



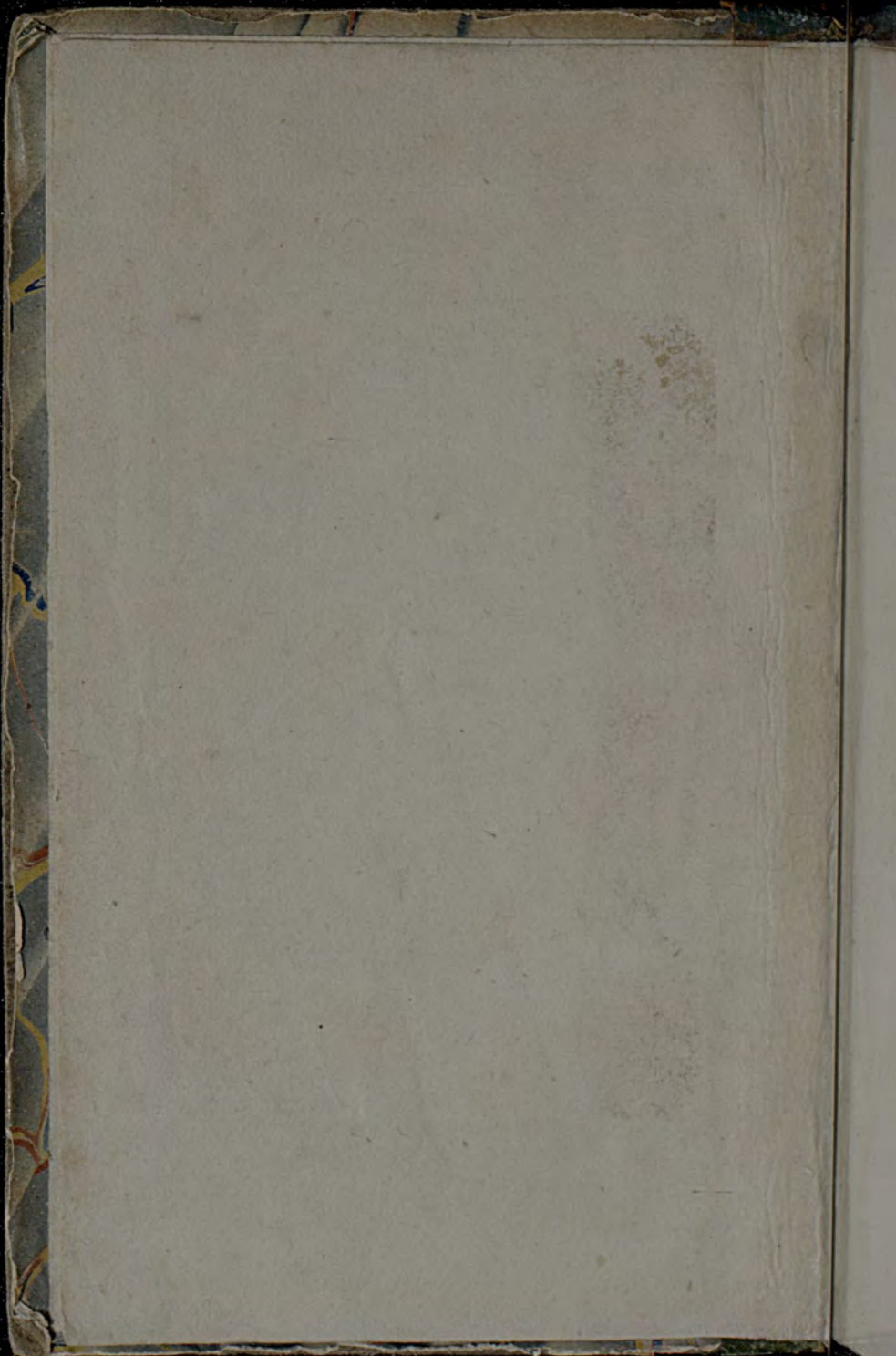
J. Seacome, Bookseller, Chester.

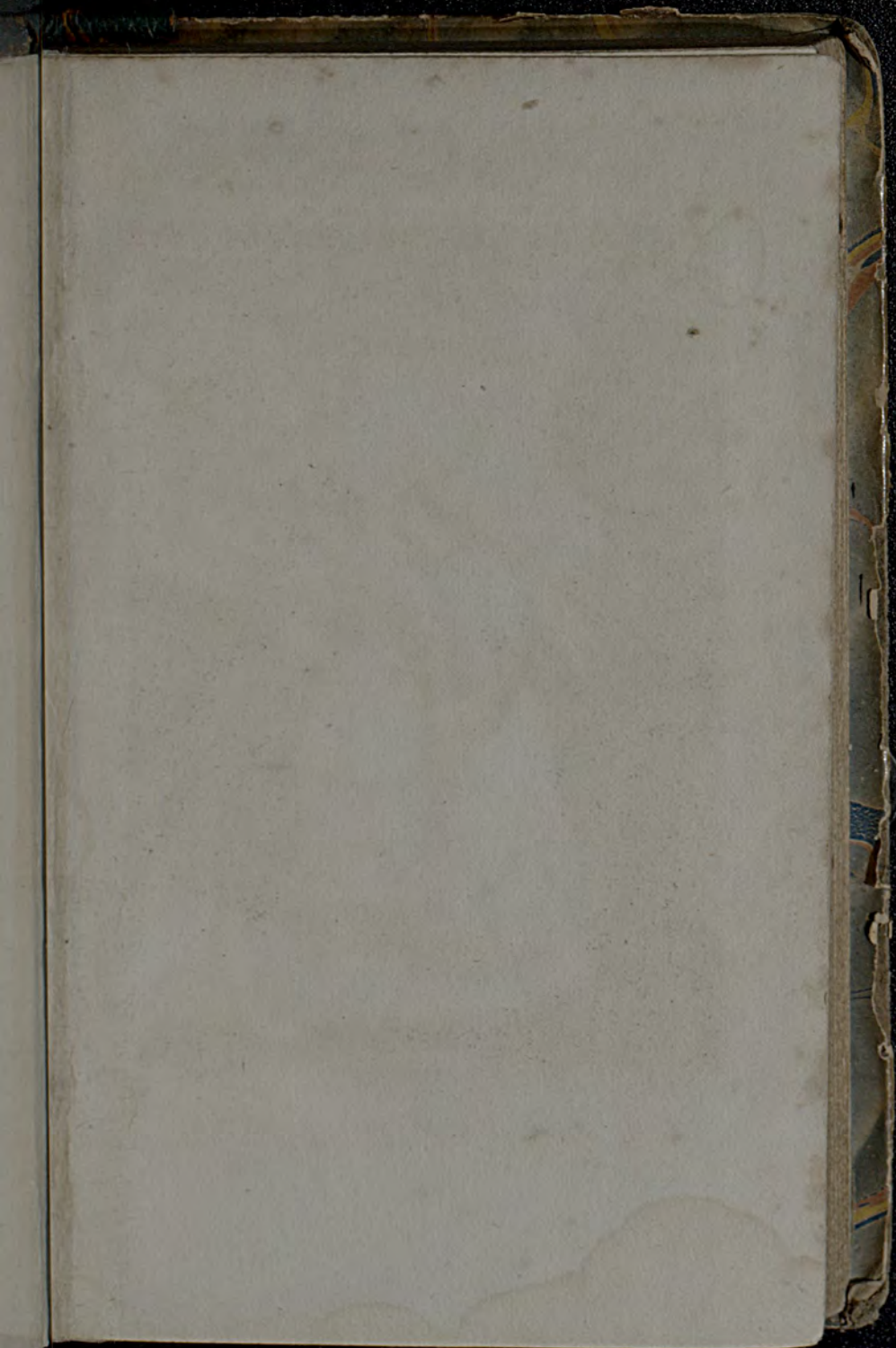
SB
PEACOCK, LUCY
LITTLE
1826



37131 048 637 052 1,287

This book forms part of
The Osborne Collection of Children's Books
presented to the Toronto Public Libraries by
Edgar Osborne
in memory of his wife
MABEL OSBORNE





Frontispiece.



Louisa with a timid step drew near.

Engraved for the Little Emigrant.

Published by Baldwin, Cradock & Joy, Feb 1846.

Maria Butler
THE
LITTLE EMIGRANT,

A TALE;

INTERSPERSED WITH

AMUSING ANECDOTES

AND

INSTRUCTIVE CONVERSATIONS.

DESIGNED FOR

THE PERUSAL OF YOUTH.

BY LUCY PEACOCK.

“Youth is the proper season for cultivating the humane and
“benevolent affections.”—*Blair.*

THE FIFTH EDITION, REVISED.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR BALDWIN, CRADOCK, AND JOY.

1826.

T. C. Hansard,
Printer,
Pater-noster-row Press.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following little Tale claims no merit superior to the generality of works published for the amusement and moral instruction of youth. Its aim is, to invite the young reader to the cultivation of that universal spirit of philanthropy, which teaches us to embrace all mankind as brethren, the children of one Father. The great truths of morality and religion have been so often and so successfully enforced, that little, if any thing, remains to be said on those subjects; but as youth is fond of variety, and cannot be too frequently incited to the practice of virtue, it is presumed that this simple story may

ADVERTISEMENT.

be received, as the widow's mite, into the rich treasury of knowledge and moral instruction, for which the rising generation are indebted to the ingenious writers of the present age.



THE
LITTLE EMIGRANT.

CHAPTER I.

“Goodness to goodness is a natural attraction.”

ONE beautiful summer's evening, as Louisa, the daughter of a worthy curate, in the county of Norfolk, extended her walk along the sea-shore, she observed a little girl, apparently about nine years of age, sitting on the beach. The singularity of her dress, which differed in many particulars from that worn by the inhabitants of the place, first drew her attention; but perceiving, as she approached, that she was in tears, her heart became more strongly interested. Sometimes she was inclined to pass her in silence; but then

again, if she is unhappy, said she, I may comfort her;—perhaps, like me, she has lost a dear mother; if so, I will tell her, as my father often tells me, that we shall meet again in a happier place. Poor child! how she weeps! Nothing but the loss of a dear parent can afflict her so. I must speak to her. Saying this, Louisa, with a timid step, drew near; but the child, seeing herself observed, turned away her face, arose, and was retiring. Louisa made signs to her to stay, and taking her hand, said, in a soft voice, Why do you grieve? Be not angry—I wish to comfort you.—I do not ask from curiosity. The little girl replied, with an air of simplicity and candour, Ah! Mademoiselle, je ne puis pas entendre les Anglaise: je suis une pauvre Orpheline Française. Louisa did not understand a word of French, and she now found that the child she was addressing was equally a stranger to English. Efforts were made on both sides towards an explanation, and, with respect to words, with as ill-success; but the softness of Louisa's voice, and the gentleness of her

manners, were more explicit: the child soon understood that she was an object of her pity and kindness, and taking her hand, kissed it and pressed it to her heart with an expression of the most lively gratitude. Finding that she could not by words make her situation known, she had recourse to a variety of expressive gestures; she pointed to a ship upon the ocean, attempted to describe the agitation of the winds, and then taking Louisa's hand, showed her, from an eminence hard by, a little public-house, exclaiming, while her eyes filled with tears, Good Inglise! good Inglise! which seemed the only two words she had an idea of pronouncing in English. All that Louisa could conjecture from this was, that she was come from a distant country, that she was unhappy, and that the people who lived in the house she pointed out had been kind to her. In return for this information, she showed her from the same cliff the village where her father lived; made her understand that her name was Louisa Vincent; and she wished to know hers.

