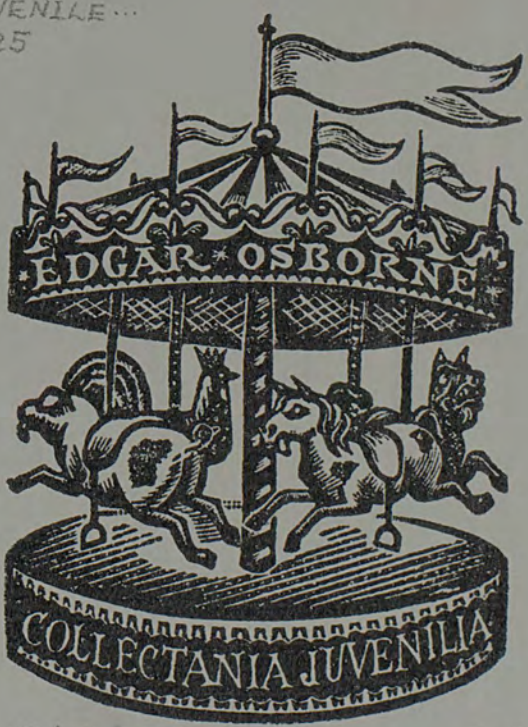


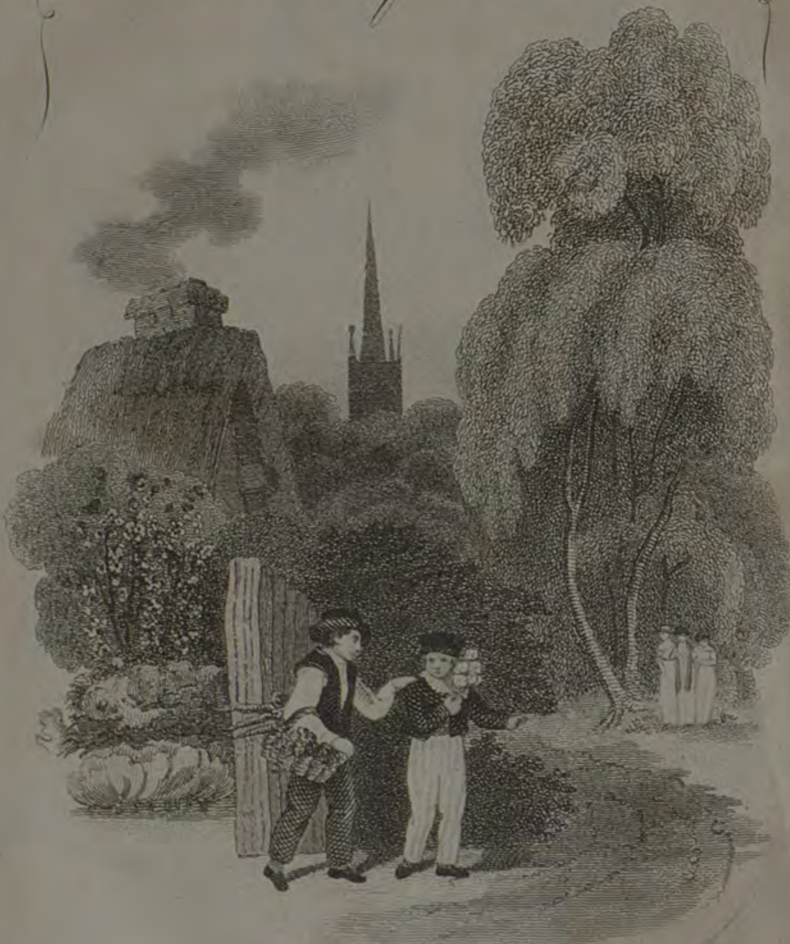
Drawn by J. Clover. Engraved by R. Fenner.

Victoria advanced eagerly towards her, and tenderly exclaimed, "Why did you run away from me? how have you been hurt?" Page 35.

Published by H.R. Thomas 7, Hanover Street.
H. Holloway, 8, Wolsingham Place, Lambeth.

THE

"JUVENILE SKETCH BOOK;" or Pictures of Youth, in A Series of Tales.



The cheerful sage when solemn dictates fail,
Conceals the moral counsel in a Tale.

London.

H. R. THOMAS.

Juvenile Repository.

7. Hanover St. Hanover Square.

H. Holloway, 8, Wolsingham Place, Lambeth. May. 1825.

Fenner sc. Pater Noster Row.

PREFACE.

In presenting the following simple pages to the attention of my youthful readers, I offer them no wonderful relation of unlikely events, but an unadorned tale, which has less of fancy, and more of truth.

I have endeavoured to delineate the probable effects of causes which exist in the minds of most young people; and pourtray the ultimate consequences of feelings and dispositions, which must either be encouraged or suppressed, as they lean to virtue, or approach to vice.

If there is one youthful heart in whom may be found such principles and such feelings, and the efforts of my pen should prove the

medium to deter from the error, or establish in its praiseworthy pursuit, they will hereafter possess an intrinsic value in my eye, which their own humble merit could never convey.

At all times, a book of Tales is readily taken up, and read with avidity; it is, therefore, at such a moment, when the feelings are excited, that useful instruction may be conveyed; and truth, in the garb of fiction, have double effect.

I trust, that these pages, as they aspire to no excellence, save the promotion of good, and the extension of usefulness, will be perused with indulgence; and their unassuming simplicity preserve them from condemnation.

THE AUTHOR.

PREJUDICE;

OR,

THE LITTLE FRENCH GIRL.

A Tale.

PREJUDICE.

Mrs. Seabourn was the widow of a clergyman. In the early part of her life she had been surrounded by affluence; her marriage had disobliged her family, and she had retired with her husband to a delightful spot in Kent, where he held a living. At his death, unwilling to quit a place where she had enjoyed so many years of happiness, she declined the offer of her relations to take up her abode with them; but, as her income was small, and solitude irksome, she took for her inmates four

young ladies, the daughters of friends who had known her from her youth.

Mrs. Seabourn was in every respect calculated for the office she undertook:—to a highly accomplished mind, she united a disposition the most amiable; her young pupils loved her as their friend and parent, and obeyed her as the careful and revered instructress.

The removal of one of her young ladies had diminished the family circle, and her only inmates at the present time were, Laura Morley, Louisa Gentworth, and Caroline Abington. These young ladies were the daughters of respectable persons, and they had resided with Mrs. Seabourn since the period of her husband's death, now nearly three years. Laura and Louisa were of the same age, and Caroline a year younger; the various differences of their disposition our tale will develop.

The utmost harmony and affection reigned in the little party. Since the departure of their companion, they had repeatedly inquired of their kind preceptress, if they were likely to have another in her place;—it was so desirable, they said, there should be four in their party; very often in their walks it was not convenient for three to walk arm in arm, their games of amusement were most of them imperfect, and even in their studies they missed their fourth companion.

One evening, returning from a walk, as they approached the house, they observed a post-chaise drive from the door; immediately expectation was on tip-toe; full of eager curiosity they entered the house,—they were strangers in the carriage, and wondering who they could be, they retired to the room appropriated for their studies. Shortly after, Mrs. Seabourn

entered.—" Well, my dear girls," said the lady, " at length your wishes will be gratified; I come to announce to you that next week we shall receive an addition to our circle."

" O, I am so glad; dear Madam, tell us who it is," was eagerly pronounced by the anxious party.

" The young lady is an orphan," returned Mrs. Seabourn, " and the lady you saw in the carriage is her aunt, with whom she has resided two years. Some private affairs oblige her to leave England for a time, and her niece will remain with me during her absence; I hope her society will prove an acquisition to you; I am told she is very amiable,—but I have not yet seen her."

" What is her name, Madam?" asked Caroline.

" Victois Lorraine," was the reply.

"Victois Lorraine!" responded Laura Morley, in a tone of astonishment, "Gracious me! is she French?"

"She is," returned Mrs. Seabourn; "but she has been in England two years."

Laura looked at Caroline and Louisa, and the expression of disappointment on her countenance communicated itself to them.

"Do you know the young lady?" asked their friend; "this information does not seem to give you the pleasure I expected."

"Why, indeed, Madam," returned Laura, with a quickness and volubility for which she was remarkable, "although we know nothing of the young lady, my pleasure is greatly damped in hearing she is a French girl; I wish she had been Irish, or Scotch, or Indian, or Russian, or of any other nation, rather than French."

"Have you any particular reason for such an illiberal prejudice?" said Mrs. Seabourn.

Laura was about to reply, when the lady was called away to attend some visitors, and the girls were left to make their own comments.

"I am quite surprised," Laura began, as the door closed, "that Mrs. Seabourn should take a French lady as her pupil."

"But why?" asked Caroline; "of course her family are known to Mrs. Seabourn; and I think the French are in general very pleasant companions."

"You are no judge, then, Caroline," replied Laura; "I can assure you they are very far from being agreeable; they are so fantastical, and so designing and artful, and ——"

"O dear, Laura! surely you do not

believe they are all so; some English people have the same faults, and yet it would be very ungenerous to believe it generally their character," interrupted Caroline.

"Do you call it ungenerous?" asked Laura, in a lofty tone, "for an English girl to speak ill of the French; have they not been our enemies for years? are we not justified in despising them?"

"Ah! but the English do not speak ill of, or despise their enemies, they only conquer them," said Louisa Gentworth, who was the daughter of an English officer.

Laura was piqued that she could not, as usual, make her friends think as she did, and she rather pettishly replied, "Well, then, they do not give them their deserts; you may depend on it I am right, for my papa has been in Paris several years, and I have heard

him tell many disgraceful anecdotes of them, and this I know, from my own experience, that the French are the most selfish beings in the world; for my mamma's waiting-maid is a French woman, and I could tell you a thousand incidents of her selfishness and meanness."

"O, fie, Laura, to give your opinion of the character of a nation from such a specimen," said Caroline.

"O, well, I shall say no more on the subject," returned Laura hastily; "I see you are determined to like this Victois Lorraine; but I assure you I shall not: you may call it ungenerous, if you please,—I shall never make her a friend of mine."

"We are not determined to like her," said Louisa, "till we see whether she deserves our regard; and you are not just, Laura, in con-

demning her without the slightest grounds for your ill opinion."

"So," said Laura, in an offended and angry tone, "one tells me I am ungenerous, the other, that I am unjust; I admire the extent of your friendship for me, when you can find fault with me and dispute my opinion for the sake of a stranger, whom you have never seen."

"Surely," said Caroline, "you do not expect us to enter into your opinions, whether we think you right or wrong, and it cannot lessen our love to you to believe the French girl amiable, till we are convinced of the contrary."

"If she should prove amiable and agreeable," said Louisa, "you will regret that you have prejudiced yourself against her; and since you seem to feel so proudly your superiority as an

English girl, it would be only consistent with the character, to be generous and candid: for my part, I am determined, whether I love her or not, because she is a stranger and a foreigner, I will shew her every attention and kindness in my power. Victois Lorraine shall never return to France, and say, 'O, the English are so disagreeable, so ungenerous, so selfish, and so illiberal; and I know it from my own experience, for Louisa Gentworth proved to me it was so.'"

Laura felt her friend's reproof, but to acknowledge herself in error, she very seldom could do. Laura had a feeling heart, and her temper was not ungenerous; but she was conceited of her own opinion, and obstinate to adhere to it;—when once she had given that opinion, she would not yield from conviction or the influence of affection; argument

or reproof only increased her contradiction. She was the eldest,—she liked to be thought of consequence, and Caroline and Louisa often suffered her to have her own way, because they loved her, and wished to oblige her, not because they knew she was right; while, on the contrary, she imagined they were convinced by her judgment, when, in fact, her judgment had nothing to do in the matter, for her conduct was much oftener regulated by temper than by reason.

Much conversation, and many arguments took place before the arrival of their expected associate. On the evening of the appointed day, as the young friends were amusing themselves, as fancy or taste directed, Mrs. Seabourn entered the room, and introduced Victois Lorraine. Louisa and Caroline arose, advanced to the young stranger, and taking her hand, gave her a friendly and polite welcome; Laura

bowed politely, but coldly.—The first evening was spent in agreeable and general conversation. Victois' appearance was calculated to excite interest and subdue prejudice. She had a soft, mild, blue eye, a delicate complexion; and there was a timidity and gentleness in her manner, which even few English girls possess.

The next morning she remained in her own room to arrange her wardrobe, and the three friends entered the garden alone.

"Well, Laura," cried Caroline exultingly, "now I hope you are disposed to like our new acquaintance?"

"No, indeed, I am not," returned Laura; "why should I alter my opinion?"

"Is it possible," said Caroline, "you can see Victois and not believe her amiable?"

"Have you had any convincing proof of her good qualities?" asked Laura sharply.

"No," returned Caroline; "but I judge by the countenance."

Laura burst into a laugh.—"'I judge by the countenance!'" she exclaimed, in a tone of irony; "Ah, I know you are an excellent physiognomist, Louisa. Do you remember one time, when we were walking in Beach Grove, a poor sailor-looking man solicited our charity? Neither of us had any money but Caroline, who had a pound note in her pocket, and she was so prepossessed in favour of the man, that she gave him the note,—requested him to go to the village, which was almost in sight, and get it changed, as we had been desired not to go beyond the Grove, when she would give him half a crown; and though we told her how dangerous it was to trust such a man with the money, she declared he would return with the change, for she was sure, by

his countenance, he was honest, and distressed; but though we waited above two hours in the Grove, neither the man nor the money ever made their appearance; and yet Caroline still remains a judge of countenance."

Caroline blushed at the recollected folly. Louisa replied, "That it was an instance of great deceit, for the man told a tale which excited the greatest pity, and his countenance would have deceived a much wiser judge;—but here comes Victois. Laura, if I am any judge, you will soon be obliged, not only to like her, but to love her also."

"That I am sure I never shall," said Laura, as Victois approached; Louisa took her arm, and they sauntered about the garden till it was time to attend to their studies.

Laura still obstinately adhered to her resolution, and for several weeks behaved to the

unoffending girl with the most marked coldness, while Caroline and Louisa strove by every means in their power to make amends for her unkindness. Laura was of a lively and talkative disposition; and the restraint she put upon herself to preserve a cold and distant manner, rendered her uncomfortable, because it was not natural to her. The amusements which once afforded enjoyment and satisfaction to the little party, were attempted in a restrained and inactive manner, and discarded as having lost their power to please. Whenever Mrs. Seabourn was absent from them, their conversation was reserved and unsociable. Louisa and Caroline, who knew that to Laura's ungenerous and obstinate behaviour was owing this change in their feelings and diversions, were angry and grieved at her conduct, but their attempts to

convince her of its impropriety only tended to increase it.

