three sets of cotillions. Elinor, as she had promised, danced with harmony and glee: they separated at eleven.

The morning after the ball, Lord Cecil waited on Mrs. Belfield, and renewed his earnest request that she would recommend some persons to superintend his younger children's education: he declared to her, that the people he had were worthy, sensible, plain people, though, he feared, not adequate to the task of educating his family as they grew up. After a long conversation, Mrs. Belfield promised to endeavour to find  
a proper

a proper governess, and to interest Mr. Churchill to seek for a tutor, as much like himself as possible; and until these points could be accomplished, it was settled that the young Anwylls should come every day to Belfield, and partake, with her own family, the benefit of Mr. and Mrs. Churchill's lessons.

Mrs. Belfield consented, with a sort of fear, lest her own dear children should suffer from indifferent example; but as her sons, at least, must soon leave home, the one to College, and the other for the Military Academy, she thought it best  
    \*them to be accustomed to the society of others of their own age, under  
der



der her own eye, particularly as she reserved to herself the power of discontinuing the meetings at pleasure.

Master and Miss Onslow were afterwards admitted to the party, at the particular request of their grandmother, who very much disapproved of the rigid system of education adopted by her son and his wife.

Here then we behold the two extremes of indulgence and severity, and here we hope to show how preferable and how desirable the medium is, and how insensibly the youthful mind will yield to example, when precept, alas ! so often fails.

The party consisted of twelve, and at first the strangers gave our charming

ing Mrs. Belfield many fears for her beloved children; and they also gave the worthy Mr. and Mrs. Churchill much unnecessary trouble. Edward Anwyl would frequently be found playing at balls or marbles with one of his father's servants, who waited to attend them in their rambles.

Let us now suppose the whole party sitting round a large table in the book-room. Besides those before mentioned, a sensible, discreet young woman had been engaged to assist Mrs. Churchill in inspecting the lessons and work of the young ladies.

I have said before, that the young folks were allowed to ask questions, and relate any thing that had occurred

red



red to them: but in so large a circle it was necessary to set limits to these questions and these relations, or they might sometimes take up the time allotted to more improving subjects.

Mrs. Belfield, or Mr. or Mrs. Churchill, when any one asked a proper question, replied to it, or desired one of the young folks; if improper, they merely said so; and a repetition of the question would have been severely punished.

MONDAY MORNING.

MISS ONSLOW, *with a grave look.*

Pray, Miss Belfield, were you not extremely terrified with the thun-

der, last night? how dreadfully loud it was! I am so afraid of thunder!

ELINOR.

I was not afraid, Miss Onslow, though, no doubt, thunder and lightning are awful. Mamma has kindly taught us that, doing no evil, we have nothing to fear.

MR. CHURCHILL.

If Miss Onslow was as well acquainted as you are with the natural cause for thunder and lightning, she would not be so much terrified at the noise.

MISS ONSLOW.

Pray, Sir, be kind enough to inform me.

MR.



MR. CHURCHILL.

Lightning is occasioned by the electric matter in the clouds, which encounter each other in the air, and burns instantaneously like gunpowder, accompanied with that awful roll or sound which we call thunder.

LADY SOPHIA.

Oh, gracious! so thunder is nothing but sound: well, then I shall never be afraid of what are called thunderbolts,

MR. CHURCHILL.

That is a mistaken idea—all the danger arises from the lightning; and even that is not dangerous, when at a distance.

LADY SOPHIA.

But, dear Sir, how are we to know when it is near?

MR. CHURCHILL.

By the interval between the flash and the stroke; if the interval is considerable, it is distant, and not dangerous.

HENRY ANWYLL.

You told me the other day, Sir, when we were out when it lightned, not to run under the trees in the park, which I thought would have sheltered me—I did not know why you said it was dangerous.

MR. CHURCHILL.

I was much pleased, Master Henry,



ry, with your ready obedience, and will now explain the cause of my desiring you to avoid the trees—it is because all trees very much attract lightning; and it is always better to keep in a field, or public road, if no house is near.

EDWARD ANWYLL.

Of what use can lightning be, I wonder.

MR. CHURCHILL.

It is of more use than you can yet well understand; it consumes noxious vapours, promotes a circulation of air; it brings on rain, at a time when it is often most wanted, and cools the heat of summer.

MISS

MISS ONSLOW.

I recollect to have heard my grandmamma often say, when it lightned, last summer, that I should not give way to childish fears, and that lightning did a great deal of good: I wanted to know why, but we were not allowed to ask questions in the parlour. Will you think me encroaching, if I express a wish to know what causes the rainbow?

MRS. BELFIELD.

Never be fearful, my dear Miss Onslow, of asking questions: the rainbow, with all its beautiful colours, is occasioned by the rays of  
the



the sun shining upon the falling drops.

MISS ONSLOW.

I thank you kindly, Ma'am.

LAURA.

Sister Elinor, please to tell Laura why my little scissars look so nice and bright, as they are iron too, as well as the nails you told me were to-day?

ELINOR.

Yes, my love, they are iron; but by a particular process, which you cannot now understand, they are finely wrought and polished; and, in the state the scissars are now in, it is called steel.

LAURA.

LAURA.