She found it was Annette d'Aberg—and now recollecting that she was above a mile from home, made signs that they must part. Annette took her hand, and looked as if she would have said in a mournful tone, Shall I never see you more? Louisa guessed her meaning; it was just what her own heart would have dictated, and by pointing to the sun, and other signs, she made her comprehend that she would meet her at the same time and at the same place the next day.

CHAPTER II.

“A good heart wants some object to be kind to.”

LOUISA'S father was at this time absent upon a journey, but she was met at the door on her return by Susan, an old servant, who had not only been her nurse, but her mother's also.

My dear child, said Susan, where have you been? The sun is nearly set; I was just going to send Dick in search of you.

Ah! Susan, said Louisa, I have been talking—no, not talking—but, in short, I have met a charming little girl—but, my good Susan, tell me, do you know who lives at a little white house we see from the west cliff, on the left hand, just at the entrance of the lane that leads to the next town?

You mean Richard Hutchinson's, said Susan, 'tis a public-house—why do you inquire?

Louisa gave Susan a full account of her meeting with Annette, and of all that she conjectured concerning her.

Poor child! said Susan, perhaps she is one of the unfortunate souls that were saved out of the vessel that was wrecked last week.

Oh! dear Susan, said Louisa, do inquire, do inquire about her: perhaps we may do her some good.

My dear child, said Susan, I shall readily inquire when your father comes home, which I dare say will be in a day or two; but while he is absent, I am in duty bound not to leave the house.

Nay, now, my good Susan, said Louisa, there will be no harm in leaving the house just for a little while, I do so long to know all about her!—Oh! if you had but seen how she cried! and how grateful and affectionate she looked because I took notice of her! Do now, dear Susan, inquire about her to-morrow morning.

Susan was not to be prevailed upon to swerve from what she considered as a duty: it was a rule, she said, that she made, never to leave the house in the absence of her master, and Louisa was obliged to submit. She did not, however,

forget her appointment the next day; and taking a little wicker basket, filled it with the finest fruit she could find in her father's garden, and hastened to the place where she had promised to meet the little stranger. Annette was already there, and testified the most lively joy at her approach.

Que je suis heureuse de vous voir, ma chère mam'zel! Que je vous aime! Louisa could not precisely comprehend the meaning of these words; but she guessed from Annette's countenance that she expressed pleasure at the sight of her, and returned her salutation by a kind embrace. She then uncovered her basket, and invited her by signs to partake the fruit: an invitation which was modestly accepted. Annette looked all the while as if she would have said, How I wish I could express my love! and Louisa had a thousand kind and endearing things to say, which she only wanted language to utter. How I wish, said Louisa to herself, that I could teach her to speak English! Suppose I were to try.—She soon made An-

nette sensible of her intention, and began, by repeating to her distinctly the names of the various objects that surrounded them; the sun, the sky, the sea, the trees, &c. &c. and it is impossible to describe the lively sensation of pleasure she felt at every successful effort Annette made to articulate after her.—At length, it was time to separate, and they parted, promising to meet at the same spot the next morning.

CHAPTER III.

“Every state of life will afford opportunities of doing good.”

WHEN Louisa returned, she was not a little rejoiced to find that her father had arrived a few minutes before her. Oh! my dear father, said she, flying into his arms, welcome, welcome home!—How do you do? You do not look well. Mr. Vincent kissed his daughter, and replied, that he was very well, but a little fatigued with his journey. Louisa then inquired after the health of the friends she judged he had seen during his absence; and, when he had taken some refreshment, and was rested, brought to him some English and geographical exercises which she had done while he was away, as also her writing book, with which he was much pleased. She then gave him an account of several poor families in the village, whom she had visited. Poor Wil-

liams, said she, is now able to go to work, and his wife and four little girls are as cheerful and happy as they can be. Peggy, who you know is the eldest, was here this morning for some skim milk; but I am sorry to tell you, that poor Mary Alder is in sad tribulation; would you think it, father, that fine milch cow of hers, that was almost the support of the family, is dead! I assure you she took on so, it would have made your heart ache to see her.

This is bad news, indeed, said the good curate, we must see what can be done to make her loss sit lighter; but how does Sarah Barnes and her sick child?

Oh! charmingly, dear father, answered Louisa; I saw her yesterday with the little creature in the wheat field gleaning. As for poor dame Galloway, father, she is much the same as when you left home, you know she is very old. I have called upon her every day, and read a chapter out of the Testament to her. She says that does her more good than all the doctor's stuff.

She is very right, said Mr. Vincent; it

avails little that we take care of the body, if the soul be neglected.

She is very anxious to see you, father, said Louisa; she has inquired every day since you have been absent whether you were returned.

I will go to her, said Mr. Vincent, if not this evening, early to-morrow.

Now then, my dear father, said Louisa, as I have given you an account of our old friends and neighbours, you must give me leave to tell you of a new one. Oh! father, I have such a favour to ask! and I know you will not refuse it me;—but I must first tell you that we have a new neighbour, a little foreign girl, French, I believe, who cannot speak a word of English. She then related all the particulars of her meeting with Annette, and ended with entreating that he would permit her to bring her to him the next morning. Mr. Vincent readily granted the request, and at the usual hour Louisa hastened to the place where she had promised to meet Annette, who received her with open arms, articulating to a wonder

several English words that she had taught her the day before. Without loss of time she conducted her to her father, whose presence at first abashed poor Annette; but the mildness of his manners, and the benevolence of his looks, soon invited her confidence, and she answered his inquiries by informing him that her parents, in consequence of the troubles in France, had confided her to the care of an uncle, who was to have brought her to England, and taken care of her till they arrived: that the ship was wrecked on the English coast; that her uncle was drowned, and that some good English people, who lived at the house she had shown Louisa, had given her food and shelter.

Mr. Vincent was touched with this artless tale; and wishing to inform himself of further particulars concerning her situation, took his hat, and walked into the town, ordering Louisa to entertain her till his return.

Upon arriving at the public-house, Mrs. Hutchinson, the landlady, informed him, that, about ten days before, a vessel

from Hamburgh had been wrecked off the coast, and that all the crew perished excepting three, One was the child concerning whom he inquired. Poor Annette ! said she, her friends all went to the bottom ; she had not a shelter to put her head into, nor a friend to ask for a bit of bread : I could not bear, Sir, to see the poor thing want, so I let her sleep with our Sall, and take the run of the house.—Poor little wench ! she takes on so, it makes me sad to look at her. I wish I could hear of a place for her ; but, la ! Sir, while she speaks nothing but that outlandish tongue, what can be done ?

My good woman, said Mr. Vincent, the humanity you have shown this poor child is truly commendable, and cannot fail of being pleasing to that Being who is himself all mercy and compassion. Poor child ; nothing can be more affecting than her story — without friends ! without money ! in a strange country, unable even to express her wants ! my heart bleeds for her : from henceforth, Mrs. Hutchinson, my house shall be her home,

if you consent to give up the charge you have so humanely taken upon yourself.

Oh! Sir, said Mrs. Hutchinson, I am rejoiced that poor Annette has found so good a friend; not that I wish to get rid of her; God knows my heart, she is heartily welcome to the little we are able to do for her; but my husband and I have it not in our power to be as good a friend to her as you, Sir.

CHAPTER IV.

“Embrace every opportunity to obtain knowledge.”

WHEN Mr. Vincent returned, he found Louisa busily employed in teaching Annette to pronounce the alphabet; their features were lighted up with mutual pleasure, and Mr. Vincent observed them some minutes unseen, with the most pleasing sensations; but when Annette understood that she was from this moment to become an inmate of Mr. Vincent's family, and the constant companion of her dear Louisa, her joy knew no bounds. O good Inglis! good Inglis! she exclaimed, pressing Mr. Vincent's hands, *que vous êtes bon!* and threw her arms round Louisa's neck in a transport of joy.—At length, growing more calm, she signified a wish to return and bid farewell to the good woman who had hitherto given her shelter—a trait of her disposition which endeared her still more to Mr.

Vincent, who commended her highly, and sent Susan with her to Mrs. Hutchinson.

Annette's farewel was short, but it expressed the goodness of her heart; she kissed Mrs. Hutchinson affectionately, and looked as if she would have said, *I am going to be happier, but I shall always remember your kindness.* She then returned, and from that day was considered as one of Mr. Vincent's family.

Louisa, who was only two years older than Annette, was delighted to have gained a companion who seemed so well to merit her love, and who would double all her little pleasures by sharing them with her. She pointed out to her all her favourite flowers; told her their names; and made her repeat them after her, that she might learn to pronounce them the better: then there were her bees, and her silk worms, and the little feathered pensioners, who came every morning to her window to feed from her hand: these were delightful sources of amusement, and Annette was made a partner in them

all. In return, she instructed Louisa in French, taught her many little French songs, and gave her an idea of drawing, in which, as well as music, she had received instructions. Thus mutually improving and improved, in a few months they had gained a tolerable idea of each other's language. How Annette improves, said Louisa, one day to her father, she will soon be able to understand and express every thing, and then how delightful it will be to converse! What a terrible thing it must be to travel in a strange country, without knowing the language, or having an interpreter!

Yet, said Mr. Vincent, we are obliged to our first navigators, and to many ingenious travellers since, for encountering this among other difficulties for our benefit.

I wonder, for my part, said Louisa, how they could possibly make themselves at all understood.

Necessity, my dear, said her father, is a great sharpener of the invention; they, no doubt, had recourse to expressive ges-

tures and intelligent signs, or perhaps to hieroglyphics.

You mean to painting, I suppose, father, said Louisa.

Yes, replied Mr. Vincent, the mode of expressing our ideas by a representation of visible objects, whether by painting or sculpture, is called hieroglyphics.

And do you think, said Louisa, that hieroglyphics would be understood better than writing?

Undoubtedly, replied her father: painting, as Mr. Addison justly observes, speaks all languages; but words are only understood by a particular people or nation. If we show the most unenlightened savage the representation of a dog, a horse, or any other object with which he is acquainted, he will immediately be struck with the resemblance; whereas the most simple combination of letters would be wholly unintelligible.

It appears then, said Louisa, that painting is a superior invention to letters.

By no means, replied Mr. Vincent, it only proves that it is more ancient. Why so? returned Louisa,

Because, said Mr. Vincent, it is better understood by men in a state of nature. The most simple inventions are generally those first adopted by mankind; as the mind becomes more cultivated and enlarged, it grows more fruitful in ideas, one naturally suggests another, and so on progressively, till in the end the arts arrive at the highest perfection.

Hieroglyphics were, I think, said Louisa, much in use amongst the Egyptians?

Yes, replied Mr. Vincent, the principles of their government and divine worship were commonly involved in symbols and enigmas; these veils, Mr. Rollin observes, they imagined rendered truth more venerable, and excited curiosity. They placed the figure of Harpocrates, the god of silence, at the entrance of their sanctuaries, with his finger on his lips, to show that mysteries were enclosed there that were revealed to few. They implied the same by placing at the entrance of all their temples the statue of the Sphinx, a monster, who, according to the Egyptian mythologists, had kept Thebais in constant alarm, by proposing enigmas, and

devouring the inhabitants if unable to explain them.

I think, father, said Louisa, I have read that their pyramids were ornamented with hieroglyphics.

Yes, said Mr. Vincent, not only their pyramids, but their obelisks, pillars, statues; in short, all their public monuments were adorned with these symbolical writings. These, according to Mr. Rollin, were either characters unknown to the vulgar, or the figures of certain animals, which couched a hidden and parabolical meaning. By the lion, for example, they represented courage; by the hare, a lively attention, because that creature has a delicate sense of hearing; by the bull, strength; by the serpent, subtilty, &c.

