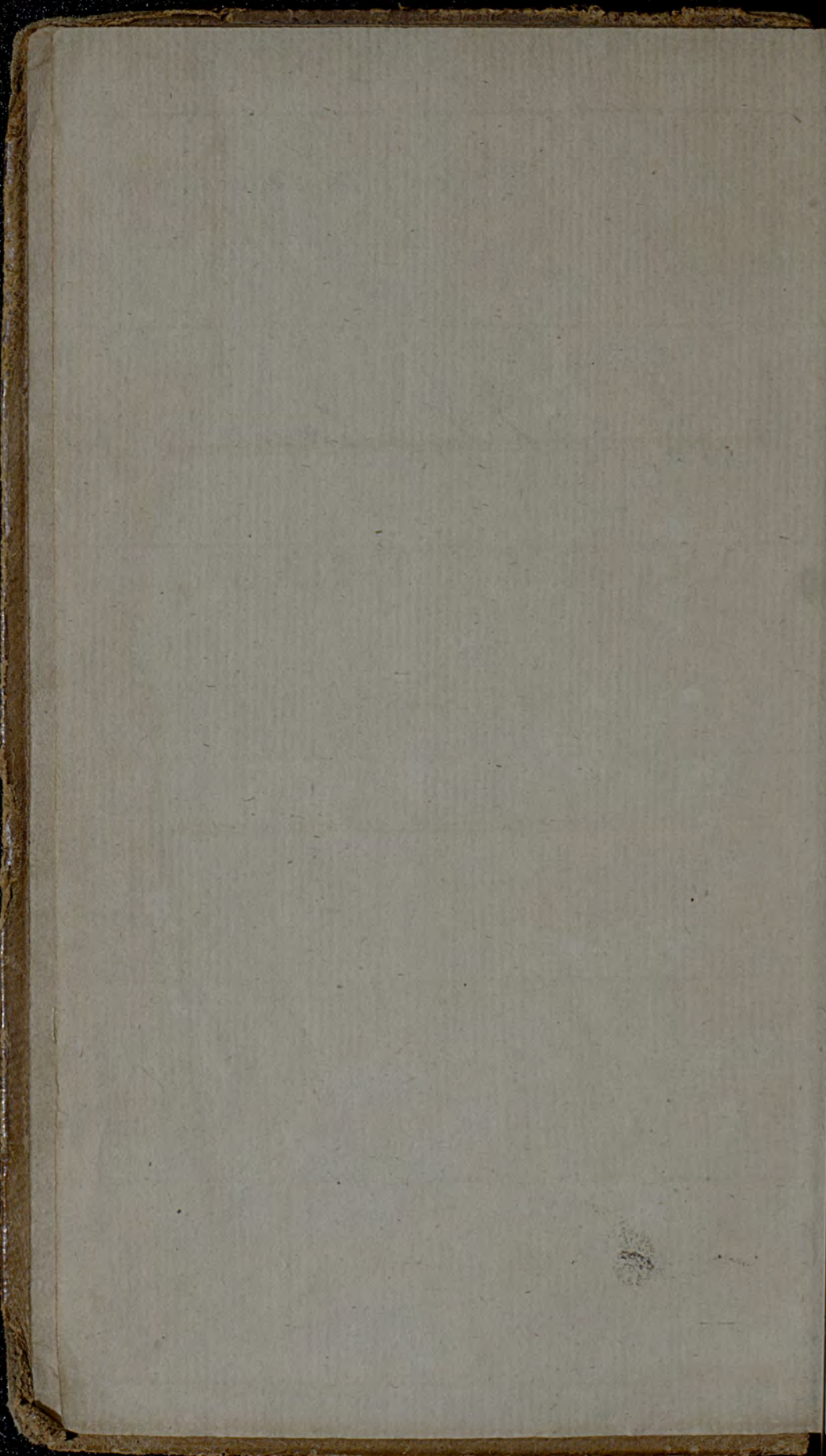


N-446
SB

Caroline Lawson

Harriet Graham



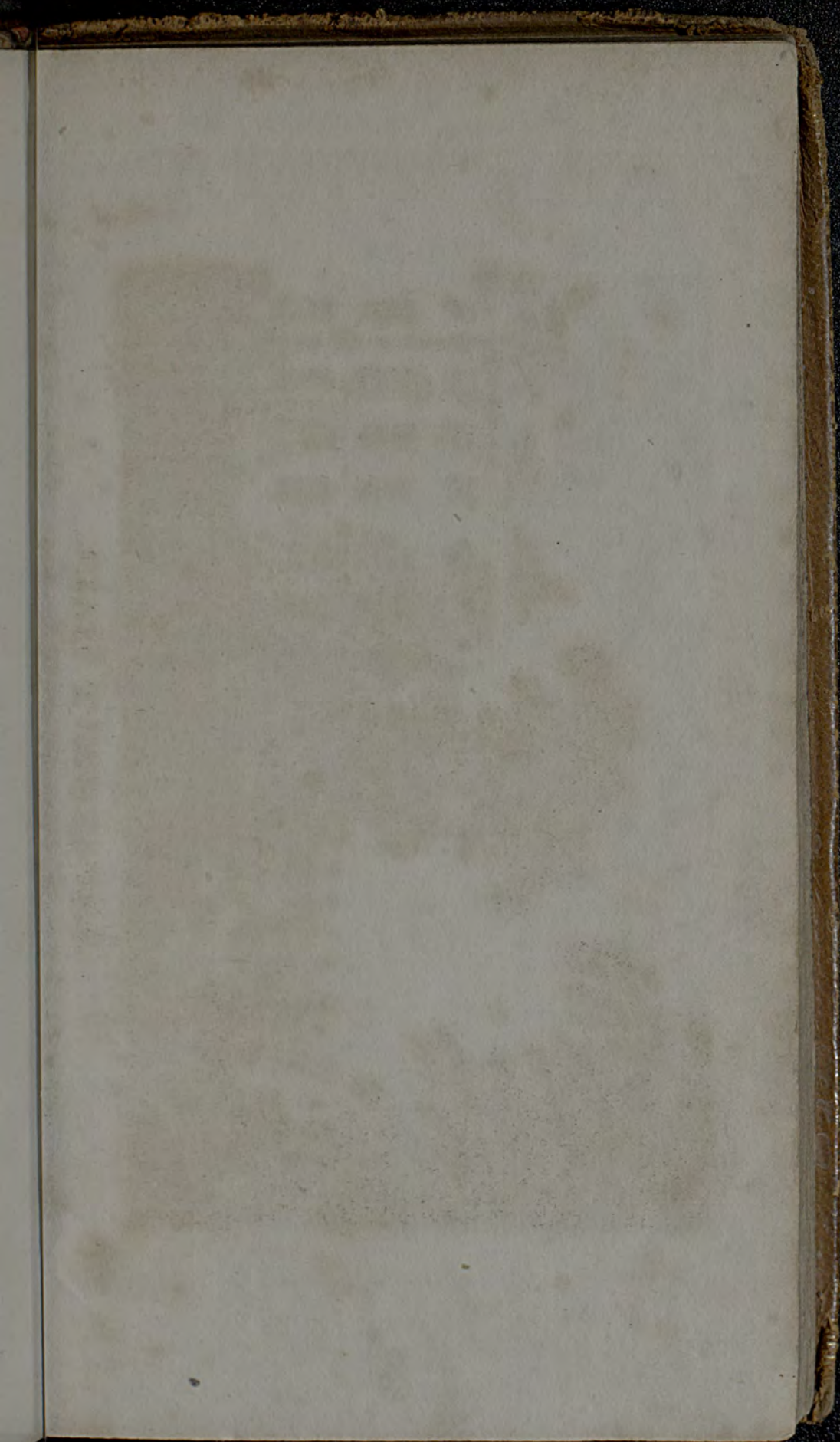
AMUSEMENT HALL,

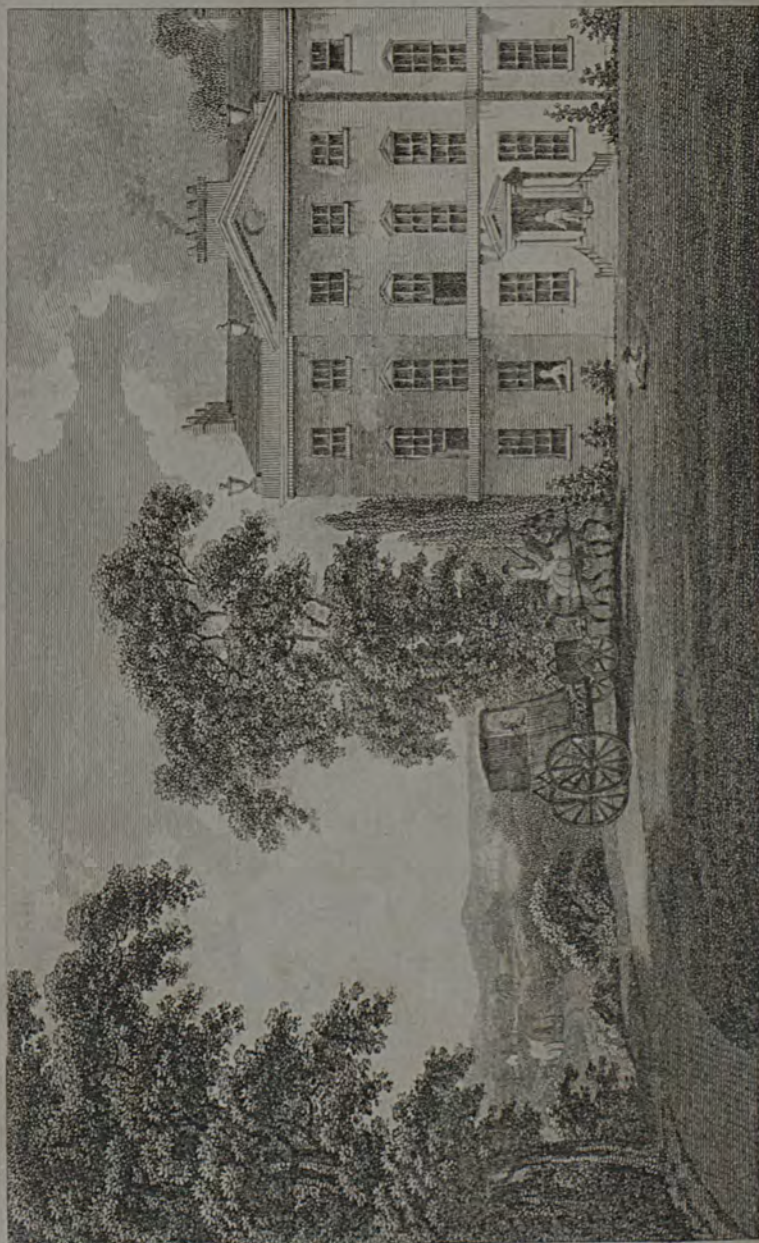
Ec. Ec.

Price Two Shillings & Sixpence bound.

AMUSEMENT HALL

1883





AMUSEMENT HALL.

*Amelia, impatient to see her little Fose and was standing at the Window when Mr. Lloyd's Carriage arrived :-
London. Published by T. Cadogan, May 1. 1797.*

See Page 7.

AMUSEMENT HALL;

OR,

AN EASY

INTRODUCTION

TO THE

ATTAINMENT

OF

USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.

BY A LADY.

SECOND EDITION.

In Works of learned Labour let *the Men*,
With their superior Pow'rs, employ the Pen,
And hidden Truths explore;—'tis *our* Desigu
Instruction with Amusement to combine,
Pleasure with useful Knowledge to unite,
And yield at once Improvement and Delight.

London :

Printed for and Sold by T. GARDINER, No. 19, Princes-street,
Cavendish-square.

Sold also by B. LAW, Avemaria-lane: and J. MARSHALL,
Queen-street, Cheap-side.

1797.

[Entered at Stationers Hall.]

ANUSSEMENT HALL

OR

W. N. HAY

INTRODUCTION

TO THE

ATTACHMENT

OR

USUAL KNOWLEDGE

BY W. N. HAY

AND

THE

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

at
co
ro
in
an
les
th

AMUSEMENT HALL,

Ec. Ec.

AMUSEMENT HALL, though not a superb, is a handsome structure, situated in a delightful spot, on a rising ground, commanding a pleasing view of the high road and adjacent country. The surrounding hills are interspersed with hanging woods and shady groves, the mansions of the opulent, and the cottages of the poor: thus is the eye gratified with an extensive prospect,

B

while

while the diversified scenes that it exhibits, afford ample materials for contemplation to a reflecting mind. The furniture of the house is elegantly neat; the library, though not large, contains many valuable productions. Mrs. Smith, the proprietor of this mansion, is descended from an ancient family: she possesses this estate in her own right, besides an ample fortune left her by Mr. Smith. She is generous, though not profuse: no object of distress is passed by unnoticed; she distributes not her bounty through the hands of servants, but visits the cottages herself, and relieves them that are in want, according to their various necessities. As industry leads to happiness, she finds employment for the poor suited to their abilities: there are none idle in the village; the children are employed according to their different ages, and are taught to read and write under her own inspection. Her company is sought by the lovers of literature: her conversation is easy and unaffected; she seeks not to kill time,

time, but to improve it, and therefore never finds it hang heavy on her hands. By the cheerfulness of her temper, her happiness is made apparent to all: even those who follow a round of folly and dissipation, approve of her conduct, though they have not resolution to imitate it.

Her sister, Mrs. Denew, is also a very amiable character, and has the happiness of being united to a worthy gentleman, whose manners and disposition accord with her own. They are blessed with several children. Amelia, the eldest daughter, possesses every advantage which can be derived from education, good sense, and an amiable disposition. She was about ten years of age, at the period to which this little history refers, and had just obtained permission of her papa and mamma to pay a visit to her aunt at Amusement Hall, which was about twenty miles from Mr Denew's.

Upon Amelia's arrival, the following conversation took place.

MRS. SMITH.

I am glad to see you, my dear, again at Amusement Hall; I hope your mamma will give you leave to spend some months with me.

AMELIA.

