

To Mrs J. M. Fayer

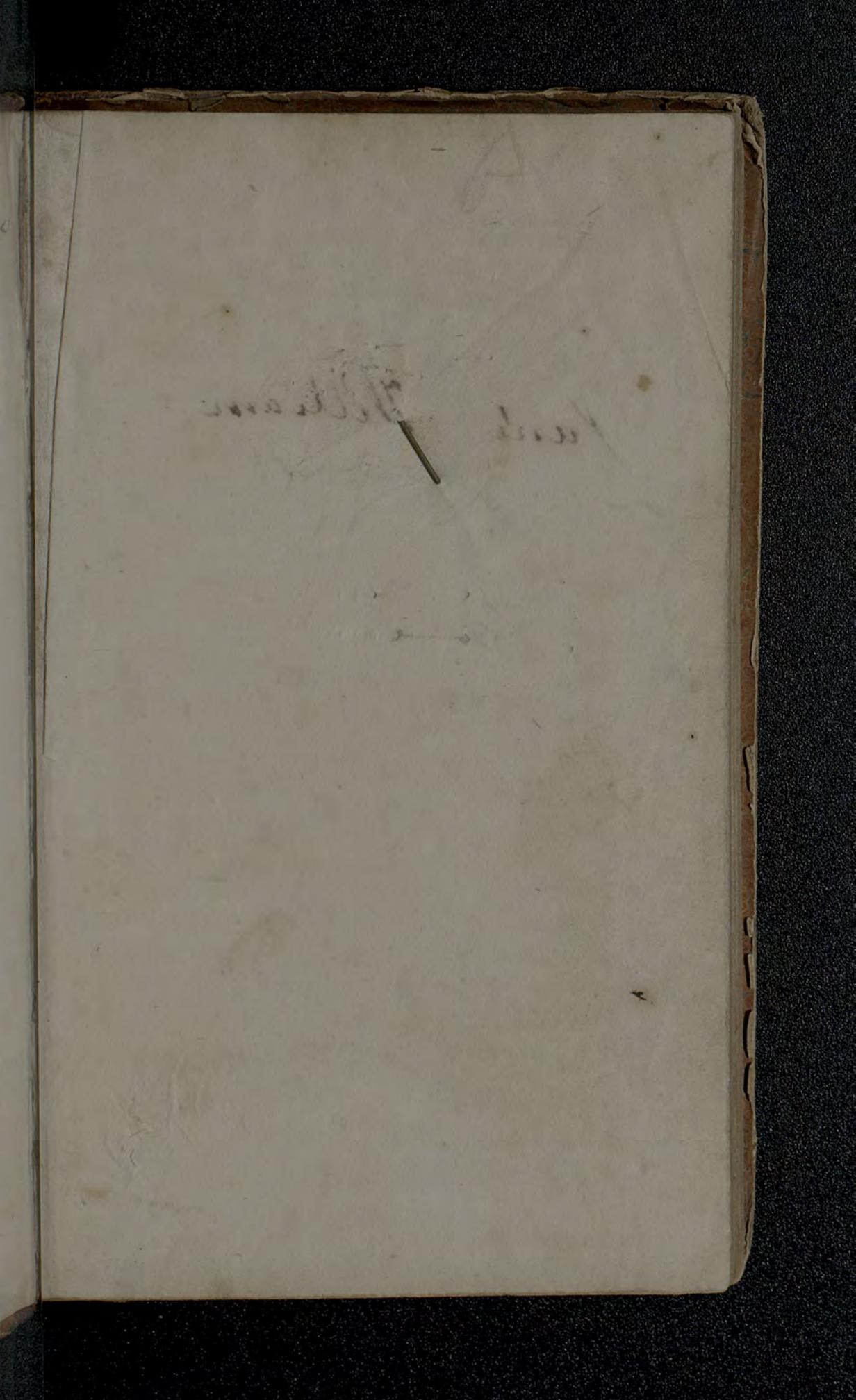
Given by Mrs S. L. Whiane

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ERRATA.

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June Williams



H. Beecher, Del.

J. Springgale, Sculpit

Caroline Lismore.

Published Jan^r 1826 by Law & Whittaker, Ave Maria Lane, London.

CAROLINE LISMORE:

OR,

THE ERRORS

OF

FASHION.

A TALE.

BY ALICIA CATHERINE MANT,

Author of Ellen: or, The Young Godmother.

—◆—

“ There is a high and exalted destination, to which every christian mother should direct her offspring to aspire.”

Mrs. West's Letters to a young Lady.

—◆—

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LONDON.

1815.

BARON DE MONTMORIN

LE MINISTRE DES AFFAIRES ETRANGERES

PARIS

1791

LE MINISTRE DES AFFAIRES ETRANGERES

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INTRODUCTION.

THE favorable reception given to a former publication, lessens the anxiety with which the author of the following Memoirs again submits the production of her leisure hours to the public eye. She has little to say by way of introduction. The principles by which she is actuated, continue to be those of Christianity, as simplified and arranged in the Established Church. The object for which she writes, continues to be that of representing to young minds the propriety of regulating their feelings by the principles of the Gospel, rather than by the uncertain and ever varying criterion of public opinion.

Caroline Lismore :

OR,

THE ERRORS OF FASHION.

CHAP. I.

Down the smooth stream of life the stripling darts
Gay as the morn ; bright glows the vernal sky ;
Hope swells his sails, and passion steers his course.

BISHOP PORTEUS.

“WELL, uncle,” said Caroline Lismore, to the rev. Mr. Conway, in whose company she was travelling from the metropolis, to his parsonage in Devonshire ; “I declare you are the first person who has seen it, without admiring it, as one of the most beautiful and fashionable that are worn.”

As she said this, she looked with an air of significance, alternately at the expressive countenance of her uncle, and a most ele-

gantly fancied ridicule, which was carelessly suspended on her arm.

“Nay,” replied Mr. Conway, “I did not once presume to question the *fashion* of the thing; and as to its beauty, I have no doubt but that the dashing silk of which it is composed, does infinite credit to some foreign manufactory. But you really must excuse me,” added he, laughing, “when I observe that I *cannot* discover why the pocket handkerchiefs of the ladies are rather placed in such a vehicle than in the neat dimity pocket, which, formerly, every notable housewife would have thought it a scandal even to have been suspected of not wearing.”

“Oh uncle,” peevishly replied Caroline, “this can be nothing but prejudice; and I suppose next you will be wishing to see us arrayed, because your great grandmother consented to the rigorous custom, in the whole armour of hoops, lappets, and furbelows, that graced the court of our majestic queen Elizabeth.”

“You very much mistake me, my dear

Caroline," mildly replied Mr. Conway, "if you imagine my wishes to be so absurdly bent; the grotesque habits you have just been alluding to, I consider with yourself as highly ridiculous; and without meaning to pay any undue compliment to the present age, it would be impossible to witness the simplicity and elegance of this apparel without adding homage to its superior taste; still there are many points in which the dress of our fair country-women, of the present day, must appear, on serious consideration, highly objectionable; and such as no young woman of strict principle would be inclined to adopt, although she might, by neglecting to do it, draw on her the ridicule of her contemporary females. I am not now particularly alluding to the fashion of wearing *ridicules*, for this is the appropriate name, by which I believe you denominate that pretty work-bag on your arm, but to the general want of decorum, visible in the attire of our fashionable females, with which I believe, however, the subject of our conversation is connected; for no possible reason can be given for this strange metamorphosis of a *pocket* to a *ridicule*, and its contingent change

of residence from the side to the arm, than a fear of appearing to wear more garments than are barely enough, and in some cases indeed are not enough, to avert the consequences of exposure to the inclemency of the air."

"Really, Uncle, you are very severe. For my part I cannot see the least harm in complying with the reigning fashions; and must confess, I think it shows more of ill-nature to refuse doing so, than any thing of a contrary tendency in complying with it."

"As to ill-nature," replied Mr. Conway, "I cannot perceive what that has to do on either side; but you very much mistake me, if you suppose I reprobate every conciliation to the fashions of the times we live in. On the contrary, I think we are positively bound, by the laws of civil society, to accommodate our plans of life, to those of our fellow-creatures, in whose age and country we live: still I must also assert, that we are not justified in yielding to every whim of the day, if its practice be tinctured with folly or indecency."

Mr. Conway here stopped, observing that his words were lost on his companion, whose attention was arrested by the swift approach of a gay barouche, drawn by four horses. "There," exclaimed Caroline, with her head strained out of the chaise window, "there is the most elegant and fashionable carriage that has appeared this spring; and every one acknowledges lord L——, who is driving, to be one of the first whips of the four-in-hand club." Mr. Conway was going to reply, but the furious velocity with which lord L—— approached, rendered any exercise of his lungs perfectly useless. As his lordship drove within a hazardous distance of the post-chaise, a most violent scream from the side of the road arrested the attention of the travellers within it, although the rapidity of the barouche, prevented the same sound from reaching the ears of the noble coachman on its box. Mr. Conway was much alarmed, and putting his head out of the chaise window to discover whence the cry proceeded, observed a lad lying in the road, who had been apparently run over by a carriage. He immediately called to the driver, and jumping out of the chaise, has-

tened to examine the injuries the poor lad had sustained. These were not trifling he lay insensible from a contusion on the head, and one of his legs appeared to have sustained a severe fracture. Mr. Conway recognised the youth to be one who resided within the limits of his own parish, from which they were then only a few miles distant. Thus no delay was occasioned by a difficulty of discovering where to meet with his friends, and Mr. Conway immediately, with the assistance of the driver, lifting him into the chaise, ordered him to go gently on. The lad continued insensible, notwithstanding all Mr. Conway's exertions to restore animation, by means of chafing his temples and rubbing his hands, during the whole of which time, Caroline sat as incapable of action as an infant. She had at first screamed violently on hearing of the accident, but afterwards remained in stupid consternation at the scene passing before her, without the least presence of mind to render herself in the smallest degree useful. Within a short distance of dame Truman's cottage, Mr. Conway directed the postillion to draw up his horses, in order himself to pre-

pare its poor but honest inhabitants for the appearance of one of the most beloved objects of their regard, in so distressing a state. The parsonage of Lidford was not more than three quarters of a mile distant, and as Mr. Conway left the chaise on his prudent and humane embassy, his two daughters came out of the coppice which led immediately to the house. They were hastening to welcome their father's return, and be introduced to their new cousin, when, on approaching they were much alarmed at the anxiety depicted in the countenance of Mr. Conway.

“Poor Ned Truman has met with a sad accident,” exclaimed Mr. Conway to Marion, his youngest daughter, who arrived first by his side; “his leg is seriously fractured I fear,” added he, pointing to the chaise he had just left, and hurrying on towards the cottage of the poor lad. Marion flew to the chaise, and immediately bursting into tears at the change a few hours had made in the frame of her foster brother, hastened to her sister, who was by that time nearly at the spot. “Oh dear Catherine,” cried she, throwing herself into the arms of her sister, “poor

dear Ned Truman! I dare say he never will recover." "What is the matter with him, my love," mildly returned Catherine, with much tender solicitude in her placid countenance; "and where is he? Let us see if we can be of any service to him." "There, there," eagerly returned Marion; "there, in the chaise; his leg is broken in a thousand places, and his head he never will be able to hold up again; so of what use will the straw hat I am making be to him now, poor fellow?" The latter part of this warm-hearted girl's affectionate harangue was lost on her sister, who, equally feeling the afflicted state of the poor cottager with the eager Marion, was proceeding with more composure to the spot where he lay in order to endeavour relieving him in any manner that might be in her power. He was yet insensible, and the wound in his head, which Mr. Conway had not discovered, bled profusely. Catherine was led to observe it by a few drops on her own hand, as she was applying restoratives to his nostrils. "Oh! see how he bleeds," cried Marion: "gently," replied her sister, "now that I find where the wound is, I hope we shall soon restore

animation." She immediately drew her handkerchief from her pocket, and first cutting off the matted hair which surrounded the wound, she closed it with surgical dexterity, and bound it up tight with the handkerchief round the head. She then had recourse once more to the salts, and these, as the violence of the bleeding had ceased, now began to take some effect. A faint sigh first gave indication of returning sense, a quickening pulse succeeded, and just as Mr. Conway and dame Truman arrived at the chaise door, poor Ned opened his eyes, and turned them with an enquiring glance on Miss Conway, who was still supporting his head. "My poor boy," cried the good woman, as she approached;—she could add no more; but taking up the end of her apron, hid her streaming eyes in its folds, and made room for Mr. Conway, who was hastening to enquire of Edward, where he felt most pain. "My poor leg, Sir," answered the suffering boy, "is very bad; my head is nothing now, Miss Catherine has been so good as to dress it."

Mr. Conway turned an approving eye on-

his daughter, and immediately, with the assistance of the driver began removing the injured boy. They did it without much difficulty, and had placed him on his bed some time before the arrival of the surgeon, for whom Mr. Conway had dispatched a speedy messenger on first entering the village.

On examining the limb, Mr. Seaton pronounced it to be a compound fracture, but as he was very skilful in his profession, and the lad had on his side the advantage of pliant bones, in less than half an hour the leg was completely set, and no inflammation appeared likely to arise. The head Mr. Seaton did not venture to touch, as he found it had been most skilfully managed prior to his coming, and as the temporary deprivation of sense appeared to have proceeded rather from the loss of blood than the concussion, no danger was dreaded. Mr. Conway, considering that rest was the best thing for the patient, after promising his mother to send from the parsonage every necessary nourishment for her son, left the humble roof, and returned with his two daughters to the post-chaise, bearing with them the

prayers and thanks of the honest cottagers. Mr. Conway now introduced the cousins to each other, and in less than a quarter of an hour arrived with them at the parsonage, where Mrs. Conway was beginning to feel uneasy at the absence of her daughters, who seldom, even for that short distance, left the watchful eye of maternal care.