Mr. Bruce, a modern traveller, is of opinion, that all the symbolical writings on the obelisks, &c. of the Egyptians, relate only to the different inundations of the Nile, which have been by these means noted, and form, as it were, a sort of almanac, or tide-table; but his opinion is not, I believe, generally adopted.

CHAPTER V.

“ Friendship banishes envy under every disguise.”

LOUISA occasionally passed three hours every morning in the study of her father, who instructed her in grammar, geography, writing, and arithmetic. Since Annette had become a member of the family, French also was added; for though, by constantly associating with her, Louisa had acquired the facility of speaking, she found her father's lessons upon the grammatical construction of the language absolutely necessary to enable her to write and speak it correctly and elegantly. Annette participated in these instructions, and improved so rapidly, that Mr. Vincent considered his trouble well rewarded. She was naturally more sprightly and volatile than Louisa, but the sad recollection of her parents—the uncertainty whether she might ever see them more—checked her vivacity, and

often cast a gloom over her most cheerful moments ; but when the hope of seeing them, though perhaps the day was far distant, returned, she would enter with all her natural ardor into the amusements suited to her age.

Her affection for Louisa daily increased, and to Mr. Vincent she looked up as to a second father. His constitution was naturally delicate, and his health indifferent ; this called forth all the affection of his daughter, and equally so of Annette. They would range the orchard together to pluck for him the finest fruit, and watch with unremitting care the opening of every bud, to regale him with an early nosegay of his favourite flowers ; yet all this without the least envy or jealousy : it was no matter from which the gift was accepted, both had been employed in the search—as to Louisa, so far from feeling that jealousy common to little minds, she loved Annette the better for the affection she showed her father, and was always pleased with any mark of kindness he bestowed on her in return.

The same generous principle actuated them in their studies ; each aimed at excellence, but was pleased to see it attained also by her friend. My dear, Annette, Louisa would say, shall I show you how to do that problem? I have more frequently heard my father explain it than you have. Dear Louisa, would Annette say, you are mistaken in the government of that verb ; let me fetch the grammar, that you may alter it.—But the following little incident will more fully prove how grateful were the praises bestowed upon Louisa, to the affectionate heart of Annette.

Annette, as before mentioned, had been early instructed in drawing ; since she had been under the protection of Mr. Vincent, she had cultivated it with indefatigable diligence. Louisa, too, had made it a part of her studies, but her progress, either from beginning later, or from having less taste for the art, had been much slower, so that she was considerably behind her friend. It happened about a twelvemonth after Annette had

become an inmate of the family, that Mr. Vincent went a journey, which detained him some days from home. During this time the girls were left to the care of honest Susan, who, from the sweetness of Annette's disposition, was become almost equally attached to her as to Louisa; but Mr. Vincent had the improvement of his pupils too much at heart, not to require, at his return, a proof that they had not, during his absence, trifled away the time that was due to it. He left them exercises to do in English, French, Geography, and Arithmetic, all which they presented on his return, performed greatly to his satisfaction; but when Louisa brought her portfolio, and produced a landscape which she had copied in his absence, he looked at her, and said, Ah, Louisa, Annette's crayon has been here? Louisa assured him it had not, and that it was entirely her own, till looking over his shoulder, she evidently perceived that the piece was not entirely as she left it, and that Annette's crayon had, as her father said, been really there.

Ah! Annette, said she, what have you been doing? You have certainly shaded that tree, and the thatch of the cottage looked very different when I left it.

Annette blushed and looked disconcerted.—I only just touched it, said she, because I thought the shadow wanted heightening: do not be angry with me, I did not think the alteration would have been seen; I did it before you were up this morning.

And so, Annette, said Mr. Vincent, you thought Louisa would have the credit of the strokes you added; but, my dear child, never promote the interest, even of a friend, at the expense of truth; however laudable the end, never let the means you take to obtain it be dishonourable. Friendship is the parent of every generous and noble sentiment, and never requires her votaries to stoop to any mean or unjust action.

Poor Annette felt the propriety of this rebuke; she saw that the desire of raising her friend's reputation, had led her to be guilty of a little artifice, which she feared

had lowered her in the esteem of her benefactor. This thought cut her to the heart; involuntary tears started into her eyes, and she had not a word to say, either to excuse or to vindicate her conduct; but Louisa perceiving her distress, threw her arms about her neck and said, My dear Annette, do not cry; do not be unhappy;—my father is not angry; when we have done wrong he tells us, that we may avoid doing so in future.

Mr. Vincent confirmed what his daughter said, and Louisa, to give a more cheerful turn to the conversation, continued: To be sure, my poor cottage makes a much more respectable figure than when it came out of my hands; and my old tree, dressed up in light and shade, looks in a much more flourishing condition; but I am glad I found you out, Annette, for all that; for I should not much have liked to be praised for work I did not do.

Why no, said Mr. Vincent, praise to an honest mind cannot be grateful unless it be deserved.

That I am sure it cannot, said Louisa ; whenever I am praised, I make it a rule to ask myself whether I have deserved it.

It is a very good rule, said Mr. Vincent, but in our examination, we must be careful that self-love does not deceive us ; we must search our hearts minutely, and trace the spring of our actions to its inmost source ; and with respect to acquired accomplishments, compare ourselves, as well with those who excel us, as with those who, for want of equal application, are behind us.

Praise, said Annette, is very pleasing ; I am never so happy as when you and my dear Louisa praise me ; and yet, dear Sir, in the sermon you preached on Sunday, you said we should not seek the praise of men.

The praise of good men, which alone can be desirable, said Mr. Vincent, will naturally follow good actions, but it must not be the cause of them ; the source from whence, if they truly deserve the name, they must spring, is the *love of God*. Every thought that is really good

springs from God, and every one that is bad, from our own corrupt sinful nature. How careful ought we, therefore, to be, my dear children, to encourage the good, and to suppress every tendency we feel to evil!

Such was the disinterested friendship Annette entertained for Louisa, and such the manner in which Mr. Vincent, on every occasion, endeavoured to enlarge and inform the minds of his pupils; sometimes his subjects were grave, at others gay; the precept was ever varied to the occasion, and the most trifling incident made the vehicle of information.

CHAPTER VI.

“Never engage in an undertaking without considering the end of it.”

ONE evening, at the close of autumn, Mr. Vincent, accompanied by his daughter, went to make a friendly call on some of his parishioners. It so happened that Annette was left at home; but, on their return, they were not a little surprised to be asked by Susan, with apparent anxiety, where Annette was? Mr. Vincent replied, that they had not seen her, and was much alarmed when he understood that, two hours before, she had asked leave to take a walk through a wood that lay to the left of his dwelling, to meet them, saying, that she would not go far, but return if she did not meet them. I have been uneasy some time, said Susan, and have sent Dick to seek her.

While they were talking, Dick return-

ed, saying, that he had been a good way through the wood, but could not see any trace of her.

Poor Louisa turned pale, and Mr. Vincent bidding her not be alarmed, left the house, with visible anxiety, in pursuit of Annette. Louisa and Susan felt too much to remain long behind; they took another road in hopes of meeting her, but their researches proved equally fruitless as those of Mr. Vincent, who, having inquired at every house in the vicinity, returned with the sad tidings that Annette was not to be found. Louisa was now worked up to the highest pitch of grief. Oh, my dear Annette! said she, wringing her hands, I shall never see you more: some accident has befallen her: she never will return to us.

My dear child, said Mr. Vincent, you are wrong to encourage this violence of grief; it renders you incapable of drawing from your situation the consolation it admits. There is certainly cause to be alarmed for Annette; but still there is reason to entertain well-founded hopes of her safety.

The wood is not to our knowledge infested with robbers; there are no pit-falls, that we know of; but above all, we know that the Almighty is present every where, and that nothing good or evil can happen without his permission. This last consideration ought to establish our confidence, and reconcile us to every event; for the great Being who formed us, and every instant gives us proofs of his mercy and loving-kindness, we may be assured will order all things for our final happiness, either in this world or in the next.

While Mr. Vincent was thus endeavouring to calm the violence of his daughter's agitation, and to prepare her mind for the worst, he was himself by no means at ease; he really feared that some accident had befallen Annette, and was just going out again to renew his inquiries, when she appeared, accompanied by a young peasant, whom she introduced thus: My dear Sir, my dear Louisa, this young man's mother has been so kind to me! indeed, if it had not been for her, I do not know whether I should ever have seen you again—Oh! I have been so frightened!

Well, my poor child, said Susan, whose joy at seeing Annette safe was not less than Louisa's, and truly you have frightened us all.

But where have you been Annette? said Mr. Vincent. What has been the matter?

Why, said Annette, when I had finished my exercises, I asked Susan to let me walk a little way through the wood, to meet you and Louisa, as we thought you would be about that time returning. She was so good as to indulge me, upon my promising to turn back, if I did not meet you soon, and I set out walking slowly on, till I came to the path that leads to the town: there I stopped, intending to turn back, as I had not met you; for I had promised Susan, and I was fearful you might have come the other way. Just then I heard a little bell, and turning round, what should I see under one of the trees, but Frisk, the little white rabbit that Dame Willis a week ago gave Louisa, and that we lost a few days after: I knew it by the blue ribbon and the bell we tied about its neck. I was quite de-

lighted and ran up to him, thinking to catch him, and bring him home, but he was off in an instant. I followed, calling Frisk, Frisk; but Frisk did not mind me. He was always off, as soon as I came within reach of him. This disappointed and vexed me sadly; it made me more anxious to take him, and still I ran after him, calling Frisk, Frisk, and once I almost caught him by the tail. All this time I never minded that it was getting darker, till, looking round and stopping to take breath, I was quite surprised, to see that the sun was nearly set. Just then Frisk again crossed the path, and I could not help making another trial. In short, my dear friends, I was so foolish, though I saw night coming on apace, as to let him entice me from tree to tree a good while longer. At last, I really thought it time to return, but it was not such an easy matter; for Frisk had led me into the thickest of the wood, and so many paths lay before me, that I did not know which to choose; I first tried one, then another, but, instead of getting into the path

I had left, I was more perplexed at every step, and at last could hardly see a yard before me. I was then so frightened that I knew not which way I went, and began to call as loud as I could, in hopes of making some one hear and come to my assistance. I stopped, and called *Mr. Vincent ! Louisa ! Susan !* and thought a voice answered. I was quite rejoiced, and said as loud as I could, I cannot find my way out of the wood, pray come and help me; but nobody spoke. I raised my voice, and called still louder, *Louisa ! Susan !* and then I am positive somebody spoke. I begged they would come and direct me the way out of the wood; but I heard no more till I again called *Louisa*, and then the name was repeated. I am convinced some one was making game of me, which was certainly very cruel; for though there might not be any real cause for my fear, I assure you it was the same to me; I am sure neither you nor my dear *Louisa* would have laughed at, but have pitied me.

But, my dear *Annette*, said *Louisa*,

how did you at last find your way out of the wood?

Why, said Annette, I was really beginning to think that I should stay there all night, when at a distance I saw a light moving towards me, and soon found it was somebody with a lanthorn. It was indeed this young man's good mother, who, when I spoke to her and told her my distress, said I should go to her cottage, which was just by, and that when her son returned from work, he should see me safe home. I thankfully accepted her offer, for, would you believe it, she told me I was three miles from home!

When we came to her cottage, she gave me a draught of milk, which greatly refreshed me; for I had cried, and run, and called so long, that I really felt quite ill. I was very uneasy too, about you, my dear Sir, and Louisa and Susan, for I knew how frightened you would all be for me. At last Dame Higgins's son came home, and was, as you see, so good as to bring me safe home; and indeed, my dear friends, no white rabbit shall ever

again make me give you so much uneasiness. I ought to have remembered my promise to Susan; to have considered how far I was from home, and what must be the consequence of my loitering.