My mamma was with difficulty prevailed on last summer to part with me, fearing your indulgence would spoil me; but when I returned home, my papa and mamma were both pleased to find me so much improved, and said, if my aunt requested it, my visit should be longer next time. When your letter came, I jumped for joy! My brothers and sisters cried, Pray, mamma, let me go—pray, mamma, let me go. Mamma told them, that they must stay till they were old enough to leave the nursery.

MRS. SMITH.

My dear, it is time you should have some refreshment after your journey; just touch the bell, that I may order tea. How does your little friend Miss Laura do?

AMELIA.

AMELIA.

She was almost wild when I told her I had an invitation to Amusement Hall, and teased her papa every day to let her come with me. He told her he could not take the liberty to send such an ungovernable, rude girl to you, especially without an invitation. When I took leave of her, she cried so, I thought the poor creature would have broken her heart; but indeed, aunt, she always does so when she can't have her own way; her papa is so good, that he does not deny her any thing in his power to grant, and will not suffer her to be contradicted; yet she is not happy.

MRS. SMITH.

That is owing to her papa's over fondness, which prevents him from seeing her faults.

AMELIA.

I am sure my papa and mamma see my faults plain enough.

MRS. SMITH.

So much the better for you, my dear.

AMELIA.

AMELIA.

Indeed, madam, I should like it better, if they did not see them; for then they would never be angry with me.

MRS. SMITH.

But, my dear child, is it not more to your advantage for your friends to see your faults, than for others, who might make the same remarks on you, as you do on Miss Laura? It is in love to you that your parents admonish and correct you, that you may appear amiable in the eyes of the world; and when you attend to their instructions and reproofs, it endears you the more to them: were your mamma to leave you to do and say just what you please, I fear you would be as unhappy as Miss Lloyd, who, if under proper government, might, in every respect, equal, if not exceed, my dear Amelia. She is greatly to be pitied. She has lost her mamma: her papa is much engaged, and the poor girl is left to the care of servants, who are never to contradict her. She is very lively, far from being of a bad disposition,

sition, and, if she had the advantage of good instruction, not ungovernable.

AMELIA.

Oh, my dear aunt, will you send for Laura? You can make her happy, I am sure.

MRS. SMITH.

I am very willing, my dear, to comply with your request, and will write to Mr. Lloyd this evening. I think Miss Lloyd is about your own age.

AMELIA.

I believe she is a few months older.

Mrs. Smith received, by return of post, a very polite letter of thanks from Mr. Lloyd, accepting the invitation, and expressing the mortification he felt in not being able to accompany his daughter, as he was about to set off on a journey of some weeks, but would send her the next day.

Amelia, impatient to see her little friend, was standing at the window when Mr. Lloyd's carriage arrived. She flew to receive

ceive her, and, on introducing Miss Lloyd to her aunt, said, Now, madam, you have made me happy, for I do love Laura.

MRS. SMITH.

My dear Miss Lloyd, I am very happy to see you. I hope you and Amelia will improve each other.

LAURA.

I am much obliged to you, madam, for sending for me; I am sure I shall enjoy myself with Amelia; for I suppose all our time will be spent in play.

MRS. SMITH.

I mean that all your time shall be spent in amusements.

LAURA.

Then, madam, I shall not fail to be happy.

MRS. SMITH:

Amelia, I shall leave you to entertain Miss Laura in my absence, which will not be long.

On Mrs. Smith's return, she is surprized to find Laura in tears!

MRS.

MRS. SMITH.

What is the matter?

AMELIA.

Laura's grief is occasioned by my answers to her enquiries concerning our amusements. When I told her, the morning was to be spent in working and reading, she burst out a crying, and said she should wish herself at home again.

MRS. SMITH.

Pray, Miss, dry up your tears; you shall choose your own amusements; but Amelia must have the same liberty.

LAURA.

What then, must I play by myself? I cannot believe work can be any amusement to her, only she is forced to do it.

AMELIA.

Indeed, my dear Laura, you are mistaken. I should think a day very tedious, in which I did not do any work: besides, you cannot think what pleasure I find in working with my mamma. You would have thought I was well repaid, had you seen how pleased my papa was with the first shirt

I finished. He said he should ever look on it with pleasure, as his dear Amelia's little fingers had been employed in making it; and it was shewn to all our friends, so that I had praises in abundance; but the more I was praised, the more I loved my mamma.

LAURA.

I am sure I should have loved myself the more. Did not you make it?

AMELIA.

Yes! but think, Laura, what I owe to mamma, who instructed me. I am often told what a clever girl I am; but mamma's kind instructions make me so; and yet she lets me have all the praise: how can I help loving her more and more every day!

LAURA.

Well, I think we have had enough about work; let us go and play in the garden.

MRS. SMITH.

Go, my dear children; I will join you presently.

AMELIA.

Here comes my aunt.

LAURA.

LAURA.

I don't like your gardener, madam: my papa would have turned his away, were he as idle as your's: look at this piece of ground! see how it lies all in disorder, and covered over with weeds! it spoils the view of the whole garden; for it strikes one's attention the moment one enters.

MRS. SMITH.

Amelia, take this book into the parlour; we shall soon follow you.—My gardener, yesterday, was at work at this bed; but, by my orders, left it in the state in which you now see it. I was in hopes it might afford a useful lesson to Miss Lloyd, and it gives me pleasure to find it has struck you just as I wished it should. I have known you from your infancy; and with concern perceive, that to this hour your mind has continued uncultivated, as the piece of ground before you. Your exterior form attracts our attention; and you are blessed with a large share of vivacity: from such an appearance we have much to expect: but I am sorry to say it, the prevailing qualities of your mind
are

are so many moral weeds; and you must not wonder if they are soon discovered and severely censured. We are apt to pass by a hundred beauties unnoticed, if but one striking defect appears, as you have just now done. My gardener has taken peculiar care of the surrounding beds; observe the order in which they lie, and the various flowers that adorn them; all these you passed by unnoticed, to observe that this uncultivated plat spoils the whole. So it is, my dear, with young ladies, however pretty they may think themselves, if their minds are uncultivated, and unadorned with useful knowledge.

LAURA.

Madam, you shock me with the picture you have drawn! yet I own, with shame, it is too just a likeness of myself. Indeed, I love nothing but play, and abhor working and reading. I wish I was like Amelia; but I fear I never shall be.

MRS. SMITH.

You must not be discouraged, if you
[meet with a few difficulties, which Amelia
did

did not, having been led in the paths of knowledge from her infancy. What say you to being of our party to-morrow morning?

LAURA.

Most willingly, madam: I intend, for the first time, to prefer reading and working to play; but I must beg of you to call me Laura, that I may be the same as your Amelia; for I intend to be very good.

MRS. SMITH.

Then, my dear Laura, you shall not want for encouragement; but Amelia will think us long.

The next morning Mrs. Smith renewed the proposal she had made the day before, to which poor Laura, inconstant to her resolution, replied:

LAURA.

Pray, madam, excuse me to day: I shall lose all my spirits to sit yawning at work now the sun shines; I want to run about the garden.

MRS. SMITH.

I always keep my word: I promised you the choice of your amusements; you are at liberty to go.

LAURA.

But I want Amelia to go with me.

MRS. SMITH.

That I cannot permit:

Laura goes out, and in about an hour after is heard screaming and crying.

AMELIA.

I am afraid, madam, some accident has happened to Laura.

MRS. SMITH.

A strange screaming, indeed! I will go and see what is the matter.

Mrs. Smith finds her kicking against the kitchen door.

MRS. SMITH.

Laura, you surprize me! what is all this uproar about?

LAURA.

LAURA.

Molly has shut me out of the kitchen.

MRS. SMITH.

The kitchen is not the place for young ladies.

LAURA.

But she had no need to push me out, and lock the door.

MRS. SMITH.

I fear you have behaved very much amiss, or else Molly would not have treated you in this manner. Come into the parlour.— What a frock! how dirty! and what a great rent in it! how happened all this?

LAURA.

It was Rover that did it; he played very prettily for some time with me in the pleasure-ground; but when we came by the fish-ponds he jumped in: when he came out, he ran and rolled himself in the dust, and then jumped upon me. I was so vexed to see the nasty condition he made my frock in, that I took up a stick and beat him; upon which he seized on my frock,

c 2

and

and tore it; I endeavoured to get rid of him, but he still kept his hold. I ran screaming into the kitchen; Molly laughed at me, which so provoked me, that I struck her: she then turned me out. I'm sure none of my papa's servants would have dared to do so.

MRS. SMITH.

Molly was certainly wrong to laugh at your distress; but that does not justify your conduct. I cannot permit any child to strike one of my servants. I must, therefore, insist on your asking her pardon.

LAURA.

No, that I never will.

MRS. SMITH.

I shall not admit you into my presence till you do. As you do not seem disposed immediately to comply, you may retire to your chamber, and consider of it. I shall not use any intreaties, or see you again till you have obeyed my commands: your ill-humour will be no interruption to me.

AMELIA:

AMELIA.

Permit me, aunt, to go and persuade Laura to comply with your commands.

MRS. SMITH.

Not at present, my dear: when your morning employment is over, I shall leave you to follow your own inclination.

AMELIA.

Here comes Laura, with a clean frock and a smiling face!

LAURA.

I hope, madam, you will forgive me: I am quite ashamed to think I have been so long before I obeyed your commands; nor should I have done it now, had it not been for the kind persuasion of Nanny. I told her I never would submit to ask Molly's pardon. She said, I am sorry to hear you say so, Miss; you had much better do it at first, for you must at last, as my mistress never retracts her word. I replied, I'll fret and cry, and then Mrs. Smith will let me come down into the parlour, lest I should be sick. No, Miss, said she, you are quite mistaken, if you think to gain any thing by

that; for my mistress would order you to have water-gruel, and be put to bed. I told her I could never bear that. Then it will be very easy for you, Miss, to ask Molly to forgive your striking her. She then left me, and returned with Molly, who said, I am come Miss Lloyd, to ask your pardon for being so rude as to laugh at you. I started up, No, Molly, it is I that ought to ask your pardon for striking you, and I do it sincerely.

I shall always have an esteem both for Molly and Nanny for their kindness to me; and now, madam, if I obtain your forgiveness, I shall be quite happy again.

MRS. SMITH.

That you freely have: but I must caution you not to give way to your passions, as that has been the cause of all the mortifications you have met with to-day. I will tell you a little Fable, that I hope you will gain instruction by.

A Bear, that was stung by a Bee, was so enraged by the pain he felt, that he ran, like a mad thing, into the bee garden, and
over-

overturned all the hives. This outrage brought upon him an army of bees. Being almost stung to death, he reflected how much more prudent it would have been, to pass over one injury, than by rash passion to provoke a thousand.

LAURA.

If I had put up with the injury Rover did me, I should have saved all the consequences that followed. I will endeavour to remember this fable, when any thing provokes me again.

MRS. SMITH.

I hope you will; for it is unbecoming a young lady to give way to resentment. I am very glad you have seen your error. After dinner Amelia shall repeat to you a story which she has been reading this morning.

LAURA.

I am sure I could not remember, so as to repeat a story, the next minute after I had read it.

MRS.

MRS. SMITH.

I am persuaded it is for want of attention, rather than of memory: accustom yourself to think while you read, and what you read will fasten on your memory. Amelia imbibed this habit very early, so that it is no difficulty to her. I would wish you to adopt the sentiment of the two following lines:

Despair of nothing that you would attain,
Unweary'd diligence your point will gain.

In the afternoon Amelia repeated the following story out of Hume's History of England:

Edward the third, when he retook Calais, after a shameful revolt, was so incensed, that he was determined to take exemplary vengeance on the inhabitants, and would not receive the town on any conditions which should confine him in the punishment of those offenders. Edward was at last persuaded to more moderation, and insisted on six of the most eminent citizens being sent
to

to him, to his camp, with the keys of the city, bareheaded, and barefooted, with ropes about their necks; and on these conditions he promised to spare the lives of all the remainder.

When this intelligence was conveyed to Calais, there was a general consternation. To sacrifice six of their fellow-citizens to certain destruction, when they had all signalled their valour in a common cause, appeared to them more severe than that general punishment they were before threatened with; and they were irresolute in so cruel and distressing a situation. At last one of the principal inhabitants, called Eustace de St. Pierre, stepped forth, declaring himself willing to encounter death, to save his friends and companions. Animated by his example, another made a like generous offer, and a third and fourth, till the whole number was completed. These six brave men, with ropes about their necks, like malefactors, laid the keys of the city at the King's feet, who ordered them to execution.

LAURA.

Every one must detest the cruelty of Edward!

AMELIA.

But the intreaties of his Queen Phillippa saved his memory from that infamy. She threw herself on her knees before the King, and, with tears in her eyes, begged the lives of these citizens. Having obtained her request, she conducted them into her tent, ordered a repast to be set before them, and, after making them a present of money and clothes, dismissed them in safety.

LAURA.

What noble generosity!—If ever I should be able to relate a story as well as Amelia does, I shall be quite proud.

MRS. SMITH.

I would advise you to apply yourself rather to acquire knowledge than to show it; for you would appear very ridiculous, if you had only just enough to excite your pride, and not enough to cure it.

LAURA.

Will knowledge cure pride?

MRS.

MRS. SMITH.

It certainly has that tendency: for the more we converse with the excellencies of others, the less we shall esteem ourselves; and the more we are acquainted with their imperfections, the more readily shall we acquiesce in the probability of our own character being open to censure. You and Amelia may go to play.

The next day Laura addressed Mrs. Smith as follows:

LAURA.

Will you permit me, madam, to be of your party this morning

MRS. SMITH.

With pleasure; you may hem this handkerchief for me, and Amelia shall read a story.

The Art of Happiness. (The World.)

A good temper is one of the principal ingredients of happiness. This, it is said,
is

is born with us, and so in a great measure it is; yet often-times it may be acquired by art, and always improved by culture. Almost every object that attracts our notice, has its bright and its dark side. He that habituates himself to look at the displeasing side, will sour his disposition, and consequently impair his happiness; while he who constantly looks on the bright side, insensibly meliorates his temper, and, in consequence, improves his own happiness, and that of all about him.