Victois had been for a few days employed in painting little designs on the lids of some French boxes, which, when she had finished, she brought to her companions, and presenting one to Laura, said,—"Will you, Miss Morley, oblige me by accepting this little box? its value will not recommend it, but when I am returned to France, it will serve you to remember Victois. See, Laura, I have copied the summer-house which you so much admire, and here are your initials and mine formed into a cypher, and worked in my own hair."

Victois, as she displayed the present, spoke in an animated and delighted manner, as if pleased with the opportunity of proving her good-will; she stopped, and Laura replied

with the same distant air she had thought proper to assume,—" I thank you, Mademoiselle Lorraine, but I make it an invariable rule never to accept presents but from my particular friends."

This pointed rudeness was sensibly felt by Victois. Louisa threw an angry glance at Laura; and Caroline, when she beheld the altered countenance and blushing cheek of Victois, could scarcely suppress an expression of indignation.

Victois replaced the box on the table.—" I should have been happy, Miss Morley," she mildly replied, " to have been ranked among your friends; I am sorry if in any way I have given you occasion to believe me unworthy."

Laura was confused, but did not reply.

" Do you," said Caroline, " intend this

for me," as she took up the little box on which her own name was placed.

"I did," returned Victois, "if you do not object to receive it from me."

"I accept it with great pleasure," cried Caroline."

"And will you also gratify me by receiving my present," said Victois, as she held forth the third box to Louisa.

"Most willingly," she replied, taking her hand.

"And you will keep it for my sake?" said Victois, placing it in her lap.

"I will keep it for ever, dear Victois," exclaimed Louisa in an animated tone; "and whenever I look on it, I will remember it was given me by one of the most forbearing and amiable girls I had ever known."

Victois' wounded feelings would not suffer

her to reply, and taking up the box Laura had rejected in so ungracious a manner, she left the room. Louisa immediately reproved Laura for her unkind behaviour.

"Dear me," returned Laura, evidently ashamed of the part she had acted, "it was not an intentional affront; surely I was right in not receiving an obligation from a person I do not like."

"Laura, I never thought you unamiable before," returned Louisa; "but now I must think you so: you determined, from a prejudice which I am sure Mrs. Seabourn would greatly condemn, to dislike a person whom you had never seen, and you continued in it, though you must see how unjust it is. Laura, it can only be because Victois has proved herself in every way your superior in temper and disposition."

Laura was determined not to argue the point, because she felt that hers was the weakest side. She pettishly replied, "Upon my word, Miss Gentworth, you are grown very wise and moralizing, I think," and walked to the window to avoid further comment.

Mrs. Seabourn wished to encourage in the minds of her young friends a discriminating and useful charity, but she disapproved of their giving away money in the street, without knowing whether it was well employed, and without any other trouble than merely putting their hand in their pocket. She knew that this sort of charity had often more of ostentation than real benevolence: — if they performed an act of charity, she wished it to occasion some exertion of industry, some suppression of self. To effect this purpose, she arranged a plan which forwarded her views; a subscrip-

tion was regularly entered into whenever a deserving object was found; coarse articles of clothing were bought, and the girls made them up, and distributed them as the case required; and as the distressed objects were generally people in the village, they had the satisfaction of witnessing the good effects of their bounty. Laura, as being the eldest, was at the head of this little society; she kept a regular account of what was spent, and cut out all the clothes.

Just at this time, a distressed family in the neighbourhood needed their assistance. Mrs. Seabourn having inquired into their case, told her pupils she believed them worthy of their efforts, and Laura and Louisa went to their repository to see what new articles they should want. At this moment Victois and Caroline entered the room: the table was covered with

coarse linen, flannel, &c. Victois advanced, and turning to Louisa, said, "For what purpose have you bought this quantity of flannel?"

"O, it is a little private business of our own," interrupted Laura readily. "It is a business which I am sure Victois will take great delight in," rejoined Louisa, "and, if you please, I will explain it to you."

"You forget," said Laura, "it may not suit every body's inclination to take the trouble we do."

"Victois is one who never thinks it a trouble to do a kind action," said Caroline, in an affectionate tone.

Victois looked her thanks to her young friend, and Louisa entered into an explanation of the affair in hand.

"Ah!" exclaimed Victois, as she concluded, "admit me to your delightful em-

ployment;" then drawing forth her purse, "tell me, what shall I pay, to entitle me to become a sharer in this good work?"

"Laura is treasurer," said Louisa; "she will look at her books and tell us what will be required this time."

Victois turned to Laura, and looking as if she expected an unkind repulse, said, "Do you object, Miss Morley, to receive my subscription?"

Laura, with a deep blush, replied, "Certainly not;" and having settled what more they should want, they sat down to their employment.

Do not let it be supposed Laura was selfish enough to wish to deprive Victois of the pleasure their pursuit afforded; but she began to feel that she had (as Caroline and Louisa told her before the arrival of Victois) been both ungenerous and unjust. Victois had

proved herself an amiable, obliging, and interesting girl: Laura wished she had not been so positive in her opinion, but she did not like the idea of acknowledging her error; she was aware, that when associated in their present undertaking, it was impossible to be unsociable and reserved. We every day see that an association with vice and folly, occasions a similarity of taste and disposition; and although there can be no true friendship or fidelity where there is vice, still the pursuits and inclinations become the same. It is equally so on the opposite side—it is impossible for any two persons to be intimately connected in the performance of a good or noble action, without feeling an increase of regard and attachment to each other;—such a connexion renders virtue more pleasing and friendship more sincere.

The truth of this observation was felt by

our young friends; for before their employment was finished, a greater harmony and good-will prevailed among them than had subsisted since its strange and unnecessary interruption. When they had finished their undertaking, they prepared to visit the poor people for whom the things were intended, accompanied by their governess, and a servant to carry the basket. Mrs. Seabourn had already supplied the distressed objects with food; the scene was highly gratifying to the feelings of the young ladies, when they beheld the mother arraying her little ragged children in the coarse, but warm clothing, which they had made.

"Who," said Mrs. Seabourn, as they left the cottage, "who would spend all their money in extravagant luxury or useless gaudy finery, when a trifling sum spent in this manner goes so far, and does so much good?"

"And one is so happy while so employed," said Victois; "this has been one of the pleasantest days I have felt for some time."

"I am very happy to hear you say so, my dear Victois," returned Mrs. Seabourn; "it is a proof of the goodness of your heart, when you can take pleasure in a pursuit like this."

After a pleasant and cheerful walk, the party arrived at home, and as the evening began to close in, they assembled round the fire; Mrs. Seabourn requested Louisa to read to them, and the rest took up their work. Victois was very clever in executing little works of taste, and, with the ingenuity and invention of her countrywomen, she had perfected a small bag, worked with various coloured riband, which she presented to Mrs. Seabourn. Laura very much admired this bag, and wished to have one to send to her mamma; but after having so rudely refused

her first present, how could she ask Victois to make her one, or even ask her to teach her to do it herself. Victois seemed to enter into her thoughts, and in the most obliging manner she offered her some riband, and proposed to teach her the method to make the bag. Laura hesitated a moment, whether she should suffer her returning good humour and inclination to overcome her obstinacy and prejudice; Louisa and Caroline did not look up, or Laura would have been, what some people would call, ashamed to submit. Victois held out the riband with a smile of good nature; Laura thanked her, and began the employment.

During its progress, Laura repeatedly thought of Victois' kindness and obliging behaviour. "I am very glad," she thought, "Victois did not know what I said concerning

her, for if she had, she certainly would dislike me for it; and as we shall be together for some time, we may as well be friendly, and really she is not so disagreeable as I expected to find her."

Louisa had been reading an account of a surprising echo, and Mrs. Seabourn informed them, there was a very beautiful one about two miles distant, to which she should like to take them, and the next day, when they had finished their studies, they would make the excursion. The girls were delighted with the proposition, and they retired for the night in high spirits, and in the greatest harmony with each other. Louisa and Caroline forbore to notice to Laura the change in her behaviour, though they were pleased to observe it; yet every now and then a sharp unkind reply, or a cold and reserved air, betrayed that Laura

could not entirely forget the prejudice she had imbibed, and which made her appear so unamiable.

Mrs. Seabourn told her young friends, as they sat at the breakfast table, that they would set out for their proposed excursion earlier than was at first intended, as she had received information of the indisposition of a friend, whose residence was on their road home, and as they would then be within the limits of their usual walks, she should remain there, and the young ladies were to return by themselves. Having spent several hours in wandering about the most delightful spot the country afforded, they prepared to depart.

Mrs. Seabourn parted with them at her friend's door, and requested they would make haste home, and prepare their studies for the morning. Their road lay through a wood,

and as it was very near their home, they often came to it to gather nuts, which were now in high perfection.

As soon as they entered the wood, Laura exclaimed, "Let us gather a basket of nuts."

"I wish we could," said Caroline; "but it will detain us so long, it will be dark before we get home."

"We had better let it be till another day," said Victois; "we could not stay to gather many now."

This was sufficient to confirm Laura's resolution; she never suffered Victois' opinion or advice to be taken before hers, if she could possibly help it.

"Nonsense!" she exclaimed, "there is plenty of time to gather a large basket full; I tell you how it shall be; two of us will go down this path, and two down that, for when we

are all together we only hinder each other, then we shall meet at the gate at the bottom of the field, and by that means we shall be able to gather plenty."

Laura's persuasion and vehemence overpowered the resolution of her companions, and they consented to her plan. Louisa took the arm of Caroline, and they entered the path, and Victois followed Laura. They proceeded through the wood, gathering the nuts as they went along; but they spent so much time at each tree, that before they were more than half way through, it began to get dark.

"I wish," said Victois, "we had not parted with Louisa and Caroline, I fear lest we should lose our way."

Laura loved what she called a joke, and seeing that Victois appeared rather terrified, she returned, "O, if you are afraid, you should

have thought of that before, and gone with Louisa, for I can assure you I am a very bad hand at finding my way; I seldom remember the same path twice."

Victois expressed her uneasiness, and as the shades of evening increased she entreated Laura not to gather any more, but to quicken her pace; the sound of their voices among the trees was so dreary and melancholy, that every now and then, she started and looked about her in terror. Laura at length consented to her entreaties, and having tied up their nuts in a handkerchief, they ran quickly along the paths; Laura was a great runner, but Victois was soon exhausted; she kept pace with her for some time, but unfortunately her foot slipped, and she fell. Laura looked back on hearing her scream, and unfeelingly began to laugh.

"Oh! wait for me, wait a moment," cried Victois.

"I can't stop, I can't stop, you must inquire your way out," returned Laura, laughing immoderately.

Victois slowly arose; it was useless to attempt overtaking Laura, the path wound into a different direction, and she was soon out of sight.

Poor Victois' alarm increased every moment; she waited not to collect her scattered nuts, but hastened on with as much speed as she could. Several times she turned down an opening which she thought would lead to the entrance of the wood, but when she had proceeded a little way, the path became impassable, and she was obliged to return.

After wandering about for a considerable time, she thought she heard a voice at no great distance, and advanced a little farther; again the same tones met her ear; she listened atten-

tively, and soon distinguished the voice of Laura calling on Louisa and Caroline, in an accent of pain and terror. Victois followed the sound, and soon beheld the gate which opened into the wood; on the opposite side Laura lay on the ground, weeping excessively.

Victois advanced eagerly towards her, and tenderly exclaimed, "Why did you run away from me? how have you been hurt?"

Laura looked up. "Ah, is it you, Victois," she said; "well, I did run away from you, but now you may retaliate and run away from me, for I cannot overtake you."

"No, I will not run from you;" replied Victois in a loud tone, "but tell me what is the matter."

Laura related her misfortune, and still in tears, informed Victois that, in her haste to outrun her companion, she had climbed in-

cautiously the tottering hurdle which formed the inclosure to the wood—it had given way under her weight, and in falling, her ancle was severely hurt.

"Do not grieve, Laura," said Victois; "Louisa will soon be here, and then we can help you along."

"Oh! no," said Laura, relapsing into tears, "they are before us, we stayed so long in the wood, they are almost home by this time."

It was now nearly dark. Victois trembled with fear, and Laura with pain; sensibly she felt the difference of Victois' conduct to her own, and, oppressed by the kindness she knew she did not deserve, she begged Victois would hasten home while she could discern the path.

"I shall not leave you alone in this dull and dismal place," replied the kind girl, "if it

is so terrifying for two, it would be much worse for one; Louisa will arrive first, and surely she will send some one to search for us."

"Dear Victois," said the abashed Laura, "I do not deserve this kindness from you; will you really stay with me after so much ill-nature as you have received from me?"

"Yes, Laura," said Victois, "I wish to prove to you that all French people are neither ungenerous nor selfish; you look surprised, but I know how to account for your behaviour to me: at first it gave me great uneasiness, for I supposed you had imbibed a hatred to me; and as I did not know why, I could not overcome it; but Louisa told me different; she informed me it was my country you disliked, and not me; then, Laura, I was greatly relieved. Louisa said that the English called this prejudice; but I felt quite sure that I could con-

vince you that prejudice was a very bad fault; and though she said people sometimes carried their prejudices so far as to ruin their fortune, and destroy their happiness, still I thought I could conquer yours: therefore I took every opportunity to convince you of my willingness to oblige you, and never, Laura, to convince you of your injustice; and I now declare, that if no one comes to assist you home, rather than leave you alone in this dismal place, I will remain with you all night;—is this a proof of selfishness?"

"Indeed, Victois," returned Laura, taking her hand, "I did not need this proof of your goodness; I have long been convinced of my folly, and of your generous and forgiving disposition. I have given you a bad specimen of English worth, but from this monment, I will strive to convince you that I have been mis-

taken and misled; and that I have not exhibited towards you the true qualities of an English girl."

"Dear Laura, say no more," exclaimed Victois, embracing her; "now we are friends indeed."

Laura warmly returned her embrace, and for some time they sat waiting the appearance of one of the servants, but not a sound approached; and, to add to their discomfiture, it began to rain hard. Victois bound a handkerchief round Laura's ancle, and begged her to lean on her arm and try to reach the end of the field, where they should be able to see down the road, and listen if any one came to their assistance. Laura walked a short distance, but the pain was so great that she was obliged to sit down under the first tree she came to.

At length their anxiety and distress was ter-

minated by the sound of the servants' voices at the entrance of the field, calling them by name. Victois replied to them, and they soon approached:—the man took Laura in his arms, and Victois and the maid followed behind. When they reached home, they found Mrs. Seabourn already there; she was alarmed and displeased at their long absence, but the state they were in withheld her from expressing herself as she otherwise would. Having taken off their wet clothes, and applied a remedy to Laura's ancle, she desired them to explain the cause of the accident.