CHAP. II.

Ah! for their future fate how many fears
Oppress my heart, and fill mine eyes with tears!

CH. SMITH.

THE mother of Caroline Lismore was sister to Mr. Conway: she died when her only child had scarcely passed the age of infancy, and unfortunately for the future well being of her offspring, her father possessed little judgment or discernment in the choice of the education which he destined her to pursue. Himself a man of large property, and knowing that his daughter, besides the prospect of the paternal fortune, had large expectations from a doating uncle, he considered no plan so proper to be adopted for his child, as one which would be most likely to fit her for cutting a dash in her own carriage, receiving her five hundred friends at her assembly, with the most polite indifference, or figuring away with the most brilliant *éclat* in the highest circles in town, and the *select coteries* which meet

for *the benefit of sea-bathing*, annually at some fashionable watering place. Accordingly, thinking it quite unnecessary to consult the maternal relations of his child, on a point on which depended all her future hopes of happiness, both here and hereafter, Mr. Lismore, relying entirely on his own judgment, with that of his no less fallible brother, resolved himself to select the person, with whom was to be deposited the precious charge of the education of his only daughter. And here Mr. Lismore most woefully erred. Flattered and pleased with the elegant and fascinating address of the lively Mrs. Carr, who stood one amongst many candidates for the honour of presiding over the education of his daughter, Mr. Lismore had not discernment to discover in her flattering smiles the fawning of the hypocrite; nor under her apparent elegance the most determined and flagrant levity. Thus taken in the snare, which the superior penetration of his brother-in-law might have led him to avoid, Mr. Lismore accepted the proffered services of this lady to direct the pursuits and fix the mind of his daughter, then only five years of age, giving her but one restriction, which

was, that on no occasion any contradiction was to be employed, in order to oblige her performance of any thing which did not exactly please her fancy. Nor was this restriction in the least disagreeable to Mrs. Carr. On the contrary, it was her own maxim; and although she too frequently suffered from its ill effects, as her pupil came to know her power, she was too well aware of the advantages of having a carriage and servants at her command, and a splendid house for her residence, to venture, in the slightest degree, any infringement of the charter, by which she held these glittering requisites to a weak and frivolous mind. As Caroline increased in years, the most expensive masters were engaged to instruct her in every accomplishment, but the young lady's progress in each was trifling, compared to the immense sums bestowed to defray their expenses. It was always optional with Miss Lismore whether or not she took her lessons, or attended, even if she did admit her music master to take his seat by her side at the instrument, or her drawing master to begin explaining the rules of perspective; consequently her mind would generally be roving

to some scene or subject foreign to the one before her. As a child she would be planning the dresses of her last new doll, or settling the arrangement of its miniature dwelling: when her faculties began to expand, and she left these childish amusements, others succeeded them as trifling, and not perhaps as harmless in their consequences, which did not fail to intrude themselves on her hours of study. Her mind would then be roving to every scene of pleasure and dazzle of dissipation she was allowed, prematurely, to engage in, considering every possible method of most becomingly adorning a person, which a much less share of vanity than she possessed would convince her was elegantly formed; and anticipating the secret satisfaction she should enjoy of displaying its attractions at some expected ball; to no one pursuit did she seriously apply, consequently in no one pursuit did she acquire any proficiency. The fault, however, rested entirely with her own negligence, and not in the slightest degree with a want of ability, for she had a quick ear for music, and her voice was sweet and full-toned, yet her execution was without ex-

pression, and her singing without taste. Her natural talent for drawing was still more visible when she did take the trouble to guide the pencil, but she never finished one subject which possessed any science or skill. She had regular masters in the French and Italian languages, but it were much to be doubted if she could translate the commonest passage in either tongue; and although in her routine of instructors, one in geography did not fail of making his appearance, she would be very likely to tell you that the Cape of Good Hope was in the North Frigid Zone, and that Great Britain, Ireland, and Iceland, were in the Pacific Ocean. After thus as it were gratuitously paying his daughter's several tutors till she arrived at the age of sixteen, Mr. Lismore considered that their attendance was no longer necessary. Mrs. Carr of course was of the same opinion, and Miss Caroline was most happy to be relieved from the horrid bore of giving her divided attention to them, whenever they made their periodical appearance.

The education of Miss Lismore being thus completed, every slight bar was to be

thrown down which had been erected between her and the full enjoyment of every fashionable dissipation. A new house was taken in one of the most favourite squares; a new equipage was purchased, and new liveries and appendages obtained. Mrs. Carr was still to remain as a companion to Miss Lismore, though the shadow of authority she had previously held over her, was now entirely to drop.

But now a circumstance happened which disappointed the swelling hopes of Caroline. One of the servants of the family suddenly fell ill, and the complaint was immediately pronounced to be a typhus fever. Mrs. Carr, although it cannot be said that she was charitable enough at the expense of prudence, to pay any attentions to the invalid likely to produce such effects, caught the infection, and Mr. Lismore was alarmed for his daughter. It was now that the house of his wife's brother struck him as a proper assylum for Caroline. He immediately wrote to Mr. Conway for permission to send her into the country, whilst any fear of infection remained in town, and his letter was

answered by Mr. Conway in person, who put himself to some inconvenience in taking the journey, on a hint from Mr. Lismore, that it was next to impossible for him to accompany his daughter to her uncle's. Such was the occasion on which Caroline Lismore was introduced to her cousins, Catherine and Marion Conway. Having exhibited a slight sketch of the character which had begun to form itself in the person of the former, it now appears but just to give a few pages on those which severally distinguished the growing years of her cousins.

Mr. Conway's parsonage was situated in a small village, some miles distant from any town of note, but beautifully enriched with much variety of scenery; consequently his daughters were deprived of many advantages which a residence in most towns would have afforded them; they had no masters to assist them in any of their pursuits, nor had they any opportunity of acquiring an easy address from an introduction into society. In the former instance, however, every objection was counterbalanced by the superior acquirements of Mrs. Conway, which gave

her sufficient opportunity as well to gild the opening bloom of her daughters with every desirable accomplishment, as to store their minds with those inestimable treasures which stand firm when these shall cease to possess a charm; and if perhaps in reference to the latter, a nearer intercourse with the world might have tempered the wildness of the rustic, and given confidence to the bashfulness of the recluse, the danger which sometimes lies hid in the path of the world, might oftener tempt a tender and anxious parent to shun its track, than to be solicitous that her offspring should be exposed to its fearful risks.

The characters of Catherine and Marion Conway were as different from each other as they were in themselves naturally amiable: Catherine was gentle, timid, and diffident to excess; yet firm and resolute; an evenness of temper which was scarcely ever ruffled, gave an air of serenity to her countenance, on which a natural tenderness of disposition was deeply stamped; her features possessed that delicate softness which ingratiates into the heart, rather than strikes the fancy, while

the natural gracefulness of a slight figure gave a peculiar charm to the assiduity with which it bent to the wishes and inclinations of her beloved parents. Marion was wild as the flowers which bloomed in luxuriant loveliness in the woods, which surrounded the village of which she was the life; good humour and vivacity shone in her full hazle eyes, and her very tread was sprightliness and joy. The natural failing of such a disposition was occasionally a heedlessness which led her to the commission of slight faults, and oftener made her err in her attempts to excel; but with all the exuberance of spirits she was affectionate, easily convinced, and tamed in an instant by a reproving glance from either parent, or one serious word from her sister. In a word, her disposition was such as promised to repay the hand of judicious culture with multiplied fruits, at the same time that neglect or ill-management might have been followed by the most fatal consequences. Such were the sisters, who now with impatience, natural to youth, were eager to form an acquaintance with their new cousin.

CHAP. III.

To night, within my peaceful door
 On nature's sweet salubrious store
 Thy sickly taste regale ;
 And from the banquet thou shalt know,
 How pure the streams of pleasure flow
 Thro' life's sequester'd vale.

MERCER.

MRS. Conway received her niece with that affectionate ease of a near relation, best calculated to divert any natural timidity which might be expected from a first introduction to a stranger ; Caroline, however, was not in one of her best humours, therefore returned her aunt's attentions with a coldness, bordering on disdain. Mrs. Conway, knowing very little of her niece's disposition, was far from attributing this behaviour to any thing but the awkwardness of a first interview ; such an awkwardness, however, as her knowledge of the world must have represented to her, as extremely inconsistent with the present fashionable practice of discarding every ugly appear-

ance of timidity, had not she been well inclined to put a favourable interpretation on every action of her fellow creatures which would bear the construction. She therefore left her niece to recover her composure, and turned to her husband to receive a substantiated account of the accident, she had heard in part from the messenger who came in search of remedies for the sufferer. She then rang the bell to order the tea, and whilst the servant was obeying her directions, she left the room for the purpose of making up a parcel to send to Mrs. Truman. Mr. Conway also retired to his book-room for a few minutes, leaving his daughters to amuse their cousin. But this, just at that period, was a task attended with more difficulty than the sisters had expected. Had it devolved on them in the morning, when Caroline was in one of her good humours, in the prospect of carrying admiration and envy among her country cousins, they might have succeeded better. But a great many incidents had since occurred to mortify the pride of her heart, which some of my young readers may not be able to discern. Therefore, to prevent their putting themselves to

the inconvenience of endeavouring to find out these causes, I must inform them, in the first place, that her uncle had taken the most unallowable liberty in smiling at his niece's disposition of her handkerchief, which certainly must have been mortifying, when her pretty ridicule had been purchased the day before in Bond-street, on purpose to exhibit to her cousins. Then the approach of lord L's carriage brought with it a fresh subject of regret. His lordship must have seen her chaise as he passed, yet he took no more notice of her than he did of the poor lad who had suffered from his want of care in managing his horses; then the accident; it was very shocking, and it took all the attention of her uncle and her cousins from herself to centre them on a plough-boy. Well! they seemed very odd sort of people now she was got to them, and the place looked very dull, though she had passed through a pretty wood to the house, and there was a lovely garden round it; then the house, she saw nothing in it she could quiz; the furniture, though not splendid was all fashionable and tasteful; the footman who received them on their entrance looked just as other footmen

did, and her cousins themselves, far from appearing like country bumpkins, were elegant in their manners; and their dress, far from bearing that antiquated appearance, she had hoped to have had the pleasure of comparing with her own attire, was modern, though of the simplest and plainest make.

With these reflections Miss Lismore made no very gracious returns to the advances, both her cousins, in their different style of character, made to become acquainted with their new visitor. Marion was the first to break the solemn silence, which reigned for a few seconds after her mother had closed the door, which she did by a thousand good-humoured expressions of satisfaction at seeing her at the parsonage, anticipating the pleasure they should have in her society, and hoping that their uncle would allow her to stay some time with them. The good-humoured girl accompanied this voluble rhetoric, by repeatedly taking the unoffered hand of her cousin; but she might have completely tired her tongue before she could get one word of reply, had not her sister,

when she could find a pause, reminded her that their cousin was most likely fatigued after her journey, and would be more inclined for her prattle when she had taken some rest, or at least refreshment. Catherine then addressed herself directly to her, and offered to shew her her bed-room before they went to tea. Her attentions were, however, only returned by distant civility; and although I would not give one word of encouragement to a want of good-breeding in any age or circumstance of life, yet I can scarcely forbear excusing poor Marion in her unsophisticated innocence for bursting into a laugh, and her more temperate sister for allowing her risible faculties to be discomposed, when all their attempts to please were returned by a full length flounce upon the sofa, by the commanding unfurl of a cambric handkerchief, by the application of a very elegant scent box, and by a declaration that she was fagged to death, and could not stir an inch if worlds depended on it.

The sisters stared at each other, and even Catherine was at a loss how to proceed. Marion continued to indulge her amused

fancy, till on her sister's recovering her own composure, she intreated her by a glance to desist. Marion was now immediately hurried into a contrary extreme; fancied her cousin was really ill, and flew out of the room, screaming all the way she went, "Mamma, mamma, pray come, Caroline is fagged to death indeed, and could not stir an inch if worlds depended on it." "What strange story are you full of now, my dear child," said Mrs. Conway, who hastened to her. "What is the matter?" said Mr. Conway, whom Marion's voice had brought from his study. "Oh" returned the eager girl, "Poor Caroline! she cannot stir; she says so herself indeed, and at first I laughed at her, but I am sure I am very sorry I did," added she, bursting into tears.

Mr. and Mrs. Conway both followed their child to the field of action, where lay Miss Lismore extended on the sofa. Mr. Conway was a tolerable physiognomist, and was not backward in discovering very quickly the real state of his niece's disorder, which to a common observer evinced every tendency to a fainting fit. He could therefore scarcely

refrain from smiling, as he helped to administer the restoratives, which Mrs. Conway's affectionate concern for her niece quickly produced. The young lady very soon revived under so much conciliating care, and with a rapidity beyond conception; she revived too with an additional portion of good-humour and vivacity. The disturbance which she had been the occasion of, through Marion's ignorance, in regard to a fashionable exhibition of fatigue, was highly gratifying to her pride; and she took her seat at the tea-table on which the urn had been allowed, unobserved, to send up its curling smoke, with an overflowing redundancy of spirits. There was now no need of the gentle Catherine's timid though affectionate advances to draw conversation from the strange cousin; it was not necessary for the lively Marion to rattle out fifty sentences in a breath, and tire herself at length, without gaining one single monosyllable in return. Mrs. Conway's delicate caution to prevent her niece from feeling the awkwardness of a stranger amongst their little domestic circle was now quite unneeded, and Mr. Conway again and again wondered,

and again and again sighed at the difference which only a few hours acquaintance with his niece could not but exhibit, between her and her ever-lamented mother. Mr. Conway often fixed his eyes on Caroline, endeavouring to trace some personal likeness to his sister, if indeed any in temper or sweetness was denied her at her birth, or prevented by an erroneous education. The recollection, however, was too painful; this sister had been a treasure to him, a treasure but poorly estimated by him who transplanted it from the paternal roof, and she was now for ever lost to the world!