Arachne and Melissa are two friends, both women in years, and alike in birth, fortune, education, and accomplishments. They were originally alike in temper too; but by different management are grown the reverse of each other. Arachne has accustomed herself to look on the dark side of every object. If you shew her a new publication, she slightly skims over the passages that would give her pleasure, and dwells only on those that fill her with dislike. Her garden is a very delightful one; but if you take a walk with her in it, she talks of
nothing

nothing but blights and storms, of snails and caterpillars. If you sit down with her in the temples to enjoy a beautiful prospect, she observes to you, that there is too much wood, or too little water; that the day is too sunny, or too gloomy; that it is sultry or windy; and finishes with a long harangue upon the wretchedness of our climate. In company she casts a gloom over all, by giving you the history of her own bad health, or of some melancholy accident that besel one of her daughter's children. Thus she insensibly sinks her own spirits, and the spirits of all around her, and at last discovers, she knows not why, that her friends are grave.

Melissa is the reverse of all this: she is cheerful herself, and communicates it to all about her. If any misfortune has befallen her, she considers it might have been worse, and is thankful to Providence for an escape. She opens every book with a desire to be entertained or instructed, and, therefore, seldom misses what she looks for. Walk with her, though it be but on a heath

or common, and she will discover numberless beauties, unobserved before, in the hills, the dales, the broom, the brakes, and the variegated flowers of weeds and poppies. She enjoys every change of weather and of season, as bringing something of health or convenience. In conversation, it is a rule with her never to start a subject that leads to any thing gloomy or disagreeable; you, therefore, never hear her repeating her own grievances, or those of her neighbours, or (what is worst of all) their faults and imperfections. Thus Melissa, like the Bee, gathers honey from every weed; while Arachne, like the Spider, sucks poison from the fairest flowers: the consequence is, that of two tempers, once nearly allied, the one is for ever sour and dissatisfied, and the other always cheerful.

LAURA.

I have hemmed your handkerchief, madam, before I was aware of it; I was so taken up with the story: I never enjoyed a morning so before.

MRS.

MRS. SMITH.

You will always find your happiness increase with your usefulness: here is a short story for you to read.

LAURA.

I hope I shall remember it, that I may repeat it after dinner.

MRS. SMITH.

Now I would have you go to play.

After dinner Amelia and Laura repeated the following stories.

AMELIA.

Augustus, who was prone to anger, got the following lesson from Athenodorus, the philosopher: That as soon as he should feel the first motions of anger, he should repeat deliberately all the letters of the alphabet; for, that anger was easily prevented, but not easily subdued. To repress anger, it is a good method to turn the injury into a jest. Socrates, having received a blow on the head, remarked that it would be well if people knew when to put on a helmet. Another time, being attacked with oppro-

brious language, he calmly observed, that the man was not yet taught to speak respectfully.

MRS. SMITH.

Now, my dear Laura, I hope you can remember what you read in the morning; it was very short.

LAURA.

I'll try, madam.

Antigonus, King of Syria, hearing two of his soldiers reviling him behind his tent, "Gentlemen," said he, opening the curtain, "remove to a greater distance, for your king hears you."

AMELIA.

What a command of temper!

MRS. SMITH.

This was likely to have a better effect than punishment would have had; for the wisest of men says, "a soft answer turneth away wrath." I hope, my dear Laura, you will not be discouraged, for you have performed very well; and you will find less and less difficulty,

difficulty, as you proceed; the faculties of the mind, as well as the body, being strengthened and improved by exercise.

LAURA.

And I never enjoyed playing, as I have done to-day.

MRS. SMITH.

That does not surprize me; for the spirits tire in continually pursuing one thing, let it be what it will.

The same method was continued every day. Laura soon became quite happy, in finding that the pursuit of useful knowledge led to the higher gratifications of her mind, and proved an inexhaustible source of pleasure and entertainment. Thus the time insensibly passed away, till near three months had elapsed.

END OF THE FIRST PART.

The first part of the book is devoted to a general
 description of the country and its inhabitants.
 The second part contains a detailed account of
 the various tribes and their customs.
 The third part is a collection of fables and
 legends which are believed to be true.
 The fourth part is a list of the names of the
 various places and persons mentioned in the
 text.
 The fifth part is a list of the names of the
 various tribes and their chiefs.
 The sixth part is a list of the names of the
 various places and persons mentioned in the
 text.
 The seventh part is a list of the names of the
 various tribes and their chiefs.
 The eighth part is a list of the names of the
 various places and persons mentioned in the
 text.
 The ninth part is a list of the names of the
 various tribes and their chiefs.
 The tenth part is a list of the names of the
 various places and persons mentioned in the
 text.

PART THE SECOND.

ONE day Mrs. Smith paid a visit to Mrs. Murray at Play-Hall. Miss Murray took the little ladies into another room, to play by themselves.

AMELIA.

What do you usually play at Miss Murray?

MISS MURRAY.

We hardly ever play at any thing but cards: brother James, fetch them.

AMELIA.

I shall like to see what sort they are.

JAMES.

Here they are sister.

MISS.

MISS MURRAY.

Come, ladies, sit down to the table; this is a charming amusement! Don't you think so, Miss Denew?

AMELIA.

Indeed, Miss, I cannot find so much pleasure in cutting and shuffling cards, which convey no useful knowledge. Our cards amuse, and at the same time instruct us.

JAMES.

I wish you had a pack in your pocket.

AMELIA.

I believe I have.

MISS MURRAY.

Oh, they are pictured! here is a Dutchman.

AMELIA.

He lives in Holland; if you can give us a map, we will find the country.

MISS MURRAY.

I believe, brother James, there are several in my papa's study.

JAMES.

I have brought a map of the world.

AMELIA.

AMELIA.

Lay it down on the table, Master Murray. Now, Sir, where is Holland?

JAMES.

I don't know; I never looked at a map.

AMELIA.

You joke: your papa has certainly instructed you in the use of maps.

JAMES.

My papa and mamma have so many engagements, that they cannot attend much to us: we have card parties two or three times a week. I should be obliged to you, Miss Denew, to show me Holland.

AMELIA.

There it is. In winter their women skate to market.

MISS MURRAY.

Let me draw a card. I have got a Greenlander.

AMELIA.

Here is Greenland; the nearest country to the North Pole, that is inhabited: our ships go thither for whales, which are so valuable for their oil and bone.

JAMES.

JAMES.

Now let me draw: Oh, it is an Indian.
Show me the place where he resides.

AMELIA.

Here, where our Nabobs get their riches,
and the East India Company trade: they
employ many ships to bring us tea, spices,
and china.

LAURA.

What, is it my turn? A West-Indian.
There are the islands; Jamaica, Barbadoes,
and a great many besides, which are called
the West-India Islands; from which we are
supplied with rum, sugar, and cotton.

AMELIA.

Now I will take one; a Spaniard. I am
not very fond of the Dons, for the charac-
teristic of their nation is pride.

JAMES.

That is a common proverb, as proud as
a Spaniard.

AMELIA.

But now we have got to Spain, I will
show you the famous Rock of Gibraltar,
which

which the English so bravely defended last war.

MISS MURRAY.

A South American. I must apply to you, Miss Denew, to shew me the place where he lives.

AMELIA.

Here it is; the Spaniards conquered it, to get possession of its rich mines of gold and silver. Now, Laura, it is your turn.

LAURA.

An Italian, a subject of the Pope, whose dominions are in Italy, and whose residence is at Rome. Here it is.

JAMES.

I heard a gentleman talk about a burning mountain. Do you know, Miss Lloyd, what part of the world it is in?

LAURA.

I believe there is one in Italy, but I have forgot the name.

JAMES.

Perhaps Miss Denew can tell us.

AMELIA.

AMELIA.

There are three principal ones; Mount Vesuvius, near Naples, in Italy; here is the place: Mount Etna, in Sicily; which is here. Now we will go to Iceland, where there is another, that is called Mount Hecla. Master Murray, you have just put your finger on your own country.

JAMES.

Oh, what England! I shall know where to find you; if I am but fortunate enough to draw an Englishman; but you are to draw first, Miss Denew.

AMELIA.

A Turk, with his great turban: you see their manner of dress is different from ours; the men wearing long garments; but we must find the country: here is Turkey, which belongs to the Grand Signior. Come, Master Murray, I know you are impatient to draw your Englishman.

JAMES.

How lucky! I have got him (laying the card down on England). Now, squire, you have got home. (They all laugh.)

AMELIA.

AMELIA.

But have you nothing to say of your gentleman, or his country?

JAMES.

I think it the best country in the world.

AMELIA.

It vies with all other nations in its commerce, our ships trading to most parts of the globe.

MISS MURRAY.

I like your cards better than ours.

AMELIA.

I thought you would; we may always find something new to say upon them; and when we meet with gentlemen who have been abroad, it is pleasant not to be ignorant of the situation of the countries they are conversing about. When you come to see us, we will show you our geographical and historical cards.

JAMES.

Let us go on.

The servant opens the door: Ladies, tea is ready.

MISS MURRAY.

I don't like to leave our play: I hope you will come and see us again; and pray bring your cards with you.

As Mrs. Smith was returning home, Amelia thus addressed her:

AMELIA.

Pray, aunt, did you play at cards with Mrs. Murray?

MRS. SMITH.

Mrs. Murray is well acquainted with my opinion of cards, and has too much politeness ever to introduce them when I am present.

AMELIA.

Miss Murray wanted us to play.

Amelia then related the conversation that passed between them, and how much Miss and Master Murray were entertained with the pictured cards, and with finding out the places on the map.

The

The day following (the morning and afternoon being passed according to their usual method) Mrs. Smith, after tea, proposed to spend the evening in walking.

MRS. SMITH.

What say you to a walk?

LAURA.

I can answer we shall be agreed in that; shall we not, Amelia?

MRS. SMITH.

The pleasure ground, or the fields?

LAURA.

The fields, the fields; we will be ready in a moment.

MRS. SMITH.

Ring the bell for John to attend us.

LAURA.

How delightful the corn looks in flocks! and the people scattered up and down gleaning it!

AMELIA.

May we go and help them, madam? I should like to gather some for that poor woman, who has so many children with her.

MRS. SMITH.

I have no objection; for I can amuse myself with a book, which I have in my pocket, while you are engaged in so useful an employment.

AMELIA.

Look, aunt, what a bundle I have gathered! Here comes Laura.

LAURA.

Oh! I'm so tired! (flings herself on the ground.)

MRS. SMITH (*looking at her watch*).

What, give out in half an hour? Those poor children have been toiling the greatest part of the day.

LAURA.

They were born to work, and do not feel it as we do.

MRS. SMITH.

There is no difference at all in our birth: were the infant of a rich man, and the infant of a poor man, to be dressed in the same manner, and laid on the same bed, you would not know the one from the other; and were I to say to you, Now, Laura,
point

point me out the child of the poor, I should impose a task on you, which, I am sure, you would be utterly unable to perform; for the gifts of nature are equal. The difference of our persons and manners arises solely from education; if any one of the women now in the field had, from her infancy, been brought up with all the delicacy of the fine lady, she would have had the same languors, and have been as soon fatigued.

LAURA.

But she would have been happier.

MRS. SMITH.

I should think not, if I may judge from what I have been witness to. I have seen the fine lady discontented with every thing: this was a misery! and the other was a misery! and she was surrounded with miseries!

LAURA.

Then she was miserable without a cause.

MRS. SMITH.

It was entirely owing to peevishness and lassitude, arising from the want of exercise and employment. The poor have none of

these artificial miseries: if they have food to eat, though coarse, they enjoy it; for exercise carries off those ridiculous vapours, which destroy the appetite, and create endless complainings.

LAURA.

Then it is better to be poor than rich.

MRS. SMITH.

So it would, if those miseries were necessarily attendant on riches; but why may not we use the same means to acquire health and spirits?

LAURA.

Must we, then, labour in the fields?

MRS. SMITH.

No; but we must expect to enjoy more or less health and spirits, as we use or neglect proper exercise; at any rate, we ought always to be employed. The distribution of happiness is much more equal than we in general imagine; for it does not consist in what we possess, but in the disposition of mind with which we possess it.

In this book, which I have just been reading, I have found a great, though poor
man,

man, and his views of poverty strengthen what I have said, that happiness is more equally dispensed than we are apt to imagine.

LAURA.

Pray, madam, give us some account of him.

MRS. SMITH.

He was a Roman citizen; and being a virtuous honest man, he was often employed in state affairs. At this time, he was sent as an Ambassador, with others, to Pyrrhus, King of Epirus, then at war with the Romans, to treat with him for the ransoming of the prisoners, who honourably entertained them, and sent the prisoners back to Rome without any ransom. Pyrrhus, admiring Fabricius, and understanding he was poor, endeavoured to win him over, by making him considerable offers, which were rejected by Fabricius with disdain.

AMELIA.

But if he was poor, how did he support the dignity of an Ambassador?

MRS.

MRS. SMITH.

While he was employed in the state, they provided him with all necessaries fuitable to the situation he was in; but I will read you part of his speech to Pyrrhus: “ It would be needless (said Fabricius) for me to mention the experience I have had in state affairs, as well as in those of a private nature, since you have been told these things by others. You also seem to be so well informed of my poverty, that there will be no occasion for me to acquaint you, that I have neither money to put out to interest, nor slaves to produce me any income; all my wealth consisting of a little house, and a small field, which yields sufficient for my subsistence. Though I am not possessed of a considerable estate, I never thought, nor can yet think, that my poverty ever did me the least injury. With regard to my fortune, so far from repining at it, I look upon myself as the happiest of men, when I compare my condition with that of the rich; and I even feel, on this occasion, a kind of complacency and pride. My little field,

field, though not over fruitful, furnishes me sufficiently with all things necessary, provided I do but bestow the proper culture, and preserve the produce of it. Do I need any thing more? All food, when seasoned by hunger, is agreeable to me. When I am parched with thirst, it is luxury to quench it; and when I am fatigued, I take the sweets of sleep with exquisite pleasure. I content myself with a suit that shelters me from the inclemency of the weather; and, among the several moveables, which may be of the like use, the meanest always suits me best.