Laura eagerly exclaimed, "Ah! my dear Madam, though we have disobeyed your injunctions, I am sure you will pardon the offence, when I tell you it has cured me of a more serious fault, and that it has given Victois an opportunity of proving herself an amiable and generous girl."

"I shall be glad to hear these circumstances explained," returned the lady; "and if it has really done this, I shall be contented to find that out of evil good has arisen."

Laura, with great frankness, related the opinion she had formed of Victois, and the conduct she had determined to pursue towards her, with every little instance of her own ill-nature, and Victois' forbearance.

"I hope, Laura," said Mrs. Seabourn, "this circumstance has, as you say, cured you of a fault which might one day be dangerous to your happiness,—that self-conceit and obstinacy which you have so often exhibited. I was aware that some difference existed between you and Victois, but as I never interfere in your little affairs, unless offered to my notice, I forebore to remark it; still I am surprised to hear, Laura, that a girl of your sense should

suffer a prejudice so illiberal and so ill-founded, to influence your conduct towards your young friend; can you for a moment believe that virtue is confined to any clime? Heaven has not stamped any nation with peculiar vices; then why should we? It is a proof not only of a want of sense, but a want of feeling and humanity, to encourage such sentiments. Virtue is to be admired and revered, under whatever form she appears, whether we behold her shining in the character of a noble Roman, the polished Frenchman, or the brave Englishman; or whether we see her in more simple guise, marking the life and conduct of the uncultivated children of Africa. To love our country above all others is natural and praise-worthy, but to believe that the blessings of virtue and honour are confined to us alone, is absurd and childish. Be as proud of your country as you

will, my Laura, but never again let it urge you to pass so unjust a censure on another, nor suffer an absurd prejudice of whatever nature, to influence you to behave with unkindness and illiberality to a fellow-being; for be assured, in so doing, you exhibit a far more unamiable disposition than any of the faults you would condemn."

"I am ashamed," returned Laura, "when I reflect on what slight grounds I formed my opinion, and how incapable I was of judging; but, Victois, you pardon my folly, and from this moment I will strive to convince you how highly I prize your friendship."

"And I to deserve a continuance of yours," returned Victois; "and I hope to afford you a better specimen of the character of a French woman than your mamma's waiting-maid."

Louisa and Caroline offered their congratu-

lations, and, during their residence with Mrs. Seabourn, they became firmly attached to each other, and many years after, Laura found a warm and sincere friend in Victois Lorraine.

SELFHOOD;

OR,

THE TWO FRIENDS.

SELFHOOD.

Catherine Riley was the daughter of an eminent physician in Bath, who, at his death, left his wife in possession of independence, and sole guardian to their only child.

Catherine was educated under her mother's eye; and, at the time she is introduced to our young readers, had nearly reached her twelfth year. Constant indulgence had tended to destroy a disposition naturally good, and when, after the death of her husband, Mrs. Riley devoted more of her time to the mind of her

daughter, she found that the pruning hand of careful correction was necessary, to counteract the effects of blind indulgence.

Catherine had been the idol of her father: he had never suffered her to be contradicted, he would gratify her most ridiculous whims, and every wish was complied with, almost before it could be expressed. With him every sentence she uttered was wit, every action becoming. She had a ready and comprehensive genius, but from the imprudent praise of her too partial parent, and the flattery of visitors and friends, she had become vain of what little talent she possessed,—neglected the only means of ensuring her superiority, and was idle, careless, and conceited in all she undertook. From constantly hearing herself praised, Catherine imagined she in reality possessed those good qualities which she heard extolled;

she did wish to possess them, or this wish would have led her to attain them, had she been taught to distinguish between *innate*, or real good, arising from pure motives, and proceeding from the heart; and the fallacious and empty appearance of virtue, which, had the motive been known, would have proved to be no virtue at all. Yet Catherine was, in many respects, of an amiable disposition; and, but for this silly, vain conceit of herself, would have been a very agreeable and interesting girl. She could not be envious, for she never imagined any one superior to herself: if she met with a young lady, remarkable for her accomplishments or amiable manners, she was sure to remark, "If my dear papa were alive, I am sure he would like this young lady: she is so agreeable, and then she is almost as clever as *I* am!" If she heard of any one performing

a good or generous action, she would exclaim, "That was very good of them, though, mama, that is just what I should have done!"

Mrs. Riley foresaw that this assuming disposition would create her many enemies: as she grew up, instead of being admired as an amiable girl, she would be avoided as a self-sufficient Miss, whose ignorance had led her to suppose the perfection of all amiableness centered in herself—unwilling to allow in others an equal share of goodness.

This species of selfishness is too often to be met with; it is this which causes that illiberal propensity to speak of another's faults, when the absence of the party leaves the company free to remark on their merits or demerits; then some one who is more intimately acquainted with their private habits and disposition than the rest, extols, with pretended generosity,

some little agreeable trait, which all must see as well as themselves, and ends the false candour with a qualifying "but!" or a long account of failings, which might never have been known before. Wherever this is heard, we may doubt the real amiability of the speaker: it is certain that there is selfishness at the heart; an acknowledgment of their own good qualities; and, did not a certain kind of shame withhold them, they would conclude, in the words of Catherine Riley,—"Such an one is very much admired in company, she is very clever, I dare say, and she is thought sensible; she is rather handsome, too,—but then, she is of such a perverse temper, and violent in the extreme: indeed, I think you may see that:—now my disposition is so opposite; I am mild, to a fault; I am too easy by half; don't you think I am?"—which

the hearer answers with deserved insincerity. "Miss ——— is very lively and agreeable: she dances extremely well, and is thought a very pretty figure, and so she certainly is;—but what a pity she should be such a slattern! she is always untidy, and in a bustle and confusion; she would disorder a whole house;—I can't think how she can be so. I should be miserable if I did not preserve the utmost order and regularity in all my little concerns; perhaps I am too particular, but it is my way; I always was remarked for the neatness of all I did."

I beg pardon for this long digression, perhaps an unpleasant one to some of my readers, but I appeal to them, if they have not often experienced this species of illiberal selfishness? It is in the hearts of us all, hid in some lurking corner or other; it is Selfhood, or a love of self;—it is a quality destructive to all amiable-

ness, and would destroy our best virtues; and we can only escape its baneful power, by expelling it from our hearts.

To return. Mrs. Riley cultivated a number of young acquaintances for her daughter, among such young ladies as she hoped would, in time, convince her there were others who far excelled her in every acquirement, and whose conduct was far more deserving of praise. A trifling incident occurred, to shew Catherine's ideas of good. She was one day walking with her mother in one of the most public streets of Bath: at the door of one of the libraries, the pressure of persons entering the shop impeded their progress; at this moment, a man accosted Catherine, and craved her charity. With a very womanly air, she put her hand into her pocket, drew forth her purse, and took from it half-a-crown,

which she placed in the man's hand, and then moved on with an air of great consequence.

"What is that you gave?" asked Mrs. Riley.

"Only half-a-crown, mamma," returned Catherine.

"*Only* half-a-crown!" said her mother; that is much too large a sum to give so injudiciously."

"Yes, it is a great deal, certainly," replied Catherine, with increasing consequence, "but you know, mamma, I like to be generous."

"I should be glad," said Mrs. Riley, "if I could believe generosity was your sole motive. I do not approve of this action: in the first place, if I may judge from the appearance of the man, your charity has been misplaced; and the motive which induced you to bestow it, I am afraid is rather a disgrace than an

honour to you. Do you think, Catherine, if you had been quite unobserved, you would have been so liberal? would not a few half-pence, or a sixpence at most, have been the extent of your bounty?"

"Perhaps that would have been enough," returned Catherine, a little confused; "but then ——"

"But then," interrupted her mother, "it would not have been remarked!—therefore, you have done this to gratify your self-love, not from any laudable motive; pride and ostentation, not benevolence, influenced you. When you speak of generosity, you misapply the term. Pray what do you understand by generosity?"

"Why, mamma," said Catherine, "I thought it meant,—to give away our money liberally."

"Then you have a very false idea; and that which you call generosity, would, in many instances, be profuse and blameable extravagance. The actions which are truly generous, are such as call upon us to sacrifice our own interest to promote that of another; to subdue our own feelings and self-love, if necessary, to the happiness of a fellow creature;—this is the generosity of a noble mind. Consider again, Catherine, what were the feelings under which you acted, and ask yourself if you can call it a generous action."

Catherine walked silently home, more mortified at receiving a reproof, than convinced of its justice. She retired to her room to take off her bonnet, and seated herself at the window, in a very thoughtful mood. "Then, after all," she said to herself, "I am not generous: yet how often have I been told how very generous I

was. Mamma has very strange notions, I think; I wonder what she would call a truly generous action."

Very near to Mrs. Riley, resided a gentleman of small fortune, who had lately received into his family an orphan niece; and it occurred to Mrs. Riley, that this little girl would be a suitable companion for Catherine, and be an act of kindness to give her an education with her own daughter;—an advantage she could not have with her uncle, his own family being very large. Mrs. Riley had formerly known Mr. Lawley, the father of Rosa; therefore she felt considerable interest for her. She made the proposal, which was gladly accepted, and, having appointed the following day to receive her young inmate, Mrs. Riley returned home, to impart the intelligence to Catherine. When she entered the room, she found her

seated at a table, turning over a book of pictures.

"Oh! mamma, I am glad you are returned, I have been so dull without you! I did not know how to amuse myself."

"Indeed," replied her mother, "I am sorry to hear among so many acquirements you profess, that you should be at a loss for amusement for a solitary hour; but however, I hope the news I have brought will make you some amends." Mrs. Riley then related the arrangements she had made, to receive the young orphan.

Catherine, as her mother concluded, started up with a motion of delight:—"Oh! I wish to-morrow were come," she cried; "how good you are, mamma! this is a truly generous action, very different from giving away one's money; and we are to keep her always, and

teach her every thing, to draw, and dance, and play. Oh! how you will be praised; every body will speak of your generosity!"

"Not so fast, Catherine," said her mother, interrupting her, "you are still under a mistake; there is nothing generous in what I am about to do. I hope it will be an act of benevolence; but I shall not be required to sacrifice any of my comforts, convenience, or feeling, to do good to this orphan child; therefore, it may be a benevolent, but it cannot be called a generous, action."

"I am afraid, mamma," said Catherine, "it is more difficult to be really generous than I thought."

"It is so," returned Mrs. Riley; "but you will have an opportunity of exercising your benevolence towards Rosa Lawley; you can undertake to instruct her in all those branches

of knowledge you are acquainted with. I shall, hereafter, if I find she has talents equal to it, give her the advantage of your masters, that her own exertions may, at some future period, be a source of independence to her."

Catherine joyfully undertook the task; she looked impatiently for the arrival of her young companion, and employed herself in arranging the books she meant to begin her instructions with.

"Mamma," said Catherine, sitting down with that self-satisfied air she so often assumed, "I'll tell you what I intend to do; you know I have a great many elegant toys, which I am quite tired of, and, indeed, I am too old to play with such things; therefore I will give all of them to Rosa: she will think it very kind of me; and, indeed, very few girls would

give away such a handsome doll as my last is; but I have never looked at it for years. Rosa will think it extremely generous, and of course she will try to oblige me in return: and now I think of it, she will be of great use to me, in arranging my scrap-book; for though it is very fashionable to have a scrap-book, I never could bear the trouble of it. I can shew her my plan, for mine is quite different to Miss Robins'; indeed, hers is frightful: I dare say Rosa will soon be able to do it as I wish to have it done; and, of course, she will not mind the trouble of it, after I have been so kind in giving her so many elegant presents."

"Oh! Catherine!" said her mother, "what a display of selfishness you have made! I could scarcely suppose, that after what I have said respecting generosity, you could so pervert the term. I am almost ready to suppose

that you could never do an act of kindness without thinking, What shall I gain by it? so great is your love of self. What would Rosa think of your presents (things which you set no value upon) if she could know the motive with which you gave them?"

"Why, mamma," cried Catherine pertly, "I thought you said it was very ungenerous for the receiver of a favour to look to the motive."

"I am sorry to find you so quick in perverting my words to your own purpose," returned her mother; "recall to mind why I said that you were confined to your room with a bad cold, and Miss Robins came and sat with you the whole day, read to you, and attended you in the kindest manner. I felt grateful for her attention to you, and therefore invited her to accompany us to a

dance, the following week,—and what was your remark, after receiving her attentions,—'You were sure she did not come out of kindness to you, but to be invited to the ball.' I then said that it was ungenerous in the receiver to scrutinize so closely the motive of a kind action; our selfishness might deceive us, and it was impossible to judge the heart of the bestower; but I did not say we were not to scrutinize our own motives to see there is no selfishness hid beneath the appearance of kindness towards others. If we love only ourselves, all the apparent kindness we bestow on others, wants the genuine purity of benevolence, because the master-spring of the action is our self-love. If, in receiving favours, we always imagined a selfish motive, we should be guilty of suspicion, and many times of injustice;—let us have no selfishness in our own hearts, and we

shall be less liable to find it, still less to suspect it, in others. With regard to your scrap-book," continued Mrs. Riley, "if you must have a fashionable scrap-book, you must take the trouble of it. I consider it at best but a useless pursuit, which serves to loiter away a few idle hours when the mind is too inactive, or you are too indolent to seek more beneficial employment; but as I take Rosa expressly to give her an education suitable to her station, her time will be of infinite value while here. I hope she will gain, during her abode with us, a knowledge which will be her support in the world, and I shall be disappointed in her if I find her time and talents bestowed on a scrap-book, in pasting in pictures, decayed leaves, tasty patterns, or even copying verses."

Catherine remained silent and confused, not a little doubtful whether Rosa would

prove so agreeable an associate as she at first expected. On her arrival, she received her in the most obliging manner, and endeavoured to make her forget she was among strangers.

The next day, Catherine was surprised to find, on entering on her office of instructress, that though two years younger than herself Rosa had read books of history, which she had merely looked in; her work was much better, and she had many little specimens of flower painting, very neatly executed.

Mrs. Riley observed Catherine's surprise, and remarked, "It appears you must resign your office to abler hands; Rosa has made such good use of her time, that I am thinking she will excel her teacher."