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CHAP. IV.

To each his sufferings ; all are men
 Condemn'd alike to groan ;
 The tender for another's pain,
 Th' unfeeling for his own.

GRAY.

THE impressions on the party at the parsonage, by the observations which one evening had allowed them to make on their new acquaintance, were various, as they related to the different characters which received them. Of those which Mr. Conway experienced, and which were hinted at in the last chapter, that of melancholy regret was predominant, and for some hours after retiring to rest, it was sufficient to expel every other idea. The mother of Caroline Lismore was Mr. Conway's own sister, the only sharer with himself in the affectionate solicitude of their parents, and the partaker with him of all those rational pursuits and pleasures, minds well toned, and sentiments well organized, know so well how to appreciate. She

had nothing of levity or thoughtlessness in *her* character, none of that affected assumption of consequence so visible in her daughter, none of that careless *indifference to principle*, which appeared so early **PRINCIPLED** in her. Her judgment too was generally good, yet for once it erred, or was not consulted, when it allowed an attachment to gain an ascendancy over it, which the voice of reason could not approve. Her marriage with Mr. Lismore was certainly in no respect one in which happiness was to be sought for, by a young woman of steady principles and refined taste; but she lived not to experience the uneasiness her brother dreaded, for her death was occasioned by a fall from her horse during the infancy of her only child; and from its suddenness, this poor child, in all probability, was deprived of that well-regulated education she might otherwise have received, had her mother lived to express a wish she had always formed, that Mrs. Conway, for whom she had a warm friendship, should have been charged with the care of her child. However this might have been, it is certain that nothing actuated Mr. Lismore to take such a step; on the contrary,

his idea of Mrs. Conway was, that she was very well calculated to educate her own children, for the retired sphere in which he supposed they were designed to move, but he could not conceive she was at all the sort of person calculated to superintend the education of an heiress to a large fortune. Consequently every advance made by the Conways to Mr. Lismore, either generally, to preserve that intimacy so natural between near connections, or particularly to form an affectionate intercourse between his little girl and their cousins, was always obviously avoided. At length, Mr. Conway no longer pressed the subject; yet naturally forgiving and forgetting, when the application was made him, which preceded the arrival of Caroline at the parsonage, he did not allow himself to think for a moment on the various slights he had constantly received from the caprice of Mr. Lismore, but felt happy at any opportunity which gave him the acquaintance of his niece, of whom, as the daughter of his sister, he could only think with tenderness and affection. With these feelings, the observations which the first evening occasioned Mr. Conway to make on

the character of Caroline, may be easily conceived to be very painful: however, a hope that something might still be done to correct the abuses which had unwarrantably been committed in her education, so far relieved his anxiety, that after forming many plans in which he hoped to make Caroline more like her mother, he at length became less uneasy.

If Mrs. Conway felt much less uneasiness than her husband, on reflecting on the character of her new inmate, as she had been able to form her judgment of her during the acquaintance of the evening, it can be accounted for in many ways. In the first place, she had been witness to none of that want of feeling in her, a recurrence to which had so much shocked Mr. Conway; she had only perceived in her what are conceived to be the *becoming* requisites of the fine lady, and though she was very far from considering these as in any degree otherwise than disgusting, yet, at the early age of her niece, she conceived they might be soon corrected; and she was more inclined, from an observance of them in Caroline, to reflect on the

present frivolity of the age, than to consider them as traits of character which could not easily be obliterated. She immediately formed the resolution of endeavouring to surmount them, and with this determination her naturally tranquil mind sunk quietly to rest.

The arrival of any stranger in a family situated as was that of the clergyman of Lidford, secluded from almost all society, and at a distance from any town, is always an event; and that of Caroline Lismore to her two cousins had been anxiously anticipated by them with all those feelings of curiosity and wonder, so natural to their age and innocence.

“Well, Catty,” said Marion playfully to her sister, as she tripped lightly after her out of their cousin’s chamber, and placed her arm fondly round her waist; “well, Catty.”

“Well, love,” replied Catherine tenderly, while she pressed her little favourite in her arm.

“And well, Catty,” again, returned Marion, who for once in her life appeared to have lost some of her volubility. “Why do not you speak?” continued she, pressing still closer, and looking up earnestly in Catherine’s face, on which a smile of affection beamed.

“Speak my love?” again returned Catherine; “why would you wish me to speak if I have nothing to say?”

“Oh but about Caroline, you know, you *must* have something to say.”

“Oh about her,” replied Catherine; “I should like to know what *you* have to say, for you generally have something to say about every thing; but as for me, I must keep my opinion a few days longer, as one cannot tell any thing about a person in the space of a few hours.”

“Well then, I shall keep my opinion too,” said Marion. “Yet I must say, I think my new cousin is the very oddest creature, and talks about the oddest things, and does every

thing in the oddest way that I ever saw in my life. Good night, dear Catty," continued the good-humoured girl, kissing her sister's cheek. "God bless you, my love," returned Catherine. "We meet at seven, remember." And the sisters retired to their separate apartments.

CHAP. V.

As thro' the hedge-row shade the violet steals,
 And the sweet air its modest leaf reveals ;
 Her softer charms, but by their influence known,
 Surprise all hearts, and mould them to her own.

ROGERS.

AT seven the next morning, the sisters, according to their arrangement on the evening preceding, were ready to take their morning's walk, in which they were, as usual, accompanied by the faithful servant, who had nursed them from their infancy.

“Let us tap at Caroline's door,” said Marion, as she passed down stairs, and flew forwards at the same time to put her intention into execution ; “the sun shines so beautifully, I am sure she would enjoy a walk.”

“Gently,” said ^{Caroline} Caroline, putting her finger on Marion's shoulder ; remember Caroline had a long journey yesterday, and must want to sleep this morning.”

“Then I am sure I would not disturb her,” replied Marion, briskly leaving the door; “but I will fetch my little straw basket and gather some flowers for her; in London they have not such beautiful flowers as we have.”

Away she flew, and quickly returning, she took her sister's arm, and was followed into the fields by the faithful Newton.

In the hearts of Mr. and Mrs. Conway were felt, and in their practice were exhibited, the virtues of charity and benevolence in their best and most extensive significations; the same were early inculcated, and had been successfully received into the dispositions of their children, who, in discharging their duty to their poor neighbours, ever felt a sincere and lively happiness. It was this feeling of benevolence which prompted the steps of Catherine and Marion to take the road which led to Dame Truman's cottage, as they left the plantation which immediately joined, and, in fact, formed a part of their father's garden.

At the door they met the good woman,

who hastened to them, and anticipated their enquiries by saying :

“ My poor boy is bravely, Miss Conway, thank God, and your good family ; he has had very little pain all night, and seems quite easy this morning.”

“ We came on purpose to enquire for him,” answered Catherine ; “ and are sincerely glad to find you can give so good an account of him. Good morning, dame Truman, we are going to take our walk. I hope you will continue to go on well.”

“ Pray, Miss,” rejoined the good housewife, “ do stay and take a little new milk. I am sure Miss Marion would like some, dear little creature, should not you Miss ?” continued she, turning to Marion, who was engaged in playing with a little dog, to which she had been accustomed from her cradle.

“ Yes, good nurse, if you please ; your nice milk always does me good, and I thank you for your thought of me.”

“And who could help thinking of you, dear?” added the good dame, as she went into the house in search of the cooling draught.

I have before observed, that Marion, from the vivacity and sweetness with which she conducted herself to all, was the general favourite of the village in which she lived: there was not a person perhaps whose heart did not feel warmed by the smiles she distributed around her. But to the good woman of whom we are now speaking, they had a sort of charm which herself only perhaps could sufficiently estimate. At the time of Marion's birth, the health of Mrs. Conway had for some months been in a fluctuating state, and its precariousness increased so much with her confinement, that it seemed impossible for her to undertake performing towards her new-born infant, those tender duties which she had faithfully discharged towards her eldest child, and which she considered not only as a pleasurable task, but one incumbent on her towards her offspring. In a case of necessity, however, she was aware that it was equally her duty to consider her

own safety and the health of her child. She, therefore, but with very great reluctance, consented to consign the little Marion to another nurse. Mrs. Truman was then confined with the son of whose unfortunate accident we have just given the relation, and the respectability of her character occasioned her to be chosen as the substitute of Mrs. Conway. She diligently and faithfully discharged the office she undertook; the child was returned to her mother, who was by that time recovering her strength, in full health and vigour, and from that period there existed between the two families the most faithful and respectful attachment on the one side, and on the other a sense of grateful attention and delicate compensation, which was ever well applied and judicious. Marion felt a regard for the good woman which her mother ever encouraged, and dame Truman doated on the person of her foster child.

“It will make quite a stir in the village, Miss,” said Mrs. Truman to Catherine, as she returned and presented the milk to her sister; “the old manor-house is going to be inhabited again. I suppose it is sixteen

years or more since any thing has been moving there, and my lord's having it set to rights, and that will make us all alive."

"I have heard that lord Lauder means to make it his residence," replied Catherine, "which will indeed make some difference to the village, and I hope we shall find in him and his lady friends to the poor."

"Would you like at all, Miss," rejoined Mrs. Truman, "to look into the plantations; my poor Ned was to have helped them clear the rubbish, and we have the key of the shrubbery, though it is all in a terrible shattered state."

Catherine felt not much inclined to see the dilapidated manor-house, or its rude plantations; but unwilling to appear thankless for the attention of Mrs. Truman, and judging from Marion's eager eye that she was as usual on the summit of expectation, she gave her assent, and followed the good woman to Lauder Manor, which was situated a very few fields from Mrs. Truman's cottage.

The gate of the lodge was already open, for the men who had been engaged to prepare the house and plantations for the new occupiers, were about to begin their work. The house was situated in the centre of a park, about half a mile from the lodge gate, and immediately surrounded by a great variety of plantations, disposed with much taste; as far, at least, as this could be discovered amid the desolation which reigned around; for the trees were all bending with the weight of useless branches, and the walks were scarcely discernible in the plantation. Catherine and Marion did not remain long in surveying the wildly growing objects of vegetation before them, but bidding Mrs. Truman a good morning, as she led them again into the road from the other side of the park, continued their walk through the fields.

As they were passing under a beautiful hedge, in which the earliest flowers of the spring were now blooming, and from which Catherine often stopped to gather specimens for the exercise of her botanical taste, and Marion to weave a chaplet for her hair, or

form a nosegay for her bosom, a sound of a young voice in distress arrested their attention, proceeding from the lane which ran beneath the hedge.

“Don’t tell mother, Billy, pray don’t,” was distinctly heard between the suppressed sobs of the speaker, both by Catherine and Marion, the former of whom dropped a new specimen, she had just gathered, carelessly on the ground, and the latter, with eagerness, tearing from her waist a wreath of primroses she had just woven round her, immediately begged her sister to enquire the occasion of the child’s sorrow. “Willingly,” replied the equally compassionate Catherine; “but dearest Marion, let me beg of you not to be in a hurry. From the entreaties which the little girl appears to be using to her brother, we may judge that she has been committing some fault, and therefore we must be careful how we appear to interfere, in order to shield her from punishment, and in so doing occasion her to repeat it, perhaps with some aggravation, the next time she is exposed to temptation: however, let us enquire; it may be only a trifling

dispute between this little girl and her brother, and then indeed we may be able to reconcile them to each other."

During this speech, Catherine, with the hand of her darling Marion drawn within her arm, had been approaching the spot where the little girl was standing, and at the close of it had arrived, where she was still in a piteous tone beseeching the boy, who apparently was some years older than herself, not to tell her mother.

"Is that your sister, my lad, pray?" enquired Catherine, going up to the boy, who was in the act of raising his arm to strike the child before him.

"It cannot be his sister," eagerly added Marion, at the same time pushing on towards the child, threatened with chastisement by her brother. But Catherine gently drew her back, and repeating her question to the boy, begged him to inform her why he was so angry with her, and what offence she had committed?

“ She’s always a plaguing some way or other,” rudely returned the boy. “ I’s no peace with her, and I’ll be hanged if I don’t get her a flogging this time for giving me such a dance after her : there’s no being up with her no how.”

“ But what has she done ?” again enquired Catherine. The boy, however, gave her no answer, but taking up the child in his arms, went down the lane, and at the bottom of it entered a poor looking cottage.

“ I did not know that cottage was inhabited, Newton,” said Catherine to her maid, as she saw the children go in ; “ I suppose it has not been so long, and that is the reason I did not know the children. I wonder what their friends are.

“ I dare say they are come down to work at Lauder Park, for that cottage I know belongs to the estate ; but” added Newton, respectfully, “ I think, Miss, you had better not go and enquire about them now, for it is just upon eight, and it is not as if there was any hurry you know.”