“It would be unjust in me to accuse fortune, since she furnishes me with all that nature requires. It is indeed true, that, for want of this affluence, I am prevented assisting the necessitous, which is the only advantage for which the opulent may justly be envied. Even with my little, I assist where that little can be of use, and I do my fellow citizens all the service in my power.”

LAURA.

I fear I shall never attain to this truly noble spirit of choosing the meanest things to wear, that I may give to others.

MRS. SMITH.

I have known young ladies, that have retrenched their own expences to clothe others; yet not so, but that they have appeared genteel, according to their situation: œconomy will do great things, and if we consider it as a privilege to do good, we shall easily find the means to do it; but it looks as if we should have a shower; we must be walking. Where is John?

AMELIA.

He has been helping a poor woman to glean; but he is just here.

MRS. SMITH.

John, do you know of any house near?

JOHN.

Yes, madam, Joe Sage, the gardener's; it is about three fields off.

MRS. SMITH.

How far are we from home?

JOHN

JOHN.

Almost three miles, madam.

MRS. SMITH.

Then do you return, and bring the carriage, and we will wait at the gardener's.

Just as they had got to the cottage, and were about entering, Mrs. Smith said, Stop! I think I hear the voice of distress; let us listen. (They hear the following discourse.)

Oh Eliza! what shall we do? Nurse says, our dear mamma will not live! What will become of us? My mamma has left all her acquaintance, and nobody knows where we are;—we must die with mamma.

ELIZA.

Pray, Ann, do not talk so; my heart is almost broken; but here comes little William: let us dry up our tears.

WILLIAM.

Mamma won't let me stay; she can hardly speak; bade me come to you to kiss me, for she cannot. Her hand feels quite cold! What is the matter with her?—They each
take

take him by the hand, and, kissing him, burst into tears afresh, saying, What shall we do without a mamma?

Mrs. Smith, feeling herself much affected with the distress of these children, said, Let us go in, and see if we can afford them any comfort.

Mrs. Smith, on entering, addressed the eldest child.

MRS. SMITH.

I hope, Miss, you will excuse our intrusion: we were led hither to beg a little shelter from the approaching rain.

ELIZA.

Pray, madam, walk in; —Ladies, here are chairs.

MRS. SMITH.

May I enquire, my dear young Ladies, into the cause of your grief? I presume your residence has not been long in this place.

ELIZA.

Only six weeks, madam. My mamma
was

was ill when she came, and has been getting worse ever since; and Nurse says she cannot live long. (They all cry afresh.)

WILLIAM.

I won't let mamma die; for William must have a mamma.

MRS. SMITH.

Come, kiss me, my sweet boy.

WILLIAM.

No; not without you will promise to go and see my mamma; and I will love you dearly, if you will make her well.

MRS. SMITH.

My sweet fellow, I will do all in my power to make your mamma happy.

WILLIAM (*running up to her*).

Then you shall have twenty kisses.

MRS. SMITH.

Will you, Miss, be so obliging as to inform your mamma that a stranger wishes to see her, and afford her all the consolation in her power.

ELIZA.

I will go, madam, immediately.

F

MRS.

MRS. SMITH (*addressing Ann*).

Is your papa living, my dear?

ANN.

No, madam; he died about three months ago: but we did not cry when my papa died; for he used to beat us, only to vex my mamma, when we had not been naughty.

ELIZA (*returning*).

My mamma will be happy to see you, madam.

MRS. SMITH (*on entering the Chamber*).

My dear madam, I hope you will not think that mere curiosity has induced me to beg an interview with you. I was accidentally brought to hear the distresses of your little ones; and a sincere desire of alleviating your afflictions, induced me to intrude upon you. If I can be of any service to you, or your children, you may command me.

The sick Lady desired Nurse to raise her up, and thus addressed Mrs. Smith.

SICK

SICK LADY.

I am overpowered, madam, with your goodness; my troubles are nearly at an end; but my children! my children! what will become of them? they have no friend left. (Here a flood of tears interrupted her.)

MRS. SMITH.

I will be their friend. If your strength will permit, I should be glad to know how you came into this distressful situation.

SICK LADY.

Your kindness, madam, demands all the satisfaction in my power to give you. My father was a man of large fortune; his name was Brown: I was his only child. My mother died when I was very young. My father spared no pains or expence in my education; his love for me was great; and not any young person could be happier than I was, till I saw Captain Smith, who gained my affections; but my father would not consent to the union. The Captain persuaded me to risk my father's displeasure,

and become his, telling me, when once we were married, I should soon be received into favour again;—that as I was his only child, he could not do otherwise. The moment I forsook my dear father's house, all happiness fled. My father declared he would never see me again, and nothing could alter his determination. My husband, when he found that my father would by no means be reconciled, slighted and neglected me, declaring he only married me for my fortune; and though I was young and handsome, his pleasures were not to be confined; that he wanted my fortune to pursue them; but, since he had lost his aim, he cared not how soon he got rid of me. Ah, madam! you will easily conceive what my feelings must be, to hear such a declaration from the man I loved, and had forsaken all for! I spent most of my time alone: books were my chief amusement; and the educating of my dear children beguiled many an hour: but the keen reflection of my disobedience to my dear father, was the bitterest ingredient

ent in my bitter lot: had I followed his advice, I had still been happy. He knew the character of the man I married better than I did, and all he told me has since proved true; but I could not be persuaded to think, that a man, who manifested such politeness, attention, and tenderness, could ever alter.

The last letter I wrote to my dear father, for I still love him, and could I ever have thought that he would never more have seen his dear Eliza, as he used to call me, not any thing would have tempted me from him; but I thought, as most young people do, that his love for me would overcome his anger: the last letter I wrote to him was on the birth of my dear William, now three years old; but it is impossible to describe the anguish I felt, when I received his answer, which was to this effect:—That he had a daughter, a once dearly beloved daughter, who had torn herself away from him;—he had found it very hard to forget her;—his house, his gardens were a desert

without her, and though years had elapsed since her departure, he was still solitary:— he heard, from various persons, that his once beloved child was miserable, and that the Captain had avowed that he treated his wife ill, in hopes to hasten the old fellow her father's death, that he might get possession of his fortune. As that was the case, he intended to cut off all his expectations;— he was upon the point of selling his estates, and leaving England, that he might, in a foreign land, forget all that was dear to him in his native country;—as for her children, he never wished to see them; they had a father to provide for them.—I fainted with the letter in my hand. My cruel husband entered at that moment, read the letter, and roused me by his storming and raving; threatened to leave me, and the children, and flew out of the room. I had no resource left, but to weep over my poor, forlorn, helpless infants. I dreaded his leaving me, because I had no means of providing for myself and children, and equally dreaded his return.

My

My strength, my dear madam, will not permit me to enter into a detail of the ill treatment I met with, till within a month of his death. One day he came to me, and said he had been the basest of men to one of the best of women, but it would never be in his power to make me amends;—that he must leave me for a time, and perhaps should never see me more, as he was going on a secret and dangerous expedition; but if he should return he would not treat me as he had done;—he was now stung to his very soul, to think he had driven my father from me. He then said, My Eliza, take this, (which was a note of 100l.) it is all that is left of your uncle's legacy: then, embracing me and the children, with tears in his eyes, he left the room, and I never saw him more. The next news I heard was, that on his arrival on the continent, he was taken ill of a fever, and was carried off in a few days. Thus was I left in accumulated distress: the lodgings I was in were ready furnished, and expensive: at the end of six weeks I dismissed my servant,
quitted

quitted my apartments, and came to this cottage, where my Eliza was nursed. (Here she fainted.)

NURSE.

What have I heard! I thought my mistress was rich. What will become of the children? Oh, my dear Eliza!—(She bursts into a flood of tears.)

MRS. SMITH.

My good woman, be still, your mistress revives.

SICK LADY.

O my children! my children!

MRS. SMITH.

Be composed, my dear madam, and take something to refresh you. I feel interested for your children; give me leave to ask if they have any relations on their father's side.

SICK LADY.

The Captain's father was a man of fortune, lived at _____, in Suffolk, left his estate to his son William, his only surviving child: he sold the estate, and entered into the army; and it was not long before he
ran

ran through the whole, when he thought to retrieve his affairs by my fortune. He sometimes mentioned a first cousin of his father's, whose name was Harvey Smith;—that he had seen him when he was a child; but whether he was living or dead, he could not tell.

MRS. SMITH.

How astonishing that I should be led to this spot just at this juncture, to discover the only relations of that late dear and excellent man! Would you believe it, madam? I am the widow of Mr. Harvey Smith. I heard him often mention his cousin in Suffolk, and that he never could learn what was become of his son. If you can commit your lovely children to my care, I will provide for them. I have no children; yours shall be mine.

SICK LADY.

What do I hear! my children provided for! Oh, madam, you have made me happy. I die contented! (On which she fell back, and expired.)

Mrs.

Mrs. Smith left the room, and went to the children. Eliza, on seeing her, enquired how her mamma did. Mrs. Smith informed them, in the tenderest manner, of her death, telling them, that their mamma had committed them to her care, and she would be their mamma; then embracing them, asked William if he would love her.

WILLIAM.

No, not as I did my mamma; you are quite a stranger; besides, you have not made my mamma well, and my sisters cry: I will love Nurse, and stay with her; I won't go with you.

MRS. SMITH.

But Nurse shall come and see you as often as she pleases.

ELIZA.

I always loved Nurse, but I shall love her now better than ever, she has been so very kind to my mamma.

AMELIA.

Laura and I will do every thing in our power to make you happy.

MRS.

MRS. SMITH.

I think, Nurse, the children had better go with me this evening.

ANN.

No, I cannot, I cannot go;—I must see my mamma.—I do not know where you will take me.

NURSE.

My dears, you need not be afraid to go with this lady. I have not the least doubt of her being kind to you; she lives but a little way off, and I will come and see you.

ELIZA.

Permit us, madam, to stay one night longer with Nurse, that we may talk about mamma.

MRS. SMITH.

My dear, I do not wish to take you from Nurse, till you are quite willing.

ELIZA.

Your goodness is so great, madam, that we will do any thing you wish us.

MRS. SMITH.

Suppose, then, we fix to-morrow.

ELIZA.

ELIZA.

If you please, madam.

MRS. SMITH.

What say you to it, my dear Ann?

ANN.

If you can forgive me, madam, I will endeavour to love you.

MRS. SMITH.

You have not offended me, my dear; what you said was very natural, as I am quite a stranger. William, shall I fetch you to-morrow?

WILLIAM.

No, I won't go without my sisters: look, look! how hard it rains! you must stay all night.

MRS. SMITH.

But I have sent for the coach.

WILLIAM.

Have you got a coach?

MRS. SMITH.

Yes, I have.

WILLIAM.

Shall I ride in it?

MRS.

MRS. SMITH.

You shall, if you live with me.

WILLIAM.

Then I will.

NURSE.

Will you be so obliging, madam, as just to step into this little room. I wish to speak to you alone.—Pray, madam, what must I do about the funeral?

MRS. SMITH.

I will give orders about it, and my servant shall take the charge of it.

NURSE.

My spirits are all in agitation! I am, as if I was in a dream! What should we have done if you had not been here? My mistress was a charming woman, but how altered in her person, from the time I first knew her! Well! she is now free from all care!—and that she should know, before she went, that her children were provided for! I wish she had lived a few hours longer, that I might have told her to what a good lady they were going, and how happy they would be.

C

MRS.

MRS. SMITH.

Did you know this lady's father?

NURSE.

No, madam; the first time I saw her was when the Captain was at our county town with part of the regiment; we used to supply them with fruit. Mrs. Smith took a liking to me, and being distressed for a wet-nurse, asked me to take Miss Eliza. Ah! when I brought the dear little infant home, little did I think her mamma would die at my house! Indeed, who should have thought such a lady could ever condescend to be in two such small rooms! though, to be sure, they are neat and clean. When she came, I was quite surpris'd to see her so ill, and offer'd to go and take lodgings in the town, for I was sure mine were not fit for her; but she would not let me, said nobody could nurse her like me, and the situation of my house would contribute, if any thing could, to restore her to health. I was surpris'd she did not bring a servant with her, but she was of such a sweet temper, that she was pleas'd with every thing I did for her.

Here

Here she was interrupted by the return of John, who informed his mistress, the coach was at the gate.

Mrs. Smith took an affectionate leave of the children, promising to see them the next day.

As they were riding home, Mrs. Smith asked Laura if she felt any regret that the rain had sent them to the cottage.

LAURA.

No, madam; for if it had not rained, we should not have known any thing of these sweet children.

AMELIA.

They made us feel for them, they were so distressed: when you was up stairs, they said, if their mamma died, they should have nobody to take care of them: but I was quite rejoiced, aunt, when you said you would take them; for I begin to love them already.

G 2

LAURA.

LAURA.

You are very generous, Amelia, but perhaps you do not think of the consequences. Your aunt's love will then be more divided.

AMELIA.

I esteem the affection of my friends as my greatest treasure; at first, I own, I felt hurt, and thought my aunt would give us all up for these strangers. (I hope, madam, you will pardon this ungenerous thought.) A little recollection brought right ideas to my mind. I put myself in their place, destitute of father, mother, or friend, and every selfish motive vanished. I was then willing they should share in your affections.

MRS. SMITH.

My dear Amelia need not fear a rival, while she retains such sentiments as these. I can tell you something which will give you pleasure; these dear children prove to be the relations of your late Uncle Smith, and the only ones he has left.

AMELIA

AMELIA.

Then they have an equal claim with us to your affections; and we will return our uncle's love to us, by loving them.

The next morning Laura and Amelia, anxious to visit the cottage, went to Mrs. Smith.

LAURA.

It is a lovely morning! pray, madam, let us fetch the Miss Smiths. Ann must be my companion, Eliza Amelia's, and William our little play-fellow.

AMELIA.

What, Laura! do you mean to cast me off?

LAURA.

Oh, no; not for any body.

AMELIA.