Catherine laid down the volume she held in her hand with a confused and mortified air, and commenced her usual studies with Rosa,

in which she found she must exert her abilities to keep pace with one so much younger than herself. This was exactly what Mrs. Riley anticipated. Rosa was a gentle, unassuming girl, and the modesty with which she heard herself praised, and the diffidence she exhibited in her attainments, was a silent reproof to Catherine's boasting superiority, and vain confidence; independent of this, Mrs. Riley observed in Rosa, qualities which she had tried in vain to impress on Catherine's mind; there was a pleasing thoughtfulness for the comfort of others, and a kindness also in the manners of Rosa, which was truly amiable; and in all the trifling incidents of common life, she evinced little regard for her own gratification; an instance of this occurred shortly after her introduction to Mrs. Riley's family. Catherine had a party of

young friends to spend the evening with her; after tea, Mrs. Riley retired with Mrs. Robins to the parlour, leaving the young ladies to amuse themselves; "Shut up the piano!" exclaimed the youngest Miss Robins; "and let us play at some lively game."

This was readily agreed to, and many games were proposed; at length it was decided by general consent, they should play at battledore and shuttlecock in the drawing room.

"I am afraid if mamma hears us she will be angry," said Catherine; "she never suffers us to play in this room, and I am afraid we shall break the glasses."

"Oh!" cried one of the girls, "surely we know better how to play than to break the glasses."

There were five of them. Catherine played with one of her visitors for some time with

great skill, then gave it up to two of the others; "Come, Rosa," said Catherine, "play with Miss Robins."

"I do not play well," answered Rosa, "I am afraid I should do mischief."

"What nonsense!" cried the youngest Miss Robins; and she began to play with her companion. Without any thought of the consequence, she placed herself on the hearth rug, though the mantelpiece was covered with ornaments; in a few minutes she struck the glass cover of an alabaster timepiece; the moment she saw the rug strewed with the broken glass, she flew to Catherine, exclaiming, "Oh, pray do not say that it was I did it!"

The noise alarmed the ladies in the parlour, and at the moment Mrs. Riley entered the room, Rosa was standing with the battledore in her hand, collecting the broken glass,

"Why, is it possible you can have been playing at battledore in this room?" she asked. "How was this done, Rosa?" supposing, from her holding the battledore, she had been the aggressor.

Rosa looked round on her companions, and caught an entreating look from Miss Robins; "By standing too near the mantelpiece, the battledore struck the cover," answered Rosa.

"A most unpardonable piece of carelessness," said the lady, as she left the room. "You, Catherine, are as much to blame, for attempting to play in this room."

Catherine upbraided Miss Robins for suffering Rosa to be blamed for her fault.

"Why you will not be punished for it," she replied, "and mamma told us if she had reason to complain of us this evening, she would not take us to the fair to-morrow."

Now it happened that they also had been promised to visit the fair. Mrs. Riley had a friend who resided near where it was held, and she intended to go and spend the day with her, and take the girls round the fair.

"It is very likely," remarked Catherine, "that we shall not go now; but Rosa is not to blame, she shall not be punished for you."—And the little girl burst into tears.

"Don't be alarmed," cried Rosa, "even if I should not go to the fair, I shall not tell of you."

As soon as her friends were gone, Mrs. Riley reprimanded the girls for their careless disregard of her orders.

"I shall go to-morrow," she said, "to visit my friend, but I shall not take you with me; therefore you will remain at home instead of sharing the enjoyment intended for you;

and the money which would have been spent in fairing, shall go to purchase a new cover for the timepiece."

Catherine began to explain; Rosa made a sign for her to be silent.

"You can make no excuse for your conduct," said her mother, "and you know I never go from my word."

Thus saying, she left the room.

"Indeed, Rosa," said Catherine, "I will tell mamma you are not in fault."

"Dear Catherine, pray do not," said Rosa; "what pleasure should I have in going to the fair without you? besides, if Miss Robins can be so mean as not to own her fault, I will not expose her; surely I can bear a little disappointment to save another, and it is not worse for me than you."

Catherine much wished to clear Rosa, but she begged so earnestly she would not, that

she gave up the point, and almost forgot her own disappointment and vexation, in wondering how Rosa could forego her own enjoyment to share her punishment, and save another from disgrace, and it occupied her thoughts after she had retired to rest.

"This is what mamma would call a generous action; well, she shall know of it, I am determined," said Catherine, the last thing as she fell asleep.

The next day Mrs. Riley went as appointed; Catherine and Rosa were seated at the window at work, when a chariot passed.

"Look, Catherine," exclaimed Rosa.—Catherine looked, and beheld Miss Robins, with her head out of the coach window, nodding to them as they passed. Catherine lost all her philosophy at this sight; she could not help shedding tears.

"Dear Catherine, do not fret," said Rosa,

in a cheerful tone, "I am sure we shall be much happier than she can be at the fair."

"I cannot help feeling vexed," returned Catherine, drying her tears, "because it was to oblige her that I disobeyed mamma; and you, I am sure, must be more mortified than I am."

"No, indeed," replied Rosa, "it was that she might go that I was punished for her fault; then how can I feel mortified to see her go? if she had not gone, my taking the blame would have been of no use."

Catherine could hardly comprehend Rosa's principle of action; but for once in her life she acknowledged she could not have been so generous to one so undeserving. The fair passed which they had so anxiously anticipated, without their witnessing any of its festivities.

Mrs. Riley did not mention the cover any more, and Catherine forgot she had determined to explain the affair, that Rosa might receive her meed of praise; and very likely it never would have been mentioned, had not a circumstance occurred which renewed it in her mind.

Mrs. Riley and her young companions usually took a walk in the evening into the fields or lanes round her house, that they might ramble about undisturbed. One evening they extended their walk to a little village some distance from the town :—the inhabitants of this village were not numerous; they were poor and simple; their cottages small and lowly, only remarkable for their white-washed walls, neat little gardens, and cleanly appearance.

As they advanced towards the village, they

observed a number of little boys and girls assembled round a small brook; their attention seemed wholly engrossed by something in the midst; there was a constant motion of eagerness among them, and a shouting every now and then. When they came near enough, they saw two of the biggest boys holding by the legs and arms a lad about nine years of age, who was kicking and plunging to get away; they had taken off his jacket. Mrs. Riley hastened up to them; as she advanced, they set him on his feet, still holding him fast to prevent his escape. "Surely," said Mrs. Riley, addressing the boys who held him, "you are not going to injure this little lad; what is the meaning of all this?"

"Why, Ma'am," answered a bold lad, who took upon him to be the spokesman for the rest, "he is a very wicked young dog, and so

you would say, Ma'am, if you knew all, and so we are going to punish him for his tricks; we have given him a toss in the blanket, and now we are going to give him a dip in the brook; come along my lads, now for it."

"Stay, stay," cried Mrs. Riley, "I cannot suffer you to do that; what has the lad done?"

"Why, Ma'am," continued the speaker, "you must know this boy has a spite against poor Ned White, who is the best lad in the whole village, and he never lets him be at peace, but does him all the mischief he can; a little while ago, he broke two of the neighbours' windows, and then said Ned had done it; the other day, when Ned had loaded his donkey with eggs and fruit, which he was going to take into the town, he went slily and cut the girth; so when Ned went to get up they all fell down together; and now the wicked

dog has been and stoned Ned's two pretty white ducks to death in the pond."

While the boy was speaking, a decent-looking youth, apparently about fourteen years of age, made his way through the crowd, and took the young delinquent from his judges. A murmur of disapprobationwas heard, and "don't forgive him, Ned, we will have him punished," was echoed on all sides; but the lad, finding himself at liberty, made his escape as fast as he could. Mrs. Riley found that his rescuer was the lad he had injured, who was endeavouring to still the clamour that was raised. When he could be heard, in a mild tone, and with manner superior to his fellow-villagers, he said, "I am thankful, my kind friends, for your taking my part, though I cannot let you punish that poor ignorant boy; in the first place, he is very young, and in the next, he

has never been taught any better; you all know him too well to believe any thing he may say of me, and as to the poor ducks, why they are dead, he cannot hurt them again; therefore, my friends, if you please, we will say no more on the matter, and I hope he will not do so again."

Ned's speech was very well received by all his friends, and in a few minutes they dispersed.

Mrs. Riley was curious to know more of this lad, who had exhibited such a mild and forgiving spirit, and she followed him into a neat hamlet that stood near. Ned placed chairs for them, and in a very becoming manner asked what fruit they would like to have.

"I did not come to purchase fruit; but I am so much pleased with the manner you behaved towards your little enemy, that I should wish to know more of the affair, and likewise something of your own story."

"It is very simple, Ma'am," answered Ned; "and as to Isaac's bad tricks, I do not blame him so much as his mother, who encouraged him to be malicious to me. My father and mother, Ma'am, lived in this cot for many years; all the village say," continued the boy, with a glow of pride rising to his cheek, and the tear of filial affection starting to his eye, "all the village say they were the most industrious and worthy couple in the place; and well they may, for they never injured any one, and tried to do good to all; indeed they were two of the best parents a boy could have, and very good besides, and God thought so too, Ma'am, for he took them to heaven."

Ned paused to conquer the emotion this simple tribute to his worthy parents had called forth, then again addressed his attentive auditors:—"My father was a gardener, and my

mother helped to support us by needlework for the ladies round; we never knew want, because we were never idle. About two years ago, Isaac's father and mother came to reside at the next cottage; the father was a very bad man, and used to get drunk, and quarrel with all his acquaintance;—they soon began to behave very bad to us; and not content with ill words, they tried to injure us without any provocation, by breaking down the young trees, laming the pig, and many other wicked tricks. My father, finding no other way would do, had the man taken before a magistrate, who made him promise to behave better; notwithstanding, he still continued to annoy us, till his death, which happened one night at the ale-house. Not long after this, my father broke his leg in a fall from a ladder; he was ill a long time; at last he died, and my poor mother fretted

so much, that she only lived two months after him. I have lived here ever since, and I get my living by working in the garden for several gardeners, and selling the fruit of my own garden, which is a very pretty one. Isaac's mother is still very spiteful to me; but, poor thing, it cannot last long, for she is very ill, and yet she will get tipsy, which will hasten her death, and then poor Isaac, what will he do?"

Mrs. Riley was much pleased with the simple and feeling manner Ned told his story; she put half a crown in his hand, bid him call on her, when he brought his fruit to town, and she would buy some.

Catherine and Rosa walked silently on towards home for some time; at length Catherine turning to Rosa, exclaimed, "I thought, Rosa, when you took the blame for breaking the glass cover, to save that selfish Miss

Robins from being punished, you were the most generous girl in the world; but Ned is a great deal better than you."

Mrs. Riley smiled at the remark, but begged her daughter to explain; and Catherine, now reminded that she had forgotten to do justice to Rosa, gave a correct account of the circumstance.

"I am very happy to hear this, Rosa," said Mrs. Riley, "for it not only proves your consideration for those who did not deserve it, but Catherine, I am sure, must be much pleased to find you willing to forego your own enjoyment, to share, and consequently lessen her punishment."

"Indeed, Mamma," said Catherine, "I thought it very kind of Rosa, and I thought you would call this real generosity."

"If not exactly generosity," returned Mrs.

Riley, " it was an instance of self-denial which is highly praiseworthy, and which I am rejoiced to say I often observe in Rosa. To subdue our own self-love, is to lay the foundation of many virtues and much happiness; it is the lowest state of enjoyment, which we derive only from self-gratification. If we ever consult our own pleasure, happiness, or comfort, our minds become narrowed, if not perverted, and we become less able to promote the happiness of others, and less capable of enjoying it ourselves. To distribute happiness, is the attribute of heaven, and is the source of bliss to angelic spirits, and our happiness becomes greater and our enjoyments purer, the more we consult the happiness of our fellow-creatures."

Their arrival at home put a stop to the conversation; and Catherine and Rosa, much pleased with the evening's excursion, retired to

bed, hoping Ned would not forget to call, that they might hear if Isaac had done him any more mischief, and if the boys had put him in the brook.

Ned, according to orders, called many times, and Mrs. Riley always bought of him. Winter was coming on, and he only called occasionally with some choice vegetables from his garden. Some time elapsed without his appearing.

One fine morning, Mrs. Riley and her young companions walked towards the village; and remembering her favourite, approached his cottage to inquire the cause of his absence. In the neat garden, before the cot, they beheld the ruddy countenance of honest Ned, glowing with health and cheerfulness; he held on his arm a basket, containing his little store of merchandise, which he was preparing to take

to market; and, to the surprise of the girls, by his side stood Isaac, in the act of throwing across his shoulder a large bunch of turnips, which he had been employed in binding together.

The girls were curious to know how Ned and Isaac came to be friends, and Mrs. Riley approached towards them.

"Well, Ned," she said, "I am glad to see that you have convinced this little boy of his fault, and that he is willing to serve you."

Ned bowed; "Yes, Ma'am, we are very good friends now, and I hope we shall always be so."

"But how came this about?" asked the lady. Ned looked confused, and at length answered, "Isaac's mother is dead, Ma'am."

"Poor Isaac, I am sorry for his loss; and

what is to become of him, he has no home but the parish, I suppose?"

"Yes, Ma'am, he has," answered Ned, "he is come to live with me."

"With you," exclaimed both the girls in surprise.

"And do you mean to support him?" asked Mrs. Riley.

"Yes, Ma'am," was the reply.

"But you must work hard to support yourself; and in the winter can scarcely do that."

"Poor little Isaac," answered Ned, "could not work at all by himself, but with me he can do a little; I hope we shall be able to earn enough through the winter, and if we have but little I shall be content, when I think it is to feed a poor orphan boy.—God took care of me that I did not want; and therefore you see, Ma'am, it is but just that I should take care of Isaac."

"And yet his parents were so unkind to you, and he used you so ill."

"That is the more reason I would do him good," continued the boy; "now I have made an enemy a friend, and that is better than gaining two friends in the common way."

Mrs. Riley was much affected at this proof of a noble spirit in the untaught village lad; the girls, with tears in their eyes, applauded his humanity. "Ned," said Mrs. Riley, "there is no need to praise you for your conduct; you are sensible, I am sure, of the satisfaction which a good action always gives; you will be provided for, no doubt, and I shall endeavour to befriend you in every way I can."

Ned gratefully thanked her, and with a tear and a glow of feeling on his cheek, continued to relate to his kind friend, how he meant to employ Isaac.

Catherine and Rosa burst forth in praise of Ned, as they returned home. "Mamma," exclaimed Catherine, "is not that a truly generous action?"

"It is," said Mrs. Riley; "it is one in which generosity and benevolence are combined. This poor lad must deprive himself of necessaries to support one who has no claim on him, but such as his humane feelings dictate; and one too, from whom he has received repeated and serious injuries. How different is this action, Catherine, to those you usually dignified with the name of generosity; this boy returns good for evil; all selfish feelings are subdued to benefit a fellow-creature, and he exhibits a forgiving spirit, a heavenly mindedness, a brotherly love, which is an honour to human nature."