Thank'e, sister; iron is a metal—  
I forgot the rest you told me, except silver and gold.

MRS. BELFIELD.

Can Lady Charlotte tell you?

LADY CHARLOTTE.

I believe I can, Ma'am. There are six metals, gold, silver, copper, tin, lead, and iron; these are all dug out of the earth.

GEORGE.

Coals are also dug out of the earth, and many other things.

HENRY ANWYLL.

What else?

EDMUND.



EDMUND.

Quicksilver, chalk, brimstone, lime, salt, pipes, and what is usually called earthenware, marble, stone, crystals, diamonds, and magnets or loadstones, which are so peculiarly serviceable in navigation.—What an immense treasure!

EDWARD ANWYLL.

I often hear the huntsman say the wind is easterly, or westerly, or northerly—what does he mean?

MR. CHURCHILL.

According to the quarters from whence they blow, East, West, North, South.

EDWARD.

EDWARD.

But how must I know which are these quarters?

MR. CHURCHILL.

If at noon you stand with your back to the sun, the East is on your *right* hand, the West on your *left*, the North directly *before* you, and consequently *behind* you the South: or, at night, if you stand with your face to the pole star, the East is on your *right*, the West, and the North, and South, as before.—But the dancing-master has been waiting some time, I fear.

TUESDAY



## TUESDAY MORNING.

ANNA.

We should be very much pleased, mamma, if you would allow us to look through the microscope to-day: our cousins have been telling Eliza that they never saw one.

LADY SOPHIA, *after looking through the glass.*

Well, if I did not see it, I never could believe this little thin piece of skin, that Elinor pulled off her finger, could look so coarse and thick—such fine delicate skin as hers is! and 'tis only a hang-nail, as they call them: and this fine hair, why it

H

looks

looks like a great rope full of knots and holes.

LADY CHARLOTTE.

And only see this little fine needle, that Miss Onslow was working point with, why it looks like a great rusty poker. Oh, mercy! I wonder how I should look in a microscope! Well, I think I shall not look any more, for, as sure as can be, there are twenty live creatures, like eels, in that little drop of vinegar.

ELINOR.

They are called *Animalcula*:—now look at this grain of salt.

MISS ONSLOW.

It is like a rock of crystal.—

How



How extremely, dear Anna, I thank you for this morning's amusement! how preferable to sitting all day, studying and netting purses! I am sure my grandmamma will like to talk to me now, when she sees that I understand her a little better.

ELIZA.

We are never tired of the microscope, for we have always something new to examine.

EDWARD ANWYLL.

Come here, Belle—here is a flea off the dog—here, girls, look at this.

ANNA.

No, indeed, Master Edward;

H 2

there

there are two already in a glass slide  
—I would not have any thing hurt  
to look at.

EDWARD.

I did not mean any harm, Miss  
Anna—I will put it on Belle again  
—Poor Belle will not thank me  
though.

MARY WOOD, the young woman  
who assists Mrs. Churchill, coming  
in, said—

Miss Belfield, there is a woman  
who wishes to speak to you below.

ELINOR.

Who is she? what sort of a wo-  
man?

MARY



MARY WOOD.

She is old, and looks very ill,  
Ma'am.

ELINOR.

Oh, mamma, may I go to her?

MRS. BELFIELD.

By all means.

EDMUND.

Who can it be? I should like to  
know. Elinor seemed quite anx-  
ious about her.

MRS. BELFIELD.

I doubt not, my son, but it is  
some object of distress your good  
sister wishes to relieve.

EDMUND.

Dear Madam, I may do it perhaps

H 3

more

more effectually—had I not better follow my sister?

MR. CHURCHILL.

I think it would be indelicate to intrude on Miss Belfield's charity. Was there not something peculiar in the case of the poor woman, she would not exclude her friends from a share in her benevolence.

EDMUND.

Nevertheless *I* think I may *assist* my sister, and with *your permission*, *Ma'am, I will follow Elinor.*

MRS. BELFIELD.

I think it better to wait, dear Edmund; but if you wish it, I will not prevent



prevent your going, though I had rather you staid here.

EDMUND.

I ought to have no wish but to please you—I will not move until you desire it.

MRS. BELFIELD.

What is that strange noise? 'tis my child, my best Elinor—Heaven preserve her from harm!—run, dear boy, dear Mrs. Churchill—no, I can now go—come, Edmund!

Mrs. Belfield then ran down, supported by Edmund, and saw Elinor sitting on the window-seat of the hall, supported by an old and very sickly-looking woman; Elinor looked

ed earnestly at her mother and Edmund, and whispering, cried—  
“Keep back Mr. and Mrs. Churchill—keep them back, oh! pray, dear mamma, do, do.

MRS. BELFIELD.

Mary Wood, take this good woman to the housekeeper; let her have every thing possible to restore and comfort her; I will see her in an hour.

ELINOR.

In an hour! oh, say not in an hour—think of Mrs. Churchill’s own Constance all that while.

EDMUND.

See, Elinor, our mother is quite  
overcome



overcome by your abrupt manner. Say, what of Constance Churchill, that sweet little girl I so well remember?

ELINOR, *pointing to the woman.*

She can and will tell it all.