Mr. Vincent thanked Dame Higgins's son for his care of Annette; said he should take an opportunity of calling to thank his mother likewise, and bidding Susan refresh him with some bread and cheese before he went away, dismissed him, well pleased, into the kitchen.

THE
pup
propo
cous
who
taine
throu
was j
the be
as the
place
when
cruel
near e
My
pend
more t
an ech
An e
of that

CHAPTER VII.

“Cultivate a spirit of investigation.”

THE next day, when Mr. Vincent and his pupils went to take their usual walk, he proposed that they should bend their course to the cottage of the good woman who had the night before so kindly entertained Annette. As they proceeded through the wood, Annette observed, it was just here that I saw Frisk; and, to the best of my recollection, continued she, as they advanced further, it was near this place that I heard the voice answer me, when I called Louisa. It was surely very cruel not to come to me, if any one was near enough to hear what I said.

My dear Annette, said Mr. Vincent, depend upon it what you heard was nothing more than your own voice, repeated by an echo that is not far from hence.

An echo! said Annette, I never thought of that; but it is impossible, I think, that

an echo could repeat so distinctly ; however, it is easy to try. Saying thus, she articulated *Louisa*, but no answer being returned, was going, with her usual vivacity, to exclaim, that it was not so, when Mr. Vincent observed, that the echo lay more to the left. There are the ruins of an old wall, said he, from whence the sound is reflected as you will find. Saying thus, he inclined to the left, and in a few minutes bade Annette articulate aloud, which she did, and immediately the sound was returned. Well, said she, it is astonishing ! this is certainly what I thought somebody mocking me. She then again made the experiment, and exclaimed, how surprising ! 'tis sure enough what I heard. I have often read of echoes, but I never recollect hearing one before : but what, my dear Sir, is the cause of echo ?

Air, said Mr. Vincent, which is a thin fluid, every where encompassing the earth, is the vehicle of sounds, which are conveyed to us by its tremulous motion when agitated. An ingenious author thus illustrates it : Throw a stone, says he, into a

calm running water, and it will produce a variety of undulations or small circles of waves, which by degrees extend to a considerable distance. A word must be supposed to produce in the air what the stone does in the water. Sounds are propagated with amazing rapidity, and are accelerated or retarded according to the velocity of the wind. You know how distinctly we hear the church bells, when the wind sets towards our house.

I have often observed it, said Louisa. I have heard, said Annette, of the panes of windows being broken by the sound of church bells.

Yes, said Mr. Vincent, it sometimes happens; nor is the cause difficult to comprehend, for the air having received the vibrations, communicates them to the glass, which being brittle, cannot, if they be too powerful, support the agitation, and consequently breaks.

Air, then, said Louisa, is always agitated by sound?

Undoubtedly, said her father; I knew two ladies who were born deaf, who had

the sense of feeling in such perfection, that they could tell, by the pulsation of the air, whether the birds sang or not.

That was very surprising, said Annette.

It seems, said Mr. Vincent, as if Providence, in depriving them of one precious sense, had compensated for the loss, by bestowing on them another in greater perfection: but to return to our subject. Echo is no more than the vibration of sound; if you throw a ball against a wall, the force naturally causes it to rebound, and in the same manner the pulses of the air, when put in motion, strike against the obstacle they meet with, and are returned. For this reason, echoes are never heard in open fields; but among rocks and high irregular mountains. The echo we have just heard, is reflected from the wall you see yonder, which is all that remains of an old castle, long since in ruins.

Thank you, dear Sir, said the girls; from what you have said, we can form some idea of the nature of echo; though it is difficult to conceive clearly how

sound, which we can neither see nor feel, should have a body capable of being reflected like a ball.

Air, said Mr. Vincent, which is neither visible to the sight nor palpable to the touch, is nevertheless as much a body as earth or water, though of a more subtile nature; but you are too young to enter more deeply into the subject; I shall therefore for the present dismiss it, and as we are speaking of echoes, inform you of a very curious one which returns upwards of fifty repetitions.

What, repeats the sound fifty times! exclaimed Louisa.

Yes, said her father, a particular account of it is given by a gentleman (Dr. Burney), who has within these few years past made the tour of Italy. The Simonette Palace, from whence this wonderful echo is heard, is, he tells us, about two miles from Milan, a state in the north of Italy. He informs us that he made experiments of all kinds from the windows of the Palace, and in every situation; with the voice quick and slow;

with a trumpet, which a servant sounded, and with a pistol; and found, as is the case with all echoes, that the quicker and more violent the percussion of the air was, the more numerous were the repetitions, which upon firing the pistol, amounted to upwards of fifty, the strength of which seemed gradually to decrease, as the distance became more remote. One blow of a hammer, says this amusing traveller, produced a very good imitation of a footman's knock at London on a visiting night. A single ah! became a long horse-laugh: and a sound over-blown in the trumpet, the most ridiculous noise imaginable.

Well, said Louisa, this is a very curious echo indeed! I suppose this Simonette Palace is surrounded with mountains.

No, replied her father, we are informed that the country is a dead flat, and that there are no mountains in sight except those of Switzerland, which are upwards of thirty miles off. The sound is supposed to be reflected from a wall opposite the windows, where the experiment

was made : but the curious find it difficult to determine in what manner ; as the form of the building is, it seems, a very common one, and no other of the same construction was ever known to produce the same effect. 'Tis very surprising, said Louisa ; but pray, father, have we any echoes of this kind in England ?

Yes, replied Mr. Vincent, we have an account of several : in the neighbourhood of Rickmansworth, a town of Hertfordshire, there is a hill that has an echo, which repeats twelve times to the sound of a trumpet. At Oxendon, in Northamptonshire, is a remarkable echo, formed by the tower of a church, that will repeat twelve or thirteen syllables very distinctly. In Woodstock Park, in Oxfordshire, there was, about a century ago, an echo, which in a still night would repeat very distinctly eighteen or twenty syllables ; but it has been much impaired by the removing of some buildings.

Under Pembroke Castle, in the county of Pembroke, there is a vault called the Wogan, remarkable for a very fine echo.

CHAPTER VIII.

A good character shines with an amiable lustre through all the obscurity of low fortune.

As Mr. Vincent concluded his account of the echoes, they arrived at the cottage of Dame Higgins. She was knitting at the door, but seeing them approach, threw down her work, and respectfully conducting Mr. Vincent into her little cabin, kissed Annette, and said, Ah! my poor child, I am glad to see thee look so well, for thou wast main frightened last night.

Mr. Vincent said, he was come to thank her for the care she had taken of his little run-away, and asked if her cottage afforded any thing to refresh them.

Dame Higgins replied, that she was sorry she could not offer any thing better than a few pears and greengages, but that she would venture to say they were as fine as any in the village.

Mr. Vincent said, he was persuaded

they would be very acceptable to his girls; and in a few minutes Dame Higgins produced a plate of very fine Windsors and greengages. You were right in saying the village could not produce better, said Mr. Vincent, I have not seen finer fruit this autumn.

Three years ago, Sir, replied Dame Higgins, you would not have said so; when we first took this cottage, it was in a sad ruinous state. The ground was all overrun with weeds; the trees, for want of pruning and care, bore scarcely any fruit, and what we gathered was hardly worth the trouble; but my Richard soon altered the face of things: he went hard to work with his hoe and pruning knife; cleared the ground, lopped the useless branches, and made it fit to supply us with all we want. Perhaps the young misses will like, when they are rested, to take a walk round the garden.

The proposal was immediately approved, and they followed Dame Higgins into the garden, which, though small, was stocked with every useful vegetable in

season, and in such nice order, that scarcely a weed was to be seen. On Mr. Vincent's remarking this, Dame Higgins replied, her eyes sparkling with pleasure, Ah, Sir, it is all my good Richard's doing; though I say it, there is not a more dutiful, industrious lad to be found in the whole country. He works, Sir, as a day-labourer at farmer Stone's, about two miles off, and out of his earnings has supported me ever since his poor father died. I hope, Sir, there is no harm in praising him, though I am his mother; for indeed, Sir, he is a most affectionate, industrious lad; he never loses a moment; as soon as he comes home he falls to work in the garden, and you see, though it is small, it is well filled, and, as you were pleased to say, in excellent order; it half keeps us in summer. Then, as you see, Sir, we have a sow; last year she brought us thirteen pigs, which were a great help to us. Sometimes, too, my neighbours send their fowls to me to fatten, and I gain a penny that way: I am careful to waste nothing, and my good Richard

scarcely ever spends a sixpence from home ; so we manage, God be praised, to make both ends meet pretty well ; I see many of my neighbours richer, but none happier than myself.

You are right, my good woman, said Mr. Vincent, to estimate your happiness highly ; a dutiful, good child is the greatest treasure a parent can possess ; but do not suffer this blessing to bind you too strongly to the earth, and cause you to forget the bounteous Giver, from whom you receive your happiness.

No, Sir, said Dame Higgins, I hope I shall never be so vile and ungrateful. I have had many troubles, heavy ones too ; my husband, though a well meaning man, was given to liquor ; we have all our failings, Sir, happy is he who has fewest. St. Paul tells us, not to be high-minded, but *fear*. I have had seven hopeful children, all of whom it has pleased God to take from me, except one ; three at an age when I might have hoped for comfort and support from them ; but I knew it was not for such a

worm as I to murmur at the decrees of my Creator. I remembered that *God is Love*, and that all he permitted me to suffer, must be in love towards me, and so it has proved; for when I looked round, and saw myself encompassed with troubles, and that nothing in this world could give me comfort, I naturally looked to a better, and turned for support to him who is a sure refuge in the time of need to all who trust in him. 'Tis true, the face of things is now changed: the kindness and industry of my good Richard make every thing smile about me, but I do not forget that I hold all the blessings I enjoy upon the will of my Creator, and that it is my duty to resign them with thankfulness whenever it shall please him to take them from me, or me from them. Man, as the Scripture says, is cut down like a flower. In a few years, Sir, I must expect to leave my good Richard; this would be a sad thought, if I did not hope, through the mercy of my Redeemer, to meet him in a better place.

Mr. Vincent congratulated Dame Higgins on entertaining such just sentiments. It is impossible, said he, to be happy in any station of life without religion; it is no less a consolation in prosperity than in adversity; for, were we possessed of all the treasures and delights this world could give us, we must one day leave them: what a bitter reflection must this be to those, who, wholly engrossed by the present life, take no care to lay up for themselves *treasures, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, nor thieves break through and steal!*

It must indeed, Sir, said Dame Higgins: I can truly say that I have found religion my comfort, both in my days of mourning and rejoicing: it is better to have God for one's friend than the whole world.

It is indeed, said Mr. Vincent, and such are his gracious promises, that we have only to walk humbly before him, to trust in him, to love him, and to endeavour to live according to the blessed precepts he has revealed to us in the holy Scrip-

tures, to ensure to ourselves this great and glorious Friend.

Yes, Sir, said Dame Higgins, the holy Scriptures are a sure guide to us. I cannot read them myself, but my good Richard reads them to me. I have brought him up in the fear and love of God, and he thinks he can never be grateful enough to me. Many a poor lad, mother, says he, for want of the same care you have taken of me, has turned to lying and thieving, and may have been ruined in this world and the next; and when I tell him I have done no more than my duty, he says—Very true, mother, but I am not the less benefited for that; and it is my duty, in return, to do every thing in my power to make you happy.