This incident supplied conversation for the

remainder of the day. Mrs. Riley determined to allow Ned a small weekly sum during the winter, to help him in his noble undertaking, and on the following day they walked to the cottage to bestow the gift; we need not say it was thankfully received. From every mouth in the village was heard the praise of the generous Ned, every one of his fellow-villagers looked on him with admiration, and all declared he should never want a friend while there was one in the village who could remember his goodness and becoming conduct, and he should never want a home while they had one for themselves.

Mrs. Riley was much pleased to behold in Catherine less of that ostentation and presuming self-conceit, which had before marked her manner and conversation; she had derived the best advantage from the example of Rosa's

mild superiority of character, and the most sincere friendship subsisted between them.

Rosa resided with her kind benefactress until she was sixteen years of age. Mrs. Riley was much attached to the amiable girl, and beheld her many accomplishments with affectionate pride.

Just at this period, a brother of Mrs. Riley's came to pay her a visit. Mr. Selby was charmed with the manners and acquirements of Rosa Lawley; and hearing she had been many years under his sister's eye, and deservedly beloved by her, he entreated her to suffer him to take Rosa home with him, in the character of governess to his two younger children.

Though Mrs. Riley esteemed her brother's offer too advantageous to be refused, considering Rosa had no fortune but her own abi-

lities, yet she felt unwilling to part with her, and Catherine regretted to lose her young friend; but Rosa seemed pleased to undertake the charge, and knowing it would tend to her advantage, she consented to the proposal.

Many tears were shed at parting; Mrs. Riley accepted her brother's invitation to spend the ensuing Christmas with him; Catherine declared she hoped Rosa would be tired of London by that time, and return with them. She took an affectionate leave of her kind friends; Mrs. Riley beheld, in her wish to undertake the office, a grateful anxiety to render her talents of service to her family.

Mr. Selby's family consisted of two young children, and a daughter by a former wife.

Rosa was received in a kind and friendly manner, and after a few hours' acquaint-

ance they were mutually pleased with each other. With Miss Selby, who was about a year older than Rosa, she was not so much interested; she was bold and unfeminine in her behaviour, and welcomed the gentle Rosa with a constrained familiarity which had neither politeness nor kindness to distinguish it. She spoke but little while in the presence of Mrs. Selby, and that with an asperity which surprised Rosa; but in her absence she assumed a great show of friendship towards Rosa, and entertained her with many anecdotes of Mrs. Selby's unkind disposition, and pitied her for the trouble she would have with the children.

Rosa thought Mrs. Selby a very amiable woman, and many things she related would have been best untold. Rosa ventured to remark on the impropriety of noticing these little events, but found she was only answered in a

louder tone and more violent expression. Convinced she could never admire the disposition of Jennet Selby, she contented herself with returning her familiar friendship with a polite reserve, but this did not secure her from being made a party concerned in many unpleasant affairs with Mrs. Selby: but for Jennet's quarrelsome and ungenerous disposition, Rosa would have been very happy in her new employment.

The time for Mrs. Riley's promised visit drew nigh, and Rosa anxiously looked to the arrival of her young friend. A few days before their arrival, Rosa's forbearance was put to a severe test. One morning, Jennet entered the room where she was sitting, with a small volume of miscellaneous poems in her hand. "Here, Miss Lawley," she exclaimed, "here is such a witty letter, in verse, addressed to a lady, I must have you copy it for me."

Rosa took the book, and read the verses; "Why do you wish them copied?" she remarked; "they have not one beauty, in my opinion, and abound with ill nature."

"Oh, but they are so witty," said Jennet.

"Sarcasm is not always wit," replied Rosa; "I hate to read such severe criticisms on the character of an individual whom, perhaps, if we knew, we should like better than the writer of them."

"Nonsense, Rosa! come, write them, only four verses, and you write so much neater than I do."

"Well, I'll write it, certainly, if you wish it," said Rosa, taking the paper from her hand; "but I think your taste for poetry and wit are not of the first order."

Rosa did as she was requested, then returned to her work, and thought no more of the verses until the following evening, when, after

dinner, as Mrs. Selby was sitting alone with Rosa and Miss Selby, the servant brought a note to the lady. Jennet remained at the opposite side of the room, and endeavoured to call Rosa to the window. When Mrs. Selby had read the note, she laid it open on the table; Rosa observed her countenance agitated, and she was about to speak to her, when her eye glanced on the paper, and she beheld her own hand writing, the very verses she had copied in the morning. She trembled with surprise and indignation; she was ready to snatch up the note and declare what she knew concerning it; but a feeling for Jennet withheld her. Mrs. Selby put the note in her pocket, and left the room; Rosa saw her feelings were much wounded.

"Miss Selby," exclaimed Rosa, "what have you done?"

Jennet came forward, laughing immoderately.

"Why, what did you think I wanted with the verses?"

"Not to insult Mrs. Selby with them, certainly," said Rosa; you have made me your instrument, but I will not be supposed guilty of such ingratitude to Mrs. Selby; I will tell all I had to do concerning that shameful letter."

Jennet was surprised at Rosa's firm and spirited manner; she endeavoured to convince her there was no meanness or cruelty in what they had done; but Rosa would not be convinced to what she knew was wrong. Jennet then resorted to tears and entreaties, and declared if Rosa explained the affair, her father's anger would be unbounded, and she would instantly quit the house and set off

alone to Ireland, where her mother's relations lived.

Rosa was terrified by her threat, and softened by her tears; she at length consented to conceal her knowledge of the letter. "Perhaps," said Rosa, withdrawing her arm from Jennet's hold, "it is best to let Mrs. Selby suppose it came from a stranger; it may be less wounding than knowing it was dictated by you."

Rosa was uneasy during the rest of the evening. When Mr. Selby came home, Mrs. Selby informed him of the circumstance of having received an anonymous letter, and put it in his hand.

"It is, certainly, the most ill-natured specimen of rhyme and wit which the writer could produce," said Mr. Selby, "and most unjustly applied; therefore, my love, I would treat it

with the contempt it deserves, and put it in the fire."

"Not yet," said Mrs. Selby, "I will try and discover the writer; it is in a female hand. I did not think I had an acquaintance who was capable of such an act; but I have been thinking of it, and I remember Mrs. Adams very often resorts to this method of reproving her acquaintance, or exercising her wit, though I never knew her guilty of any thing illiberal or unjust before; yet, from what I remember, I think it is something like her hand."

Rosa was shocked to hear another thus unjustly suspected; she was half inclined to retract her promise, and relate the whole; Jennet whispered her, "Mrs. Adams can clear herself; and remember, Rosa, what you will urge me to, and I vow I will keep my word."

Scarcely able to conceal her tears and vex-

ation, she took her candle, and retired to rest. If Mrs. Riley was arrived, she thought she certainly would tell her the affair, and ask her advice. Poor Rosa little suspected how the artful Jennet was planning to secure herself from blame.

Mrs. Riley arrived a few days after this circumstance; Catherine rejoiced at again meeting Rosa, and the first day of their visit was spent in detailing to each other all the little events which had occurred since their parting. Jennet affected a great affection for her cousin, whom she had not seen for many years, and remained constantly with them, so that Rosa had no opportunity of relating the affair of the letter.

The next morning, Mrs. Selby took Mrs. Riley into her own room, and remained there some time; Catherine and Jennet were with

them, and Rosa had stood with her bonnet on, waiting to walk out with them. Wondering what detained them so long up stairs, she was about to seek them, when a message summoned her to Mrs. Selby's room. When she entered, the first object she beheld was the copy of verses, which had given her so much uneasiness, laying open on the table before Mrs. Riley; Rosa at first supposed Jennet had confessed her fault, but she was soon undeceived.

"I did not send for you to reproach you, Miss Lawley," said Mrs. Selby, "but to return your very becoming letter."

Rosa looked the image of surprise and grief. Catherine took her hand; "You ought to hear Rosa's defence, Madam," she exclaimed; "I am convinced Rosa has not done this, however circumstances may appear against her."

" I almost expect, Rosa," said Mrs. Riley, " that you will be able to clear yourself from this charge. I cannot think you capable of such an unbecoming act, but Miss Selby has found the book from whence these verses are taken in your apartment, and turned down at the very page; this leading to suspicion, we have compared the writing with some I had in my possession, and it further condemns you, —look at it, Rosa, and say whether you can deny any knowledge of it."

Rosa had recovered her surprise, while Mrs. Riley spoke; " I need not look at it, madam," she replied in a firm tone, " I have seen it before; I wish I could with truth deny having written it."

" Then you did write it," said Mrs. Selby."

" I did, Ma'am," returned Rosa, " but when I wrote it, I knew not that it was intended

for any person, much less for you, and I neither directed nor sent it."

"Very strange, that, Rosa!" said Mrs. Riley; "pray who did, then?"

"That I cannot say," returned Rosa; "I declare that I am incapable of offering such an affront to Mrs. Selby; but if those who know my innocence will not clear me, I will not clear myself."

Mrs. Selby looked thoughtful; Rosa avoided raising her eyes to Jennet lest her look should betray her. Mr. Selby entered the room, and desired an explanation of the scene he beheld; Rosa begged to retire, and left the room, followed by Catherine, in tears, who in vain endeavoured to learn from Rosa more of the affair.

"No, dear Catherine, I cannot tell you," said Rosa; "last night I was longing to tell

you all, but now, you, to clear me, would declare the whole affair, and I tremble for the consequences."

Catherine returned to the party to declare her innocence. Mrs. Selby seemed much distressed, and declared she would believe Rosa was not the person who had insulted her, and begged the subject might be dropped; but Mr. Selby was angry at her refusal to explain all she knew.

"Perhaps," said the artful Jennet, "some of the servants can say who directed it; it is in a man's hand."

Mrs. Riley begged they might be called, but none knew any thing of the affair. Catherine held the letter in her hand; "This is put in at John Street,—can we not learn at the post-office, who brought it there?" she remarked.

Mr. Selby laughed; "Why, my dear

niece, you would find it a little different to a village post-office, where they know every letter that goes out, and are perhaps obliged to read the answer when it arrives."

Catherine might have been laughed out of the idea, had she not beheld a change in Jennet's countenance, which excited a suspicion in her mind; from such slight circumstances are the guilty often detected.

"I do not see it so absurd as you think," said Catherine; "the letter is paid for, therefore the person who received it may be able to describe those who brought it; however, I will go and try if I can gain any intelligence."

Jennet assured her she would have her walk for her trouble, and it was a mile distant.

"I would walk twenty miles," cried Catherine, "to prove Rosa's innocence."

Mr. Selby offered to attend Catherine on

her wild-goose chase, as he called it, and proposed to take Rosa with them; but Mrs. Riley felt for the harassed feelings of Rosa; and begged he would not require it, but proceed on the inquiry without her.

When arrived at the post-office, Catherine took the letter from her pocket: Mr. Selby smiled, when she held out the letter, and asked the man if he remembered taking in that letter; but his smile changed to a look of astonishment, when the man replied, "O, yes; I took it in about a week ago, and it is my writing on the direction."

"By whom," said Catherine, faulteringly, "was you requested to direct this letter?"

"By the young lady who brought it," replied the man.

"Should you know her again?"

"Certainly," was the reply.

"Had she large blue eyes and fair hair?" asked Catherine, describing Rosa and the manner of her dress.

"Oh dear no!" returned the man; "she had dark eyes, and very black hair;" and he proceeded to describe Jennet; and his wife coming out of the parlour, at the hearing of something like a mystery, gave a minute description of her dress.

Catherine thanked them for their information, and, taking her uncle's arm, left the office. "We have heard enough," she said, "to convince Mrs. Selby of Rosa's innocence."

"And to prove the guilt of my headstrong daughter," answered Mr. Selby.

Catherine remained silent till they reached home.

Mr. Selby entered the room where his sister and wife were sitting, and informed them of

the success of Catherine's embassy, and the distress it had given him.

"I knew it," exclaimed Mrs. Selby, "I saw it in Rosa's manner, when she said, 'if those who knew her innocence would not clear her, she would not clear herself;' but what could make her so anxious to conceal Jennet's fault, I am at a loss to imagine."

Rosa was summoned to the parlour? She entered with her usual mild and graceful manner.

"Dear Rosa," exclaimed Catherine, as she entered, "we have discovered the guilty one."

"Let me beg your pardon, Rosa," said Mrs. Selby, "for the uneasiness I have given you, and beg you will explain how Jennet procured those verses in your hand-writing."

Rosa, convinced that Jennet's duplicity was discovered, related the whole affair, and the

terror Jennet's threat of going to Ireland had given her.

Mr. Selby was shocked at the refined art Jennet had discovered, in charging Rosa with her guilt, thinking, by that means, to escape detection herself; he desired his daughter to come and make an apology both to Rosa and Mrs. Selby; but Jennet refused to leave her room, and Mrs. Riley, indignant at the cruelty she had shown Rosa, and the unjust dislike she treated Mrs. Selby with, who, though some years younger than her husband, was truly deserving of his affection, and the respect of his family; begged he would command her to keep her room until their departure; and, ashamed of the part she had taken, she made no attempt to disobey his orders. Mrs. Selby visited her, and declared her forgiveness of the insult to her; whether her kindness ren-

dered her sensible of her error is yet to appear. Mrs. Riley, convinced Rosa would not be happy in Jennet's society, yielded to Catherine's entreaties, which she urged with tears, and took her back with them. Mr. and Mrs. Selby parted from her with regret, and declared they should always remember her with respect, and love and rejoice in her happiness.

"Dear mamma," said Catherine, in urging her arguments for Rosa's return, "why must Rosa ever leave us? do you not love her as your own daughter? and she has no relation half so dear to her; her uncle is removed far away, and his own family occupy all his love; we are then her only friends."

"For that very reason," replied Mrs. Riley, "I was willing she should, by an exertion of her own talents, find an independence, which should avail her when I am gone."

"Oh, dear mamma, do not talk of that; but Rosa shall not be obliged to leave us; even when my dear papa left me a portion of ten thousand, he did not know I should find what was of more value, a friend in Rosa Lawley. Till I loved Rosa, I scarcely loved any quality that was truly amiable. I owe Rosa more than I can express, all my best feelings, dear mamma; why should we ever part? suffer me to make over a part of my portion to Rosa; I shall be rich enough,—richer in my friend than double the wealth."

"Rosa is worthy of your generous friendship," said Mrs. Riley; "she shall never feel her dependence while I live, and, at my death, I will provide for her future comfort. I rejoice in the contemplation of your mutual friendship, and I trust it will last you through life."

The happiness Catherine expressed at the return of her friend, proved her heart capable of the sincerest affection; in her friendship for Rosa, she forgot her selfish feeling; and in emulating and admiring her disposition and talents, she ceased to imagine her own superiority.