Mrs. Belfield sent to say she should be busy an hour or two, and that Edmund and Elinor would attend her, but that there was nothing alarming had occurred; and ordering the poor woman a glass of wine and a biscuit, they made her sit, while she related the following little narrative, as briefly as possible:

OLD

## OLD WOMAN.

Madam, when that dreadful fire was at the Dean's, you knows that all was lost and burnt, as one may say: so you must know I lived near the country-house; and so one morning, as I was going out a-milking, what should I see but a poor young girl, with her clothes all singed, running about, and singing like a wild one; so I asked her to come in a bit—but she kept singing: so at last, as I took some milk up, she run to me, whipt up the pail, and did drink to be sure: so I got her in the house, and put her to bed, and there I nursed her this many a day: but



but she was quite crazed, poor thing! yet she had so many winning ways, I never could bear to send her to the workhouse, as my son wanted me to do: so my son scolded with me, and at last he said he would work for me, but for no mad stranger girls, not he: so, Madam, he went away, and so then I grieved and fretted, and the poor girl cried too, she did; but all her cry was about the Church Hill: so when it was a fine day, (it was four years from the time I first brought her home), perhaps, thinks I, it may ease her mind to walk up our Church Hill a bit; so I goes up with her—"Here, dear," said I, "this is our Church Hill;"

Hill;" so with that she gives a great scream, and down she falls in a swoond; but after a while, when she comed to herself, she cried—" Ah, I am Churchill, poor Constance Churchill, that was buried in the ruins, where my dear father and mother lie:" so then she cried the more. Well, to make short of my story, Madam, from that day she was in her proper senses, only melancholy; and she helped me to work, and was the most kind-hearted girl I ever seed; but she was not like us poor folks, though she did not seem to make herself above us. So my son, after rambling about harvesting, when he came back to Kent, told us

a power



a power of news; amongst the rest, he told us of being at Combe, and at Belfield, in hay-harvest, down in Cornwall. “ *Belfield, Belfield !*” said the poor child—“ oh, say it again ! who, who was there ?” So my son could not tell us, only a power of fine young ladies and gentlemen : so she begged and prayed, and promised me such fine things, if I would come with her to Belfield ; and near two months have we been a-coming ; our poor feet bare, and not a farthing in our pockets, though I sold my cow, and all my little matters, that came to a matter of sixteen pounds and more ; and just as we got to t’other parish, she quite

I

knocked

knocked up; I stayed a little by her, and got her a little broth with selling my apron: and now, if you are not the dear merciful lady she says you are, why I must go and die with my poor child, as I calls her, for I will never desert her now.

EDMUND, *rising and taking the old woman by the hand.*

Excellent creature! worthy woman! you shall never leave her: all the world can afford of comfort, you shall possess. Dear mother, I will order the coach.

ELINOR.

I will have pillows put in it. May I go, dear mother, with Mary Wood



Wood and Jones? I am impatient until I embrace my playfellow and favourite.

MRS. BELFIELD.

Do, my child; Edmund will follow. In the mean time, I will strive to appear tranquil before our friends, whom I will not quit for fear of a surprise. But see, the good soul, that poor woman, though feeble, old, and almost famished, is running across the lawn, eager to convey joyful news: she must certainly be one of the best creatures in the world.

In about an hour the coach re-

12

turned,

turned, and in it came the long-lost Constance, altered indeed, but still lovely, mild, and interesting: she was not more than thirteen, and did not appear above ten: she, however, perfectly remembered Elinor, but had not the most distant idea of her parents having survived the dreadful fire. When she first saw Mrs. Belfield, she exclaimed, in the most moving tone—"Will you now be a mother to me? how dreadful, alas! the fate of my own dear mother, and my honoured tender father!"

Mrs. Belfield assured her of her constant and unremitting tenderness,



ness, and of Elinor's sisterly love, and her other little friends that she remembered.

Elinor had told her, on her inquiry for her father, of their loss, fearing a mention of him might distress her mother.

Old dame Bradshaw was always near her; and now dressed neatly, and rested from her fatigue, looked as truly respectable as she was.

Miss Churchill had medical assistance immediately; but it was agreed, her sovereign cure, the knowledge of her parents being living, should be broke to her as soon as possible.

With infinite tenderness and caution, she was led first to think that

the same Providence which had preserved her might have likewise saved her parents, and that one day she might hear of them.

In the evening, when their young pupils were dispersed, and only Edmund was present, Mrs. Belfield pretended to have had a dream, that had made a great impression on her mind.

“And what was this dream, my dear friend?” said Mrs. Churchill.

“Why,” said Mrs. Belfield, very seriously, “I dreamed your loved Constance had been saved from the fire.” (She watched the countenance of her friend, saw it change from pale to red, from red to pale).

“I dreamed



“ I dreamed too, that she would soon come amongst us, and would constitute your happiness and pride.”

EDMUND.

I dreamed too I saw Constance, I —(Here Mr. Churchill gave a long deep groan, clasped his hands in agony, and sat sadly, deeply musing.)

MRS. CHURCHILL, *quick rising and speaking with extreme energy and agitation.*

Say on, Edmund, say on, my friend ; your looks declare more than your words—speak, say, does not my child live?—Elinor’s emotion was  
caused

caused by joy—oh, too much!—such joy will burst my heart.