Catherine took the hint of her faithful attendant, who judged right in fancying she perceived in her young lady's countenance, a wish to enquire into the state of the newly-found cottagers; she judged also right in urging a short delay, for although she had imbibed all the charitable ideas of the family with whom she resided, and was as willing as her young ladies were, to be the agent of good, she also knew that her master and mistress always expected their daughters from their walk by eight o'clock, and that they would be uneasy if they exceeded that time. A hint was sufficient for Catherine, who, saying she would speak to her father on the subject, immediately turned homewards. Marion cast a wishful look at the cottage, and saying she was sure the child was not so naughty as her brother, tripped after her sister, and the party quickly arrived at the parsonage.

CHAP. VI.

Religion ! heavenly maid !
 Who lend'st thy willing aid,
 To bear the pilgrim on his thorny way ;—
 Whose light athwart the gloom,
 That saddens o'er the tomb,
 Gives the sweet promise of a future day ;
 In vain the savage foes of man conspire,
 To shake thy stable throne, and quench thy hallowed
 fire.

MERCER.

MARION and Catherine found their father and mother already met in the breakfast parlour, whither the servants of the family were immediately summoned, to join in the daily exercise of family prayer. Caroline had not left her chamber, but Mrs. Conway good-naturedly observing, that she dared say their niece was too much fatigued by her journey to be yet up, she begged Mr. Conway would not wait, and reverently kneeled down in her accustomed place. Her daughters knelt on either side of her, and their father took his place at the table ; the servants, who consisted of five, three

maid servants and two men, followed the example set them by those to whom they are ordered to look for that species of instruction.

I cannot here resist the impulse of the present opportunity to represent to my young readers the propriety of the exercise with which Mr. Conway's family regularly greeted the return of every succeeding day, it pleased the Almighty to bless them with.

From Mr. Conway, a minister of the gospel of the Blessed Jesus, and as such especially bound to fulfil himself, and to enforce in others the performance of those duties, so clearly pointed out for our example, a deviation from this important duty would have been peculiarly offensive to Him who has enjoined on us the duty of prayer; but this consideration should by no means have any weight with those, who, if they have not indeed undertaken the sacred cure of souls, at least are bound, by every tie of charity, and by every hope of eternal happiness, to perform those duties which the gospel of Christ prescribes for our practice. And

this especially directs that masters of families should look after the spiritual as well as temporal welfare of their servants; and how is this to be done, if not by awakening in them a proper sense of their duty to God, and teaching them that regular and daily dependance on his Providence, which is so necessary to the attainment of everlasting salvation. How can we expect servants to be true and just in their dealings towards us, if they are not towards their heavenly Master, and what better way is there of engaging this fear of God, than by regularly, morning and evening, calling them together, and joining with them in the sacred duty of prayer, and in thus teaching them the absolute necessity of praying to be preserved from the numerous temptations they will meet with in the course of the day, and the dangers and perils to which they might be exposed in the dark gloom of night?

The breakfast past without the appearance of Caroline, to whom Mrs. Conway at length sent Marion to enquire whether she would like to have her breakfast in bed? Marion tripped off to her cousin's chamber

with her mamma's message, delighted with its novelty, and really anxious again to see her *very odd* cousin. She tapped gently at the door several times, without obtaining admittance, when rather impatient of delay she increased the tap very much in sound, and with it hastily entered the room.

Caroline for the moment felt angry at the intrusion, but quickly found, in common with every one else, that it was impossible to be displeased with the sweet little Marion; and raising her head on her hand, she asked if it were time to rise?

"I have been up these three hours," replied Marion, "but I do not know what you London ladies call time to rise."

This little speech of Marion's was uttered with some archness; it had something of what the world calls raillery, and raillery was of all things what Caroline most disliked. She was a subject for it in many instances; she had a lively feeling, however its influence had been perverted, and good sense enough yet remaining to tell her when it pointed justly at her.

Yet she was not offended with Marion, but holding out her hand to her, bid her come and tell her how she could have been employing herself for three hours before nine o'clock. "Oh! many, many things I *could* do," replied Marion, eagerly, and pleased for the first time with her cousin, because it was the first time she had looked pleased at her, "I could practice, or I could work, or I could get my lessons ready, or I could draw, or a thousand things besides *in* the house; but I never stay at home before breakfast if it is fine, and this morning we have had a delightful walk. Oh! I long to shew you our walks, they are so beautiful. Then we went to enquire for poor Ned Truman.

"And who in the world is poor Ned Truman?" ironically asked Caroline.

"The poor lad," replied Marion, with a compassionate voice, while the tear trembled in her eye, "the poor boy that thoughtless lord drove over yesterday, and who had his leg so sadly broken.

Caroline felt a something uncomfortable dart across her, as she reverted to this subject; her face burnt, and she hastily asked, "How is the poor boy?"

"He is much better," replied Marion, "thank God! and his poor mother is getting quite comfortable about him."

Caroline, while Marion uttered this last speech, took her ridicule from the chair on which it hung by her bed-side, and drawing her purse from it, slipped a pound-note into Marion's hand. "Give it, give it, Mrs. Truman," hastily exclaimed Caroline, "and run away now, dear Marion, for I am going to rise."

"Shall not I stay and assist you," returned Marion?

"No, run away," replied Caroline, "I do not want any assistance, thank you;" and concealing her face under the coverlid of the bed, she burst into tears.

Marion perceived not her cousin's emo-

tion, but finding that she wished her to withdraw, ran down stairs with the pound-note in her hand to the breakfast parlour, where Mr. and Mrs. Conway were expecting her return. As she entered the room, she held the piece of paper lightly in her fingers, and twisting it round her head, she exclaimed with much warmth, "All this for poor Ned!"

"And where have you been then, dearest Marion," said Mrs. Conway, "instead of executing my commission to your cousin?"

Marion was at times heedless and inattentive, when some sudden impulse tempted her from the performance of any little action she was requested to perform, and she felt that she was suspected of being so at present. A blush therefore immediately overspread her interesting features, but it seemed only to increase the interest with which, in a pleading voice, she addressed her mother in return :

"I *have* executed it, my dear mamma, and this is Caroline's gift!" added she, as

she again equipoised the piece of paper on her finger. Mr. Conway cast a glance of approbation on his wife, which she returned, and they both listened with much satisfaction to the little relation which followed from Marion, of Caroline's interest for poor Ned Truman. It was the first glimmer of feeling as yet perceptible through the veil of selfishness by which she seemed covered, and so great an impression did it make on Mr. Conway, that on Caroline's entrance a few minutes afterwards, he went eagerly up to her, and embracing her with much warmth, as he held the note in his hand, he exclaimed, "Your mother, my Caroline, was always a friend to the unfortunate." Nor did he regret his warmth, although by its expression he completely confused her who was as yet so faint a resemblance of her mother's virtue; for Caroline, little used to the feeling of compassion she had allowed herself to be guided by, for the first time in her life, and scarcely sensible of those friendly affections which now excited her regard in the persons of her uncle's family, felt more of astonishment than pleasure within her, and scarcely could understand,

or prevail upon herself to determine, whether it were the wiser plan to conform to the present objects before her, or to sigh after those splendid and tinsel charms which she was obliged for a while to relinquish. If reflections such as these crowded frequently on the mind of Caroline during the morning meal, which, on her account, had been protracted to so late an hour, they pressed more closely on her in her progress through the day.—Well knowing the comfort of such an arrangement, Mrs. Conway, with much kindness, had prepared a small sitting-room, purposely for the use of her niece during her stay at the parsonage. Miss Lismore, however, little used to solitude, and less to the employment of her time, quickly left this apartment, and joined her aunt, who regularly spent the morning in directing the pursuits of her daughters. Nor here could the neglected Caroline feel that satisfaction she was wishing to find; for in being a witness to the proficiency her cousin Catherine had made in her various accomplishments, and the very great progress of Marion, she could only perceive her own deficiencies, and feel her self-conse-

quence dwindle into nothing. Catherine read both French and Italian with accuracy and elegance; Caroline scarcely understood a word of either language. Catherine, in her execution at the piano-forte, could master the most difficult passage with ease and firmness; Caroline was just able to accomplish a few waltzes and country dances. In every other pursuit the same difference might have been traced, and Caroline could sufficiently discern this to feel much uneasiness from the comparison. Mrs. Conway perceived the distressed countenance of her niece, and fearing she felt fatigue, advised her to lie on the sofa. This offer was declined, when Mrs. Conway good-humouredly said, "You are, perhaps, tired of seeing us accomplish our morning duties; learning certainly is not interesting to a looker-on. I believe we must have a little relaxation on your account to-day, and perhaps you will give us some new music; we have not had any very lately from town.

This was one of the tenderest ^{strings} things Mrs. Conway could have touched, for Caroline felt her own inferiority too much to attempt

playing after her cousin. She now, for the first time, was aware that there might be times when she should regret the want of knowledge she so deeply experienced: at home, in the circles of her father's drawing-room, however fashionable might be an exhibition of talent, and she was one of the first votaries of fashion, a deficiency of this sort in herself was felt but little; her fortune, and the consequence derived from her early establishment in the sphere of fashionable life, never failed to surround her by a crowd of flattering admirers, whose professions she could listen to, and whose opinions she could dictate, by that vein of trifling and lively conversation she had so completely learned from Mrs. Carr, without one of those solid principles, which would have been absolutely necessary to her acceptance with a more rational circle; or without those gratifications, less important indeed than these, but by no means of small consideration in the education of a young woman for life.

But now, far removed from all this glitter of fashion, was the time when a conviction of ignorance, by no means pleasing, arrested

the attention of Caroline. She felt angry with her aunt for her proposal that she should play to her; angry with herself that she did not feel equal to comply, and almost angry with Catherine for her evident, though modest, superiority. At length she said, somewhat ungraciously however, that her music was not yet unpacked, and Mrs. Conway, far from wishing to press an obviously displeasing subject, declined it entirely, and asked her niece if she were inclined to walk.

“Indeed I am too much fatigued to *begin* walking to-day, madam; you know I never walk at home.”

“Then we will ride, my love, if you like; shall I order the carriage?”

To this arrangement Caroline gave her assent. Mrs. Conway rang the bell accordingly, and the young ladies prepared for an airing.

CHAP. VII.

Whilst thou, more happy power, fair Charity,
 Triumphant sister greatest of the three,
 Thy office and thy nature still the same,
 Lasting thy lamp, and unconsumed thy flame,
 Shalt still survive——
 Shalt stand before the host of Heaven confest,
 For ever blessing, and for ever blest.

PRIOR.

MR. Conway had left his home soon after breakfast, to visit a poor sick man at the end of his extensive parish, from whom he was not yet returned, when Mrs. Conway, with her niece and daughters, left the parsonage for their morning's airing. Catherine had mentioned to her father and mother in the morning, her wish to learn something of the people who inhabited the cottage near the park, having observed that the children, in whose quarrel she had interfered, were extremely ragged, and judging from their disagreement that their parents were not very careful in the example they set them. Mr. Conway had designed to call himself,

but finding that his duty with the sick man would prevent it, requested that Mrs. Conway would do so during his absence, for which purpose, when she got into the carriage, she gave orders that the coachman should stop at the cottage before they proceeded for their ride.

“ You will have no objection, my dear,” said Mrs. Conway to Caroline, “ to accompany us to a poor cottage, whither we are going to enquire about some little children, whose ragged appearance excited the attention of your cousins this morning ?”

“ It is not a very pleasant employment, I think, to follow those little objects to their homes ;” replied Caroline, rather peevishly. “ I am sure if you were to run after all the ragged children you see in London, you might do nothing else from morning to night.”

“ Alas !” returned Mrs. Conway, with a sigh, “ I fear your last remark is but too just ; indeed they swarm so much in the streets of London, that it would be fruitless

to attempt the relief of all ; yet, even there, were those capable of giving relief, to exert themselves more than they do, the objects of misery, which daily crowd upon us, might be much lessened. But in the country we are otherwise situated : the inhabitants being few, we are, as it were, all of one family, and have it greatly in our power to administer that relief judiciously, which the feeling of humanity dictates, but which that of prudence should always direct."

" Well," said Caroline, half offended at this speech, the purport of which, she, as was too often the case, imagined directed at herself ; " well, I perceive no obligation to have our eyes hurt by seeing objects of misery, if we can avoid them ; surely, if we send them money it is sufficient, and we can easily do that by subscribing to all those societies which every body does of course, and where the money is properly disposed of."

" As for all those societies you speak of," replied Mrs. Conway, " every body, my dear, must allow that they are very admirable

institutions, and it is one of the best traits in our national character, that they are so numerous, and general in their application of public charity : but this method of exercising benevolence is by no means the brightest display of that heavenly virtue, nor likely to be of that essential service a more private exercise of charity may lead to. We may squander hundreds, nay thousands, in the relief of wretchedness, and yet not accomplish half the good we might, by following that wretchedness to its home, and administering that comfort which none know how to do, but the eye-witnesses of sorrow or poverty."

Caroline remained silent during this speech, and at the end of it the carriage stopped within a few yards of the poor cottage, whither Mrs. Conway was going to pay a visit. The footman let down the step, and Catherine and Marion followed their mother out of the carriage. "Will you remain here for us," said Mrs. Conway to Caroline, inclining towards her?

"Shall you be gone long, aunt?" an-

swered the confused Caroline, ashamed to stay back, though unwilling to proceed.