Catherine and Rosa are an example of real and sincere female friendship; each considers the happiness of the other dearer than her own; and it is the hope of their friends, that by no circumstance shall it ever be disturbed.

THE BLUE SILK SCARF.

A Tale.

"The love of finery will pervert the love of truth."

THE BLUE SILK SCARF.

"Don't you think, Jane, it is very unkind and very strange that mamma will not let me have a hat like Miss Collinson's," said Miss Gilford to the maid, as she was putting on her pelisse and bonnet to take a walk with her mamma.

"Why, certainly, Miss," returned Jane, "it is the prettiest hat I ever saw in my life; and certainly you would look better in it than Miss Collinson."

"I don't know for that," rejoined the young

lady, in a modest tone, though evidently pleased by the flattery of Jane, "but there is nothing I admire so much as a becoming hat; I think it is the greatest improvement one can have."

"Well, it is, Miss," replied Jane; "and I am sure your bonnet is getting very shabby."

"Oh, it is quite a fright," exclaimed Miss Gilford, moving the bonnet on her head with an angry motion; "I declare if I meet Miss Collinson with her fine hat and feathers, I shall be mortified beyond bearing."

"And no wonder," said Jane; "let me pin up the riband at the side, Miss, it will look better than—"

"O! no, let it alone, let it look as shabby as it will; I shall not give up teazing mamma for it, and perhaps when she finds I am determined not to be happy without it, I shall get the hat and feathers at last."

"I am sure, I hope you may, Miss," said Jane, as the young lady left the room; and under the influence of this unamiable feeling she joined her mamma in the parlour.

"Anna, my dear," said Mrs. Gilford, as she entered, "How untidily you have put on your bonnet; come hither to me and let me alter it."

"You can do it no good, mamma," said Anna, taking off her bonnet, and throwing it on the table with great contempt; "It is impossible to make such a thing as this look well."

"We will try," said Mrs. Gilford, as she arranged the trimming, and replaced it on her daughter's head, without taking any notice of the ill-humour her countenance expressed; "bring down the bonnet in the morning, I will trim it with dark riband, and then it will last you all the winter."

Anna turned from her mamma with a very sullen air.

Mrs. Gilford called the maid to lead little George by the hand, and they commenced their walk.

Anna was the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gilford. Business had obliged them to reside abroad for some years, and Anna had been left to the care of her maternal grandmother. The good lady doated on the little girl, and from the very natural feeling of believing her the most amiable child in the world, she suffered a temper which was not naturally bad, to become perverted by indulgence; and unable to find courage to thwart the wishes of her darling, she had become self-willed and conceited. Anna did not like to be confined to the society of her grandmother, and when her school hours were passed, she was allowed, if she

thought proper, to spend her time with the servants; consequently, she acquired many artful and unbecoming habits; and when Mrs. Gilford returned and settled in England, she found she had an arduous task awaiting her.

Anna's natural disposition was affectionate and open; alive to reproof, sensible of the difference between right and wrong, though she wanted strength of mind to persevere in the right, if it interfered with the gratification of the moment.

Among the follies which had been suffered to grow upon her, was a passion for finery. Anna was delighted when the fondness of her grandmother allowed her to be decked in some unusual gaiety; and the promise of a fine sash, or a showy pair of shoes, raised Anna's smiles, and secured her good humour.

Mrs. Gilford was aware this was a growing

evil, and she strove by the most judicious care to check its progress; and to teach her how little value her real friends would set on her gay dress, and how much more esteem and admiration she would gain by studying to render herself amiable and accomplished.

The extreme anxiety Anna had manifested to have a hat like Miss Collinson's, determined her mother to repress the vanity which occasioned it; and though she walked silently and sullenly by her side, she forebore to notice it. This was the mode by which she had been used to gain her point with her grandmother, but she had yet to learn how unsuccessful it would be with her mother.

When they returned from their walk, Anna threw the despised bonnet on a chair; and when her brother George came to caress her, and beg her to play with him, she repulsed

him in a pettish tone, and seated herself at the window.

"Anna," said her mother, "take your bonnet to its proper place; your behaviour this day has greatly displeased me, and given me great uneasiness. I am grieved to see a little girl of your age exhibit so rebellious a spirit; I am disappointed in you, Anna, your grandmother's letters have always assured me your temper was amiable and mild; that you were sensible and docile,—you have yourself proved her words were false, and that her fond partiality blinded her to your faults; it is an ill requital, Anna, when fondness and indulgence serve only to call forth unamiable qualities; in the present instance, your ill behaviour has placed you farther from your wishes; it was my intention to have given you a hat like Miss Collinson's, (dispensing with the feathers,)

but you have exhibited so much temper concerning it, that I cannot think of indulging you. If you wish to gain the esteem and confidence of your mother, you must conquer the selfishness and ill humour your conduct has so fully expressed." Anna was subdued by the mild reproach of her mother, and with many tears she confessed her consciousness of her fault, promised to think no more of the hat, and entreated her mother not to believe her selfish and unamiable.

Mrs. Gilford assured her daughter, it would be the greatest happiness to her to be convinced of the truth of her grandmother's assertions, and Anna strove, for many days, to behave in the most engaging manner; and her lessons were attended to with the greatest care and industry.

Anna's thirteenth birth-day arrived, and the

occasion was to be celebrated in the evening by a party of young friends. Delighted at this opportunity for display, she employed the whole day in making little arrangements for the reception of her guests.

"When you have finished decorating that flower-stand, Anna," said her mother, "come to me in my dressing-room; I have prepared a birth-day present for you."

Mrs. Gilford left the room, and Anna hastily hung on the festoons of flowers she had been making, wondering what the present would be. "It is something very elegant, no doubt," she thought, "as it is a birth-day gift; perhaps it is the beautiful worked frock we saw at the Bazaar; or perhaps it is the hat and feathers." Elate with the thought, she flew to her mother, and cast a wistful eye round the room; but no dashing hat or elegant

frock appeared; on the table stood a small mahogany box.

"Well, my dear," said her mother, "I hope you will like my present; you will esteem it more, when I tell you it is intended as a reward for the docility and industry you have shewn within this last week; and likewise as an encouragement to persevere in your drawing, in which both your papa and myself think you have made great progress; see, Anna," opening the box, "it is a box of colours from Ackerman's."

Poor Anna could scarcely conceal her disappointment; but she was ashamed to own to her mamma what her hopes had been. She shewed her the contents of the box; and, pleased with the praise bestowed upon her, became reconciled to her disappointment.

Mrs. Gilford bid her take it to her own

room: as she ascended the stairs, she met the nursery-maid and George. Jane had been servant to the grandmamma, and Mrs. Gilford, hearing she was very fond of Anna, and a good nurse, had taken her to live with her, though, had she been aware of the extent of Anna's reigning foible, and the influence Jane had over her, she would never have been suffered to remain near her.

"Come and look at my birth-day gift, Jane," said Anna, as she entered her room, and displayed her present. Jane gaped over it, and when asked if she did not think it very handsome, she readily agreed it was, and asked how much it cost; "Three guineas," was the reply.

"Three guineas!" exclaimed Jane, in a tone of astonishment; "what a deal of money, only for a box of paints; why, Miss, three guineas

would have bought you all the fine things you were wishing for."

"So it would," replied the vain girl; "and, to tell you the truth, Jane, I do wish it had been something to wear; but mamma says it will be of great service to me, though I could have made shift with my little old box for some time to come."

"To be sure you could," said the maid. "I dare say, now, you would much rather have had the money, and then, if you and I had gone to spend it as we used to do, when you had any money of your grandmamma, what a many beautiful things we could have bought."

Anna thought that would have been the most pleasant thing in the world; and she and Jane sat down and enumerated a number of gaudy articles which they would have purchased.

During the evening's entertainment, Anna thought repeatedly of the colour-box, and wished her mamma, before she bought it, had asked her what she should like to have: thus, her own folly, and the silly and thoughtless remarks of the ignorant Jane, rendered her discontented amidst enjoyments, and ungrateful to her mother for her kindness and generosity; but soon her own weakness, and the influence of bad advice, led her to more serious faults.

Mrs. Gilford called Anna to her one morning, and informed her she proposed spending the day with a friend,—desired her to finish the work she had in hand; and when she had learned her daily tasks, she might amuse herself as she pleased; adding, she would call on Miss Collinson, and request her to come and take tea with her. Anna thanked her mamma

for the indulgence, and immediately sat down to her studies, that she might have finished her employment before her friend arrived.

Mrs. Gilford departed, and Anna passed the morning without any infringement on the rules and regulations laid down by her mother.

In the afternoon she went into her mother's room to change her frock. Jane stood by to assist; on the table lay a pearl necklace, which Mrs. Gilford had omitted to replace in the case; not a moment could it escape the observation of Anna; she immediately placed it round her neck, and examined her appearance in the glass.

"There, Miss," exclaimed Jane, "now you look dressed; la, what a pretty thing a necklace is."

"Is it not very becoming?" returned Anna, in an exulting tone; "I wonder if mamma

would be very angry if I wear it this afternoon."

"How can she be angry at such a trifle; you won't hurt it, you know," replied Jane.

"No, I can take great care of it; Miss Collinson always wears a handsome necklace; I think I'll venture, Jane."

"Ay, do, Miss, I am sure I would; besides, there is no occasion to let your mamma know any thing about it; you can take it off before she comes, and put it on the table exactly in the same place she left it; she will never suspect you have worn it."

"But that would be so artful," returned Anna, unclasping the necklace; "Mamma would be more angry at that than my wearing her necklace."

"But who is to tell her?" said Jane; "you don't think I would tell of you, Miss?"

"O, no! but if I wear it, I ought to tell

her myself; perhaps she would excuse the liberty, but if she should discover it she would never forgive me for being deceitful."

Anna laid down the necklace, and, for a moment, the idea of her mother's displeasure repressed her vanity; unfortunately, before she had time to strengthen her dawning resolution and resist the temptation, her visitor appeared at the gate; again the necklace was placed on her neck; her resolution failed, and she descended to meet Miss Collinson, decked in the splendid ornament.

The little girls amused themselves during the evening in a variety of ways. Anna shewed her friend her new box of colours; the praise she bestowed on it pleased her, but she was much more pleased when the young lady admired her beautiful necklace. Anna forgot the means by which her vanity had been gra-

tified; and even after her visitor had departed, she lingered before the glass, unwilling to take off the much-admired pearls.

Jane came into the room to take Anna to bed, as her mamma had desired her not to remain up after her usual hour. Anna had a little pet kitten, and as the door opened, she bounded to her mistress's feet; who, with many expressions of fondness, took her in her arms, caressing and fondling her favourite, who, regardless of the mischief she might be doing, crawled on her shoulder.

"Take care, take care," cried Anna, endeavouring to move her from her bosom; but the effort only increased the struggles of the kitten; its feet became entangled in the necklace; "Oh, help me, Jane!" cried the terrified Anna; but it was too late; the kitten sprung from her grasp, and the beautiful necklace, broken in half, fell to the floor.

For a moment, Anna, and her accomplice in the fault, gazed on the broken ornament; she raised it from the ground, and placing it in a circle on the table, examined the necklace; to mend it was impossible; it was composed of small pearls, strung with great art; and Anna's expressions of regret and apprehension were increased by Jane's repeated inquiries of "What shall we do now?"

"I'll not go to bed," cried Anna, throwing herself in a chair, and bursting into tears, "I'll wait here till mamma comes home, and tell her what I have done."

"You won't do that, to be sure, Miss," said Jane; "only think how angry she will be with you, and me too."

"What can I do?" asked Anna, with a doubtful expression.

A moment's silence ensued.

"I'll tell you what we will do," cried the

inventive Jane; "we 'll take the necklace and lay it at the foot of the dressing-table, and shut the cat in the room, and your mamma will easily believe she did it, and that will be no story, you know, for certainly it was her that broke it."

Anna startled, shocked at the thought of acting with so much duplicity; "O no, no, I cannot do that! it is worse than a falsehood. I never told mamma an untruth in my life; she would hate and despise me for ever if she knew I could be so very artful."

"But she will never know it," said the crafty Jane, "and if you will go to bed, Miss, I'll manage it for you, and you will have nothing to do in the morning but to say you know nothing at all of it, and you will never be found out."

Anna for some time resisted the pernicious

counsel of Jane; till at length, though fully aware of the extent of the fault she was about to commit, she consented to her plan.

"Promise me," said Jane, with the necklace in one hand, and the kitten in the other, as she led the way to her mistress's chamber, "promise me you won't tell in the morning;—what disgrace I should get in. Be sure, if your mamma asks you any thing about it, you put a good face upon it."

Anna promised: a feeling of degradation came across her as Jane placed the necklace on the floor, and when she saw her push the poor kitten into the room, and close the door, drowned in tears of shame and grief, she retired to her own room.

Anna felt all the distress of mind which the commission of the first serious fault occasions; every fault and folly she had committed while

with her grandmother, if confessed with ingenuousness, had met with a mild rebuke and ready pardon: but the slightest deviation from truth was severely reprimanded. Her mother had represented falsehood as the most despicable and dangerous crime, and Anna felt, should her conduct ever become known to them, their love and esteem would be lost for ever. Unhappy and self-condemned, she sunk into a disturbed and uncomfortable sleep, and when Jane came to call her in the morning, she started from her bed, and eagerly inquired if her mamma had discovered the truth.

"La! no, Miss, I knew it would be all right. When she opened the door, the kitten began to play with her, and when she saw the broken necklace, she directly supposed the little thing had dragged it off the table, and played with it till she broke it; so you need

not worry yourself any more about it; I think we managed it very well."

Jane's weak reasoning could not socthe Anna's conscience; she felt that what she called managing the affair well, was acting with great duplicity and wickedness; and for the first time in her life, dreading to meet the eye of her mother, she descended to the breakfast room.

"Anna, my love," said Mrs. Gilford, after she had given her abashed daughter the salutations of the morning, "do you know what mischief your little kitten did for me yesterday?"

"No, mamma," said Anna, stooping to the kitten on the rug, to hide the confusion on her countenance.

I inadvertently left the pearl necklace, which your papa gave me a short time ago, on my

table; puss thought it a pretty plaything, I suppose; she dragged it off the table, and has broken it in two. I must send it to the jeweller's, and hear if it can be mended. I shall be much grieved if it cannot be repaired with neatness, as I very much value the gift."

During this speech, Anna felt the greatest distress; the mildness with which her mamma spoke of the accident tempted her to throw herself on her indulgence, and confess the whole: but a false shame withheld her. Unfortunately little George came running into the room, and the subject dropped; or Anna, by an acknowledgment of her error, and by the admonition and advice which would have been given her, might have been saved the commission of a second.