MRS. BELFIELD.

She lives! she lives! be satisfied.

MR. CHURCHILL.

Oh—repeat the blessed sounds, say again my Constance lives—my God, I thank you.

Let us now leave this worthy couple to their well-merited happiness. Having felt their loss most severely, most fervently they felt their felicity. In the course of the day they folded their new-found treasure to their hearts, and with little less warmth did they press the excellent Bradshaw, who, caressed  
and



and honoured, was almost beside herself with joy.

With their child, Mr. Churchill became again possessed of a noble fortune, which fell to another branch of the family on the supposed death of their child, as, by the will of an uncle, it was only theirs in trust for her.

No consideration would induce them to leave their friend Mrs. Belfield, and they determined to show her, by their actions, the warm and grateful remembrance they had of all her kindnesses.

Constance improved in health daily, and Mr. and Mrs. Churchill received the congratulations of the neighbourhood,

neighbourhood, who revered and loved them.

Poor old Bradshaw became a person of great consequence, and was ever treated by Constance and her parents more as a friend (for such indeed she had ever shown herself) than as an inferior.

It is natural to suppose that Miss Churchill had lost much time; indeed her mind seemed, at first, to be a perfect blank, from the long and severe malady with which she had been afflicted; but by degrees, as her strength of body increased, her mind unfolded itself; and her delighted parents observed, with a gratitude too powerful to be expressed, traces  
of



of former information which she had received from them, previous to the ever-regretted and melancholy accident.

After a few weeks set apart for enjoying the dear delight of looking at, and talking to, their Constance, the whole party, with this addition, assembled in the back-room, where Mrs. Bradshaw was admitted, whenever she liked; and this worthy creature would sit whole hours, gazing on her dear child, as she still called her, surrounded by her friends and delighted parents, blest with every comfort, and graced with every elegance; sometimes, quite overcome with her feelings, the good  
old

old woman would throw herself on her knees to Mrs. Belfield, and declare that she was an angel upon earth.

Constance Churchill, before the sad, sad accident, was thought a very sensible, and certainly was a very lovely child; impertinent people thought her spoiled and pert, but no one that knew her ever doubted the goodness of her heart: she was now gentle, even to timidity; and although it might be daily observed, that the melancholy, so long hanging about her, was wearing off, it was long before she was heard to laugh, or join in the gaiety and little amusements of her companions.

We



We will now return to the morning parties, so long interrupted.

CONSTANCE.

I think, mamma, you have told me that the paper I am drawing on is made of old linen rags; I do not understand how it is possible—will you inform me?

MRS. CHURCHILL.

It is first torn with a mill full of spikes, very fine, and, after being washed and ground, they make of it a pulp or paste with water or glue, and pour it in flat moulds, from which, after being dried and pressed, it is sorted, and being put up in  
K quires,

quires, is sent to the stationers. The coarser rags make the coarser paper. You understand, my dear, that linen is first made from flax.

CONSTANCE.

I believe I do:—is not Ireland famous for very fine linen?

MRS. CHURCHILL.

Yes, it is—and now we are on this subject, it reminds me of a former method your young friends here had of entertaining themselves, by naming some of the principal productions of the four quarters of the world.

EDMUND.



EDMUND.

Shall I lead the way? first, then, from South America (generally by way of Spain) we receive gold, silver, quicksilver, Peruvian bark, and balsam of Peru; immediately from Surinam, cocoa, cotton, and coffee.

GEORGE.

From North America we have tobacco, pipe-staves, skins, furs, tar, pitch, and rosin.

ELIZA.

From the West Indies, rice, sugar, coffee, cotton, and indigo.

K 2

ANNA.

ANNA.

From the East Indies, cinnamon, cloves, nutmegs and pepper, tea, china, japan ware, and silks.

HENRY ANWYLL.

From Africa, gold dust, ivory, olives, palm wine, saltpetre, leather, gums, and drugs.

EDWARD ANWYLL.

From the Levant, cotton, raw silk, rhubarb, and oil.

LADY SOPHIA.

From Spain, Portugal, and France,  
our best wines, oranges, lemons, figs,  
prunes,



prunes, raisins, and chesnuts. Wool we get also from Spain.

LADY CHARLOTTE.

The Madeira and Canary Islands are also well known for their excellent wines.

CONSTANCE.

Thank you, my young friends; I shall soon, I hope, be able to remember some part of this instructive and pleasing amusement. How happy I am in such dear friends and instructors! can I ever repay you half what I owe you?

MORNING.

CONSTANCE.

Elinor, my dear friend, will you

K 3

tell

tell me something about the eclipse that we expect to see this evening?

ELINOR,

Surely, Constance, as well as I can. Your papa has taught us, that when the moon's shadow falls upon the earth, we call it an eclipse of the sun, because the moon prevents our seeing the sun, more or less, according to the extent of its shade; and when the shadow of the earth falls upon the moon, we call that an eclipse of the moon. You must observe, an eclipse of the moon commonly happens when it is full moon, and an eclipse of the sun when it is new moon.

CONSTANCE.



CONSTANCE.