“Do as you please, my love,” again replied her aunt. Caroline accepted the extended hands of her aunt and Catherine, who both wished, though they would not press, her to accompany them. Marion had run on to the cottage, and was by this time entering the humble dwelling, when her mother called her back, and begged her to restrain her impatience.

On approaching this residence of poverty, the ears of Mrs. Conway and her young party were assailed by the sounds of discord from within, and on their entrance their eyes were shocked by the scene of confusion before them. The extreme of wretchedness pervaded the sorry apartment, in which the mother of a group of children, who equally with themselves was clothed in rags, was exalting her voice in a tone of boisterous anger, while the children, regardless of the proffered menaces, and the rod which was suspended over them, continued, some their noisy mirth, and others their no less noisy

quarrels. Conspicuous amongst these latter was the boy who was the occasion of this visit, and on the floor, though one of the quietest of the party, playing with a kitten, was extended the little persecuted girl, who no sooner espied the good-humoured Marion, than jumping up briskly, she ran towards her, and hanging her head would have taken hold of her hand, if the mother with no gentle force had not pulled her away from the "young lady."

"Good morrow, good woman," at length said Mrs. Conway, when the appearance of herself and young companions had awed the children into silence, "you seem to have a large family about you. Pray how long have you been in our neighbourhood?"

"Ah!" replied the woman, "children enough, God bless 'em, madam, if they was but good and kind to one another; but they are always falling out as you see, and I am sure I don't know who's the fault; we have not been here long, madam, only a week: we came down to get work at the park here, but my husband has been so ill ever since we

came, that he has not done a stroke of work."

"And where is your husband," immediately enquired Mrs. Conway. "Have you had any advice for him?"

"Ah! no, ma'am," replied the poor woman, half choked with tears, and throwing herself into a broken chair, which was her only seat in the cottage; we have no money for the doctors, and we can't expect they will come for nothing; "besides," added she, hiding her face in her apron, "it would be of no use, for while 'Thomas will drink up every farthing we get, nothing can do us any good."

Mrs. Conway was shocked with the distress of the poor woman, and the occasion of it, and in many circumstances would have regretted having exposed her children to the relation which had escaped, almost without knowledge, from the suffering female before them; but in the present instance she was glad for Caroline's sake that she, at least, was present; for after the opinion she had

recently given on the manner of relieving distress, she would now receive a lesson, which might probably have more effect on her than all the theoretic arguments her aunt could employ.

Mrs. Conway allowed the violence of the poor woman's sorrow to subside; then going gently towards her, she said, as she put her hand on her shoulder:

“ You must compose yourself, my good woman, and not give way to your grief in this manner. You appear, indeed, to be in great distress. In regard to your husband, we must at present only think of providing for the recovery of his bodily health, for which purpose, I will immediately send for the apothecary. As to the fatal propensity, I understand from you he is addicted to, I shall beg Mr. Conway to talk to him seriously about it, and we will hope he may be prevailed upon to relinquish it: but these poor children, why do you not send them to the school which has been established for the education of the poor, in which they will be taught to behave quietly, and be taken re-

gularly to church, instead of leaving them so early to their own wills, and letting them run about so idly, as I fear they do all the day?"

"Ah! my good lady," replied the woman, "how good you are! I should be happy and happy for the poor children to go and be taught their duty, if they had but clothes to cover them, and I thank ye a thousand times for all you promise to do for my dear husband."

"Well," replied Mrs. Conway, "I will send for the doctor immediately, and as to the children, before next monday morning I shall speak to Mr. Conway, and get them admitted into the school, and I will endeavour to assist you in sending them there tight." Mrs. Conway here wished the poor woman good morning, and giving her something to relieve her present want, returned to the carriage, followed by her niece and daughters.

The party for some little time remained silent, till at length the lively Marion began the conversation:

“ I am sure, mamma, money would have been of very little use to those poor children, if their father was to spend it all in drink directly ; but if you give them clothes and put them to school, and teach their father to leave off his bad ways, you may make them very happy.”

Caroline felt the justice of this remark, and a blush overspread her countenance. Mrs. Conway gladly observed the emotion, but taking no notice of it, replied to her little girl : “ Yes, Marion ; I hope we shall make them happy, and we must begin our work as soon as we get home, or we shall not have made the poor children decent by sunday, and I shall hope to see them all make their appearance at church on that day.”

Marion now began planning every method she could devise for promoting this charitable work, and on their arrival at home, she and Catherine assisted their mother in cutting out garments for the poor children. Mrs. Conway made her husband acquainted with the state in which she had found the family at the cottage, and he went thither

himself to see the father of the family, and by his kind advice did much for the relief of their wretchedness.

If Caroline had felt much at a loss for employment on the first morning spent at the parsonage of her uncle, she was much more so during the evening. There was no brilliant assembly to give its flattering, but transient gratification, no place of public amusement open, to relieve the satiety of a mind unstored. The evening party in the drawing-room was the same she had joined in the library in the morning, with the exception of one addition in the person of Mr. Conway, whose cheerful manners and amiable disposition might atone for the loss of many less able and willing to please than himself.

But unfortunately, the mind of Caroline was spoiled for the retired and elegant pleasures of this happy circle, and all the effect they had on her was to render her truly uncomfortable in herself; yet she was not dissatisfied with the persons of any of her new relations. Though she could not entirely forgive her uncle for his attack on fashion,

during their journey, she could not but be pleased with the conciliating kindness of his behaviour. She was gratified by the soft and endearing attentions of the modest Catherine, amused with the volatile and affectionate earnestness of Marion, and towards her aunt she felt rising in her bosom, a feeling which promised to justify the hopes which that lady had ventured to form of her niece, even on the first evening of their acquaintance. In the course of the evening her sadness wore off. As her spirits revived, she joined in the conversation, and in a short time nearly engrossed it; for with a great natural flow of language, she possessed much fashionable anecdote, which made her very entertaining; and in her relation of London and London occupations, she again contributed to the quiet amusement of one, and the good-humoured astonishment of her other cousin.

As the morning at the parsonage was begun by family prayers, the same act of devotion concluded the evening, an exercise not more new than astonishing to Caroline; she, however, evincing her surprise with less

emotion than might have been expected, joined the domestic circle in the orations to the throne of Grace; nor, doubtless, did she repose with less sweetness, after thus, for the first time in her life, discharging a positive duty.

CHAP. VIII.

There, melancholy, pensive and alone,
She meditates on the forsaken town.

LYTTLETON.

THE observations which Mrs. Conway, deeply penetrating and thoroughly conversant with the human mind, had made on her niece, during the course of the day, had rather nourished than damped the hopes she had formed. She plainly perceived on what turned almost the whole of her imperfections, and this was, an anxiety to follow closely the steps of fashion; and in the course of her conversation it appeared that, whether in regard to the regulations of her dress, of her equipage, of her moral conduct, or of her discharge of religious duties, an adherence to this fickle goddess was the chief aim of her ambition. She seemed to have no other criterion to act by, and it appeared that she went to the play, to the opera, and to church, according to the direction of this despotic sovereign, with scarcely an idea that there was any other rule by which she ought to walk.

After such a description of the ill bias of Caroline's sentiments, in saying that Mrs. Conway gathered hope from their contemplation, I would not be supposed to represent, as light or trivial, that prevailing sacrifice of solid and substantial qualities to the too powerful dominion of fashion. Amiable as I think a compliance with it in every indifferent point of view, and necessary as it is in a certain rank of life, and under certain restrictions, I conceive the possession which it too often takes of a mind not properly guarded against its allurements, as pregnant with the most dangerous effects; and such were the sentiments with which Mrs. Conway viewed the infatuations of her niece, although, as I before said, she was far from considering them as so deeply rooted, but that a judicious and gentle attention might be productive of good effects. She was by no means unaware of the difficulties of the task she was anxious to undertake, but generally solicitous for the welfare of the rising generation, and particularly interested in one who claimed so near a relationship to her husband, she saw no impediment before her of consequence enough to deter her from making the trial.

Mrs. Conway was the more interested for her niece, as she could not but perceive on a nearer acquaintance, the similarity of her disposition to that of her own Marion, and the tender solicitude connected with such a reflection made her still more desirous of correcting the growing foibles of the former. She plainly perceived that in natural parts Caroline was by no means deficient, nor had she a failing which could not be traced to the source of mistaken indulgence and glaring neglect. Had Marion, like Caroline, at the early age of five years, been deprived of the invaluable protection of a mother, and given over to the pursuits of her own imagination, or the still worse guidance of an ill-judging, light-principled pilot, her mind might have been as void of substantial acquirements, and her lively fancy as completely wasted, by the tyranny of fashion.

With these reflections Mrs. Conway looked affectionately at her daughter, with a tender consciousness of having hitherto discharged her duty towards her, and silently ejaculating a prayer for the continuance of health and spirits, to complete the pleasing

task, resolved that the motherless Caroline should share her most steady attention.

The description of one day at the parsonage of Lidford, in its prominent features, includes those of the whole year, excepting as they are varied by different exercises of charity in the neighbourhood, or by the local effects of a wet or fine day, in the regular employments and pursuits of the family.

To relieve Caroline from the restlessness which appeared continually to pervade her mind, and to give her an opportunity of finding every change of scene it was in her power to obtain, Mrs. Conway made a point of shewing her the different drives in the neighbourhood, and as they were very beautiful, she could not fail of receiving gratification. But this method of employment could only dispose of a small part of the day, and when Caroline had given an hour to her toilette in the morning, double the portion of time before dinner, and as much to the arrangement of her dresses, there were still many moments when a most unfortunate lassitude overspread her frame, and a total

insensibility to any species of satisfaction. A very wet day followed the three first fine ones spent at the parsonage. The loss of the ride and the gloomy appearance of the country, unanimated by sunshine, increased the discontent of Caroline, and after wandering some time about the house in a desponding state, she at length strolled to the room, where sat her cousins at their morning occupations. At one end was Catherine, surrounded by her books and instruments, quietly and happily engaged in working a mathematical problem. At the other was seated Marion at her easel, busily intent on the work before her. Caroline almost envied the happiness of her cousins, who, ever occupied, never appeared to have moments which they wished away. Her astonishment, however, was not so much excited in perceiving the satisfaction with which Catherine would employ herself for hours at her books or drawings; she conceived it to be her nature, and that she was fit for nothing else. But when she saw the lively and high-spirited Marion engaged in occupations, which engrossed all her attention, and deriving pleasure from the quiet exercise of

her abilities, she almost wished she also could so employ herself, and find a relief from the fatigue of doing nothing. It was this difference of feeling in regard to her two cousins which occasioned Caroline, on entering their apartment, to go up to Marion, who perceiving her approach, good-naturedly made room for her, where she might be amused by observing the progress of her work.

She took her seat by her side, and laying her arm across the back of Marion's chair, for some time observed her in silence.

Marion was very deeply engaged in her occupation, which was a drawing of Lauder Manor in its desolated state, before the workmen had been employed in laying it open to the view. Its companion was designed to be the Manor in its improved state, and Marion was anxious to finish the pair in time to have them framed before the arrival of lady Lauder, with whom Mrs. Conway was intimately acquainted, and was painting these little sketches at her mother's request.

Caroline continued to watch the progress of her cousin in silence ; nor was Marion's attention diverted from her work for some time ; but at length laying her pencil briskly down, and turning round with some warmth to Caroline, while she put her hand on her shoulder, which still leaned against the chair, she exclaimed : " Pray do you *never* do any thing in London, Caroline ? Why how miserable it would make me to walk about all the day long as you do, with no other employment than watching other people."

" Well! if you do not like to be watched," replied Caroline, half laughing and half offended, at the same time jumping up from her seat ; " if you do not like to be watched, I am sure I do not wish to interrupt you."

" Ah no! dear Caroline," anxiously replied Marion, hurt at the possibility of having offended her cousin ; you cannot think you interrupt me ; I am sure I made room for you on purpose, because I thought it might be some amusement to you to see the progress of my drawing ; but as I am sure I feel much more pleasure in drawing myself

than seeing others, I could not help thinking that you must too."

"A very pretty apology," replied Caroline, tapping Marion on the shoulder, and again seating herself in the chair she had left; "well, I forgive your sly hints at my indolence, and to convince you that I do, will confess to you that ever since I came into this room this morning, I have been regretting that I ever gave up drawing, for I am remarkably fond of it, but never had patience to complete any thing I began. Now in London you know, one does not want any thing of this sort to fill up one's time, one must do as other people do, and then one has no leisure for these quiet occupations. But here"

Caroline paused—and Marion eagerly replied; "Here you could have plenty of time, and we have so many pretty views, and my father has such a fine collection of heads, if you are fond of that style: and then, my mother herself draws so beautifully."

"Ah!" returned Caroline, "if my aunt

would give me some directions how to proceed, I do think I should like to take up the pencil again."

"Well! I am sure she will," rejoined Marion, "for she loves to oblige any body, and she is so good-humoured when she teaches, that it is impossible not to learn of her."

The subject of her mother was an inexhaustible one to Marion, and she would have continued the eulogy she had begun on her, had not Mrs. Conway, who, at that moment, entered the room, attracted by the earnestness with which her child was speaking, approached the spot where the cousins were sitting.

"How goes the drawing on, my Marion? Not very fast, I suppose, while you are so fluently amusing your cousin with chit-chat."

"I was saying to her, mamma," replied Marion, "that I was sure you would give her some directions in drawing, for she is very fond of it; but it is so long since she

has taken up a pencil, she is fearful of doing it without assistance."