Well, said Mr. Vincent, I can only say that you are worthy of each other, and that I heartily wish every good mother as good a son, and every good son as good a mother, and that they may be as sensible of each other's value. Mr. Vincent then signified to Annette and Louisa

that it was time to think of their walk home, and slipping something into Dame Higgins's hand as an acknowledgment for her kindness to Annette, they all bade her farewell and set forward.

CHAPTER IX.

Consider your parents ; form an idea of the anxiety they feel on your account.

IT was a delightful afternoon, and they pursued their walk through the wood, Annette and Louisa sometimes conversing with Mr. Vincent, and sometimes gamboling before him, or seeking wood-nuts, till they came to the spot where they had heard the echo. The trunk of a tree which had been blown down lay near, and offered them a commodious seat to rest. They sat down, and Annette, who was in high spirits, began exercising her voice, to hear the responses of the echo.

I wonder, if one were to sing, said she, whether it would repeat the notes ?

Not very distinctly, said Louisa ; I have tried before.

The sounds, said Mr. Vincent, were not probably sufficiently quick or powerful to be reflected : when you throw a ball against

the wall, it does not rebound unless thrown with a considerable degree of force. Try, however; for, though echo should be mute, I know not why I should be deprived of a song; the air is so serene it invites you to begin.

Dear Louisa, said Annette, do sing that sweet song I admired so yesterday; it will suit the occasion excellently.

I know which you mean, said Louisa, and immediately began "Sweet Echo," from Comus, a masque written by Milton.

Thank you, my dear, said her father, when she ceased singing, though echo has not answered very distinctly, your invocation has been good; but she is rather a coy nymph. The ancients in their mythology, feigned her to be the daughter of Air and Tellus, or the Earth. They tell us she was one of Juno's attendants, and that Jupiter being displeased with her loquacity, her mistress deprived her of the free use of speech, and permitted her only to answer such questions as were put to her. They relate also, that she was in love with a youth named

Narcissus, for whose sake she pined herself into a stone. To this fable Milton alludes in the song you have just sung.

One would wonder, said Louisa, what could induce them to invent such idle tales.

By endeavouring to embellish history with the graces of poetry, said Mr. Vincent, they have strangely disfigured it; this, however, is not an historical tale.

Historical! exclaimed Annette, why, surely, they do not mean to persuade us that the absurd stories in the Young Ladies Mythology are true?

If they do, my dear, said Mr. Vincent, we certainly shall not believe them. The greater part of these fables are, however, founded on true events.

Dear Sir, said Annette, how can that possibly be; there are the most ridiculous, absurd things related!

We have not time, said Mr. Vincent, to enter into the subject now; at a future opportunity I will show you how far they are connected with true history; at present, Annette, I must have your song.

Annette had too much pleasure in oblig-

ing to require twice asking. I will sing you, said she, a song my dear mamma taught me. The recollection of her parent gave a momentary shade of melancholy to her features; but soon resuming her natural cheerfulness, she began a little sonnet, with which Mr. Vincent was much pleased. When she had ended, he said—Do you know, Annette, who was the musician that composed that air? I think I am not unacquainted with the music, though the words are new to me.

I have heard my mamma say, replied Annette, that he was an Italian; his name, I think, was *Coppo*, or something like it.

Oh, Rinaldo di Capua, said Mr. Vincent; I now recollect that I have heard it before. Poor Rinaldo! he was a composer of merit, and deserved a better fate.

Was he then unfortunate, father? said Louisa.

He had experienced, said her father, great vicissitudes of fortune; his talents, though considerable, had not set him above pecuniary embarrassments; whether this was owing to any want of economy in himself, or to that caprice which ever guides the

public voice, does not appear ; but finding that he was declining into years without any provision, he collected his principal works, thinking they would prove a resource, when he should no longer be capable of exercising those talents which had supported him when his mind and body were in their full vigour. Such was his idea ; and what, my dear girls, when the days of poverty arrived, can you imagine should prevent his reaping the fruits of his care ? The caprice of the public, who did not set a just value on his labours ? No ; the blow came from his own family, and therefore wounded the more deeply. The accumulated produce of his pen, collected and preserved with such care, and looked to with so much confidence, was sold, by a worthless son, for waste paper !

For waste paper ! exclaimed Louisa and Annette at the same instant.

Yes, said Mr. Vincent, we are told that it was even so ; all his compositions which he had been years in collecting and arranging, were thus disposed of to supply the boundless extravagance of a thoughtless, dissipated young man.

Surely, said Louisa, he could not purposely have been so wicked ?

It is to be hoped not, said her father; but those who have never been accustomed to restrain their passions, seldom stop at any means that promises the gratification of them. The claims of duty and humanity are too weak to be heard amidst the distracting tumult of the passions, nor are we to be surprised at any enormities we may be led to commit under their guidance. To judge the most favourably, young di Capua could have had the welfare of his father little at heart to risk it in so material a point.

If he had had the misfortune, said Annette, to have been separated from his parents, as I am from mine, he would better have known their value. I always loved my dear mamma and papa, but since I have lost them, I seem to love them ten times more. Do you know, Louisa, I cannot sometimes help crying to think of many little things I have done that have vexed them !

If I may judge, my dear, said Mr. Vin-

cent, from your present conduct and disposition, I should think you have not often, at least intentionally, incurred the displeasure of your parents; but it would be well if every child would ask herself this question, when she is going to act contrary to the wishes of a good parent: Should it please God to deprive me of my good father or mother, shall I be able to reflect with pleasure on my conduct in this instance?

It would indeed, said Louisa, spare them many uneasy moments; I cannot reproach myself with being undutiful or inattentive to my dear mother; but yet, since I have lost her, like Annette, many little omissions occur to my recollection and cut me to the heart. A tear stole down Louisa's cheek as she said this.

If such, her father observed, are the feelings of good and affectionate children, what must be those of the unkind and disobedient?

They must be insupportable, said Louisa.

Undutiful children, said Annette, must, I am sure, be miserable. I dare say, poor Richard Higgins is happier in his cottage,

though he is obliged to work hard from morning till night, than the extravagant young man, who sold his father's works for waste paper, could be in a palace.

That, my dear, said Mr. Vincent, you may assure yourself he is. The mutual interchange of affection between a beloved child and an equally beloved parent, affords pleasures infinitely more exalted and refined than any affluence or grandeur can bestow. M. Zimmermann, Aulic counsellor and physician to his Majesty at Hanover, has given us a most beautiful and affecting picture of filial love and parental affection, in describing the character of his only daughter, who died in a decline; "Solitude," says he, "was her world; for she knew no other pleasures than those which a retired and virtuous life affords. Mild, good, and tender, she endured her sufferings without a murmur or a sigh. Diffident of her own powers, she listened to the precepts of a fond parent, and relied with perfect confidence on the goodness of God. Taught by my experience, submitting to my judgment,

she entertained for me the most ardent affection, and convinced me, not by professions, but by her actions, of her sincerity. Willingly would I have sacrificed my life to have saved her; and I am satisfied she would have given up her own for me. How frequently did my wounded, bleeding heart bend me on my knees before my God to implore her recovery! but I concealed my feelings from her observation. Although sensible of her danger, she never communicated the least apprehension. Smiles arose upon her cheeks whenever I entered or quitted the chamber. Although worn down by a fatal distemper, a prey to the most corroding griefs, the sharpest and most intolerable pains, she made no complaint; but to the last moment of her life preserved a serenity of countenance corresponding to the purity of her mind, and the affectionate tenderness of her heart. The last words my dear, my well-beloved child uttered, amidst the most painful agonies, were these: *To-day I shall taste the joys of heaven."*

What a touching picture is here, of that virtuous and affectionate regard which should subsist between the parent and the child! where each mutually strives to promote the happiness and good of the other, where confidence is mutual, and where no thought is concealed, but from the fear of giving pain! The pleasures of such an intercourse can only be understood and rightly estimated, by those who have early cultivated the benevolent affections of the heart, and established them upon the firm and lasting basis of Christianity.

As Mr. Vincent said this, they arrived at the garden gate, and, upon entering the mansion, found the table spread with some home-baked bread, milk, and the remains of an excellent apple-pie. This was an agreeable sight to Louisa and Annette, who having supped heartily, and returned thanks to the Almighty for the blessings of the day, withdrew to enjoy those refreshing slumbers which are ever attendant on health and innocence.

CHAPTER X.*

Physics and history are the true ground of Mythology.

MR. VINCENT'S observation, that the fables of the ancient poets were in general founded upon true events, did not pass lightly from the mind of Annette; the impression it made was the stronger, as she had for some days past, in her hours of recreation, been amusing herself with a mythological work which had been lately sent as a present to Louisa. My dear Sir, said she, going to him with the book in her hand, I have been reading the story of Deucalion, who preserved himself and his wife Pyrrha in a ship, when the world was so wicked that Jupiter destroyed all the inhabitants. This directly reminds

* The substance of this chapter is borrowed from the Abbé Tresan's Mythology compared with History.

one of the Deluge mentioned in the Bible, and of Noah, who was preserved in the Ark.

You are very right, said Mr. Vincent, it is certainly a tradition of that memorable fact: you see that, with a little attention, you have, yourself, been able to discover the affinity between fabulous and true history.

Yes, said Annette; but it is said that Deucalion and his wife Pyrrha repopled the earth by throwing stones behind them: I cannot see what that alludes to.

The mythology of the ancients, said Mr. Vincent, every where preserves the grand outlines of sacred history, but you must not expect to find them agree in every particular; on the contrary, truth is so constantly blended with error, that it is often difficult to separate them. Before the invention of letters, great events were preserved only in the memory of men, and transmitted verbally from father to son; many important circumstances must therefore necessarily be omitted, others often misrepresented, and others

again, from the depravity of the narrator, introduced which never existed.

I can easily conceive, said Louisa, that many important circumstances might be omitted; nay, that facts, by being thus delivered from one to another, might be misrepresented; but that people, from mere wantonness, should introduce things that never existed, is past my comprehension: it is so easy and natural to speak truth.

It is so, said Mr. Vincent; "Truth," says a certain author, "sits upon our lips, and is ready to drop out upon every occasion;" but I am sorry to say, that there are in the world those who force her to give place to falsehood; men who cannot relate the most simple fact without embellishing or rather deforming, it, with fiction.

Is it possible! said Annette; what can be their motive for rendering themselves so contemptible?

It often, I believe, said Mr. Vincent, arises from a vicious habit, acquired when young, and frequently indulged; and shows how cautious we should be of deviating from rectitude in the most trivial instance; for

when once the barrier between virtue and vice is broken down, we know not how far we may be tempted to proceed, nor whether we shall ever have courage to return to the point from whence we first set out: but to continue our subject—When men fell into idolatry, they soon forgot the precepts they had received from God; and, though the memory of great events could never be entirely effaced, yet it necessarily became blended with the histories of the imaginary gods and fabulous divinities, which they wickedly created. The Greeks who were ignorant of their origin, thinking to make it appear ancient and great by citing gods, heroes, and kings, that never existed, whenever they spoke of those great events, of which they had a slight knowledge from eastern colonies settled among them, constantly substituted fiction for truth, and thus confused and deformed the facts they pretended to record. “The Greeks,” says a learned author, “spoiled every thing they touched.” The war of the Titans against Jupiter, is evidently a tradition of

the rebellion of Lucifer and the fallen angels mentioned in Scripture. The fabulous history of Bacchus, in many particulars, agrees so exactly with that of Moses, that he is by some learned men thought to have been the same person; though others, it must be confessed, think that he is the same as Noah, who first cultivated the vine.

I shall read the stories with more pleasure, said Annette, now I see there is some meaning in them.