Thank you, Elinor,

LADY SOPHIA.

I too thank you. The eclipse of the moon is at full moon, and the eclipse of the sun at new moon. I shall try to remember this.

LAURA.

Pray, Edmund, what is hail?

EDMUND,

Nothing more, my little pet, than drops of rain congealed or frozen, by a great degree of cold in falling,

LAURA.

LAURA.

Then the snow, I suppose, is water too, only not so much frozen?

MRS. BELFIELD.

Yes, my little girl; now do not forget this, and you shall learn some beautiful lines—a Winter-piece, that describes the snow most charmingly.

LAURA.

I thank you, mamma—shall I learn it to-day?

MRS. BELFIELD.

No, my love, finish first the pretty Ode to Spring you began yesterday: but Mr. Churchill spoke yesterday  
of



of dipping a little into English History this morning—suppose Elinor begins with the first king after the Conquest, and let every one mention at least one sovereign in turn.

## ELINOR.

William the First—he was Duke of Normandy, but from landing in England, and defeating Harold the Second, near Hastings, in Sussex, he is commonly called the Conqueror; but the men of Kent insist that he never conquered their county.

## MISS ONSLOW.

The next was William the Second, surnamed Rufus, from his having red hair. Historians describe him

him as possessing few good qualities: he was killed in the New Forest by an arrow.

#### CHARLES ONSLOW.

Henry the First, fourth son of William the Conqueror, succeeded his brother: He was a learned prince; but his ambition caused him to use his elder brother with injustice and treachery: he confirmed several valuable privileges, and granted his subjects a valuable charter.

#### EDMUND.

Stephen, the grandson of the Conqueror, succeeded his uncle: his reign was a continued scene of war and



and tumult; yet he was brave, active, and enterprising, and knew how to win the affection of his subjects; and it is much to his honour, that, precarious as his situation was, he was never known to be cruel or revengeful.

## ELINOR.

Henry the Second, grandson to Henry the First—Historians unite in giving this monarch the highest praise; yet the undutiful conduct of his sons deprived him of all happiness, though one of the greatest and most illustrious monarchs that ever sat on the English throne; for he possessed every accomplishment,  
both

both of body and mind, to qualify him for the high station he filled; he was active, brave, generous, just, merciful, and prudent.

## GEORGE.

Richard, surnamed Cœur de Lion, son of Henry the Second, succeeded his father: from his distinguished valour, he justly merited the surname of Cœur de Lion, or lion-hearted: all Europe, and Asia resounded with his fame: but he had many vices; he was imperious, revengeful, cruel, ambitious, and destitute of filial affection.

EDMUND.



## EDMUND.

John succeeded his brother; he appears to have been a compound of every vice that can disgrace human nature, without one good quality to oppose it: his conduct, odious as it was, procured the people the most important advantages: his tyranny induced the Barons to assert, and his sloth and timidity enabled them to maintain, those privileges which form the groundwork of our excellent constitution—he granted the Magna Charta.

## MISS ONSLOW.

Henry the Third succeeded his father: he was deficient in abilities to

L

govern,

govern, and devoted to favourites ; yet he was gentle and merciful, and never was accused of a single act of cruelty—he confirmed the Magna Charta.

ELIZA.

Edward the First came to the throne on the death of his father : he was equally endued with personal bravery and political courage : he had the spirit to undertake, and the resolution to accomplish, the most difficult and dangerous enterprises ; yet his policy was often accompanied with cruelty.

ANNA.



## ANNA.

Edward the Second—no prince ever ascended a throne with greater advantages; he was universally beloved for the sweetness of his own disposition, and being the son of an illustrious monarch; yet, after a weak reign, he was put to a miserable and unnatural death—he is represented as a most inoffensive and innocent man, but as a prince totally unfit to govern.

## CHARLES ONSLOW.

Edward the Third succeeded his father; his reign was the longest and most glorious in the English annals; he was brave, active, and enterprising,

prising, shrewd, sensible, and sagacious, just, liberal, and humane; his stature was about six feet, his person well-proportioned, his eyes quick and piercing, and his whole air such as could not fail to engage attention and command esteem.

ELINOR.

Richard the Second ascended the throne after his grandfather, when he was only eleven years old; and when he came of an age to govern, he showed himself weak, vain, and contemptible, and totally unfit to rule: he was violent in his temper, and much addicted to parade and pleasure.

ANNA,



## ANNA.

Henry the Fourth reigned after Richard; he has the reputation of being a wise prince and prudent sovereign, but a bad man: he usurped the crown by spilling blood, and by spilling blood he preserved it.

## GEORGE.

Henry the Fifth—I love to speak of this monarch; we are told he had many virtues, and his abilities were equally conspicuous in the cabinet and the field: the boldness of his plans was as remarkable as his personal valour in conducting them: he had the habit of attaching his friends by affability, and of gaining his ene-

mies by address and clemency: his deportment was engaging and elegant, his countenance beautiful, and his stature above the middle size: he was capable of enduring great fatigue, and excelled in all manly and warlike exercises.

#### EDMUND.

Henry the Sixth was too young to govern when his father died, being only nine months old; but when he came of age, this unfortunate king showed himself simple and inoffensive in his manners, but of narrow intellect, and totally unqualified for the high and arduous station of a sovereign: his deficiency of understanding



standing was therefore a misfortune, not a crime.