"I am delighted at what you say, love, and if Caroline will give me her company in my dressing-room, we will look over my port-folio, where I doubt not we shall find something which she will like to copy, and we will leave you to carry on your work undisturbed." Saying this, Mrs. Conway drew her niece's arm under her own, and they left Marion applying again to her drawing.

This little advance of Caroline's was hailed by Mrs. Conway with the greatest satisfaction, and as she opened her valuable collection of paintings, she could not omit the opportunity of expressing her pleasure to her niece. "So many events are likely to arise in passing through life, and so many various situations we may be thrown into, that I should always advise every young friend of mine, however flattering the prospects before her are, on entering the world, never to allow her happiness to concentrate in the pleasure which may be derived from

society, and a dependence on that round of amusements, constantly pursued by the votaries of fashion. There may be many circumstances which may render the former unattainable, and many more deprive us of the gratification of the latter: on the contrary, those resources which we possess within ourselves, and for which we are obliged to no casual caprice of fortune, are never-failing and inexhaustible, and prove their sterling merit more powerfully, when the flimsy curtain of fashion and dissipation is torn, by any rough blast, from before our eyes."

During this speech, Caroline continued looking silently on the drawings her aunt was turning over for her inspection, and Mrs. Conway perceiving that she had gained her attention, continued, while she pressed the arm of her niece which lay across the port-folio:

"Acquit me, my dear niece, of any disposition to hurt or offend your feelings, if I confess to you an observation I have made in regard to your own views on this subject,

and believe me, that I should never have mentioned it, but from the sincerest regard for your future welfare. In the great dislike you always testify to any pursuit, unconnected with the glittering career which you are not, I am sorry to say, singular, in fancying to constitute the whole occupation of life, I cannot but anticipate for you the misery which may one day be your portion, when these delights shall have lost their charm to please, or you shall be thrown, where it may be impossible to obtain them : even within these few days, that you have suffered a transient deprivation of them, you cannot but have felt how difficult it has been to accommodate yourself to the exigency of the moment, and if, at some future time, you should be wholly deprived of them, or rendered incapable of enjoying them, where will be your resort from restlessness and inquietude ?”

Perhaps if Caroline had been aware of her aunt's intention in engaging her in her dressing-room, she might not have felt so willing to accompany her thither ; but however that might have been, the feelings with

which she heard her express her sentiments towards her, were such as now disclaimed any wish to be disengaged. On first seeing her aunt it was with partiality in her favour, and the kindness with which she now addressed her, a kindness so conciliating to one unacquainted with maternal fondness, softened and humbled her heart towards her; she felt none of that high and imperious spirit with which she was ever wont to reply to the sarcastic remarks of Mrs. Carr; but looking up to her aunt as to a being of whose existence she had formed no idea, she felt her own consequence diminished, and began to feel a wish to acquire her good opinion and regard.

With these sensations, when Mrs. Conway finished speaking, Caroline, with some earnestness, replied:

“I was *very unfortunate* to lose my mother so early; but if I had been sent to *you*, instead of having that vain and odious Mrs. Carr——”

“Gently, my love,” interrupted Mrs.

Conway, you cannot be too careful how you speak in terms of disrespect of a woman whom your father selected as your companion. Whatever she may be, or however you may feel towards her, remember that you are impeaching your father's judgment in making any complaint against her. For myself, I have no acquaintance with Mrs. Carr, and therefore can be no judge how far she was calculated for the charge she undertook, on the death of your dear mother. That you lost *her*, my love, at a time when you most wanted her watchful care, although one of the greatest afflictions that could have befallen you, was the decree of heaven, and therefore not to be murmured against: had *she* lived, my dear girl, I knew her so well, that I am convinced it would have been her first wish that her child should look for happiness, not in the shifting scenes of folly and fashion, but in the improvement of those talents she might possess, and in the appropriation of her best years to the service of her God. It is this idea," continued Mrs. Conway, taking Caroline's hand, "that makes me thus solicitous in inducing you to mix with the round of dissipation you have

been so early introduced to, the exercise of those solid virtues, which render every situation in life supportable, and the attainment of those engaging accomplishments, which, in a certain rank of life, it is our duty to cultivate."

"Ah! my dear madam," replied Caroline, her eyes suffused with tears, "how shall I ever be able to do any thing, now that I have lost so many years in indolence and carelessness?" and saying this, her head dropped on the shoulder of Mrs. Conway.

"I fear you will do little, my love," answered Mrs. Conway, "if in a few days you return to London, and again join in that unceasing pursuit of fashion, to which the present bias of your mind leads you: but if you really wish to become every way worthy of your sainted mother, and have an inclination to oblige an uncle and an aunt, who are much and affectionately interested for you, ask of your father one six months to spend with us, entirely away from the dazzling pleasures which might allure you from more valuable pursuits, and I will almost

engage for you, that at the end of that period you will not be obliged to them exclusively for the enjoyment of life; that they will appear decked only with secondary importance, and that you will enjoy much more real satisfaction than you do now, in the constant succession of amusements, calculated rather to dazzle than improve the mind. Nor are these the highest grounds on which I lay the claim I would make on your time," continued Mrs. Conway, affectionately pressing her niece's hand; "there is a much higher, and which I have scarcely yet hinted at. I mean the idea that we are responsible for the employment of time, talent, and fortune, all of which, my love, are so richly bestowed on you, to the gracious hand, who, in preference to thousands of others, has selected you as a steward of these various gifts."

Caroline now appeared deeply impressed with the kindness and solicitations of her aunt, who, not wishing by too closely pressing the subject she was on, to weaken its effects on her mind, now rose from her seat; and laying by two or three drawings which

she had selected from the rest, closed the port-folio and put it in her bureau. Then taking out of her pocket a small manuscript, she presented it to Caroline, while she kissed her burning cheek, and added, "I will not detain you any longer at present, my love. Think of what I have said, and if you determine to stay with us, you may depend on sharing the maternal care and attention, of one who is deeply interested in your welfare."

Caroline took the proffered paper respectfully, and kissing the hand that presented it, hastened to her room, overcome with feelings of a different nature to any she had before experienced.

CHAP. IX.

But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,
 With all the freaks of wanton wealth arrayed,
 In these, ere trifles half their wish obtain,
 The toilsome pleasure sickens into pain;
 And e'en while Fashion's brightest arts decoy,
 The heart distrusting asks, if this be joy.

GOLDSMITH.

THE manuscript which Mrs. Conway presented to her niece, and which she had written as applicable to her opinions of Fashion, I shall transcribe for the gratification of my young readers:

“I was quite a youth, when impatient of confinement, burning with curiosity, and eager after novelty, I left my father's house, to seek in distant climes food for my restless spirit of enquiry. I crossed the roaring Atlantic, and after a prosperous voyage, landed safely on a beautiful island, whose shores are washed by the waves of that dashing ocean; unknown to a creature I there met, unknowing which way to turn my steps or

my thoughts. The latter, in fact, were almost bewildered by the blaze of wonder and delight, which met my astonished gaze, on every side of the gay contour around me, and I doubt what might have been the consequences of my stupid surprise, at the loveliness of the surrounding country, and the apparent happiness of its inhabitants, had not one of these latter, who I suppose surveyed me with an eye of pity, or at least of curiosity, advanced towards me, and tapping me good-humouredly on the shoulder, exclaimed, in a soft and benign accent: "You appear an enthusiast, Sir?"

"I am, Sir," replied I, briskly turning towards him. "I am in raptures already at the scene around me, and already pronounce the inhabitants of your island to be the happiest of any in the world."

I stopped, expecting his assent to my impassioned exclamation, and was not a little astonished, instead of perceiving the reflection of my own fire in the countenance of my new friend, to observe that no glow whatever appeared on it;—on the contrary, it had

rather lost in energy, and a slight tincture of disapprobation had for an instant dimmed the settled serenity of his aspect. I was surprised—I think—rather displeased at what I *then* termed his moroseness; but my displeasure vanished instantaneously, when, on the perfect re-establishment of his composure, he affectionately took my hand, and with a plaintive sigh murmured:

“My countrymen, Sir, are blessed by nature with every advantage of situation and other contingent circumstances, requisite to make them the happiest of human beings. But they are *not* so—their own *wills* prevent it, their own want of exertion. For they are all *slaves!*” Here I started involuntarily; but my companion, regardless of my emotion, continued: “All *willingly slaves*; and, where slavery exists, no perfect happiness can possibly be found. Yes, Sir, a tyrannical usurper has crept in amongst them, under whose dominion they have lost every idea of freedom, and none amongst them have the resolution or spirit to endeavour to shake off his yoke. This usurper’s name is Fashion! His will is supreme over all

who submit to become his slaves. His caprice is law. His decrees incontestible!—It would be hard to say that among *any* nation, some did not exist, whose wills and better principles did not revolt from this tyranny; indeed, I know that in regard to the present instance, such an assertion would be unjust. But what can a few perform in opposition to the multitude? They can only breathe a sigh, and drop a tear for the infatuation of their compatriots, and pine in secret for the subversion of an imperious tyranny, whose laws lower their adherents to the level of brutes.”

My new friend here stopped much moved—*I* stood incredulously gazing on him. He presently saw my state of suspense, and added:

“Young man, I see that you are unbelieving; nothing is so productive of conviction as ocular demonstration; whither are you bent?”

“Any where, or no where,” replied *I*, half disconcerted with myself, my new acquaintance, and the world in general.

“Will you accompany me,” continued he, “and I will undertake to prove my assertions?”

“Willingly,” replied I, delighted at any opportunity of being again in a state of motion.

We immediately set off together and travelled onwards; I, in rapturous admiration of every object around me; *he*, in a state of pity at my delusion, and the degeneracy of his own countrymen. We stopped not till we arrived at the capital of the island, where my companion told me the examples would be the most glaring in support of his arguments. But as we approached this scene of bustle and activity, I own that far from feeling any symptoms of the light of conviction in my mind, I grew more enslaved to my own opinions, that the people before me were the *freest* as well as the happiest in the world. Every thing was animation! every thing delight! every thing freedom! My companion observed the erroneous possessions of my faculties, but said nought. We were both silent, each wrapt in our differing

emotions, when my companion tapped my shoulder in order to make me clear the road for a solemn procession which was coming behind us. I complied, and found it was the obsequies of one of the Great."

"See, said I, exultingly, and unconscious how soon my opinions were to be staggered, "even in death these people know how to be noble and magnificent!"

My companion answered me not, but turning towards one of the attendants of the train which was just passing us, asked: "Who is going to be buried?"

The fellow answered, "The hon. Miss *** Sir."

"What was her disorder?" asked he.

"Consumption, Sir," replied the mute.

"How brought on?" continued my companion.

"By not wearing clothing enough, Sir,"

answered the mute, with the utmost indifference.

“How!” exclaimed I, with feelings of compassion rising in my bosom, “by not wearing clothing enough? I imagined this pomp to indicate wealth! Is it possible I could have been mistaken, and that *poverty* preyed upon the deceased?”

“No, Sir,” answered the man; “but the lady was a votary of *Fashion*, and it was his will she should go uncovered.”

I staggered with stupid astonishment, and involuntarily exclaimed, in a low voice, “Inhuman monster!” I looked towards my companion, but he was silent.

The procession passed on, and we continued our course. At one corner of the next street a crowd was assembled; we hastened to enquire the cause. A lady was fainting: every effort was made to relieve her, but she continued in a swoon. At length one of the multitude exclaimed: “The lady is laced so tight, she can scarcely breathe.”

“Why is she so then,” demanded I, hastily?

“It is the decree of Fashion,” was the answer I received, “of whom she is a votary.”

“Ridiculous decree,” exclaimed I, with indignation towards the tyrant, and anger at my own deception; “and is it the will of Fashion also that she should be squeezed to death?”

“No,” said one of the attendant females, who immediately began unlacing her, “the decree allows of release in case of swooning.”

“Merciful exception,” said I, with a sarcastic smile, and we passed on.

As we were passing a lofty building, whose barred doors and windows bespoke it a place of confinement, I observed in the court a genteel looking man, led between two others, and closely guarded. We stopped. “What can this be for?” said I. My companion enquired, and learnt that the prisoner had been ruined at the gaming-

table, and was now driven by debt into gaol.

“A just punishment for his wickedness,” I exclaimed.

A by-stander sighed, and said with an air of pity; “He never liked gambling, but he was beguiled into the service of Fashion, whose will it was he should pursue it.”

I felt confused; and taking my companion’s arm, proceeded along the street. As we were traversing a most delightful park, the bleeding body of a handsome young man, borne by his attendants, attracted my notice.

“Poor fellow,” said I, “how did he meet with his accident?”

“He has met with no accident,” replied one of them: “he is murdered!”

“Murdered,” said I, “does murder exist among you? And, by whom?”

“By his friend,” was the answer I received.

“By his friend?” returned I, in a tone of horror and surprise.

“Yes, such was the will of Fashion, and he dared not rebel against it.”

I could not speak the conviction of my mind, but followed my companion in silence.

As we passed a dashing hair-dresser's shop, a young man came out of it, fresh from the hands of the friseur, and with a small piece of cane in his hand. At the same instant a distressed female passed, with one infant in her arms, and another hanging on her apron. She begged charity of the young man, who looked on her with a glance of compassionate compunction, but offered her no relief. I was curious to know *why* he did not, and advanced towards him to enquire. He met my eye with an openness of manner that won my heart, and anticipated my question by saying :

“ I have not a sixpence for her ; I have just paid my last seven shillings for having my hair cut in the style which *Fashion* prescribes to all his subjects. I pitied the young man, touched the hand of the poor woman, and passed on.