You will read with more advantage, said Mr. Vincent, if you bear in mind that the fables of the ancient poets may be divided into six different classes—historical, philosophical, allegorical, moral, mixed, and those invented merely to amuse.

Ah! said Annette, with her usual vivacity, but how shall I distinguish them?

I will explain what is meant by the terms I have used, said Mr. Vincent.

Thank you, my dear Sir, said Annette, placing herself in an attitude of attention.

The *historical* fables of the ancients,

said Mr. Vincent, were composed from ancient histories, interwoven, as you have already seen, with fiction. Instead of simply telling us, that Hercules drained the marshes of Lerna, which were overflowed by numberless rivers, the marsh is represented under the figure of a hydra, or many-headed monster, which Hercules is said to have vanquished. Atlas was a prince and astronomer, who invented a sphere to study the heavenly bodies. This fact the poets relate, by saying that he bore the heavens on his shoulders. Dædalus, an Athenian, invented sails for vessels, and thus escaped the vengeance of Minos, king of Crete, whom he had offended. He is represented as escaping by the aid of wings, an expressive way of describing the velocity of sails.

The *philosophical*, were parables, which the ancients invented to conceal the mysteries of their speculative and natural philosophy; for example, they represented the ocean as the father of rivers; the moon, espoused to the air, as the mother of dews; echo, as the daughter of air and the earth, &c.

The *allegorical* were likewise parables, and contained a secret meaning. Pleasure is represented as the offspring of poverty and riches, to show us that the one does not exclude happiness, and that the other is not sufficient to ensure it.

The *moral* were those which inculcated precepts for regulating our conduct. Of this class is that which represents Jupiter as sending stars upon the earth by day to inspect men's actions, and to give an account of them. Æsop's fables are of this kind.

Mixed fables were a composition of allegory and morality, unsupported by any historical fact. Of this kind is that related by Homer the Greek poet, wherein he tells us, that *Ate*, or *Strife*, the daughter of Jupiter, made mischief her whole study; that, detested equally by the gods and men, Jupiter precipitated her from heaven, never to return. By this fiction is intimated the propensity of man to evil.

Fables of the last description are those invented with no other view than merely to amuse and to display a brilliant ima-

gination: but it must be observed, that, in general, the fables of the ancients, of whatever class, have a reference to some historical fact.

Thank you, my dear Sir, said Annette, I shall endeavour to keep the arrangement you have pointed out to me in mind, though I fear I shall often be obliged to trouble you for explanations.

Those I shall at all times, said Mr. Vincent, be ready to give. Mythology is certainly a very dark and intricate path, and requires a competent knowledge, as well of history as of philosophy, to separate truth from error, and develop the mysteries contained in it. As a general rule, it will be sufficient for you to remember, that the divinities of the ancients were either men rendered illustrious by their actions, or beings entirely fabulous; to give authority to heroes in those dark ages, it was necessary to attach to them a divine origin: and in these impious irregularities the poets indulged themselves with the more freedom, as they saw it flattered the self-love of the poor

mortals on whom they bestowed this species of immortality.

When religion dispelled the darkness of idolatry, it was found necessary to give a new name to a collection of fables, which, from being adorned with all the beauties of poetry, still possessed charms. They were therefore called *Mythology*, a word derived from *mythos*, a fable, and *logos*, discourse.

Two
atten
intel
their
fec
soc
but
of th
task
ing p
sure,
too st
best
your
their
occas
gence
nay, d
they a
Mr. V

CHAPTER XI.

Every state of life is subject to change.

THOUGH Mr. Vincent paid every necessary attention to the cultivation of his pupils' intellects, his grand object was, to form their hearts; to encourage their good affections, that they might practise the social virtues, not from principle only, but from inclination. The natural bent of their minds rendered this no difficult task; their daily visits to the neighbouring poor, afforded them the highest pleasure, and as Mr. Vincent's income was too small to permit him at all times to bestow the relief he wished, they endeavoured to make up for this deficiency by their diligence and economy: on every occasion they abridged their own indulgences; they made clothes for the poor, nay, did not disdain to mend the old ones; they assisted Susan in making broth, and Mr. Vincent in preparing medicines for

them when sick, and set apart a certain portion of each day, for teaching the children of such as could not afford to pay for their schooling: in short, there was no office of humanity that came within their power left unperformed.

They were daily taught by their excellent instructor, that the great end for which they came into the world was, to serve God, and to be useful to their fellow-creatures, and they found in the practice of these duties more real satisfaction than all those futile amusements, falsely called pleasure, could have bestowed.

Happy in the society, the one of a tender parent, and the other of a kind friend and protector, four years glided away imperceptibly, when an unexpected event interrupted their tranquillity, and plunged the whole family in grief, and indeed the whole village, The gentleman for whom Mr. Vincent officiated, died suddenly; the living passed into other hands, and on applying to be retained in the curacy, he was informed that the new rector designed it for his nephew.

Mr. Vincent had held the curacy upwards of twenty years, and was accustomed to look upon every inhabitant of the village as a brother, or a child; it is natural therefore to suppose that he was hurt at the idea of resigning it. The circumscribed state of his finances added also to his uneasiness; his salary had been small, and his heart so open to the wants of his little flock, that what he had laid by, was so trifling, that he had reason to fear, should he be long without obtaining another establishment, his family must experience considerable inconveniences: his ideas upon this subject, however, he carefully concealed from Annette and Louisa; especially from the latter, who was afflicted beyond measure, at the idea of leaving a spot to which she had been accustomed from her infancy.—Oh! my dear father, said she, I know I shall be happy wherever you are; but still, we have lived here so long! ever since I was born: it is so hard to leave all the walks and the flowers, and the trees one has been so long used to; the

very trees too, that my dear mother planted !

My dear child, said Mr. Vincent, things of so perishing a nature, are unworthy of interesting you so deeply ; remember a sentiment which can never be too often called to mind, from that excellent little book, the Economy of Human Life ; “ This world affordeth no good so transporting, nor inflicteth any evil so severe, as should raise us much above, or sink us much beneath, the balance of moderation.”

I have often heard my dear mother repeat it, said Louisa, and will endeavour to profit by it, but still you must allow that it is very hard to leave all our good neighbours : there is poor blind Margery ; who will read the Bible to her when Annette and I are gone ? And the poor children, they will forget all they have learned. Then there is poor Roger Walker, I am quite uneasy about him ; he is so old and feeble that without the little nourishing things Susan makes for him, he will never be able to hold it long : I am sure his heart will break when he hears we are going.

My dear child, said Mr. Vincent, we must commit all to the disposal of our Heavenly Father; he who is careful to provide for the wants of the meanest insect, and who "causeth his sun to shine on the just, and on the unjust," will not reject the humble prayer of his servants, when they cry to him in their affliction. Depend upon it, my child, he will raise up other instruments of his bounty to succour those who trust in him. The gentleman who will officiate in my place, may have a heart equally inclined as mine to alleviate the distresses of his fellow-creatures, with larger means to second his good intentions: and I shall, certainly, before we leave the village, take an opportunity of pointing out to him such objects as are most worthy of his consideration.

As Mr. Vincent's connexions were not extensive, he resolved to go to London, where he thought it more probable that he might hear of a vacant curacy; but previous to this, it was necessary to sell his furniture, together with his little live

stock, that he might, as much as possible, increase his reserve of ready cash.

This was accordingly done; Louisa for the last time stroked the red cow, that had furnished her with milk from her infancy, and kissed her favourite hen; but when she saw a little lamb, which she had bred up tame, come bounding to her, and reflected that it was, perhaps, doomed to the knife of the butcher, in spite of all her resolution, she could not help bursting into tears, and was inconsolable till she understood that her father meant to present it to the rector's lady, who had expressed a wish to have it.

Annette too was equally pleased with this information; for, independent of the affection she bore poor Dap, it brightened up the features of her friend, and while they were clouded she could not be happy.

CHAPTER XII.

“Acts of love and kindness naturally conciliate esteem.”

MR. VINCENT having, at length, arranged his affairs, and obtained a favourable promise, both from the rector and his nephew, in behalf of those whom he recommended as objects of their charity, fixed upon the following day for his departure, and took places in the stage-coach accordingly. As it did not come within two miles of the village, they had that distance to walk by day-break. Annette and Louisa had previously bade a mournful farewell to their neighbours; but when they arrived at the place where they were to meet the coach, they were not a little surprised to see a crowd of them assembled, to take, as they said, a last farewell of their dear friends and benefactors. One had brought a flower Louisa had been heard to admire;

another entreated Annette to accept the linnet she had so often noticed; another had a little cake, just such as Louisa and Annette loved, and begged as a last favour it might not be refused; another pressed upon Louisa a little basket filled with apples, gathered, she assured her, from the very tree her dear mamma had planted, before the cottage, with her own hand: in short, every one had something; some token of grateful affection, which Mr. Vincent and his pupils found it difficult to refuse, without wounding the honest hearts that offered it. Not a dry eye was seen in the whole group; every individual seemed to lament, as if on the point of losing a parent, a child, or some near relative.

It must have been hearts very differently formed from those of Mr. Vincent and his family, that could have remained unmoved at such a scene. Louisa, Annette, and honest Susan, sobbed aloud, and Mr. Vincent hastily threw himself into the stage, that he might not add to the emotions of others by discovering his

own: his example was followed by his companions, and the coach immediately drove off.

A silence of more than twenty minutes ensued, when Mr. Vincent, having somewhat regained his usual composure, addressed his companions: Come Susan, come my dear girls, dry your tears, we have paid a sufficient tribute to the kindness of our good neighbours: it is true, we part, perhaps, never more to meet in this world, but how pleasing is the thought, that we bear with us their affection! we shall live in their remembrance, and they in ours, when many long miles have separated us.

That I am certain we shall, said Louisa; I shall never forget this last proof of their affection. Good creatures! to come two long miles, before it was light, to bid us farewell; nay, though we had before taken leave of them.

And what have we done, said Mr. Vincent, to merit this friendly regard? We have made no painful sacrifices; there are some duties that it may cost us a pang to fulfil; but acts of love and kindness

dilate the heart, and fill it with the most pleasurable sensations.

They do, indeed, said Louisa; I was never so happy as when I was doing some kindness to our poor neighbours.

Nor I, said Annette; it is so delightful to see people happy! When we used to read to poor blind Margery, I am sure she was not more pleased than we were; do you think she was, Louisa?

That I am sure she was not, returned Louisa.

Well, my dear girls, said Mr. Vincent, though you should never be called upon to exercise your humanity exactly in the same manner, never let the pleasure you have experienced be effaced from your minds; remember the delight you have felt in the exercise of benevolence: remember that it is the reward your heavenly Father has annexed to the performance of those duties which he has himself enjoined, and taught, in his own example, when he sojourned among us.

As Mr. Vincent said this, the coach stopped to take in another passenger,

whose entrance gave a more general turn to the conversation.

Annette had by this time recovered her spirits, and, by a thousand little endearing attentions, endeavoured to divert her friends from any unpleasing recollections. She pointed out to them the various objects as they passed, and succeeded so well, that before they reached London, Louisa had, in a great measure, regained her usual cheerfulness.

On entering that great city, a new world seemed to break upon her sight; the width and length of the streets; the lamps, which were now lighted; the elegance of the shops, all illuminated, struck her with wonder and delight, and gave birth to a variety of questions and observations, which lasted till they reached the place of destination. Annette's attention was also engaged, though, as she had not yet forgotten the splendor and gaiety of Paris, the objects she beheld were less new and surprising to her, than they were to Louisa, whose observations had hitherto been confined to an obscure village.