## ELIZA.

Edward the Fourth succeeded: he was a prince of more vigour than prudence: as a man, he possessed many accomplishments: his virtues were few, his vices almost the whole catalogue: the laurels he acquired in the field were stained by the torrents of noble blood which were shed on the scaffold.

## EDWARD ANWYLL.

Edward the Fifth can hardly be said to have ascended the throne, on the death of his father: he discovered

ed many amiable qualities: this early promise was cruelly murdered by the order of his unnatural uncle, who, after a series of unheard-of crimes, and wading through seas of blood, raised himself to the throne by his monstrous wickedness.

#### LADY SOPHIA.

Richard the Third, as deformed in body as in mind: he was one of the most cruel, treacherous, and blood-thirsty tyrants that ever disgraced the English throne, and was justly abhorred by all succeeding ages.

LADY



## LADY CHARLOTTE.

Henry the Seventh, after the battle of Bosworth, in which Richard was killed, was joyfully chosen as his successor: this prince loved peace, without fearing war: he was universally allowed to be the wisest prince then in Europe; but was too much addicted to avarice, and often gratified it at the expence of his people's happiness.

## HENRY ANWYLL.

Henry the Eighth ascended the throne on the death of his father: his conduct was very different in different periods of his life: in his youth he was sincere, gallant, and liberal;

as

as he advanced in years, he became peevish, arbitrary, rapacious, and so cruel, that he seemed delighted with the blood of his subjects—he suppressed monasteries in England.

#### MASTER ONSLOW.

Edward the Sixth succeeded his father: all historians dwell with pleasure on the excellent qualities of this young prince, whom the flattering promises of hope, joined to many real virtues, made an object of tender affection to his people: he seems to have been all that could be wished in a youth of sixteen.

#### MISS ONSLOW.

Mary—I am sorry, for the honour  
of



of my sex, and of human nature, to have such a sovereign to speak of: Mary was a cruel bigot and a wretched queen: her reign was short and inglorious: she possessed few either estimable or amiable qualities, and her person was as little engaging as her manner: bigotry, cruelty, obstinacy, and violence, are almost the sole ingredients in the character of this princess.

## ELINOR.

Queen Elizabeth succeeded her sister: this princess was beloved by her subjects to a great degree: her character may be best drawn by her conduct: to the personal vanity of a woman,

woman, she united the firm spirit and sound understanding of a man; the maxims of her government were wise and prudent; and she was happy in her choice of ministers, by whom she was counselled, but not governed.

## EDMUND.

James, the First of England, and Sixth of Scotland, next succeeded; he had some virtues, but they bordered on the neighbouring vices; his generosity savoured of profusion, his learning of pedantry, and his pacific disposition of pusillanimity.

MASTER



## MASTER ONSLOW.

~~Charles the First succeeded his father; his judgment was sound, his taste elegant, his general temper moderate; but he had the misfortune to be educated in high notions of royal prerogative, which he was resolved to support at all events, and which at length lost him his crown and his life.~~

## EDWARD ANWYLL.

After a long interregnum, in which Oliver Cromwell usurped the government, Charles the Second was restored to the throne: as a prince he was destitute of a proper sense of his dignity: with regard to domes-

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tic concerns, he was able and artful, but mean : as a gentleman and companion, he was elegant, easy, and gay : he had a very bad opinion of human nature, and seemed incapable of gratitude or friendship : he was dissolute, and a constant violator of the most sacred ties.

#### HENRY ANWYLL.

James the Second succeeded his brother : his reign was one scene of rebellion and cruelty : he was so hateful to the English, on account of his preference to the popish faith, and his meanness, and little observance of his word, that they invited his son-in-law, the Prince of Orange,

to



to take the reins of government on him: and James abdicated the throne and the kingdom.

### EDWARD ANWYLL.

William the Third, and Mary, were then crowned: in courage, conduct, and magnanimity, he rivalled the most eminent warriors of antiquity: he was temperate, just, religious, and merciful, and particularly remarkable for the equanimity of his temper; and his ruling passion was a sincere regard to the natural rights and liberties of mankind.

### ELINOR.

Ann, youngest daughter of James

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the

the Second, succeeded: her conduct, viewed through private life, was truly amiable: she was a pattern of conjugal affection, a tender mother, a warm friend, indulgent mistress, and a munificent patroness: though she was deficient in that vigour of mind necessary to preserve her from the snares of favourites and sycophants, yet her regard for the happiness of her subjects was never doubted; she felt a mother's fondness for her people, by whom she was beloved with a warmth of affection, which even the prejudice of party could not abate, and by whom she was dignified by the name of the *good Queen Ann*.

EDMUND.



## EDMUND.

George the First was next called to the crown: he was the son of the Princess Sophia, granddaughter of James the First: he was grave in his deportment, though easy and familiar in his hours of relaxation: though despotic in his hereditary dominions, he ruled with all the moderation and lenity of a monarch, inclined naturally to justice and equity; and it may be affirmed, that there never was a prince better qualified to sway the sceptre over a free people, or who exercised the virtues of a great and good governor with more distinguished abilities.