I do not mean to be jealous: our attention at present must be confined to them, that we may make them forget their loss.

LAURA.

I shall sometimes please them, and sometimes tease them; there is no amusement without a little of that.

MRS. SMITH.

You remind me of the fable of the Frogs. Some boys, at the side of a pond, seeing the frogs put up their heads, pelted them down again with stones. "Children," said the frogs, "you never consider, that, though it is play to you, it is death to us."

Thus you, my dear, may tease in good-humour; but if it is ill-timed, though it is play to you, it may give a wound to others, which may not soon be forgotten.

LAURA.

Thank you, madam, for your kind instructions; I should be sorry to cause grief to any one, through my trifling disposition. Pray let us set out directly for the cottage.

MRS. SMITH.

I cannot conveniently go till the afternoon; we will now attend to our morning employments.

LAURA.

LAURA.

I quite forgot the piece of work I was so anxious to finish. How surpris'd my papa will be to hear that I am fond of working and reading! I am quite delighted with it; for it brings me acquainted with so many things, which I knew nothing of before, that I can refer continually to something new to amuse me. I cannot think how I used to yawn through a wet day; but here confinement to the house is no burden; for we have always something useful to amuse us.

MRS. SMITH.

Amelia, do you read what you wrote last week out of Rollin's history. What character have you chosen?

AMELIA.

One that I am almost ashamed of, it is so bad.

MRS. SMITH.

How came you to make choice of such a one?

AMELIA,

AMELIA.

Because I was so struck with the misery attendant on wickedness, even in the most exalted state.

MRS. SMITH.

Let us hear it, my dear.

AMELIA.

Dionysius, of Syracuse, was a prince of great political and military abilities, and had occasion for them all, in raising himself, as he did, from a mean condition to so high a rank. After having held the sovereignty thirty-eight years, he transmitted it peaceably to a successor of his own election, and had established his power upon such solid foundations, that his son, notwithstanding the slenderness of his capacity for governing, retained it twelve years after his death; all which could not have been effected without a great fund of merit as to his capacity. But what qualities could cover his vices, which rendered him the object of his subjects' abhorrence? His ambition knew neither law nor limitation; his cruelty had often no regard to the affinity of blood; his avarice

avarice spared nothing, not even the most sacred places; and his open and professed impiety only acknowledged the Divinity to insult him.

The amazing precautions that Dionysius thought necessary for the security of his life, shews to what anxiety and apprehension he was abandoned. He wore under his robe a cuirass of brass. He never harangued the people but from the top of a high tower, and thought proper to make himself invulnerable by being inaccessible. Not daring to confide in any of his friends or relations, his guard was composed of slaves and strangers. He went abroad as little as possible, fear obliging him to condemn himself to a kind of imprisonment. These extraordinary precautions regarded, without doubt, certain intervals of his reign, when frequent conspiracies against him rendered him more timid and suspicious than usual; at other times we have seen that he conversed freely enough with the people, and was accessible even to familiarity. In those dark days of distrust and fear, he fancied that he saw all
mankind

mankind in arms against him. He never went into the chamber of his wives at night, till they had been first searched with the utmost care and circumspection. His bed was surrounded with a very broad and deep trench, with a small draw-bridge over, for the entrance. After having locked and bolted the doors of his apartment, he drew up the bridge, that he might sleep in security. Neither his brother, nor even his sons, could be admitted into his chamber, without changing their clothes, and being visited by the guards.

In the midst of his greatness, possessed of riches, and surrounded with pleasures of every kind, during a reign of almost forty years, notwithstanding all his presents and profusion, he never was capable of making a single friend. He passed his life with none but trembling slaves and sordid flatterers, and never tasted the joy of loving, or being beloved, nor the charms of social truth, and reciprocal confidence. This he owns himself.

LAURA.

What a wretched being!

AMELIA.

But this was not known to every one; it was hid under the glare of pomp; for one of his courtiers, named Damocles, was perpetually extolling with rapture his treasures, his grandeur, the number of his troops, the extent of his dominions, the magnificence of his palaces, and the universal abundance of all good things and enjoyments in his possession, always repeating, that never man was happier than Dionysius.

What method, Laura, do you think Dionysius took to convince him of the contrary of all this, without ever mentioning that he was unhappy?

LAURA.

I am sure I cannot tell.

AMELIA.

He said to Damocles, "Will you taste, and make proof of my felicity in person?" The offer was accepted with joy. Damocles was placed upon a golden bed, covered with

with carpets of inestimable value. The side-boards were loaded with vessels of gold and silver. The most beautiful slaves, in the most splendid habits, stood around, watching the least signal to serve him. The most exquisite essences and perfumes had not been spared. The table was spread with proportionate magnificence. Damocles was all joy, and looked upon himself as the happiest man in the world, when, unfortunately casting up his eyes, he beheld, over his head, the point of a sword, which hung from the roof only by a single horse-hair. He was immediately seized with a cold sweat; every thing disappeared in an instant; he could see nothing but the sword, nor think of any thing but his danger. In the height of his fear, he desired permission to retire, and declared if this was happiness, he would be happy no more.

LAURA.

Amelia, you give us a very unfavourable idea of kings.

MRS.

MRS. SMITH.

We are not to form our estimate of any set of men by a few. Laura, read the following account of Cyrus.

LAURA (*reads*).

Cyrus did not think a man worthy to reign over others, unless he was more wise and virtuous than those he governed: he was also persuaded that the surest means for a prince to gain the respect of his courtiers, and of such as approached his person, was to have so much regard for them, as never to do, or say any thing before them, contrary to the rules of decency and good manners. Liberality he looked upon as a virtue truly royal; nor did he think there was any thing great or valuable in riches, but the pleasure of distributing them to others. “ I have prodigious riches (says he to his courtiers) I own, and I am glad the world knows it; but you may assure yourselves they are as much yours as mine. For to what end should I heap up wealth? For my own use, and to consume it myself? That would be impossible, if I desired it. No:
H the

the chief end I aim at, is to have it in my power to reward those who serve the public faithfully, and to succour and relieve those that will acquaint me with their wants and necessities."

Cræsus one day represented to him, that by continual giving, he would at last make himself poor; whereas he might have amassed infinite treasures, and have been the richest prince in the world. "And to what sum (replied Cyrus) do you think those treasures might have amounted?" Cræsus named a certain sum, which was immensely great. Cyrus thereupon ordered a little note to be writ to the lords of his court, in which it was signified to them that he had occasion for money. Immediately a much larger sum was brought to him than Cræsus had mentioned. "Look here (says Cyrus to him) here are my treasures; the chests I keep my riches in, are the hearts of my subjects."

But as much as he esteemed liberality, he laid still greater stress upon kindness and condescension, affability and humanity, which

which are qualities still more engaging, and more apt to acquire the affection of a people; which is properly to reign. For a prince to be more generous than others in giving, when he is infinitely more rich than they, has nothing in it so surprising or extraordinary, as to descend, in a manner, from the throne, and to put himself upon a level with his subjects.

ROLLIN.

AMELIA.

Laura has quite the advantage of me to-day, in her Hero. What a contrast to Dionysius!

LAURA.

But I am obliged to your aunt for it.

MRS. SMITH.

You are in part obliged to Amelia, for her story introduced the other, and we may derive profit from each.

LAURA.

In what way, madam?

MRS. SMITH.

By imitating the good actions of the one, and avoiding the evil actions of the other.

H 2

LAURA.

LAURA.

But it respects kings more than us.

MRS. SMITH.

That is the common error, to push every thing off from ourselves: but is it of no consequence to you, Laura, whether you are covetous or generous, condescending or proud? whether you render yourself contemptible or respected, beloved or hated? When we read of great characters, we should endeavour to follow their example as far as our situation will admit; for though we cannot come up to them in every thing, yet the leading characteristic of virtue is the same in every situation.

AMELIA.

Pray, madam, is this the same Cyrus we read of in the Scriptures?

MRS. SMITH.

The very same; you may take the second volume of Rollin, and there you will find the history of Cyrus: you may write out any part of his life that strikes you most, and read it to us at a future time.

In

In the afternoon Mrs. Smith ordered the carriage, and set out for the cottage; but, on her arrival, found the children pensive, pale, and languid.

NURSE.

I am glad, madam, you are come. I fear the poor children will be ill; I could scarcely pacify them last night. Miss Eliza fainted away, and frightened me sadly; and to-day little William is quite feverish; I fear he is going to have the measles; he has scarcely been out of my lap all day.

MRS. SMITH.

I hope you are better, Eliza.

ELIZA.

I don't feel quite as I did yesterday.

MRS. SMITH.

My dear Ann, you look unwell.

ANN.

My head aches, madam.

MRS. SMITH.

My sweet little fellow, will you go with me?

H 3

WILLIAM.

WILLIAM.

Yes, I will; but let nurse go too.

MRS. SMITH.

Nurse, if you can be spared from your family, I shall think it an acquisition to have you with us till the children are quite well again.

NURSE.

I will attend them, madam, with pleasure, as my daughter can take care of the concerns of my family. Miss Eliza, have you got the pictures?

ELIZA.

Yes, Nurse;—then, turning to Mrs. Smith, Oh, madam (taking out of her pocket two miniature pictures) this is my dear mamma's; the other is one that my mamma used to weep over, and kiss, and tell us to love it; perhaps we might one day see the original; it is my grand-papa's.

MRS. SMITH.

You shall keep them yourself, and look at them as often as you please. Are you ready to go, my dears?

ELIZA

ELIZA AND ANN.

Yes, madam.

WILLIAM.

But I must be in Nurse's lap.

MRS. SMITH.

You shall, my dear boy.

NURSE.

But, if Master William will fit in his sister's lap, I will walk, or else, madam, you will be crouded.

MRS. SMITH.

No, no, Nurse, you shall ride with us; it will be of no consequence for so little a way.

NURSE.

Look about you, my sweet boy: is it not nice riding?

WILLIAM.

I had rather have been with my mamma than in this coach; but let me go to sleep.

MRS. SMITH.

How many children have you, Nurse?

NURSE.

Four, madam; my eldest daughter is almost twenty; she is nurse-maid in a gentleman's

man's family, and is as dutiful a child as I could wish; my next is about sixteen, and is as notable a girl as ever lived: my two boys work with their father.

MRS. SMITH.

You are quite a happy family.

NURSE.

Yes, madam; I cannot wish for more than I enjoy in one of the best of husbands. Joe and I never had one quarrel since we came together: we had, to be sure, some difficulties to struggle with while the children were young; but now we want for nothing. I little thought I was happier than my mistress. Who could have imagined such a fine gentleman could have used his wife so ill? I plainly see, madam, that gentlefolks are not always the happiest people.

MRS. SMITH.

Your observation is very just.

The carriage stopping, the conversation was broken off.

On their entering Amusement Hall, Mrs. Smith thus addressed Eliza and Ann.

MRS.

MRS. SMITH.

Now, my dear children, I hope you will look on this place as your home, and me as your mamma, as I have adopted you for my own: I feel already that I love you. Eliza, you weep; tell me what causes those tears?

ELIZA.

I cannot forget my dear mamma.

MRS. SMITH.

My dear, I would wish you to remember your mamma, and retain the highest reverence for her; we will talk of her, and love her memory; but I will leave you a while with your little friends.

ELIZA.

What a sweet place! but I shall not enjoy it. Oh my dear mamma! You must excuse me, ladies, for I cannot help talking of my mamma;—she is uppermost in my thoughts.

AMELIA.

Excuse you, my dear! I do more, I sympathize with you; but after tea we will walk in the garden, which, I hope, will
remove

remove your sister Ann's head-ach. Is it any better, my dear Ann?

ANN.

I think it is a little.

LAURA.

Let us go up stairs, and we will shew you where you are to sleep. Little William is not awake yet. I hope you will all be better to-morrow.

The next day Ann and William had the appearance of an eruption, which proved to be the measles.

Mrs. Smith attended them with the solitude of a mother. For three days their lives were despaired of; during which time she never left them: their recovery being very slow, and their coughs continuing, Mrs. Smith called in a physician, by whose advice she took them a journey for some weeks, accompanied by her niece and Miss Lloyd.

END OF THE SECOND PART.

PART THE THIRD.

THE journey proved so beneficial to the health of the little Smiths, that they were perfectly recovered on their return to Amusement Hall, which they entered with all the vivacity and sprightliness common to children of their age.

The next morning Mrs. Smith thus addressed the children.

MRS. SMITH.

We must now, my dear children, proceed in our usual method. Eliza and Ann are both fond of reading, and I have proofs that they are neat workers. Pray, my dear, what age are you?

ELIZA.

ELIZA.

I am near eleven, and my sister Ann nine; but I fear, madam, you have too high an opinion of us; I wish we may not disappoint your expectations.

LAURA.

You are very humble, Eliza. My papa will expect a great deal from me when I return home, and I am not afraid of his being disappointed.

MRS. SMITH.

Perhaps you will think you know better than your papa.

LAURA.

If I do, I shall tell him so; for I can say any thing to him; he never contradicts me: I almost long to go home, I shall be of so much importance.

MRS. SMITH.

Of just as much, Miss Laura, as the gnat in the fable, that placed himself upon the horn of a bull, and very civilly begged pardon for the liberty he took; but rather than incommode you, said he, by my weight, I'll remove. Oh! says the bull, I felt you not
when

when you sat down, and I shall not miss you when you please to depart.

I would have you to know, your papa as far exceeds you in understanding, as the bull did the gnat in bulk.

LAURA.

Indeed, madam, you make me quite ashamed of myself; but I will endeavour to think of the gnat, and then my own importance will vanish.

MRS. SMITH.

That will be a good improvement of the fable. You will each remember that what you read in the morning must be repeated in the afternoon, in your own way, as you can recollect.

WILLIAM.

I must learn something, mamma.

MRS. SMITH.

So you shall; there, spell that word, then you shall have a picture.

WILLIAM.

Sister Ann, look what a many pretty pictures here are! horse, dog, cat, lamb, and a whole heap more.

I

ANN.

ANN.

Did William spell them all?

WILLIAM.

Yes, all.

ANN.

But you don't love spelling.