A sedan chair now passed us, in which sat an emaciated figure, almost weighed to the ground by age and infirmity. The chairmen had come some way, and stopped just before us to rest.

“ Whither are you carrying your burden,” said I ?

“ To ** House,” replied the man.

“ Why does she leave her own in so weak a state ?”

“ There is a large assembly at ** House, summoned by the decree of *Fashion*, and she dares not absent herself.”

“ Ridiculous decree,” cried I, turning to my companion. He still made no observations, but continued onwards.

The evening was closing in upon us. As we passed a handsome looking house, which was surrounded by carriages and servants, and illuminated with many lights, I observed through the door that was partly open, some well dressed people standing upon the stair-case, who appeared sinking with heat and fatigue: in the middle was the figure I had seen a short time since in the sedan, and who now, overcome with the pressure of the crowd, gasped for breath. An opening was attempted to take her into the air, but the relief came too late, the vital spark of life was fast receding, and the votary of Fashion closed her eyes in death!

My blood ran cold in my veins as I tremblingly exclaimed, "How shocking," and turning from the scene of horror, I followed my companion to an hotel for the night.

I got no sleep. I mused, from the moment I laid my head on my pillow, till I left it on the first glimmer of morning-twilight, on the events of the preceding day; but I could frame no extenuation for the folly of a people, who give themselves up unrepi-

ningly to the yoke of a tyrannical usurper, whose influence is so perverted, whose laws are so absolute, whose will so capricious, whose servitude, I will not say service, requires so many monstrous sacrifices to Good Sense—to Reason—and to Religion!

The next morning, having taken an affectionate leave of my new acquaintance, who is one of the few among his countrymen, uneasy under the Bondage of Fashion's sway; I left the capital, and pursuing my way towards the sea, re-embarked for my own country, bearing with me a delighted admiration of the little island, to which I had paid a short visit, but no favourable opinion of the *intellects* of those who live among so many advantages of nature, regardless of the benefits to be derived from them.

CHAP. X.

Welcome, thou peaceful dawn!
 O'er field and wooded lawn
 The wonted sound of busy toil is laid.
 And hark the village bell!
 Whose simple tinklings swell,
 Sweet as soft music, on the straw-roof'd shed;
 And bid the pious cottager prepare,
 To keep th' appointed rest, and seek the house of pray'r.

REV. R. MANT.

IN writing for her niece the narrative which was the subject of the former chapter, Mrs. Conway designed to speak as forcibly as possible to her feelings, newly awakened to seriousness by the examples she saw exhibited before her, and softened as they were by her budding affection for her new relations. Nor was the attempt fruitless. Caroline, in reading the fatal effects to be produced by a too-bigoted adherence to Fashion, could not but feel the reasonableness of the arguments her aunt had used, to beware of too closely following in the gay, but dangerous, path. While reflecting on

the happy and cheerful employments of her cousins, compared to the bustle of enjoyment, and flutter of spirits, she was constantly engaged in at home, she perceived much to induce her to close with the offer her aunt's kindness had dictated. That such an arrangement depended only on herself she was perfectly aware; for her father, she well knew, never denied a request she made: but, it must be allowed, the struggle was great before she finally determined to prefer that in question. Many, many regrets were to be overcome, and many, which to her were *great* sacrifices, to be made. For, let it be remembered, that in forming this determination, she gave up all those pleasures for the next six months, which had hitherto made the highest summit of her wishes, the showy establishment which had been formed on her introduction into the world, and the crowd of flattering and giddy acquaintance, ever ready to meet at the assemblies of the rich and the beautiful.

Reform, under any circumstances, or in any situation, is not to be wrought instantaneously, and it must not be supposed, that

although Caroline, moved by the affection of her aunt, wrought on by the dawning of Religion in her own mind, and partly convinced by the exposure of the evils of Fashion before her, finally resolved to remain at the parsonage; it must not be imagined, that in so short a time, that change had taken place in her principles and disposition, which it might be hoped would result from a six months residence with her aunt. It must be remembered that Caroline had reached the age of sixteen, and at that age prejudices are often formed, and opinions grounded, which defy the most watchful care in future to eradicate. However, the first step was gained in the present instance; she was so far convinced by her aunt's arguments, as to accept of her kind invitation, and both Mr. and Mrs. Conway felt pleased with the prospect, to which such a sacrifice promised to lead.

The next day was Sunday, and in the course of it Caroline saw every thing to mark the difference between the fulfilment of its duties, which she now saw exhibited before her, and the neglect of them, which

she could not but feel she had ever allowed herself to indulge in. She saw her uncle, the father of his parish, instructing and leading on his flock to that serious devotion, the peculiar employment of that holy day of rest, and she could not but perceive the influence of his good example in the decent and appropriate behaviour of the whole parish throughout the day. In the visits which her aunt and cousins made to some of their sick and poor neighbours between the services, she saw contrasted in glowing colours the difference between them and the too flagrant breach of the sabbath, which most generally occurs amongst fashionable congregations in the Metropolis, who, from the very doors of the house, which is consecrated to God's service, and where his immediate presence should sanctify and purify the assembly, fly to the crowded mall, to exhibit and see exhibited, the most splendid display of vanity and folly, or disperse the transient seriousness that may have been awakened during the morning service, by driving from house to house, to indulge, not only in trifling tittle tattle, but often, it is to be feared, in

the murdering of the reputation and character of neighbours, nay even of friends!

The appearance at divine service on this day, of the family from the cottage by Lauder Manor, was a speaking argument to Caroline of the happy influence to be expected from well-timed and judicious charity. The children were amongst those of the established school in their decent but plain attire, while the mother, happy in the prospect of their well-being, and in the already renovated health of her husband, gratefully offered her thanks to the throne of mercy; the husband himself, whose complaint originated from hard drinking, and had been increased by a want of proper sustenance, was by the pastoral advice of Mr. Conway, and the nutriment sent him by Mrs. Conway, quickly recovering his strength, and appeared to be in a fair way of again supporting his family by industry.

Many, nay I should hope, most of my young readers, will feel astonishment, when I say that the practice to which the Conway

family regularly adhered, of attending the service of the church in the afternoon, was so new to Caroline, that she scarcely had an idea of the necessity of such a duty. She, however, listened with much attention to the representations of her aunt on the subject, and quite convinced by her reasonings, willingly accompanied the family in their attendance on divine worship. The evening closed in with the usual offerings of prayers and thanksgiving, accompanied by a sunday lecture for the benefit of the servants; and it was the first day Caroline had spent at the parsonage, with so small a share of restless regret as she now felt. So true it is, that those are not the objects to secure peace of mind, nor such the employments to strengthen the faculties, which speak only to the eye and the fancy, while they add nought to the store of Reason and Religion.

CHAP. XI.

If ever thou hast felt another's pain,
 If ever when he sighed hast sighed again,
 If ever on thy eye-lid stood the tear,
 That pity had engendered, drop one here.

COWPER.

CAROLINE left her bed earlier on Monday than she had done on any preceding day; and as the morning was fine, accompanied her cousins in their walk, and on their return, sat down to make the request to her father, which was to exclude her for a whole season from the circle of fashion, to which she had looked forward so eagerly during the last few months.

The half steady child ventures at hazard from its mother's arm, and the plant but slightly sending forth shoots, is most obnoxious to the wind which threatens to nip its progress. The principles of Caroline were wavering, and her heart still felt equipoised between the dazzle of London, and the calm, quiet happiness of the parsonage of her

uncle : her desk was opened, and her paper laid in preparation, for some time before she had the resolution to take up her pen, and the pen was several times pointed, before it made a stroke of progress. The mind of Caroline was again suspended in irresolution, when a circumstance happened, which, in a most melancholy manner, fixed her plan of action. She had been now six days at the parsonage, and had hitherto received no letter from her father, nor any account of the progress of Mrs. Carr's disorder. She had not, however, felt much uneasiness on the subject, as she knew her father's objection to writing, and she concluded as he did not do it, that Mrs. Carr's illness had taken a favourable turn. Her mind was thus unoppressed by uneasiness on her father's account, when a messenger arrived at the parsonage, whom Caroline perceiving to approach the house as she was preparing to begin her letter, dropped the pen that she held, and immediately fearing some melancholy intelligence, ran to her aunt, who was with her cousins in the library. At the same moment the footman entered the room from Mr. Lismore's messenger, who brought an account that his

master was dangerously ill, and wished that his daughter would immediately come to him.

This information was contained in a few hurried lines, which appeared to have been written with great difficulty by Mr. Lismore to Mr. Conway, whom he begged to lose no time in coming up to London, and bringing his daughter with him. From the servant it was learnt that Mr. Lismore's disorder had nothing to do with that of Mrs. Carr, who was sufficiently recovered to allow of her removing to her own friends for change of air, but that the origin of Mr. Lismore's illness was a fit, the consequences of which were apprehended by his physician to be fatal.

On the propriety of Caroline's immediate journey to London, there could not be a question, while her feelings, deeply interested by the servant's account of her father's danger, prompted her to wish to proceed without delay. Mr. Conway, with true benevolence and kindness, determined on accompanying her himself, and regardless of

the many slights he had frequently received from his brother-in-law, prepared to carry him all the comfort he was capable of doing, to soothe the hour of sickness and sorrow.

It would be difficult, perhaps, to express the feelings of the niece, as she returned with her uncle over the same track of country she had travelled so very few days before. However Mr. Lismore had neglected to perform towards his daughter the duties which he owed her, and how lax soever he might be in his general conduct, he had ever been unbounded in lavishing on her those proofs of fondness, which, however injudicious and ill-advised, cannot fail to attach by a warm and grateful feeling. Besides which, the natural affection inherent in the mind of a child, for the author of her being is such, that even a heart destitute of every other tender impression, can scarcely be insensible to the effects which it produces. And the heart of Caroline was not naturally hard, however its feelings had been blunted by mistaken indulgence and overweaning selfishness; she wanted but the impulse of occasion to excite her interest, and

that now occurred in the prospect before her, of seeing her father lying dangerously ill, if indeed, as it was scarcely to be hoped, his life might be spared till she should arrive.

The pious and amiable Mr. Conway was an appropriate companion for the dejected Caroline, who, but too much accustomed to yield to the first impulse of passion, and not yet feeling within her that consciousness of dependance on an Almighty power, which alone can administer true consolation in affliction, during the whole of the journey gave way to the most violent expressions of grief. Mr. Conway endeavoured by his reasonings to excite her composure. He represented to her the necessity for the sake of her father, to acquire that command over her feelings, without which her presence would be rather distressing than otherwise, and he at length so far succeeded, as to see the violence of her feelings abated.

But while Mr. Conway performed the part of a comforter to his companion, his own mind felt uneasy on account of the scene which was likely to be presented to their view.

On considering the dangerous situation in which he expected to see Mr. Lismore, he could not but revert to the course of life that gentleman had too notoriously led; and while Candour would not allow the extenuation of its dissolute course, nor Religion justify its flagrant breaches of duty, Mr. Conway too well knew the line of conduct by which he should act, both as a minister of the Gospel of Christ, and in the true spirit of Christian charity, not to be aware of the little comfort he might be allowed to offer to his dying relation. Yet, considering the close affinity by which he was allied to him, and actuated by a feeling of benevolence, he saw the difficulty, and felt the pain of the task prepared for him; he, however, shrunk not from its performance, but trusting in the direction of Providence, awaited the event with becoming resignation.

CHAP. XII.

“Prepare thy house, thy heart in order set;

“Prepare, the judge of Heaven and Earth to meet!”

So spake the warning prophet.—Awful words!

Which fearfully my troubled soul records.

Am I prepar'd? and can I meet my doom,

Nor shudder at the dreaded wrath to come?

H. MORE.

AS Mr. Conway and his niece entered the house of Mr. Lismore, in Cavendish-square, the physician, who had been called in on the seizure of that gentleman, crossed the hall to leave it. Caroline knowing him, introduced her uncle, who requested his company a few minutes in an adjoining room, to which they immediately withdrew. Caroline, half sinking with alarm, accompanied them, and waited the opinion which Dr. Buxton was requested to give. It was not one likely to awaken any hope in favour of his patient, whom he had just left above stairs. He represented his disorder to be such as would terminate fatally, in all probability in the course of the night, and he expressed his

satisfaction at the arrival of Miss Lismore and her uncle, as Mr. L., who was yet sensible, appeared to labour under much anxiety of mind on account of his daughter. The doctor then took his leave, and a servant at that time entering to say that Mr. Lismore was apprised of the arrival of his brother-in-law and daughter, and that he wished to see them immediately, they followed the house-keeper to the chamber of the sick man.

What a change for Caroline and for her uncle to witness as having happened within the space of a week! Mr. Lismore, the gay, the lively, the jovial companion, at that short distance of time appearing in the high and confident possession of health, now lying subdued and emaciated on the pale bed of death! The sight and the retrospective reflections it occasioned, were too overpowering for the fatigued and drooping Caroline; she retreated behind her uncle, and but for his support would have sunk on the floor.

Mr. Lismore lay quietly; but his eyes roved in token of internal restlessness; he fixed them wildly on Mr. Conway, who ad-

vanced softly to his bedside, then seizing the hand of his daughter who approached towards him, pressed it with earnestness within his own. It was some moments before he uttered a word, nor was the pause interrupted by any effort from either Mr. Conway or Caroline. The former, at length, fearful of the effects of the increasing agitation of Mr. Lismore, entreated him to compose himself, and asked if he had not better withdraw, till he felt more equal to the exertion of speaking.