CHARLES ONSLOW.

On the death of George the First, George the Second succeeded to the crown: this prince was violent in his temper, but humane and candid in his disposition; he conciliated the affections of those most about his person: his judgment was sound; but his attachment to German politics made the early part of his life unpopular: he was brave himself, and encouraged bravery in others: the heroic spirit with which he resented the insults offered to the crown, and the brilliant conquests with which the latter years of his life were adorned, have endeared his memory to the English nation.

ELINOR,



ELINOR.

George the Third, our <sup>then</sup> ~~present~~ <sup>there</sup> beloved sovereign, succeeded his grandfather: we hope long, very long, to be prevented speaking fully and politically of a monarch endeared to his people by great and amiable qualities; but thus much may be said, that George the Third is a good husband, a tender father, a kind master, and a worthy man, and that his virtues have made him revered and idolized by his subjects.

CONSTANCE.

I have been very much gratified with this little sketch of our English History; but I cannot remember the  
sovereigns'

sovereigns' names in succession, so well as I could wish: the Edwards and Henrys puzzle me.

EDMUND.

Might not George give Miss Churchill his song of "*The Chapter of Kings?*" I, who ought to be better acquainted with our English History, from the opportunities and instruction I have had, am sometimes at a loss.—With our mother's permission, George will, I know, sing it to us.

MRS. BELFIELD.

Do, dear George: it will be pleasant, after our grave conversation.

George



George then sang, very nicely, the song that follows, and afterwards gave Constance a copy of it.

---

The *Romans* in England long did sway;  
 The *Saxons* next did lead the way;  
 But they and the *Danes* had an overthrow,  
 Which both of them got from the *Norman* foe;

But barring all pother,  
 'Twixt one and the other,  
 Were all of them kings in their turn.

*William the Conqueror* long did reign,  
 And *William* his son by an arrow was slain:  
*Henry the First* was a scholar bright,  
 Though *Stephen* was forc'd for his crown to fight.

Yet barring all pother, &c.

*Second*

142 DOMESTIC COMFORTS.

*Second Henry* Plantagenet's name did bear,  
And *Cœur de Lion* was his son and heir;  
But *Magna Charta* was gained from *John*,  
Which *Henry the Third* put his seal upon.  
Yet barring, &c.

*Edward the First* was a tiger bold;  
The *Second* by rebels was bought and sold;  
But *Edward the Third* was his subjects' pride,  
Though *Richard* his grandson was popp'd aside.  
Yet barring, &c.

*Henry the Fourth* was a warlike wight,  
And *Henry the Fifth* like a cock would fight;  
Yet *Henry the Sixth* like a chick did pout,  
When *Edward*, his cousin, he kick'd him out.  
Yet barring, &c.

*Edward*



*Edward the Fifth* was kill'd in bed,  
 By *butchering Dick*, who was knock'd on the head;  
 Then *Henry the Seventh* in fame grew big,  
 And *Henry the Eighth* was as fat as a pig.  
 Yet barring, &c.

With *Edward the Sixth* we had tranquil days,  
 And *Mury* made fire and faggot blaze;  
 But good *Queen Bess* was a glorious dame,  
 And bonny *King Jammie* from Scotland came.  
 Yet barring, &c.

Then *Charles the First* was a martyr made,  
 And *Charley his son* was a comical blade;  
 Yet *James the Second*, when hotly spurr'd,  
 Ran away, do you see, from *William the Third*.  
 Yet barring, &c.

144 DOMESTIC COMFORTS.

*Queen Ann* was victorious by land and sea,  
And *George* he rul'd with a glorious sway ;  
And as *George the Second* has long been dead,  
Long life to the *George* we have in his stead !

And may his sons' sons, to the end of the chap-  
ter,

Come all to be kings in their turns !

MRS.



MRS. CHURCHILL.

I thank you, my little friend, for your song: I do not remember to have heard it sung before.

MRS. BELFIELD.

Although the poetry is not the most elegant, any thing like rhyme is easily remembered, and I advise you all that do not know it to learn it.

Mrs. Belfield had scarcely finished speaking, when old Mrs. Bradshaw came bustling into the room, and going up to Constance, whispered her that she was going a bit of a walk to the village, if she had no objection, and asked her if she should call

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at goody Atwood's with the things for the children? Constance thanked her for thinking of it, and went out with her to give her the bundle; she then returned smiling.

CONSTANCE.

I can't tell what my good old woman has in her head—something, I am sure, pleasant to herself; she was in such a bustle, she was nearly going without her cloak, and it is not very warm; good soul! I wish I had asked her; perhaps I might have helped her: she will be back in an hour, I should think: I am more curious than usual to-day, I think.

MR.



## MR. CHURCHILL.

Do not be uneasy, my dear child ; a short time will bring our excellent friend (for so I shall always call her) back ; in the mean time, suppose, as the morning is fine, we all walk, and if Mrs. Belfield likes, to please my Constance, we will bend our steps towards the village, and perhaps we may meet our old woman.