Previous to leaving Norfolk, Mr. Vincent had written to a person in London, of whom he had a slight knowledge, requesting him to take for him a second floor at a cheap rent, and in an airy situation. This had accordingly been done; and at about eight o'clock in the evening, they took possession of their new apartments, too much fatigued to think of any thing but rest.

CHAPTER XIII.

“ Visit the sick, feed the hungry, clothe the naked.”

THE next day was chiefly spent in arranging their little wardrobe, and unpacking their books, which made the chief part of their luggage: that which succeeded happened to be the eighteenth of January, a day of public rejoicing, in honour of her late Majesty's birth-day.

Mr. Vincent, who was never so well pleased as when he could give pleasure, told Annette and Louisa, that as they were arrived at such a lucky moment, he would show them a little of the gaiety of London. He accordingly took them to St. James's, where, by seeing one of the guards, he procured them a commodious place, from whence they had, not only a view of the Royal Family, but of the gentry as they passed into the drawing-room. The two girls were delighted; the elegance and variety of the dresses, together with the graceful deportment of the ladies, enchant-

ed them; especially Louisa, to whom every thing was so different, from all she had before seen, that she fancied herself in fairy land. At length their attention shifting from one object to another, grew fatigued, and they agreed with their friend, that it was time to think of returning home. They made the best of their way up St. James's street, perfectly satisfied with the morning's entertainment, but convinced that pleasure will fatigue, as well as business.

The splendid equipages and stately buildings as they passed, furnished conversation till they nearly reached home, when their attention was drawn by a poor boy, about eight years of age, who stood at the end of the street where they lodged, weeping over a phial, which appeared to have been just broken.

Distress, of whatever kind, never failed to interest Mr. Vincent, who stopped, and kindly inquired the cause of his grief. Oh! Sir, replied the child, in a voice scarcely articulate, with sobs; that unlucky boy you see yonder, has run against me, and I have

spilt the wine I had just bought for my sick father.

Well, said Mr. Vincent, accidents will sometimes happen to the most careful; how much did it cost?

Oh! Sir, said the boy, it cost three-pence—three-pence, Sir, I assure you; and I have been so unfortunate, as to spill it every—drop, he would have said, but his heart seemed so full, that he could not articulate the word.

Well, dry your tears, said the good-natured Mr. Vincent, your misfortune shall not cost you any more: saying this, he put his hand into his pocket; but recollecting himself, turned with a smile to his pupils and said, as I brought you out with a view to pleasure, I must not monopolize a greater than the morning has yet afforded: the satisfaction of consoling a brother in affliction shall be yours.

Thank you, thank you, dear Sir, said the girls, and immediately from their little store produced the sum required, with an additional two-pence, which was all their pockets afforded.

It is impossible to describe the change this unexpected relief produced in the poor boy; his whole countenance was animated with joy, and he seemed as if he could have kissed the very feet of his benefactors. Oh! Sir, said he, Oh! ladies, you don't know the good you have done—my father is dying—this wine may save his life—my mother too!—Oh! how she would have grieved!—we could have had no more. With these incoherent expressions, he was hurrying away; but Mr. Vincent, judging from the ecstasy which this trifling sum had produced, that greater distress was behind than he at first supposed, asked the boy where his father lived, and whether he could not see him.

Oh yes, Sir, returned the child, he lives just up that court; but it is not a fit place for such gentlefolks as you to go into. My father is very, very poor!

As they were within sight of their own lodgings, Mr. Vincent ordered the boy to stop at the end of the street, while he conducted Annette and Louisa to the door; after which he returned and followed him

to an obscure house, where having ascended three pair of narrow winding stairs into a back garret, his heart sunk at a picture of extreme wretchedness. All the furniture of the room consisted of a crazy table, a broken chair, and an old mattress, upon which lay a man emaciated with disease, and scarcely defended by an old rug from the inclemency of the season. By him was sitting a woman, the picture of famine and despair, endeavouring to silence the cries of a poor little weakly child at her breast; while another at her knee was asking how long it would be before Daddy got well to go to work.

Mr. Vincent stopped a moment at the door, and the poor boy, his conductor, running to the woman, said, Oh, mother, I have had such a misfortune! the wine is every drop spilt—but do not be uneasy—this good gentleman has given me money to buy more—and look, here are two-pence besides.

At the word *wine*, the sick man turned his eyes upon his wife, and said, in a feeble voice, Oh! Mary, why will you distress me? Do not these poor babes want bread?

The entrance of Mr. Vincent at this

moment prevented more, and raised a faint blush on the cheek of the poor man, and the woman looking round upon the naked walls, said, Ah! Sir, you are come to a miserable place.

Never mind that, my good woman, said Mr. Vincent, poverty is no disgrace, if it be accompanied with an honest, upright mind; then turning to the poor man, How are you, my friend? said he; come, do not be cast down, I see your spirits are low (for while he spoke a tear stole silently down his cheek); how long have you been ill?

Three months, Sir, said the man. Mary tell the gentleman how it happened.

My husband, Sir, said the woman, is a bricklayer; indeed, Sir, he is as industrious, honest a man as lives, and as good a husband; I am sure he never minded how hard he worked while—

My dear, interrupted the man, do tell the gentleman how the accident happened.

Aye, said the wife, I know you do not like to hear me say how good you are, but it is very true for all that. About three months ago, Sir, he had the misfortune to

fall off a scaffold, to be sure he was sadly bruised, but, as he broke no bones, we thought, with a little care and good nursing, he would soon get well; and really the medicines which a charitable doctor, who lives in the next street, ordered him, did him so much good, that he fancied himself able to go to work again in three weeks; but that ruined all, for the fatigue brought on a violent pain in his side, and other complaints, which have reduced him to the state you see. The doctor says, he should live well, and take nourishing things; but indeed, Sir, it cuts me to the heart to say I have been able to do little for him, for some time past, in that way. We found it difficult enough to keep clear of debts, when my poor Thomas worked hard from six o'clock in the morning till six at night, and since he has been able to do nothing, you may think, Sir, we have been sadly off; for these last six weeks we have suffered the greatest distress. Before my husband's accident we had things a little comfortable and tidy about us; but we have been obliged to make away, by degrees,

with every thing that would fetch a penny. I do not mind hard living myself, Sir, when people are in health, they may bear any thing; but it is hard, very hard, when they are sick, to want necessaries.

Come, my good woman, said Mr. Vincent, keep up your spirits; I am not rich, but you shall not want what is necessary to your husband's recovery. Saying this, he put five shillings into her hand, advising her to order in some coals, and make a good fire to warm the room, which was extremely cold.

It is impossible to describe the gratitude of these poor people: Oh, Sir, said the woman, the Almighty has heard my prayers, and sent us relief in our greatest extremity! Indeed, Sir, I know not what would have become of us, if I had not providentially earned sixpence of my landlady, for helping her to wash. With part of it I bought five stale rolls, and a pennyworth of oatmeal, which, made into gruel, has been all we have had for these last three days. The remaining threepence I sent, unknown to my poor

Thomas, for a gill of mountain, thinking a spoonful in the gruel would afford him a little nourishment.

Ah! Mary, said the sick man, this is always the way; you have half-starved yourself and the children on my account, and that grieves me more than all I have suffered.

But my good people, said Mr. Vincent, in such extremity of distress, would not the parish have given you a little assistance?

We have no right to claim it here, Sir, said the man; I was born and bred in Lincolnshire, and have not above a year and a half been settled in London. If it would please God to restore me to health, I should not fear soon fetching up the time I have lost.

Well, said Mr. Vincent, keep up your spirits, and trust with hope and confidence in that Being who never permits affliction but for the ultimate good of his creatures. With these words he left the room, saying they should hear from him the next day.

CHAPTER XIV.

“ Let us sometimes step aside from the smooth and flowery paths in which we are permitted to walk, in order to view the toilsome march of our fellows through the thorny desert.”

WELL, my dear Sir, said Annette, on her friend's return, did you see the poor boy's father ?

Yes, my dear, said Mr. Vincent.

And how did you find him, said Louisa, very sick and poor ?

I will tell you all by-and-by, my children, said Mr. Vincent ; at present let us eat our dinner ; it is on the table, and I conclude has been waiting some time.

Yes, Sir, said Susan, I fear you will find the mutton over-done ; I expected you sooner, but the children tell me they have seen such fine sights, that it is no wonder they did not think of their dinner.

True, Susan, said Annette, I wish you had been there : if you had but seen how the ladies were dressed !

What, finer than the 'squire's lady, said Susan, when she came to our church the last Sunday the Doctor preached?

Oh! beyond all comparison, said Louisa, I assure you there was not a lady we have seen that did not look like a Princess.

Indeed! exclaimed Susan.

At first, said Louisa, I thought I could have stood looking at the ladies all day, but somehow I was sooner satisfied than I expected.

And so was I, said Annette: when we had been there half an hour, I began to think of home; and that was strange, considering the variety there was to amuse one.

Pleasures, my dear, said Mr. Vincent, that depend only on the senses, soon pall and satiate; in the amusement of this morning, your eye only has been delighted, while your heart and reasoning faculties have remained uninterested. I think, had you spent the same portion of time in the perusal of an improving and agreeable author, you would not have felt the same weariness?

Oh no, said Annette, I never in my life got up weary from a book.

Or if the same time, said Mr. Vincent, had been employed in the duties of humanity, in feeding the hungry, or comforting the afflicted, it would not have seemed long?

Oh no, father, said Louisa, one can never be tired of doing good; the doing of one kind act, always makes one wish to do another.

You see, then, said her father, the superiority of those pleasures which reason and virtue approve; others may please for a moment, but these only can be permanent and afford true satisfaction.

Yes, my dear Sir, said Annette, our eyes this morning have had business enough, but our hearts, as you say, have been uninterested.

I could not help thinking, said Louisa, how happy the money one of those fine suits of clothes must have cost, would have made many a poor family.

That thought, my dear child, said Mr. Vincent, would have returned with dou-

ble force, had you beheld the scene of distress I have just witnessed.

Dear Sir, said Annette, what distress? Do tell us—the poor boy's father, I suppose——

Not only his sick father, said Mr. Vincent, but his mother, and two little sisters, are in want of common necessaries to sustain life: would you think it, my children, five rolls and a few quarts of water gruel, have supported four individuals for these last three days!

Good heavens! exclaimed Annette, clasping her hands in an agony, and we have just ate a plentiful dinner!

Oh! father, said Louisa with tears in her eyes, why did you not tell us before?

You may rest assured, my dears, said Mr. Vincent, that I took care to supply their present exigencies: be calm and I will tell you the particulars of their situation. He then described the manner in which he found them, and related the story of their misfortunes, as he had it from the woman: then turning to honest Susan; Susan, said he, you are a good

nurse, this poor man must be your patient ; to me he seems to want nourishment more than medicine.

Suppose, then, Sir, said Susan, I were to get a neat's-foot, and make him a little jelly this afternoon ?

You cannot do a better thing, said Mr. Vincent ; upon which Susan having cleared the table, withdrew to prepare for the execution of her benevolent purpose.— How fortunate it was, said Annette, that the poor boy broke his bottle !

It was indeed, said Louisa, for otherwise we should have known nothing of their distress, and they might have perished for want : the poet tells us that misfortunes are blessings in disguise.

They are, indeed, said Mr. Vincent ; can you repeat the lines ?

Certainly, my dear father, said Louisa ; you pointed them out to me as deserving of remembrance—

Since all the downward tracts of time,

God's watchful eye surveys,

Oh ! who so wise to choose our lot,

And regulate our ways ?

Since none can doubt his equal love,
Unmeasurably kind!
To his unerring, gracious will,
Be every wish resigned.