WILLIAM.

But I do, for such pretty things as these ;
and mamma has got a great many more in
her grammar box.

MRS. SMITH.

Now, my dears, go to play.

After dinner the conversation was re-
fumed.

MRS. SMITH.

Now, my dear Ann, do you give me an
account of what you read in the natural
history this morning.

ANN.

It was about those great creatures the
Elephants, who are said to be from seven
to fifteen feet in height : but what pleased
me most was, that they have trunks, formed
of

of many rings, so that they can turn them about as they please, can even take up a halfpenny, or a glove, and give it to the owner, as I was informed by a lady, who saw it.

MRS. SMITH.

You have, my dear, very prettily introduced this circumstance into your story: go on.

ANN.

The eyes are extremely small, the legs short, and the tail like that of a hog; in the upper jaw are two tusks, of six or seven feet long, from which we obtain our ivory. When united in droves, and enraged, it would require an army to repel them. They were formerly used in battle, to carry towers with soldiers in them. They sleep standing, and have been known to live from 120 to 130 years.

MRS. SMITH.

You have given a very good account.

ELIZA.

I will tell you, madam, what I heard of the gratitude of an elephant. A drove used

to go daily to water; and a woman that sold greens particularly noticed one, and constantly gave it something from her stall, as it passed. One day, as they were returning from the water, the woman having left her little child, it had fallen off the stall into the road, and would have been trodden to death, if it had not been for the elephant, which the woman used to feed, who saw the child, and carefully took it up with its trunk, and laid it on the stall.

MRS. SMITH.

Thank you, my dear, for this account. There are few animals but what are sensible of kindness received: this, however, is a remarkable instance of sagacity and gratitude.

ANN.

What my sister has related reminds me of one, who took a laughable revenge on some taylors, who were sitting at work with the windows open. An elephant putting his trunk into the window, the taylors pricked the end of it with their needles; the elephant went down to the river, and filled his trunk full

full of water (which they say will contain near a pail full) and came, and poured it upon the taylors, to the amufement of all that faw it.

LAURA.

Thank you, Ann, for your droll ftory.

MRS. SMITH.

Laura, let us have your anecdote on integrity.

LAURA.

The inhabitants of a great town offered Marfhal de Turenne 100,000 crowns, upon condition he would take another road, and not march his troops their way. He answered them, "As your town is not in the road I intended to march, I cannot accept the money you offer me."

ANN.

He might have taken the money without faying what his intentions were.

MRS. SMITH.

True integrity will never liften to any reasoning againft confcience, nor can it be induced by the profpect of gain to take advantage of the ignorance of any, but will

rather assist them to obtain that information, the want of which evidently leads them into mistakes prejudicial to their interest. This little story instructs us also to be guided by principles of the strictest integrity, in those parts of our conduct, which are not open to the view of our fellow creatures, and never to commit an act of injustice, because it appears to us impossible to be detected.

I think, Eliza, your subject is Natural History.

ELIZA.

Yes, madam, about a curious cotton tree, from which our cotton clothing is derived. There are three sorts; one creeps on the earth like a vine; the second is thick, like a bushy dwarf-tree; and the third is tall, as an oak: all the three, after they have produced very beautiful flowers, are loaded with a fruit as large as a walnut, and whose outward coat is entirely black. This fruit, when it is fully ripe, opens and discovers a down extremely white, which is called cotton. The seeds are separated
from

from the cotton by a mill; the cotton is afterwards spun, and prepared for all sorts of fine works, such as stockings, waistcoats, quilts, and conveniences of various kinds.

LAURA.

Pray don't our muslins come from the cotton tree?

ELIZA.

Undoubtedly; I wonder I should forget that; and cotton is sometimes mixed with wool, sometimes with silk, and even gold itself.

LAURA.

Amelia says she has written a pretty story out of Rollin; if she has your permission, madam, she will read it to us.

MRS. SMITH.

You are anxious, Laura, to hear more of your favourite Cyrus. I cannot deny your request; Amelia has my permission.

AMELIA (*reads*).

The king of Armenia, who was vassal to the Medes, looking upon them as ready to be swallowed up by the formidable league formed

formed against them, thought fit to lay hold on this occasion to shake off their yoke. Accordingly he refused to pay them the ordinary tribute, and to send them the number of troops he was obliged to furnish in time of war.

This highly embarrassed Cyaxares (who was uncle to Cyrus): at this juncture he was afraid of bringing new enemies upon his hands, if he undertook to compel the Armenians to execute their treaty; but Cyrus, having informed himself exactly of the strength and situation of the country, undertook the affair. The important point was to keep his design secret, without which he was not likely to succeed: he therefore appointed a great hunting match on that side of the country; for it was his custom to ride out that way, and frequently hunt with the king's son, and the young noblemen of Armenia.

On the day appointed he set out with a numerous retinue. The troops followed at a distance, and were not to appear till a signal was given. After some days hunting,
when

when they were come pretty near the palace, where the court resided, Cyrus communicated his design to his officers, and sent Chrysanthes with a detachment, ordering them to make themselves masters of a certain steep eminence, where he knew the king used to retire, in case of an alarm, with his family and treasure.

LAURA.

Cyrus does not appear to me in a very favourable light, in this affair: it was coming upon them before war was declared.

MRS. SMITH.

I shall not attempt to plead Cyrus's cause, he is so well able to do it himself.

LAURA.

I shall be glad if he comes off with honour: but I will not interrupt you any longer, Amelia.

AMELIA.

This being done, he sends a herald to the king of Armenia, to summon him to perform the treaty, and in the mean time ordered his troops to advance. Never was
court

court in greater surprize and perplexity. The king was conscious of the wrong he had done, and was not in a condition to support it; however, he did what he could to affemble his forces together from all quarters, and in the mean time dispatched his youngest son, called Sabaris, into the mountains, with his wives, his daughters, and whatever was most precious and valuable; but when he was informed by his scouts, that Cyrus was coming upon his heels, he entirely lost all courage, and all thoughts of making a defence. The Armenians, following his example, ran away, every one where he could, to secure what was dearest to him.

Cyrus, seeing the country covered with people, that were endeavouring to make their escape, sent them word, that no harm should be done them, if they staid in their houses; but that as many as were taken running away should be treated as enemies. This made them all retire to their habitations, excepting a few that followed the king.

On

On the other hand, they that were conducting the princesses to the mountains fell into the ambush Chrysanthes had laid for them, and were most of them taken prisoners. The queen, the king's son, his daughters, his eldest son's wife, and his treasures, all fell into the hands of the Persians.

The king, hearing this melancholy news, and not knowing what course to take, retired to a little eminence, where he was presently invested by the Persian army, and obliged to surrender. Cyrus ordered him, with all his family, to be brought into the midst of the army. At that very instant arrived Tigranes, the king's eldest son, who was just returned from a journey. At so moving a spectacle he could not forbear weeping. Cyrus, addressing himself to him, said, "Prince, you are come very seasonably to be present at the trial of your father." And immediately he assembled the captains of the Persians and Medes, and called in also the great men of Armenia; nor did he exclude the ladies from this assembly, who were

were in their chariots, but gave them full liberty to hear all that passed.

When all was ready, and Cyrus had commanded silence, he began with requiring of the king, that in all the questions he was going to propose to him, he would answer sincerely, because nothing could be more unworthy a person of his rank than to use dissimulation or falsehood. The king promised he would. Then Cyrus asked him, but at different times, proposing each article separately, and in order, Whether it was not true, that he had made war against Astyages, king of the Medes, his grandfather? Whether he had not been overcome in that war, and, in consequence of his defeat, had concluded a treaty, by which he was obliged to pay a certain tribute, to furnish a certain number of troops, and not to keep any fortified place in his country? It was impossible for the king to deny any of these facts, which were all public and notorious. “For what reason, then (continued Cyrus) have you violated the treaty in every article?” “For no other (replied the

the king) than because I thought it a glorious thing to shake off the yoke, to live free, and to leave my children in the same condition."

LAURA.

Was not this, madam, a sentiment worthy of a king? Who would live in subjection when he might be free?

MRS. SMITH.

But the ties and obligations we are under are to be taken into consideration, as you will presently see. Go on, Amelia.

"It is really glorious (answered Cyrus) to fight in defence of liberty; but if any one, after he is reduced to servitude, should attempt to run away from his master, what would you do with him?" "I must confess (says the king) I would punish him." "And if you had given a government to one of your subjects, and he should be found to commit malversations, would you continue him in his post?" "No certainly; I would put another in his place." "And if he had

K

amassed

amassed great riches by his unjust practices?" "I would strip him of them." "But, which is still worse, if he had held intelligence with your enemies, how would you treat him?" "Though I should pass sentence upon myself (replied the king) I must declare the truth: I would put him to death." At these words Tigranes tore his hair from his head, and rent his garments: the women burst into lamentations and outcries, as if sentence had been actually passed upon him.

MRS. SMITH.

Now, my dear Laura, you see how people may be drawn away by specious notions of honour; but when their actions are painted in true colours, they are forced to condemn themselves; therefore, in every important concern we undertake, we should examine it ourselves in every point of view. If the king of Armenia had done so; and acted consistently, he would not have been brought into this dreadful situation.

LAURA.

LAURA.

I long to know what Cyrus did with him.

MRS. SMITH.

Amelia, proceed.

Cyrus having again commanded silence, Tigranes addressed himself to the prince to this effect: "Great prince, can you think it consistent with your wisdom to put my father to death, even against your own interest?" "How against my interest?" (replied Cyrus.) "Because he was never so capable of doing you service." "How do you make that appear? do the faults we commit enhance our merit, and give us a new title to consideration and favour?" "They certainly do, provided they serve to make us wiser. For wisdom is of inestimable value. Are riches, courage, or address, to be compared to it? Now it is evident that this single day's experience has infinitely improved my father's wisdom. He knows how dear the violation of his word has cost him. He has proved and felt how

much you are superior to him in all respects. He has not been able to succeed in any of his designs; but you have happily accomplished all yours: and with that expedition and secrecy that he has found himself surrounded, and taken, before he expected to be attacked; and the very place of his retreat has served only to ensnare him."

"But your father (replied Cyrus) has yet undergone no sufferings that can have taught him wisdom."

"The fear of evil (answered Tigranes) when it is so well founded as this is, has a much sharper sting, and is more capable of piercing the soul, than the evil itself. Besides, permit me to say, that gratitude is a stronger, and more prevailing motive, than any other whatever; and there can be no obligations in the world of a higher nature than those you will lay on my father. His fortune, liberty, sceptre, life, wives, and children, all restored to him with such a generosity! Where can you find, illustrious prince, in one single person, so many strong
and

and powerful ties to attach him to your service?"

"Well then, (replied Cyrus, turning to the king) if I should yield to your son's entreaties, with what number of men, and what sum of money, will you assist us in the war against the Babylonians?" "My troops and treasures (says the Armenian king) are no longer mine—they are entirely yours. I can raise forty thousand foot, and eight thousand horse; and as to money, I have about three thousand talents; all these are wholly at your disposal."

Cyrus accepted half the number of troops, and left the king the other half, for the defence of the country against the Chaldeans, with whom he was at war. The annual tribute which was due to the Medes he doubled, and, instead of fifty talents, exacted a hundred, and borrowed the like sum over and above, in his own name. "But what would you give me (added Cyrus) for the ransom of your wives?" "All I have in the world" (answered the king). "And for your children?" "The

same thing." "From this time you are indebted to me the double of all your possessions." "And you, Tigranes, at what price would you redeem the liberty of your lady?" Now he had lately married her, and was passionately fond of her. "At the price (says he) of a thousand lives, if I had them!"

Cyrus then conducted them all to his tent, and entertained them at supper. It is easy to imagine what transports of joy there must have been upon this occasion. Cyrus, before they parted, embraced them all, in token of a perfect reconciliation. This done, they got into their chariots, with their wives, and went home full of gratitude and admiration. Nothing but Cyrus was mentioned the whole way; some extolling his wisdom, others his valour; some admiring the sweetness of his temper, others praising the beauty of his person, and the majesty of his mien. "And you (says Tigranes, addressing himself to his lady) what do you think of Cyrus's aspect and deportment?" "I do not know, (replied the lady);

lady); I did not observe him." "Upon what object, then, did you fix your eyes?" "Upon him that said, he would give a thousand lives to ransom my liberty."

LAURA.

Amelia, this is a charming story! I know not which to admire most—Cyrus for his clemency, or Tigranes for his eloquence in pleading his father's cause.

The next morning Mrs. Smith, on entering the breakfast parlour, finds Eliza weeping.

MRS. SMITH.

Has any accident happened, my dear child?

ELIZA.

No, madam, I was only drawing a contrast between our situation, and that of one of our play-fellows, who was left in similar circumstances: but she met with all sorts of mortifications; while we, in our new mamma,
meet

meet with every indulgence; so that I could not help weeping for joy.

MRS. SMITH.

If the relation of this child's misfortunes will not affect you too much, I should like to hear them.

ELIZA.

Her name was Lee: her papa was lieutenant in our regiment. She lost her mamma when she was very young, for which reason she was almost constantly with us, my mamma being very fond of her. About two years ago her papa died, and left her quite destitute. My dear mamma wept over her, regretting that it was not in her power to provide for her; but a distant relation of her mamma's, who was a mantua-maker, took her, intending to bring her up to her own business. My mamma sent us one day to see her: her cousin said she was a proud little thing; she had only asked her to sweep up the hearth, and truly Miss had refused, telling her she had done it before she came, and might now, for she was not
used

used to do such things; but added, I hit her a good flap, and brought down her pride.

LAURA.

I cannot bear this, cousin: if I had been Miss Lee, I would not have done it, for all her beating: a pretty thing, indeed, to ask a young lady!

MRS. SMITH.

Laura, do you know lady Mary? She is about your own age; and though her father is an earl, yet it is said he is very poor. Suppose this child reduced to poverty, and your papa were to take her, and bring her up as your companion.

LAURA.

I would treat her with the kindness of a sister.

MRS. SMITH.

Would you scruple to beg of her to fetch your cap out of such a drawer?

LAURA.