For that day, Anna remained uncomfortable and dejected; she could not shake off the

feeling of self-reproach, and the terror which the fear of discovery occasioned her; but the subject was not mentioned again.

As the days passed away, the virtuous feeling of regret for her fault, which she had been sensible of, wore off, and in a short time the circumstance was wholly forgotten; but Jane's bad advice, and the ease with which she had escaped detection, left their baneful effects on her mind; and not till she had felt more severely the punishment attending on falsehood and duplicity, did her conduct appear to herself in its true colours.

But a few weeks after the affair of the necklace, Mrs. Collinson gave Anna an invitation to spend a fortnight with her daughter, at their country house. Anna was highly pleased at the thoughts of the visit, and she eagerly entreated her mamma to give her consent.

"I shall very readily consent to your going," replied Mrs. Gilford; "and believe me, Anna, I am very happy in having an opportunity to indulge you; the more so, as I think you deserve it. A few months ago, I was afraid I had a hard task in hand,—to subdue a turbulent and unamiable temper: but now I begin to alter my opinion; since the affair of the hat, I have not had the least occasion to complain of you; you have behaved to all in an affable and obliging manner; I now hope my Anna will be truly deserving of all the fondness and care bestowed on her."

Mrs. Gilford thought Anna's crimson blushes were the effects of modest pleasure; how would she have been shocked had she known it was the guilty confusion which the knowledge of her own unworthiness called forth.

In a day or two the party were to set out, and Mrs. Gilford made little arrangements to please Anna. The day before they departed, Mr. Gilford called Anna to him and presented her with half a guinea."

"I do not think Anna will want that money," said her mother, "as I know she has some by her; she has not been very extravagant lately."

"Well, then," said Mr. Gilford, "she is the more fit to be trusted with money; if she does not want it now, it will serve her another time."

Anna thanked her papa; carefully deposited the money in her purse, and sat down to help her mother finish making a new frock she was preparing for her.

Jane went to take the little boy a walk; Mrs. Gilford desired Anna to accompany them, and call at the milliner's and purchase

some riband to trim the frock. Anna was delighted with the office, and soon arrived at the gay shop. She would have been very glad had she been commissioned to purchase half the things it contained:—having chosen the riband, she was about to leave the shop, when, hung close to the door, she beheld a blue silk scarf. "O, how very beautiful," she exclaimed, stopping to look at it. Immediately the obliging shopman took it down for her to examine. Anna held it in her hand; "Did you ever see such a lovely colour, Jane?" she asked.

"Never in my life, Miss," returned Jane, "it is real sky blue."

"Is it very dear?" said Anna.

"It is the greatest bargain in the world, Miss," returned the shopkeeper; "it is only a pound."

"Only a pound!" exclaimed Jane, "Why you could buy it yourself, Miss, put it on and see how it would look?"

Anna advanced to a glass, and threw the scarf across her shoulders. "Mamma would think it too fine, I am afraid, if I did buy it myself," said she. Jane shook her head, the scarf was given into the shopkeeper's hand, and Anna and Jane left the shop.

"How I should like to have that scarf before I go to Mrs. Collinson's," said Anna, as she walked slowly down the street.

"Why you could buy it without asking your mamma's leave," said her dangerous adviser.

"Yes, so I could," replied Anna, "now papa has given me half a guinea, but I shall want money while I am in the country, and mamma would be sure to see it when I came back."

"La! you could hide it from her," said Jane, "and if she saw it, why you could tell her somebody gave it to you while you were in the country."

"O, no," said Anna, quickening her pace, "I'll not tell another untruth;" and the remembrance of her former fault checked her vivacity.

When she returned home, Mrs. Gilford desired her to go up stairs with Jane, and pack what little articles she would require, that she might be ready when her friends called for in the morning: this was a dangerous moment for Anna.

While arranging her little assortment of trinkets, ribands, &c. the subject of the scarf was again introduced; the more they considered the difficulty, the greater became Anna's desire to obtain it.

"If I thought mamma would not refuse," said Anna, "I would ask her to let me buy it; but I know she would say it is not proper for me."

"O that she would," said Jane, "and yet, how beautiful it would look with your green frock."

Again Anna's sense of right sunk before the influence of her vanity; the vain desire of possessing a gay article of dress, encouraged by the silly remarks of her confidant, urged her to repeat a second time her culpable deceit.

"Well, Jane, I must have the scarf," said the weak girl, "and I don't see there is any occasion to let mamma know any thing about it; she will not see it while I am at Mrs. Collinson's; and when I come home I must keep it from her sight, and only wear it when she is absent; there can be no harm in that, you know, Jane."

Anna knew that there was harm—that she was acting in direct opposition to what her mother would have allowed; and to obtain her wishes she was guilty of dissimulation and ingratitude towards the parent, who was ever willing to gratify her laudable wishes, and never so happy as when bestowing indulgence on her.

Anna emptied her purse on the table; it contained two and twenty shillings; when she had paid a pound for the scarf, the remainder would be but a short allowance for a fortnight's visit: but no matter, the desire of the moment would be obtained; and Anna was too eager to obtain it to think of the inconvenience it would put her to.

Jane readily undertook to go and purchase the scarf, and Anna sat down to wait her return; the painful consciousness attendant on

her fault, prevented her from seeking her mother; the short time she was alone gave her an opportunity to reflect; and long before Jane returned, Anna wished she could recall her; but the sight of the desired scarf, and Jane's rapturous admiration, soon quieted her apprehensions; and carefully wrapping it up, and depositing it in a secure place, she returned to the parlour.

The following morning, Anna set out on her journey; the first time Miss Collinson took her to pay a visit to a friend, she arrayed herself in the blue scarf; and though her pride was gratified by hearing it admired, the blush mantled to her cheek, when asked by her friend where her mamma bought it.

Anna found that the gratification their praises gave her, was not equal to the pain it cost her to procure them; during the whole

fortnight she never wore the scarf without an unpleasant feeling, in which shame and fear bore an equal part.

Many were the mortifications she endured through having drained her purse to almost the last shilling. If an object of charity was relieved by any of her young associates, Anna was obliged to shrink back; and upon several trifling occasions she wanted the money she had so imprudently spent.

With grief she perceived her companions believed her mean and uncharitable; her visit afforded her no pleasure; her own misconduct had marred her enjoyment; and, dissatisfied and unhappy, she returned home. Here more severe mortification awaited her; upon her arrival she found the nurse maid had left the house, and Mrs. Gilford acquainted her she was gone to stay with her grandmother, as she

was not very well; and as she was more used to Jane than any other servant, she had sent her to attend on her.

Mrs. Gilford and her daughter went to take a walk in the evening, and called at a shop to purchase some trifling articles. "Anna," said her mother, as she was paying for the things, "can you lend me silver?"

Anna was so unprepared for this question, that she hesitated, coloured, put her hand in her pocket, and at length, in great confusion, she replied, "No, mamma, I have none."

Mrs. Gilford made no reply, and Anna turned away. Most likely, thought she, I shall be asked how I have spent my money, and what can I say? how unfortunate Jane should be away just at the very time I want her. Silent and thoughtful she returned home, and, as she expected, she was required to give an account how she had spent her money.

"Two and twenty shillings," said her mother, "is a great deal for a little girl to spend in a fortnight; cannot you tell me how it was employed?"

Sincerely did Anna wish she had never been tempted to commit an act which required concealment; she knew not what subterfuge to resort to;—she wished Jane was near to help her in this perplexity.

"You do not answer," said Mrs. Gilford; "surely you can remember within a few shillings."

"No, mamma," said Anna, faintly, "I cannot tell you exactly."

"I do not ask you to tell me exactly; remember, Anna, if you have spent this money improperly, you have done wrong; but you do much worse to conceal it," returned her mother.

The many unpleasant feelings she had endured through concealment and falsehood recurred to her mind; no ill adviser stood at her elbow, to whisper in her ear a new plan of deceit; the love of truth became triumphant over duplicity; and Anna hastily exclaimed, "Yes, mamma, I will tell you; I have spent my money improperly; you will be displeased when I tell you, but I cannot be deceitful any longer."

Anna was about to relate to her mother the purchase she had made, when she interrupted her.

"I will spare you the relation, Anna, I am already acquainted with the whole affair; you see how vain would have been the attempt to deceive me."

Anna looked astonished.

"A trifling accident made me acquainted

with your conduct; the half guinea your papa gave you proved to be a light one; the shopkeeper, knowing of whom he took it, sent it to be changed; much surprised you should lay out your money there without consulting me, I questioned Jane, and she confessed what you had done, and likewise the deceit which you still intended to practise; I am glad you have not continued in it. You see, Anna, how little dependence can be placed on the confidant who helps you to commit a crime; and it is always thus. You have lost my confidence, you have lost your own self-esteem, you have degraded yourself in the eyes of a servant, and put yourself on a level with one, whom education and careful instruction had not taught the value of sincerity and rectitude; but go, Anna, let me see this scarf, to obtain which you have sacrificed so much."

Anna left the room, and returned with the fatal scarf; "Take it, dear mamma," she exclaimed, "and never let me see it again; but you do not know all," she continued, bursting into tears; "I have been more deceitful than you imagine. O you will despise me when I tell you what I have done; it was I, mamma, who broke your pearl necklace."

Mrs. Gilford looked with surprise at Anna; and, as she related the affair, her countenance expressed the utmost astonishment and grief. Anna did not attempt to palliate or conceal any part of the action.

When she had concluded, Mrs. Gilford, in the most affecting tone, said, "Take back your scarf, Anna; not to wear it, it is gaudy, and unsuitable to your age, but place it where you will daily see it; it has been your punishment, I hope it will be your cure; whenever

you look on it, you will remember the distress your errors occasioned both to yourself and me; I believe you feel sincere repentance for your fault; it is too serious to receive slight punishment from me; your own painful reflections will convince you how severe is the punishment attendant on guilt. If ever you throw from your mind the simplicity and candour of youth, deceit, meanness, and every other vice will find an easy entrance. Truth and sincerity are the ground-work of every virtue; without them every minor good sinks into nothing, and will, in time, become wholly lost. If ever again you are tempted to forsake the open path of truth, think of the exposure and humiliation your deviation from it occasioned you; and if the conviction of its wickedness will not guard you from it, surely the certainty that disgrace and unhappiness are sure to follow, will deter you.

Anna's repentance was indeed sincere. Mrs Gilford did not suffer Jane to return, to weaken in the mind of her daughter the impression her fault had made. Constantly and strictly did Anna endeavour to regain the good opinion of her mother; and in a short time, Mrs. Gilford would again place confidence in her, convinced that she had learned by experience, the value of truth and integrity, and that no temptation would ever again influence her to act with duplicity or artfulness.

LUCY MILFORD;

OR,

YOUTHFUL FORTITUDE.

A Tale.

An active and humble mind of more value to the possessor than gold.

LUCY MILFORD.

Lucy Milford was the eldest daughter of an opulent merchant in London; she had been for some years at an eminent boarding school, and at the time we are speaking of, had nearly completed her fourteenth year.

Lucy had not suffered the expense and trouble which had been bestowed on her to be thrown away; by the strictest attention to the instructions given her, and a performance of the tasks allotted her, she had acquired a degree of superiority over most girls of her age.

Her temper was mild and unassuming; her manner graceful and conciliating; and a constant endeavour to promote the happiness of all around her had rendered her universally beloved by her school-fellows, and a great favourite with her governess.

Not one of her young companions were malicious or envious of Lucy, because she was a favourite, nor was the title ever bestowed upon her as a term of reproach; every one knew the favour and love of her preceptress was the just reward of her attention and amiable conduct, and that she would never take advantage of the favour she had acquired, but would much rather plead for indulgences for others than for herself.

Thus Lucy, by the sweetness and generosity of her disposition, enjoyed the confidence of her governess, and the love of her compa-

nions, unembittered by the jealousy or ill-nature of any one party.

The Midsummer holidays were fast approaching, and the anxious girls had brought their calculations to a fortnight and some days, before the happy moment would arrive when they were to meet their kind friends.

The party were assembled one evening in the school-room, busily engaged in giving and receiving keepsakes, and distributing locks of hair to their particular friends:—all was harmony, delight, and pleasurable anticipation; when they experienced an interruption to their amusement by a messenger from their governess, desiring Lucy Milford to attend her in the parlour. She obeyed the summons, and learnt that her instructress had just received a letter from Mr. Milford, informing her he should send for his daughter on the

following day, in consequence of the dangerous illness of her mother, who had been confined to her bed for some weeks, and who anxiously wished for the society of her daughter. Lucy, with grief, heard the distressing account, and in tearful silence listened to the consolations of her friend; she returned to the school-room, and for some time was unable to answer the repeated inquiries of, "Dear Milford, what's the matter?"—"Pray, Lucy, tell us what has happened." Her youthful friends participated in the distress of their favourite, and the evening was spent in endeavours to cheer and console her.

At the time appointed, Lucy bade adieu to her young companions. When she arrived at her father's house, and hastened to the chamber of her mother, her joy at meeting her beloved friends was damped at beholding her extreme

weakness; scarcely could she return the caresses of Lucy; and in a short time, unable to converse, she fell into a composed sleep. Lucy availed herself of the opportunity, and went to the nursery to seek her two younger sisters and infant brother, who were not suffered to enter their mother's room, and had taken their station at the head of the stairs, impatiently waiting the appearance of their sister, whom they welcomed with unnumbered kisses and embraces; exhibited all their new toys, and entreated her to stay with them all day, to play with the baby-house, and help make new frocks for the doll.

Lucy gratified her little pets by remaining with them till her mother awoke, when she returned to the bedside of her parent. Her constant attention and careful affection to her mother, called forth the warmest approbation of her friends.

Mrs. Milford had been pronounced out of danger by her physician, and ordered to be kept very quiet and composed, as the least agitation might occasion a relapse, which must be fatal.

Lucy had scarcely been home a week, before she discovered that her father's manner was greatly changed from what it used to be; he appeared unhappy and dejected, and only in the presence of her mother did he throw off the gloom that overspread his countenance, and then his tranquillity and cheerfulness seemed forced and assumed to hide from her the grief which oppressed him.

At first, she imagined that anxiety for her mother's health occasioned his uneasiness; but now she was gradually recovering, yet still his distress continued, and indeed seemed daily to increase.

Lucy, for a girl of her age, possessed great

penetration.—She was convinced that, whatever was the cause of his unhappiness, it was carefully concealed from her mother, as well as every individual in the house; though, had any of the household been able to inform her, she would have scorned to have questioned a servant concerning any event which might have taken place in her absence, and she felt it was not likely her father would bestow his confidence on a girl so young; therefore she strove, by increased diligence and affection, to beguile him of those moments of distressing uneasiness he seemed to endure.