The whole party were soon equipped, and walked even all the way to the village and back again, and, to their great surprise, saw nothing of Mrs. Bradshaw. Constance began to be uneasy, and returned unwillingly ; and on going to her room, within which Mrs. Bradshaw always

slept, she heard the cry of a child, and the old woman singing to it in no very gentle voice; she was struck with astonishment, and Elinor, who was with her, looked extremely surprised. Constance tapped at the door, and was desired to come in, when she saw dame Bradshaw nursing and feeding a fine little girl, seemingly about a twelvemonth old.

MRS. BRADSHAW.

Oh Miss, I be so glad you be come home!—see, Miss, what a sweet little fine creature this is! but I only brought it here for a bit, just till dame Atwood has got a little crib ready for it, and her biggest girl comes



comes home; but I will go down, and tell all about it to our good lady.

Meeting no objection from her young mistress, she set off, and they followed to the drawing-room, where Mrs. Belfield was.—Courtesying all the way she went, she began—

“If you please, Madam, I had a bit of a letter from my poor son (who was rather unkind once to poor dear Miss, but else a good lad) to come to him just beyond the park gate. Betty Housemaid read it to me. I never waited a minute, but ran into Miss Constance, and set out all of a flurry, for I wanted much to see my poor boy: so I went, and there John was, with his clothes all

ragged, and this here pretty baby wrapped up in his coat; so the poor fellow cried—‘ Oh mother! I am afraid I have lost your blessing about the fine young lady, and many and many’s the time I have repented it. My poor wife died but a little while ago, our little place caught fire, and I had only time to save our little Jenny from the flames; then I thought (said he) what poor Miss used to talk about the fire;’ so then, he said, Ma’am, he knew I had a tender heart, and that he had begged his way here; and when he had left his little Jenny in my care, would go to the world’s end to earn a living for himself and her; so then, Ma’am,  
I cried,



I cried, and I blessed him, and forgave him, for the only fault he ever had, because though it was a sad one, we have all somewhat to be forgiven for; besides, in the end, you know, my Lady, it brought us to this blessed house; so I gave my son all the money I had about me, and made him promise to stop at the Bedford till I saw him, and home I run with the dear baby, and there Miss Elinor and Miss Constance found me feeding it, and singing as merry as a lark. I forgot to tell you, Madam, that I stepped into Dame Atwood's, to ask her to take Jenny to nurse; she is a good-natured woman, and quite neat, as a body may say; and she

she said she would clean up her little crib, and send for her big girl to tend it: and pray, Madam, pray, dear young ladies, (dropping on her knees) don't be angry with me, for going hand over head, and bringing the child here to this grand house; she is my own son's child, you know, and how could I part from her?—she is the picture of her dear father.”

Elinor and Constance ran to raise this excellent woman; they praised the little Jenny, and each took her in their arms.

Mrs. Belfield was affected, as well as the girls, with Mrs. Bradshaw's artless and feeling narrative; and before many days were past, the  
child



child was established, with its father and grandmother, in a pretty little cottage then vacant; John was taken to assist Mr. Churchill's man, and the warm-hearted old woman declared herself as happy as a queen. The young ladies put by all other work, to complete Jenny with every necessary article for her years; Edmund made them a present of furniture; Constance gave a cow; Elinor poultry; and every one contributed something to their comfort.


Very soon after this, the happy party separated for a time, with the pleasing hope of meeting again in a few months. Lord Cecil and his family went to London, Lord Wentworth

worth to set out on his travels, and his brothers and sisters to be under the care of a clergyman and his wife, who were to reside at a little seat of his Lordship's near town: Edmund Belfield went, for the first time, to college; and Mr. Churchill attended him and saw him settled at Oxford: George was placed at the Military Academy at Great Marlow; Mrs. Churchill and her Constance were to pass two months at Bath, and then join Mrs. Belfield, who meant to remain four in London, for the benefit of masters for her daughters: Charles Onslow was to be under the care of a private tutor, preparatory to his entering the same college with Edmund



mund Belfield: and Miss Onslow was to make a visit to Dublin with her grandmother.

Mrs. Bradshaw was divided between her wish to attend her young lady, and the natural affection she bore her granddaughter; but as she was very old, and travelling very disagreeable to her, she was persuaded to remain behind, as did the faithful Jones, on account of his health.



If this little work meets the encouragement its author has before been honoured with, and which it is her warmest wish to deserve, she  
fully

fully intends to give to her young friends a sequel to her "Tale founded on Facts."

*Sequel*  
*V.L.* *W.W. Green*  
*per* *L. Kelly*

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| Cobler and his Scolding Wife . . . . .                                                                  | 1 6 |
| Gulliver's Travels . . . . .                                                                            | 1 6 |
| Jack Daw "At Home;" or the Runt of the Birds<br>that were not invited by the Peacock . . . . .          | 1 6 |
| Jack the Giant Killer . . . . .                                                                         | 1 6 |
| Lion's Parliament, or the Beasts in Debate . . . . .                                                    | 1 6 |
| Madame Grimalkin's Party, or the Cat's Concert. . . . .                                                 | 1 6 |
| Sam and his Gun . . . . .                                                                               | 1 6 |
| Seven Champions of Christendom . . . . .                                                                | 1 6 |
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| Twelve Labours of Hercules . . . . .                                                                    | 1 6 |
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