Certainly not.

MRS. SMITH.

But if she was to deny you?

LAURA.

LAURA.

I should be quite provoked, and say she was a proud, good-for-nothing girl; for that could be no hardship; it is not like sweeping the hearth.

MRS. SMITH.

But would you not consider her dignity?

LAURA.

I think she ought to consider her poverty, and be thankful she was not asked to do any thing worse; and if she would not do that willingly, I think she ought to be made,

MRS. SMITH.

Now, Laura, draw a comparison between yourself and Miss Lee's Cousin: before we condemn the conduct of others, we ought to put ourselves in their place. It would be as much below the dignity of Lady Mary to fetch Miss Lloyd's cap, as for Miss Lee to sweep her cousin's hearth, though it would be the duty of each to submit to their benefactors. Miss Lee's cousin asked her to do only what she herself was accustomed to do, and therefore thought it pride in her to refuse. I own there was want of feeling in
beginning

beginning so hastily: had she for a moment put herself in Miss Lee's situation, she would have adopted a milder way of urging her point. My dear Laura's falling into the same error, is from the same cause, not entering into the feelings of others. Though your father is rich, yet you have been taught that you have feet to carry you to your drawers, and hands to take out what you want; while Lady Mary has a servant stand behind her all the time she is dressing, to fetch and carry every thing she wants. If you ever do any person a kindness, always do it as if you were the most obliged: there is more in the manner of bestowing a favour, than in the favour itself; and, by removing every thing that gives pain, we imperceptibly bring people into our own ideas of things. Amelia, should you have treated Lady Mary the same? You are silent; don't be ashamed to own the truth. I endeavour to fathom your hearts out of love to you: you have much to learn; but what will be of the most service to you is to know yourselves.

I have

I have just recollected the conduct of a prince of our own nation, which will not be unfuitable on the present occasion:

The Prince of Wales, commonly called the Black Prince (from the colour of his armour) who distinguished himself by his conduct and bravery in the battle of Poitiers, was not less admired, after the victory, for his modest and generous behaviour to his prisoner King John. The evening after the battle, the prince refused to sit down with the king at supper; but, standing behind his chair, entertained him with his discourse. As the king's thoughts were wholly employed about his present misfortune, the prince said to him, in a modest and unaffected manner, "That his Majesty had one great reason to be comforted, which was, that the battle was not lost by his fault; that the English, to their cost, had experienced him to be the bravest of princes, and that God alone had disposed of the victory; and (continued he) if fortune has been your adversary, you may, at least, rest secure, that

that an inviolable regard shall be preserved for your person; and that you shall experience in me a very respectful relation, if I may glory in that title." The king upon this, recovering himself, turned to the Prince, and said, with an air of satisfaction, "That, since it was his destiny to be vanquished, and taken, in an action wherein he had done nothing unworthy of his character, he found great comfort in falling into the hands of the most valiant and generous Prince alive."

It is said, that when King Edward, father to the Prince, received the news of the battle, he declared that his satisfaction at so glorious a victory was not comparable to what he felt from the generous behaviour of his son.

LAURA.

I hope I shall take pattern by this Prince, and do all in my power to alleviate the distresses of others.

L

ELIZA.

ELIZA.

I have often thought of a conversation I heard between my papa and some officers; they agreed that stratagems in war were necessary, and gave several examples: they then went on to the subject of treachery; but my mamma sent me out of the room, and so prevented me from hearing their opinion. This was a sad disappointment. Pray, madam, is it lawful, by treachery, to take advantage of an enemy?

MRS. SMITH.

I should hope, my dear, there are few to be found that would plead for it. I will tell you how Fabricius acted when his enemy was put into his power.

AMELIA.

Was it the same Fabricius that was sent ambaffador to Pyrrhus?

MRS. SMITH.

The very same.

The year after he was sent out with the army against Pyrrhus, their camp lying at no great distance, Pyrrhus's physician came
to

to Fabricius by night, offering to dispatch Pyrrhus by poison, if he would reward him for it. Fabricius instantly ordered him to be bound, and carried back to his master; and that Pyrrhus should be informed what proposals the physician had made against his life. The king was so struck with admiration, that he is reported to have said: "Fabricius is a person of such virtue, that it is more difficult to divert him from the paths of honour, than the sun from his course."

AMELIA.

I think it is a great doubt whether Pyrrhus would have been as generous to him.

MRS. SMITH.

But, my dear, if we have an enemy in our power, the question ought not to be, What would he have done to me? but, What is my duty towards him according to true rectitude?

Mrs. Smith receives two letters.

AMELIA.

The address of that letter is my papa's hand-writing; the other is Mr. Lloyd's.

MRS. SMITH (*reads them*).

The purport of these two letters is to summon my dear Amelia and Laura away.

ELIZA.

How can we part with them?

MRS. SMITH.

I do it with the less regret, as they are not to be parted from each other.

LAURA.

I rejoice at that, though I long to be a little with my papa, having been absent from him for such a length of time.

MRS. SMITH.

You will enjoy that pleasure also, as your papa has consented to accompany Mr. and Mrs. Denew in their visit to Bath for the winter, with their whole Family.

LAURA

LAURA.

I am quite delighted that my papa is to be with us!

AMELIA.

What an addition to our happiness would it be, if my dear aunt and young friends were to be of our party!

END OF THE THIRD PART.

ANNE MARY

1788

I have been thinking of you
and how much I love you

My dear

What an addition to our happiness would
it be if my dear son and young friends
were to be of our party

Yours affectionately

r
in
8
be
lo
of

PART THE FOURTH.

THE next morning an affectionate parting took place.

They were no sooner gone than Eliza gave vent to her feelings.

ELIZA.

You must excuse me, madam; I cannot help weeping: I did not know how much I loved them till the separation came.

ANN.

We shall lose many advantages by the loss of their company.

MRS.

MRS. SMITH.

But it is uselefs to dwell on the gloomy fide; you fhould rather look forward to the pleasure you may enjoy in a correſpondence with them.

ELIZA.

They promiſed to give us an account of all the adventures they met with. I am perſuaded we ſhall find a great deal of entertainment in their letters.

ANN.

How we ſhall watch the poſt!

WILLIAM.

Mamma, John is going to ride your horſe; may I go before him?

MRS. SMITH.

Yes, you may; and tell John I ſhall want the carriage in the afternoon.

ELIZA.

I wiſh I did not feel ſo uncomfortable; I cannot fettle to any thing.

MRS. SMITH.

To give a turn to your thoughts, I will let you ſee an allegory, that was put into my

my hands the other day by a lady of my acquaintance.

ELIZA.

Thank you, madam.

ANN.

Pray, Eliza, read it out.

ELIZA.

That I will with pleasure.

CARE AND GENEROSITY. (*By Mr. Smart.*)

Old Care, with industry and art,
 At length so well had play'd his part,
 He heap'd up such an ample store,
 That a'rice could not figh for more,
 Ten thousand flocks his shepherds told,
 His coffers overflow'd with gold,
 The land all round him was his own,
 With corn his crowded granaries groan:
 In short, so vast his charge and gain,
 That to possess them was a pain;
 With happiness oppress'd he lies,
 And much too prudent to be wise.
 Near him there liv'd a beauteous maid,
 With all the charms of youth array'd;

Good,

Good, amiable, sincere, and free,
Her name was Generosity.
'Twas her's the largests to bestow,
On rich and poor, on friend and foe.
Her doors to all were open'd wide,
The pilgrim there might safe abide;
For th' hungry and the thirsty crew,
The bread she broke, the drink she drew.
There sickness laid her aching head,
And there distress could find a bed:
Each hour, with an all-bounteous hand,
Diffus'd she blessings round the land;
Her gifts and glory lasted long,
And num'rous was th' accepting throng.
At length, pale penury seiz'd the dame,
And fortune fled, and ruin came;
She found her riches at an end,
And that she had not made one friend.
All blam'd her for not giving more,
Nor thought on what she'd done before;
She wept, she rav'd, she tore her hair,
When lo! to comfort her came Care,
And cry'd, My dear, if you will join
Your hand in nuptial bonds with mine,

All

All will be well; you shall have store,
And I be plagu'd with wealth no more.
Though I restrain your bounteous heart,
You still shall act the gen'rous part,
The bridal came—great was the feast,
And great the joy that was express'd.
The bride, in nine moons, brought him forth
A little maid of matchless worth;
Her face was mixt of care and glee,
They named her *Œconomy*;
And stil'd her fair *Discretion's* queen,
The mistress of the golden mean.
Now *Generosity* confin'd,
Is perfect easy in her mind;
She loves to give, yet knows to spare,
Nor wishes to be free from Care.

MRS. SMITH.

Do you, my dear, understand the allego-
ry?

ELIZA.

I think, madam, it means that the avarici-
ous can have no enjoyment of their riches,
and that an unbounded generosity, without
œconomy, must bring on ruin; but that a
pru-

prudential care, with a generous heart, will make riches a blessing to the possessor, and to all around him.

MRS. SMITH.

You have given a good explanation.

Some days after, as they were sitting at work, Eliza started up: O, madam! there is a gentleman flung from his horse! Mrs. Smith rung for the servants, and flew to the assistance of the gentleman, who, they found, had broken his leg, and was stunned by the fall. They conveyed him into the house, and then sent for a surgeon, who set his leg, and ordered him to be kept very still, being apprehensive from the blow on his head. Mrs. Smith learned, from the gentleman's servant, that his master's name was Carbonnel, and that he had lived with him only six months, which time had been spent in travelling.

Mr. Carbonnel continued some days in a state of insensibility. Mrs. Smith going into the room one day, he started: "What! is
it

it my daughter?" recovering himself, "O no! madam, I ask your pardon; where am I?"

MRS. SMITH.

Be composed, Sir; you are with a friend, who will do every thing in her power to accommodate you; but I will go, Sir, and send your servant.

Mr. Carbonnel, on his servant's entering, said, "Thomas, how came I into this situation? and whose house am I in?"

THOMAS.

O, Sir! how rejoiced I am to find you take notice!

He then informed his master that he was in the house of a Mrs. Smith, a widow lady, who had three fine children: "When you recover a little, Sir," said he, "you will be amused with these children."

MR. CARBONNEL.

No, Thomas; they will only revive my grief; why did I say I never wished to see

M

them,

them, when now I would give all the world to behold them? but then their father was living; now the case is altered.

THOMAS.

Who is it, Sir, that you wish to see?

MR. CARBONNEL.

I cannot tell you, Thomas: leave me; I will try to get a little sleep.

MRS. SMITH (*meets Thomas*).

How does your master do, Thomas?

THOMAS.

He talks quite wandering, madam. I fear his head is not right: I hope he will recover. He is one of the best of masters. He is very rich, and makes good use of his riches:—I never knew any place that he went to, but what he did some good:—he does not wait to be applied to, but seeks out the distressed:—I should keep you a whole day, madam, were I to relate to you all I know. (Turning his head to a window) Oh! Master Smith is climbing a tree in the orchard!

Away

Away he flew; but, before he got there, poor William had fallen to the ground, and lay screaming terribly. Thomas picked him up, and brought him in.

THOMAS.

I hope, madam, that master is not much hurt.

MRS. SMITH.

William, are you hurt?

WILLIAM.

Oh! yes, mamma.

MRS. SMITH.

I have no pity for you, but am glad you feel it.

WILLIAM.

What! mamma glad that William feels pain?

MRS. SMITH.

Yes; that you may remember not to undertake any thing, which you are not equal to; had you asked the Gardener if you could climb that tree, he would have told you the consequence of such a little boy's attempting it.

WILLIAM

WILLIAM.

He told me not to do it: for if I did I should be sure to fall.

MRS. SMITH.

Then you are a very naughty boy not to mind what is said to you. You may go to Nanny to have your arm rubbed with brandy. I see it is bruised a little; but I do not wish to have any thing to do with naughty children. (He goes away sobbing and crying.)

Mr. Carbonel continued to mend. One day William crept into his room.

MR. CARBONNEL.

Well, little fellow, who are you?

WILLIAM.

My name is William Smith; I wanted sadly to see you; your Thomas told me you would love me; and I am come to see if you do.

MR. CARBONNEL.

Do you think you could love me?

WILLIAM.

WILLIAM.

Yes; and (climbing on the bed) I will show you I do, by giving you ten kisses; but do you love me?

MR. CARBONNEL.

How can I do otherwise, when you are so kind as to come and see me?

WILLIAM.

But if mamma were to know I was here, she would be angry.

MR. CARBONNEL.

Why?

WILLIAM.

Because I asked her to let me come, and she said, By no means, till you were better.

MR. CARBONNEL.

I think I shall be angry with your mamma for attempting to deprive me of so great a pleasure.

William immediately got off the bed, and was marching away in a pet, saying, "Then I won't let her come to see you; for nobody shall be angry with my mamma."

MR. CARBONNEL.

Stop, stop, my dear boy; I have got some plumbs for you.

WILLIAM.

I won't have them, without you will promise not to be angry with my mamma.

MR. CARBONNEL.

Well, I will promise.

Just at this juncture Mrs. Smith entered.

MRS. SMITH.

William, how came you to intrude into Mr. Carbonnel's room?

MR. CARBONNEL.

Madam, you must excuse William, for he has only imitated his mamma in being anxious to pay attention to a stranger.

MRS. SMITH.

I believe, Sir, as my boy has intruded, I must beg leave to introduce my girls, who are equally anxious to see you.

MR. CARBONNEL.

I shall be happy, madam, to see them.

Mrs.

Mrs. Smith, on introducing them, observed Mr. Carbonnel to be particularly pensive, and fetch a deep sigh, when he looked on Eliza.

The children being withdrawn, he thus addressed Mrs. Smith.

MR. CARBONNEL.

Madam, you are blessed with lovely children:—may the enjoyment of them be long continued to you, and may no adverse fortune imbitter your days. (Here an involuntary tear started.)

Mrs. Smith, finding that something preyed on Mr. Carbonnel's spirits, which he wished to conceal, turned the conversation to general topics.

In a few weeks Mr. Carbonnel was sufficiently recovered to be carried in a chair into the library. Mrs. Smith, Eliza, and Ann were at work;—they all rose.