The occasion of Mr. Milford's anxiety was this:—He had been for several years engaged in a law-suit, and the decision was now given against him; the loss of the contested property, together with the heavy expenses which had been incurred, (for each party had supported

his claim with great obstinacy,) had completed his ruin, and from being a very rich man, he was now reduced to comparative poverty. No other resource remained, but to lay down his carriage, discharge an expensive establishment of servants, and retire to the country. But how to break this distressing news to his wife,—to inform her of the extent of their misfortune in her present state of health, was impossible; she had always lived in great style, and set a value upon affluence, and he doubted whether even in health she could bear the reverse; this it was that added to his distress, and the time was nearly arrived when it was necessary they should quit their present abode.

Lucy one morning was about to enter the parlour to deliver a message from her mother, just as her father was leaving it, attended by an old gentleman who had been his friend for

many years, when she heard the latter say, "I feel for you, my dear friend, from my heart; would to heaven my means were as extensive as my wishes, I would rescue you from this dilemma; but, take my advice, it is the only means by which you can save yourself from utter ruin; commerce is flourishing, and in a few years you will recover this stroke of adversity."

Her father did not reply, for he perceived Lucy standing at the door, the picture of astonishment; she bowed as their friend passed her, and retired till he had left the house; she expected when she again met her father he would ask her what she had heard, and hoped he would explain the meaning, but he did not.

It was the custom after dinner, while her mother slept, for Lucy to remain in the drawing room with him, and the children were

called from the nursery, and indulged with an hour's prattle with papa. This afternoon he requested they should not be brought down, and he remained for some time in silent meditation. Lucy had been exhibiting some drawings to him, and had received his commendation, and was about replacing them in her port-folio, when Mr. Milford suddenly looked up, and beheld her standing with the drawing in her hand; her youthful face expressing the greatest anxiety.

"My dear Lucy," said her father, "what are you thinking of?"

"I was wishing, papa," said Lucy, blushing, "that the years would pass away quickly, and that I was a very sensible young woman."

"Rather an uncommon wish," said Mr. Milford, smiling; "you are a very good little girl, Lucy, and no doubt if you persevere

in your present conduct, you will be a sensible woman; but why not accomplished or lovely, how came you to wish to be distinguished by a superior understanding."

"Because," said Lucy, with a little confusion in her manner, "then I could ask my papa, what made him unhappy, and then I might be able to console him."

"My dear child," said Mr. Milford, drawing her towards him, you shall know what makes your father unhappy. I believe you have a mind capable of comprehending what I shall disclose to you: Lucy, I am going to put your fortitude and prudence to a trial; if I did not believe you superior to most girls of your own age, I should not give you this confidence.

Here Mr. Milford related to the attentive Lucy the misfortune which had befallen him,

and the great alteration that had taken place in their affairs. "This distressing event," he concluded, "must be concealed for some time from your suffering mother. I am advised by my old friend, Mr. Wilson, to take a small house at Barnet, which is now offered me, and as change of air is recommended to your mother, she will not suspect the real cause of her removal; there, Lucy, you must attend and cheer her by your affectionate care, and I require of you not to disclose to her the circumstances I have acquainted you with; nor to suffer any one to approach her who is likely abruptly to inform her of it. I shall visit you as often as my pressing business will allow, and wait for a favourable opportunity to acquaint her with the change. You will not return to school, as your society will amuse your mother; and I hope, my dear Lucy, you

will not forget the instructions you have received, but attend to your studies with the same diligence as if they were superintended by your governess."

Lucy promised to pay the strictest obedience to her father's wishes; and when he left her, she returned to her mother, and continued to meditate on the communication her father had made.

In a short time Mrs. Milford and her children were removed to Barnet. Mr. Milford returned to London, and did not visit them till the following Sunday. Mrs. Milford was able to be brought down to the little parlour, and lay on the sofa supported by pillows.

"Why did you come on horseback?" she asked her husband;—"I wish you had brought the carriage, I wanted you to take Lucy a ride round the country; she has been so much confined of late."

Her father evaded a direct reply, and Lucy knew he had no longer a carriage at his command.

A few days after, Mrs. Milford desired Lucy to write to her father, and request he would send her own footman out, as she did not like the children to be taken into the fields or roads without a male attendant. All the men servants were discharged, and Lucy retired to consider how she could avoid acquainting her mother that her request could not be complied with: at length a thought occurred to her; she returned, and succeeded in persuading her not to send for the servant, as the house was so small, his coming would be attended with great inconvenience; and promised, as her mamma wished them to be taken out every day, she would rise very early in the morning, before her presence was required

in her mamma's chamber, and attend the children; and by that means prevent the nursemaid from leading them to unfrequented places, or suffering them to get into any danger.

Mrs. Milford was pleased with Lucy's care and thoughtfulness; and willing to oblige her attentive and affectionate child, she consented to her plan.

Lucy strictly fulfilled her promise. She rose every morning before six, accompanied the children on their walk, and returned to breakfast with her mamma, the glow of health mantling on her cheek, and pleased with herself when she reflected that her papa would have no occasion to repent the confidence reposed in her.

Mrs. Milford's health being in a great measure restored, her husband, in the tenderest and most careful manner, made known to her

the alteration in his affairs; her grief and horror at hearing the fatal account terrified him, lest the agony of her mind should reduce her to her former state of weakness.

Mr. Milford, having arranged his affairs, came home every evening. Lucy's conduct gave him the greatest pleasure; she had always been used, when at home for the holidays, to have a servant to attend her, and to be shewn every amusement and pleasure she could wish for; now every moment of her time was actively employed either in amusing her mamma, attending to the children, or pursuing her own studies.

It required all the attention of her husband and daughter to prevent Mrs. Milford from sinking under the affliction.

"Dear mamma," said Lucy to her one day, seeing her dissolved in tears, "Why will you

be so unhappy; you will be ill again, and that will be greater grief to papa than all his losses."

"Ah, my dear child," said Mrs. Milford, "you are too young to comprehend my affliction."

"Yes, indeed, mamma," returned Lucy, "I do, I know it all."

"You do," said her mother; "and do you know that by this cruel stroke you are deprived of fortune, and your papa ruined?"

"Yes, mamma," returned Lucy affectionately, "I know all that, but I was very near sustaining a greater loss; I cannot regret the loss of fortune, since heaven has restored me my dear mamma."

"My sweet Lucy," said her mother, embracing the affectionate girl; "in the midst of all my afflictions, your amiable conduct has

afforded me the greatest consolation: you have given me the highest proof of the goodness of your heart, in witnessing your habits of industry, the content and humility of disposition you have exhibited—I have experienced more happiness than you can imagine. I am pleased to observe the progress you have made in all your studies; you see now, my dear, the good effects of making the most of your time, and receiving with avidity the instructions offered to you. If every little girl was aware of the importance it is to them, and the pleasure their acquirements afforded their friends, very few would be averse to learn, or contented to be idle and ignorant. Persevere, my beloved girl, in the path you are pursuing, and you will meet with the reward you deserve, become the admiration of your friends, and receive their unbounded love."

Lucy's eyes glistened with tearful delight, and she declared her mother's praise overpaid her for all the trouble her studies had cost her, and amply rewarded her for her attention and care.

Mrs. Milford became more cheerful than she had been for some time, and Lucy sat down to the piano to play and sing to her.

When she had finished, turning to her mother, she said, "I have been thinking, mamma, that as I am not to return to school, now Anne and Susan are old enough to learn, that, if you please, I will become their instructress; and I am sure they will learn much sooner of me than their nurse."

Mrs. Milford expressed her approbation of Lucy's proposal, and was highly gratified by the readiness with which she strove to make herself useful.

Lucy went to acquaint the little girls they were no longer to learn to read and spell of Kitty, but of her; and that she would teach them to draw landscapes, and to play on the piano.

The following day Lucy entered on her new office with as much delight as it afforded her little pupils.

Mrs. Milford felt the amiable conduct of Lucy, and her love and admiration increased every day. The cheerfulness and industry with which she performed her duties, and the content and mildness with which she bore being deprived of the many indulgences she had been accustomed to, had more effect in removing her grief, than all the reasoning and argument in the world.

Shall I, thought she, as she contemplated the steady perseverance of Lucy, shall I be

surpassed in fortitude and content by a girl of fourteen, and taught resignation by my child? I will no longer regret the loss of affluence, while I possess such a treasure in my Lucy."

Lucy, while instructing her sisters, did not forget her own improvement; she devoted certain hours in the day to reading and studying her regular lessons; the parlour was decorated with her drawings, and works of taste and ingenuity; and, as she never suffered her mind or hands to be unemployed, she never knew what it was to feel lassitude or discontent.

Among the school-fellows of Lucy were two young ladies, who were distinguished by the title of *Friends;* from each of these she had received an invitation to spend a few days at their house. On their removal to Barnet, an apology had been sent to each.

Lucy had received a long and affectionate

letter from Emma Corley. When her mamma was a little recovered, Mr. Milford had taken Lucy to spend the day with her young friend, who received her in the most friendly manner; every attention and respect was shown to her by this amiable family, and Emma was even more than usually affectionate. She returned nome delighted with her visit, but the real delicacy and friendship Emma had exhibited did not strike her; Lucy did not then know it was likely she might have behaved different.

Mrs. Milford, when she was able to take the journey, wished to go to town on business, and she took the opportunity to pay a visit to a friend. Lucy accompanied her, and as they drove to the house, she remarked, it was very likely Arabella Symson would be there, as the lady they were going to visit was her cousin. "I wonder she did not write to me, but I suppose she has been so much engaged."

When they arrived, Lucy found her suspicions were right; and that Arabella was a visitor at her cousin's. In a few minutes she entered the room; Lucy flew forward to embrace her friend, but before she reached her was checked by the formal and distant bow. She re-seated herself, wondering what could be the occasion of her strange behaviour, and how she could have offended her; she resolved to ask Arabella the cause, but she seemed purposely to avoid her; and the evening was far advanced, before Lucy's doubts were removed; she was seated at a little distance from Arabella when she overheard a lady ask, "Who is that young lady in the blue sash?" "It is Miss Milford," replied Arabella. "What, the Milfords of Portman Square?" "They did live in Portman Square, but they have lost all their fortune in a law-suit, and are

now living in retirement at Barnet." "You were very intimate at school," continued the lady, "were you not?"

"We were *rather* intimate," rejoined Arabella, in a careless tone, "but we are not so now."

Lucy felt a sensation more unpleasant than she had ever known. How very strange, thought she; is it possible that Arabella can cease to love me, because my papa has lost his cause? Well, then, I will return her lock of hair and the work-box, and forget that we were "*rather intimate.*"

Arabella carefully avoided every approach to familiarity.

Lucy gladly heard her mother propose to depart, and with a heavy heart she returned home.

Mrs. Milford had noticed the events of the

evening, and she knew how to account for her dejection.

When seated by her own fire-side, "Well, my dear," she said, "did Arabella explain why she had not written?"

Lucy expected Arabella's behaviour, if observed by her mamma, would very much wound her feelings; and she replied with some hesitation, "I did not ask her, mamma."

"You had no occasion, my love; I think you are aware that Lucy Milford in adversity, is not the same to Arabella as the Lucy Milford in prosperity."

Lucy had scarcely acknowledged to herself, that her friend was false, and she could only reply with a flood of tears.

Mrs. Milford felt for her daughter's outraged feelings, and she continued, "Do not

be distressed, my Lucy, at this proof of your friend's selfishness; let this event prove to you the little value which is to be placed on empty professions."

"O no! I am not distressed," said Lucy, wiping away her tears; "do not think, mamma, I am mortified by Arabella's conduct; yet, I do not know why it is, but there is something very unpleasant in reflecting one has loved a person who can be deceitful and ungrateful; I did not imagine Arabella was deceitful, after pretending to love me so much; however, I shall grow wiser for the future, and will never believe in the friendship of any one again."

"That would not be growing wiser," returned her mother, "and it would be a very unamiable feeling to encourage, to suspect the whole world, because one has proved herself

unworthy; it is right to withhold your confidence and friendship, till you are convinced of the stability and truth of their professions, but not to be reserved and suspicious. You have proof that if one friend can be deceitful, another can be true; while you bear with fortitude the desertion of one, do not be forgetful of the sincerity of the other,—Emma Corley is the contrast to Arabella."

"Ah! yes, Emma Corley," said Lucy, in an accent of pleasure, "she is sincere; now I feel how different she is to Arabella: she was more kind than ever, and I thought it was because we had not met for some weeks, but it was to show me she loved me as well as she did three months ago.—Well, mamma, if I am grieved at Arabella's behaviour, I have only to think of Emma Corley, and that will console me."

The next day Lucy went to her drawer, and took out the work-box, and the lock of hair; she sighed as she carefully packed them up, and remembered how very affectionately Arabella had bestowed her presents. I will not write, she thought, nor send any message with them, and Arabella's conscience will tell her why. Lucy returned to her usual employments, and forgot to feel uneasy at her late mortification.

Emma came to visit her; and Lucy, from knowing her sincerity, felt more attached to her than ever.

Emma begged to remain with her while she gave Anne and Susan their lessons, and was delighted with the docility and aptness of the little girls.

"Dear Lucy," said Emma, as they walked

together in the garden, " I almost envy you the opportunities you have had of rendering yourself so beloved; your papa and mamma almost adore you. Go where I will, where Lucy Milford is known, if her mother is mentioned, it is followed by praise and admiration; every one speaks of her accomplishments and industry, the sweetness of her disposition, and the affection and attention she has shewn to her mother; indeed, my dear Lucy, if you have lost fortune, you have gained both fame and affection."

Lucy felt highly gratified by this speech.

" I feel very happy, Emma," she returned, " that I cannot reproach myself with having idled away my time at school, for if I had, I should have been unable to improve myself; but now, by constant practice, I can proceed

in my studies without masters, and shall be able to teach my sisters for many years, and this repays me for all the trouble of learning."

Mr. and Mrs. Milford had the happiness of seeing their younger children daily improving in accomplishments and goodness, under the tuition of Lucy, and beheld with delight her own improvement.

Lucy's wish was fulfilled;—she grew up a sensible and well-informed young woman, was the friend and darling of her parents, her example followed, and her conduct admired by all.

A few years' successful application to business, restored Mr. Milford to a state of affluence.

Lucy bore prosperity with the same meekness and humility she had exhibited in adver-

sity; in every situation of life she found there were duties to fulfil, and she knew the happiness which was sure to follow a faithful discharge of them too well ever to neglect them.

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Printed by J. Brettell, Rupert Street, Haymarket, London.