“No,” replied Mr. Lismore, while he still grasped the hand of his daughter, “do not go, I beseech you; stay till I have unburthened my mind as far as it still remains in my power to do it; another opportunity may not be allowed me.” Then taking the hand of Mr. Conway, “Conway,” continued he, “the prospect of death opens before us a different view of things to that we indulge in, while health emboldens the mind, and pleasure beguiles the fancy. I have lived a life of pleasure, but I never knew its danger till the present fatal warning. I have brought my child up in the same pur-

suits I have followed myself, but I never till this moment knew the misery to which I was exposing her. For myself, it is too late to reform the fatal errors I have been involved in, but for her," continued he, pointing to Caroline, while his agitated feelings scarcely allowed him utterance; "she may not yet have too deeply imbibed the poison of pleasure and dissipation. To your guardianship and protection I commit her, and may the Power I have too much slighted, repay your exertions, and change the course of her inclinations. I charge you, let her have no communication with Mrs. Carr: yet, let that lady be taken care of; for, if I had not selected her, she never would have had the power to injure my daughter."

Mr. Lismore's voice was here interrupted by a nervous affection in his throat, and he could not proceed for some minutes; at length, turning to Caroline, whose hand he still held in his own, he said: "My Caroline, remember the words of your dying father; rely on the protection and guidance of your uncle, and learn to reverence the name of God!"

The head of Mr. Lismore here sunk on the bed, and his eyes, which then closed, were never opened again. It was some hours before he breathed his last: a deep groan, at intervals, gave symptoms of internal anguish, and the pangs of death were long and acute. Mr. Conway and Caroline continued to watch by the side of the bed, while life remained; but when the last breath was spent, the former immediately removed his niece from the scene, whose awful solemnity had made an impression on her mind, the effects of which promised to be lasting.

During the whole of the evening, Caroline remained in a state of successive fainting and hysterics, and it was a late hour before Mr. Conway found her sufficiently composed to allow him to leave her to the care of her maid. As events had proved, he wished for the presence of his wife, on his own, but particularly on Caroline's account; and he would have written to beg her to come to London, but that for the few days it was his intention to remain, he scarcely thought such a step adviseable; yet he wished for a female companion for Ca-

roline, and one on whose prudence and attention he could rely, to support her under the affliction she was suffering; and who, while she soothed her sorrow, might not attempt to dissipate that awful seriousness, which the events of the last few hours had occasioned in her mind. He questioned her on the subject, and endeavoured to learn from her if she had any friend whose presence she wished; but, as is too often the case, among the crowd of acquaintance who visited in the circles of her father's drawing-room, not one could Mr. Conway discover from her report, from whose society she could derive that advantage he wished for her.

Mr. Conway had a particular objection to that sort of false feeling, which drives from the house of mourning, the surviving relatives of a deceased friend; and therefore, even if the affairs of Mr. Lismore, whose own brother at that period was out of the kingdom, had not required his presence till after the funeral, he would not have left London till every respect had been paid to the remains of the deceased; but as circumstances were, and from the peculiar manner

in which the family was situated, it was not only necessary for him to stay till after the funeral, but a probability existed that he should not be able to return into the country for some weeks: for Mr. Lismore dying suddenly, and being possessed of very large property, it was absolutely requisite that some person of authority should be present to superintend its disposition. Yet for Caroline, under her peculiar circumstances, he much wished an early return to the country, and knowing that it was about the time fixed for lady Lauder's journey into Devonshire, and being aware of her willingness to oblige any part of his family, he determined on waiting on her ladyship, to learn if a plan could be arranged for Caroline to accompany her, in which case Mr. Conway, thoroughly at ease on account of his niece, would have his whole time to appropriate to the affairs of Mr. Lismore, which, however inconvenient to himself, he determined to see well arranged before his own departure.

Lady Lauder, the wife of the Earl of the same name, and the mother of two lovely little girls, was on the point of leaving

London, at the time when the circles of fashion were beginning to flock thither, on account of the absence of her Lord from England on a military appointment. Unlike too many matrons of the present day, she felt that she should have little enjoyment in a season of pleasure and dissipation, if her husband formed not the life of her society, and she anticipated too much satisfaction in being herself the instructress of her little girls, the eldest of whom was only six years of age, to fear the solitude and retirement of a country life.

Mr. Conway was received by lady Lauder with that well-bred unconsciousness of superiority, which is so peculiarly pleasing in people of rank, and with the marked attention her ladyship ever testified to any of her mother's friends; she expressed to him the pleasure she felt at her approaching residence near his parsonage, where she hoped to renew that intimacy with Mrs. Conway which had existed before her marriage, and which nothing but local circumstances would have interrupted. In regard to his niece, lady Lauder assured Mr. Conway

that she should be happy to undertake the charge of her from London into the country, and her journey being fixed for the next day after the following, the plan appeared in every way eligible.

By travelling with lady Lauder every responsibility would be taken off from Caroline, and Mr. Conway felt assured that she would receive every mark of delicate attention and judicious treatment, which ever stamps the conduct of cultivated minds, sound judgment, and well-regulated religious feelings. Accordingly it was determined that Caroline should leave London with her Ladyship, and Mr. Conway expressing his obligations, returned to prepare his niece for the arrangement he had made for her.

CHAP. XIII.

Lady, that in the prime of earliest youth
 Wisely hast shunn'd the broad way and the green,
 And with those few art eminently seen,
 That labour up the hill of heavenly truth,
 The better part with Mary and with Ruth
 Chosen thou hast; and they that overween,
 And at thy growing virtues fret their spleen,
 No anger find in thee, but pity' and ruth.

MILTON.

AFFLICTION is a most wholesome corrector of the foibles and frailties of the human mind; it subdues the uprearing head of pride, and softens and modulates the unruly feelings of the heart. The impressions received by witnessing the scene which closes the life of man, under every circumstance, and in any situation, must be awful and imposing, but particularly so was it in the case of Caroline Lismore, who, little used to other objects than those of gaiety and dissipation, and but lately accustomed to exercise the faculty of reflection, received a shock by the contrariety of events passing before her, which might have proved fatal;

had not she been supported by the kind attentions of her uncle, and directed by him where to seek the consolation, and find the tranquillity, the perturbation of her mind so much required. The delicate and considerate attentions also of her new acquaintance, who, on the evening following Mr. Conway's visit to Grosvenor-square, was introduced to Caroline, assisted in calming the violence of those emotions which at first almost threatened to impair the seat of reason. In general, at these melancholy seasons, the presence of a stranger might rather impose restraint and increase sorrow, than be of any beneficial tendency; but the heart, that has been little accustomed to receive "those patient offices of gentle love," which by their silent, though weighty importance, constitute both the delight and solace of natural affection, is more willing to be softened by, and to do justice to, the proffered attentions of an unknown comforter. Caroline could not remember the embrace of maternal fondness, and she had no affectionate sister to participate with her the agony of kindred grief. Towards her aunt and cousins indeed she was now beginning to feel the dawning

of those domestic attachments, whence alone we can hope for true happiness, but the consolation they would have afforded, she was prevented receiving by their distance from her. Naturally therefore did she incline to receive that comfort from the hands of her uncle which he presented to her in the person of lady Lauder, who called to receive her under her care, on the evening preceding the day on which she designed to leave town for the quiet village of Lidford. The violence of Caroline's emotion was renewed, when the carriage was announced which was to convey her from the house of her father, in which so many fond hopes of happiness had been formed, and in which were still lying those sad remains, which the stroke of death alone had left of her parent.

Mr. Conway embraced his niece with tenderness and parental solicitude, and exhorting her to recover her composure, and to think of those sources of comfort he had so frequently represented to her during the last few days, he gave her up to lady Lauder, and returned to the affairs of Mr. Lismore, and to the preparations for his obsequies.

The journey to Lidford was performed without delay or interruption: and, in the course of it, our young mourner gradually sunk into that state of composure and serenity, which the delicate and unobtrusive attentions of her companion assisted to promote. The little girls also, who travelled in the same carriage with their mother, contributed to this calm: for, already imbibing the sentiments, and imitating the example of her, who considered it her first duty to form the minds of those to whom she had given life, when they observed the state of distress in which Miss Lismore joined them, they checked the gaiety which was generally wont to flow spontaneously, at the contemplation of every changing object, and strove by the softness and gentleness of their manners to soothe the grief of their new acquaintance. Their exertions were not in vain, and excited that sort of tender interest in Caroline for the whole group, which, in the course of her future life, proved of that advantage to her, which the intimacy of a well-principled and judicious friend, moving in the higher circles of fashion, must be to a young woman, thrown by fortune and family-

connection into the same sphere, but deprived of those natural guides and protectors, which are so necessary in the dazzling scenes they eventually display.

It were vain to attempt describing the difference of feelings with which Caroline now entered the pastoral residence of her uncle, from those which filled her bosom when she arrived at Lidford a very short time before. They were such at present, as gave every assurance that those which had been formerly exhibited, were not so much the effect of a bad disposition, or an unfeeling heart, as the natural consequences of an ill-concerted, and worse executed scheme of education. The meeting of Caroline with her aunt and cousins was silent and sorrowful; even the playful Marion was sobered into sadness, and her solicitude for her cousin, far from shewing itself in the violence of her expressions, was confined to a gentle pressure of her hand. Lady Lauder did not alight at the parsonage: anxious as she was to see the old and valued friend of her mother, she declined that satisfaction at present, as she considered that the sooner her

young friend was left to the affectionate care of her own relations, the more quickly would she recover the serenity of her mind. The attentions of Mrs. Conway and her daughters were unceasing to their afflicted Caroline, and her heart was not insensible to the strenuousness with which she saw them in every point study her comfort: nor were her feelings for them now, such as could subside with the days of mourning, for which her sable dress was preparing: as soon as the first deeply painful ideas softened, which were so violent during their continuance, her mind began seriously to reflect on the events of the last month, and from that contemplation, and the friendly and well-timed representations of her aunt, she made the resolution of using every exertion to recover that time, and improve those talents which had been so liberally bestowed on her by a bountiful Providence, but so unfortunately neglected by the errors of her father's judgment.

The arrival of Mr. Conway at his parsonage, after seeing the proper respects paid to the remains of Mr. Lismore and arranging

his affairs, gave additional weight to her resolutions, and contributed to increase her inward satisfaction; she willingly and gratefully accepted of her uncle's offer of his parsonage as a home, as long as she should feel it comfortable and pleasant; she concurred in the propriety of his having let her house in London; she was pleased with the ample provision he had made in her name for Mrs. Carr; she implicitly trusted in him as the trustee of that fortune, she was become the mistress of, from the death of her father, and she completely resigned herself to the guardianship of him, who, although not appointed by the *will* of her father, was so by the wish she had herself heard him express in almost the last *words* he had spoken.

In a few days after her arrival at Lauder Manor, lady Lauder received the visits of her friends from the parsonage, and in the course of a very short time, that intimacy was renewed between the families which nothing but the great distance to which they had been removed, would have before interrupted. Although there were many years difference in the ages of Mrs. Conway and

lady Lauder, the similarity of their tastes and pursuits prevented this from being any impediment to the intimate friendship between them, and the rational plan of education they were each engaged in, tended farther to approximate them in their frequent intercourse. Lady Lauder was a young mother, and from Mrs. Conway she could take many of those hints, which but experience and sound judgment alone are capable of giving; besides, as elegance of manner and cultivation of talent were ever united in that lady's ideas of correct principle, lady Lauder could not have a better pattern for imitation. Nor were the advantages of this intimacy confined wholly to lady Lauder, who possessed that easy and open address which can alone be acquired by living in the world. In her character were united every substantial virtue, with every pleasing grace, and in representing her to the observation of her niece, Mrs. Conway saw with much satisfaction, that it was one, among many other considerations to convince her, how compatible is the cultivation of the mind, and the employment of intellect even with the duties of the higher circles; and how great a pros-

pect of happiness is opened by the exercise of those rational powers of intellect and reflection which we were given to use and not abuse.

Thus having seen the object of our solicitude placed in a situation, in which her happiness was receiving a foundation in the exercise of the sublime virtues of Christianity, we will now leave her to prosecute that plan of reformed education, which the judicious judgment of her uncle and aunt had laid out for her. Of course her acquisition of those desirable qualities, whose cultivation had been so long neglected, was not the accomplishment of a few days; but with all the advantages now open to her in the domestic circle of the parsonage, and an intimacy with the elegant mistress of Lauder Manor; with the feelings occasioned by the recollection of the mournful death of her father, and above all with her mind gradually, but stedfastly fixing itself on the Author of her Salvation, as the regulator of every feeling of her heart, and the director of every action of her life: while lady Lauder, in the absence of her husband, was diligently discharging her duty

towards the objects of their mutual concern ; while Mr. and Mrs. Conway, in the persons of their daughters, felt the height of human satisfaction in witnessing in them respectively, those virtues brought to perfection which they had thought it their first pleasure to excite and encourage ; the hope is to be cherished that those Errors of Fashion, which, in the character of Caroline Lisimore, at the beginning of our memoirs, threatened so fatally to undermine her happiness, and destroy her best hopes of comfort, were prevented gaining an alarming height, and eventually were completely subdued ; while in their stead were established that submission to the will of Providence, and that firm resistance of every principle, unsanctioned by his commands, which can alone prepare the young Christian to be launched into the boisterous main of the world, without fear of its occasional tempests or calms, shattering or effacing the strong active principle of Christian morality, without which every other quality or accomplishment is useless and unprofitable !

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