MR. CARBONNEL.

Mrs. Smith, if you suffer me to be any interruption, I will be carried back to my chamber immediately.

MRS. SMITH.

I shall be happy, Sir, to have your company; the children have nearly finished; they have only two short stories to repeat, which they read a morning or two ago.

MR. CARBONNEL.

I esteem myself quite fortunate, that I am in time to hear them.

MRS. SMITH.

Eliza, can you recollect the account of Alcibiades?

ELIZA.

Yes, madam:

Alcibiades was a young nobleman, who was continually boasting of his wealth, and the great estates in his possession. He was pupil to Socrates, who one day carried him to a geographical map, and asked him to find Attica. It was so small it could scarce be discerned upon that draught; he, however,

ever, found it with difficulty; but, upon being desired to point out his own estate there: "It is too small," says he, "to be distinguished in such a narrow compass." "See, then," replied Socrates, "how much you are affected about an imperceptible point of land.

(ROLLIN.)

ANN.

Pray, madam, let us fetch the map, and see how large England is.

MRS. SMITH.

Do, my dear.

ANN.

Here it is; but it bears no proportion to Europe.

ELIZA.

Nor Europe to the whole world.

MRS. SMITH.

And what is our world compared with those immense globes which surround us! I
have

have, at times, Mr. Carbonnel, felt my mind, as it were, lost in reflecting on the infinity of space.

MR. CARBONNEL.

Indeed, madam, the subject is too big for the human understanding to grasp. If we confine our views to the solar system, of which we form a part, and only contemplate the magnitude of the planets, their respective distances, and the orbits in which they move, the globe that we inhabit dwindles into a point; but if we extend our ideas to the fixed stars, and consider each of them as a distinct sun, the centre of a system like our own, our world sinks into nothing; and as for the possessions of the greatest monarch on earth, they are but as a mere atom, lost in the abyss of bodies, and the boundless dimensions of space. What, then, has man to boast of? But I will not detain the ladies. Miss Ann will favour us with her story.

ANN.

The Lacedemonian youth were taught to reverence and respect the aged, and to give them

them proofs of it upon all occasions; by saluting them, by making way for them, and giving them place in the street, by rising up, to shew them honour in all companies and public assemblies; but, above all, by receiving their advice, and even their reproofs, with docility and submission.

By these characteristics a Lacedemonian was known wherever he came; if he had behaved otherwise, it would have been looked upon as a reproach to himself, and a dishonour to his country.

An old man of Athens going into the theatre once to see a play, none of his own countrymen offered him a seat; but when he came near the place, where the Spartan ambassadors, and the gentlemen of their retinue, were sitting, they all rose up, out of reverence to his age, and seated him in the midst of them.

ELIZA.

I think the Athenians must be quite ashamed. I hope, madam, we shall imbibe the
spirit

spirit of the Lacedemonians, and always honour the aged.

MR. CARBONNEL.

You are a happy mother, madam; your daughters make a noble choice, and your son William is not behind them; for I can assure you he is a Lacedemonian already.

MRS. SMITH.

I do not understand you, Sir.

MR. CARBONNEL.

I was a spectator of his actions from my window. He was very busy drawing a cart, when, all on a sudden, he left his play, and ran out of the garden into an adjoining field, where I perceived a poor old man very feeble; the dear boy took him by the hand, and led him into the house, talking to him all the way. Thomas afterwards told me how free and goodnatured he was with the old man, handing the bread and beer to him, asking if it was good, and telling him
if

if he would come again, he should have more.

ANN.

It was neighbour Goodall, mamma.

MRS. SMITH.

He is a worthy old man; it gives me sincere pleasure to find William was so attentive to him.

MR. CARBONNEL.

It is a pleasure to see children early imbibe sentiments of regard for the poor.

MRS. SMITH.

I hope, Sir, they will ever retain them. Eliza and Ann, seek your brother, and take him with you into the pleasure-garden.

ELIZA.

We will, madam.

MR. CARBONNEL.

I admire with what ease Miss Smiths relate what they have read; and their being accustomed to make remarks on what they read, will be of great advantage to them when they grow up. I am much indebted

to them for their endeavours to amuse me. A day or two ago they brought me their game of arithmetic. I was surprized to find even little William so ready at casting up the numbers. Another day they presented me with their game of geography, choosing me their president to assign and distribute their rewards, each answering to the counters they took out of the bag; so that they went through every county and principal town in England, Scotland, and Ireland, with the counties watered by the sea, and the sea-ports, bays, and capes, pointing out each on the plain map.

MRS. SMITH.

It gives me pleasure, Sir, to find that their amusements meet with your approbation. We are much indebted to the Abbé Gaultier, and other learned men, who have condescended to enter into the playful ideas of children, so that learning is no longer a task, but a pleasure; and what is attained by their own free-will makes an abiding impression on their minds.

MR.

MR. CARBONNEL.

But, at the same time, they must have a good instructor. You, madam, have so happily blended instruction with amusement, that you can scarcely fail of gaining the hearts of your little pupils. They tell me the first thing they attend to in a morning is reading the Scriptures: even here you have studied the peculiar propensities of youth, by forming the historical parts into dialogues*, and have thereby given yourself an opportunity of conveying instruction of the utmost importance in a pleasing and imperceptible manner. Miss Smith has been so obliging as to lend me the book. Your History of the Jews, from the time of the Babylonish captivity to the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus, in letters, as an Appendix to the History of the Bible, is a part of history which I have long wished children to be acquainted with, as it tends to illustrate the sacred writings, by shewing us how fully the prophecies therein contained were ful-

N 2

filled

*See the advertisement at the end.

filled in the destruction of Jerusalem, and the dispersion of the Jews for their rejection of the Messiah.

MRS. SMITH.

Those dialogues, Sir, were written by a particular friend. I am gratified that they meet with your approbation; they have a tendency to encourage a spirit of enquiry, which should be promoted by all the means in our power.

WILLIAM (*running in*).

Mamma, Mr. Noble's carriage is at the door. I wonder whether little Charles is with them; if he is I'll shew him my rocking horse.

MRS. SMITH (*on her return*).

You will excuse me, Sir, for so abruptly leaving you.

MR. CARBONNEL.

Madam, it needs no apology; that ought to rest with me, for my long intrusion upon you; but your goodness, and the company of your little folks, have almost made me forget that it is time for me to think of removing.

MRS.

MRS. SMITH.

I must beg you, Sir, to wave that subject, till you are quite recovered; perhaps you have a long way to travel to your residence.

MR. CARBONNEL.

I have had no fixed habitation since I came from abroad; but I am in pursuit of an object, which if I should be happy enough to find, I may still have some enjoyment in life. (Here he stopped, and sat pensive, with his handkerchief up to his eyes.)

William, to divert him, says, "Pray, Mr. Carbonnel, lend me your watch."

MR. CARBONNEL.

But I must know what you want it for.

WILLIAM.

Only to hold it in my hand;—I won't break it;—mamma can guess what I want it for.

MRS. SMITH.

I believe I must guarantee it.

MR. CARBONNEL.

You have so good a surety, William, that I cannot deny it you.

WILLIAM.

Mamma, what a pretty gold watch it is!

MRS. SMITH.

But it is not the beautiful outside,
William, that constitutes its usefulness.

WILLIAM.

No mamma; it is the works within.

MRS. SMITH.

Can you prove that?

WILLIAM.

Yes, mamma; by the lines you taught me
—and, holding the watch in his hand, he
thus spoke:

Little monitor, by thee
Let me learn what I should be;
Learn the round of life to fill,
Useful, and progressive still.
Thou canst gentle hints impart,
How to regulate the heart:
When I wind thee up at night,
Mark each fault, and set thee right;
Let me search my bosom too,
And my daily thoughts review;

Mark

Mark the movements of my mind,
Nor be easy, when I find
Latent errors rise to view,
Till all be regular and true.

MR. CARBONNEL.

That is well said, my charming boy; you
will make me love you.

WILLIAM.

It would not be fair if you did not, for I
love you; but my sisters are waiting for me
to go a walking.

In a little time Mr. Carbonnel was so far
recovered, as to be able to go down stairs.
One day, as he was sitting in the parlour
with the children, Eliza took a picture out
of her pocket.

MR. CARBONNEL.

Ah, Miss Eliza, what have you got there?
something for me to see?

“No, Sir,” replied Eliza, blushing, and
tried to put it in her pocket.

MR.

MR. CARBONNEL.

Nay, but I must see it; it is your mamma's picture; I must see if it is a good likeness. (Snatches the picture out of her hand.) He no sooner beheld it than his countenance changed, and he exclaimed, "How, child, did you get possession of this picture?"

ELIZA (*bursting into tears*).

It is my own mamma's.

MR. CARBONNEL.

What is the child talking of? Is not Mrs. Smith your mamma?

ELIZA.

She is now, as she kindly adopted us, when my own mamma died.

MR. CARBONNEL (*in an agitation*).

What was your own mamma's name?

ELIZA.

Smith.

MR. CARBONNEL.

What was her name before she married?

ELIZA:

ELIZA.

Brown: but why, Sir, do you ask me? did you know her?

MR. CARBONNEL.

Oh, my daughter! my daughter! never shall I see you! (Flings himself back in his chair in an agony of distress.) Children! what! my grand-children! (They all weep.)

ANN.

You cannot be our grand papa, for his name was Brown; we have got his picture (pulling it out of her pocket); my mamma used to tell us to love it, and kiss it, for the sake of the original.

MR. CARBONNEL.

This is too much!

ANN.

The picture is not like you; it is much prettier than you are.

MR. CARBONNEL.

Ah, my dear child! age and grief have made a strange alteration. Come to me, my dears: you are indeed, my own grand-children.

Just

Just at this instant Mrs. Smith entered the room. The children were hanging about Mr. Carbonnel, and he embracing them.

MR. CARBONNEL.

These children, madam, are mine.

MRS. SMITH.

Sir, you surprize me!

MR. CARBONNEL.

They are my grand-children.

MRS. SMITH.

How, Sir, can that be? their grandfather's name was Brown.

MR. CARBONNEL.

So was mine, madam, till I changed it about ten months ago, for an estate left me by a distant relation. This picture is my dear daughter's: (Here tears interrupted him:) excuse my feelings, madam, I have lost her; but here is her image, pointing to Eliza: if it had not been for the discovery of this picture, I should have left you in the possession of these dear children, who are now doubly dear to me.

MRS.

MRS. SMITH.

I heartily congratulate the children in finding such a grand father, but feel myself uncommonly interested. How can I part with them?

The children fly to her: "No, mamma, we cannot, we will not leave you." They mingle their tears together.

MR. CARBONNEL.

Madam, I must be a monster of ingratitude, were I to offer any such thing; I shall teach them still to love you as their mother.

WILLIAM.

Then William is your little boy, mamma, and Mr. Carbonnel's little boy.

MRS. SMITH.

Grand-papa's little boy.

WILLIAM.

Oh! I forgot.

MR. CARBONNEL.

I long to know the history of my poor unfortunate daughter.

The

The children retiring, Mrs. Smith informed Mr. Carbonnel of the situation in which she found his daughter, and the conversation they had together, with what followed.

MR. CARBONNEL.

My poor suffering child! What misery she brought on herself! There was not any sacrifice which I would not have made, could it have been productive of her happiness: but a reconciliation would not have had that effect. I knew Smith's disposition too well, and likewise the warmth of my own temper; that circumstances might have occurred, which would have made him use her worse, and then I should have reflected upon myself, that I had made her unhappy; whereas, if I was at a distance, she could suffer no more than she brought upon herself: but when I was informed that Smith used her ill, in hopes to hasten my death, I was determined to cut off all his expectations: I therefore sold my estates, and went abroad; but the moment I heard of his decease, I prepared to set off for England, not doubting but I should find my dear Eliza. I applied to the War-office, to know where
the

the regiment was quartered.—I immediately flew to the place, and found her lodging, which she had quitted six weeks before, but could not learn where she was, only that she was gone where one of her children was nursed, for the sake of the air, as she was in a bad state of health. My grief was inexpressible; but I was determined to travel through every county in search of her. I have, at times, been almost distracted to think what she and the children might suffer, as I knew Smith had nothing to leave them: the poor children would, indeed, have been in a deplorable situation, had not your goodness led you to take compassion on them. O madam! how shall I ever repay you the kindness you have shown these orphans?

MRS. SMITH.

I esteem myself amply repaid, Sir, by your kindness, in permitting me still to enjoy them as my own; for I find that affection for them, that it would imbitter all my comforts to part with them.

Mr.

Mr. Carbonnel bought an estate adjoining Mrs. Smith's; so that they mutually enjoyed the children. William was chiefly with his grand-papa, and Eliza and Ann with Mrs. Smith. The good old gentleman lived with his grand-children five years, when he was taken off suddenly:—went to bed in good health, and was found dead in the morning. The Carbonnel estate came to William; the rest of his fortune was divided between his three grand-children, except a handsome legacy to Mrs. Smith, who was left their sole guardian.

THE END.

Lately published by the same Author.

I. SACRED HISTORY, in Familiar Dialogues, for the Instruction of Children and Youth: with an Appendix, containing the History of the Jews, from the Time of Nehemiah, to the Destruction of Jerusalem. In Four Volumes, price 12s. bound.

The Fourth Volume, being the Appendix, may be had separate.

II. BRITANNUS AND AFRICUS; or, an Attempt to instruct the Untutored Mind in the Principles of Christianity; in a Course of Conversations, supposed to take place, between the Companion of a Missionary, and a Native of Africa. Price 1s.

Just published,

A COMPANION to the SACRED HISTORY; containing SELECT HYMNS on the Historical Parts of Scripture: *adapted to the Dialogues.* Price 6d.

I. In the first place, it is necessary to
state that the present work is a
translation of the original Latin
text, which is to be found in
the original manuscript.

II. The author of the original
work is the celebrated
in the principles of
of Conversion, and
place, between the
and the Native of
Africa.

A. A Companion to the
work; containing
the Historical Part of
the Original, and
to the Original.