Good when he gives, supremely good!
Nor less when he denies:
Even crosses from his sovereign hand,
Are blessings in disguise.

To view the fine houses, elegant carriages, and gay dresses we have seen to-day, said Annette, one would think there was no distress in London.

Your observation is just, said Mr. Vincent; but it is a melancholy truth, that while one half of the world abounds with luxuries, the other half is in want of common necessaries; yet there is, perhaps, no country in the world, where charitable institutions are so numerous, or so liberally supported, as in England. Thousands are benefitted; but thousands, my dear children, equally deserving, struggle in secret with accumulated miseries, unable to subdue the honest pride of former in-

dependence, so far as to ask from public charity, that relief which would be received with transport from the generous hand that with gentleness and tenderness, poured into the wound the balm that was meant to heal.

And what a delightful employment, said Annette, would it be to seek out such, and to relieve them !

To the good mind, said Mr. Vincent, it would afford a pleasure as pure as it is exalted, and many there are who taste it ; many there are, who, to an ample fortune, uniting the greater blessing of feeling hearts, seek out misery in its most secret retreats, and carry consolation and joy into the lonely hut and gloomy prison : but the greater part of those, on whom Providence has bestowed the means of so high a gratification, neglect to improve the precious talent committed to them ; dress, public shows, routs, balls, and a variety of frivolous concerns, fill up their time, waste their fortunes, and effectually remove their attention from the means of higher and more rational enjoyments.

How are they to be pitied ! exclaimed Louisa.

They are indeed, my child, resumed Mr. Vincent ; others again inflated with pride, deem that intercourse with the unfortunate, which is perhaps necessary to discover and relieve their distresses, derogatory from the dignity of an elevated station ; but greatly indeed are they deceived ; for such generous condescension in behalf of the afflicted, so far from lessening adds to the dignity of rank, and graces it with a lustre more bright and durable than the highest titles or most splendid fortune. I this morning read a very pleasing anecdote of a King of Abyssinia, which, in my opinion, strikingly illustrates this truth.

Dear Sir, said Annette, do oblige us with it.

Abyssinia, father, said Louisa, is, I think, in Africa ?

It is, said Mr. Vincent ; Abyssinia, or Upper Ethiopia, is bounded on the North by Nubia ; on the East, partly by the Red Sea ; on the West, by Gorham ; and on

the South, by the kingdom of Gingire : turn to the map and you will see it.

The Nile, said Louisa, rises in Abyssinia ?

Aye, said Annette, tracing it with her finger on the map, there it is.

The heavy rains, said Mr. Vincent, that fall during four and sometimes five months in Abyssinia, cause the waters of the Nile to increase so much, that they overflow the countries through which it passes, and by the slime they bring with them, render Egypt one of the most fruitful countries in the world.—A wonderful instance, says a pious traveller, of the admirable providence of God, who at a fixed season, sends such quantities of rain in Ethiopia, as effectually to water Egypt, where scarcely a shower ever falls ; thus causing the driest and most sandy soil to become the richest and most fruitful.

But, said Louisa, if the river overflows the country, how do they prevent the cattle from being carried away ? They drive them up into the higher lands till the waters retire, which is attended with

little inconvenience, as the time of the inundations is known.

I remember, father, said Louisa, that you once read to me out of Rollins's Ancient History, an account of the curious contrivances of the Egyptians to carry the Nile to the different parts of the country.

Yes, said Mr. Vincent, it cannot be supposed that one river can overflow a whole country; numberless canals are therefore cut, which convey it to the more remote parts of the empire: spiral pumps, turned by oxen, are also contrived to convey the water into pipes to supply the higher lands, which could not be benefitted by the canals—But now to my story.

Thank you, my dear Sir, said Annette, I am impatient to hear it.

I suppose so, said Mr. Vincent: but before we enter upon an event, it is always proper to have a clear idea of the place where it happened.

I am sensible of that, said Annette, for when I have studied the geography of a country, I am always more interested in the historical events that relate to it.

It is very natural that you should be so, said Mr. Vincent ; nor should the *time* when an event happened be neglected : without chronology and geography, it is justly observed that history is but a confused jumble of facts ; but I will delay my story no longer.

* It is the policy of the Abyssinian government, to keep the younger branches of the Royal Family in a state of seclusion from the rest of mankind. The sons of the Emperor are kept retired in a private palace, situated in a distant province of the empire, on a mountain called Wechné, where all access to them is strictly prohibited ; a precaution thought necessary to secure the peace of the empire, by preventing any new competitor arising to dispute the crown with the reigning monarch. Such is the jealousy of the state on this point, that the slightest suspicion is sufficient to banish the first Prince of the empire for life to the mountain of Wechné. The laws appoint suitable revenues for the maintenance of those

* From Bruce's Travels.

exiled Princes, and proper officers to attend on them: but, notwithstanding this provision, they were, during the reign of one of their Kings, named Hannes, reduced to such extremity, as to be in danger of starving with cold and hunger; a misfortune caused on one hand by the avarice of the King, and on the other by the dishonesty of their officers, who embezzled their ill-paid revenues. Yasous, the son of Hannes, as being the immediate heir to the crown, was not among the Princes who resided on the mountain, but he was no stranger to their sufferings, and possessed a heart formed to relieve them. No sooner had he, upon the death of his father, ascended the throne, than he set out for the mountain of Wechné: upon his arrival, he sat down at the foot of it, and commanded all the unhappy Princes of the royal house, who were confined there, to be brought to him. The first that appeared was Claudius, his great uncle, who had been exiled during the two preceding reigns: next came his uncles, the brothers of his father, with their families; and after them his own

brothers, Ayto Theophilus, and Ayto Claudius. The sight of so many noble relations, some of them advanced in years, some in the flower of their youth, and some yet children, all in tatters, almost naked, made such an impression on the young king that he burst into tears. Nothing could be more engaging and proper than his behaviour to them; to the old he paid the reverence and respect due to parents; to those of his own age, he behaved with a kind and liberal familiarity; while he bestowed upon the young ones caresses, sweetened by the hopes that they might yet see better days. His first care was, to provide them plentifully with apparel and every necessary; his brothers he dressed like himself, and his uncles still more richly; after which he divided a large sum of money among them all. In the month of December, which is the pleasantest season of the whole year in Abyssinia, the sun being then moderately hot, and the sky constantly clear, and without a cloud, all the court were encamped under the mountain, as well those of high as of inferior rank

All were entertained at the expense of the King, who said, upon this occasion, "It is but right that I should pay for a pleasure so great, that none of my predecessors have dared taste it." None indeed of all the assembly seemed to enjoy it more than the King, who granted all pardons solicited for criminals at this time. Having spent a whole month in this manner, before his departure he called for the defar, or treasury book, in which the sum allowed for the maintenance of these noble prisoners was stated; and having strictly inquired into the expenditure, and cancelled all grants that had been made of any part of that sum to others, and provided in future for the full, as well as yearly, payment of it, as a last act, he gave to the governor of the mountain a large accession of territory, to make him amends for the loss of the dues, which he was understood to be entitled to, out of the revenues of the Princes.

He then embraced all his noble relations, assuring them of his constant protection; and mounting his horse, took the keeper appointed to guard them along

with him, leaving them all at liberty at the foot of the mountain.

So generous a conduct, and more than all the rest, this last mark of confidence touched the hearts of this noble group, all of whom returned voluntarily to their melancholy prison, imputing every moment of delay as a step towards treason and ingratitude to their munificent, compassionate, and magnanimous benefactor. Their way was moistened with tears flowing from sensible and grateful hearts, and the whole mountain resounded with prayers for the long life and prosperity of the King, to which was added the wish that the crown might never leave the lineal descendants of his family.

Yasous, during a long reign, was constantly involved in wars; but it is remarkable that no competitor from the mountain ever arose to dispute the crown with him, in violation of those vows they had voluntarily taken in his favour. Yet, factions of this kind, notwithstanding the vigilance of the government, happened in former and succeeding reigns.

Aye, said Annette, it shows how much

better it is to be obeyed from love than from fear: but how amiable is the character of the young prince;

It is, indeed, said Mr. Vincent; Yasous is reported to have been graceful in his person, an excellent horseman, valiant and courageous in battle, and, besides all this, he was a powerful monarch; yet, I think you will agree with me, that there is not one point of view in which we can behold him to such advantage, as when he lays aside his dignity as a great Prince and warrior, and appears as the friend and comforter of the afflicted.

Oh, no, said the girls, he is then more to be admired than upon his throne, or at the head of his most numerous armies.

You see then, my dear girls, said Mr. Vincent, as I observed to you before, that condescension in favour of the unhappy, so far from lessening dignity, adds to it a charm which wealth and titles cannot bestow. The coronet, when laid aside on these occasions, if I may be permitted to use the words of an elegant writer on a different subject, when replaced, will shine with additional lustre.

CHAPTER XV.

“The Deity stands unseen behind the workmanship of his own hands.”

IN the evening, Susan having prepared the jelly, carried it to the sick man, who though very weak and low, was somewhat revived by the seasonable relief afforded him in the morning: the room was now warmed by a good fire, and a blanket and coverlid, which Susan had, by her master's orders, brought, soon added greatly to his comforts: the reflection that he had found a friend to assist him in his extremity, necessarily made his mind easier, and at once destroyed half his ills. Susan left him perfectly composed, and in a fair way of passing a good night; information, which on her return, did not fail of giving pleasure to her good master, and no less to Annette and Louisa, who declared they should sleep the better, for knowing the poor man and his family were more comfortable than in the morning.

Mr. Vincent did not leave the good work he had begun, in favour of these unfortunate people, unperfected; relief was daily carried them, either in money, or in food from his table; and the girls, from their little wardrobe, scanty as it was, selected a few things, which they made up for the children, who were half naked. Susan was unremitted in her attention to the sick man, and had the pleasure of seeing him mend so rapidly, that in the course of a month, he was actually able to return to work. Mr. Vincent had also the pleasure of seeing the eldest boy, James, received, through his recommendation, into the house of the people where he lodged, who wanted a lad to carry out small parcels.

Annette and Louisa, in the mean time, pursued their studies with the same vigour as formerly: but their kind instructor did not forget that air and exercise were necessary to the preservation of their health. He daily, when the weather would permit, walked out with them to take the air, that while he attended to the cultivation of their minds, their constitutions might be

strengthened. The novelty of the shops and other objects, at first afforded them ample amusement; but that over, Louisa began to look back with fresh regret, to the pure air and pleasant walks of her native Village.—London, said she, one day to Annette, is certainly a fine city: what noble buildings! what extensive squares! and then the shops! one would wonder where all the fine things they are set out with come from; but, for all that, the walks we used to take in the country were far more pleasant and entertaining.

Why, said Annette, I don't know how to say they were more entertaining; to be sure Norfolk was a sweet place, but still we had not so many pretty things to look at and talk about when we walked out, as we have here.

Dear Annette! said Louisa, I am surprised to hear you say so; have you forgot what we used to call our botanical walks, when we went with my father in search of curious plants, and he used to amuse us with the history, and a thousand curious particulars, of every one we found?

To be sure, said Annette, those botanical walks were delightful!

Then, said Louisa, if you talk of sights, could there be any thing more glorious, than to see the sun rise and set from the top of the hill behind our house? I'm sure we have never once had a full view of it since we came to London.

Nothing, certainly, said Annette, can be compared with that.

Then continued Louisa, we used to go and watch the bees at work; have you forgot how we used to dodge them from flower to flower, and at last see them return to the hive, so laden with wax and honey, that they could scarcely fly? and the little ants; I am sure they often amused us; what confusion would a bit of dirt, falling into their nest, make amongst them; how busy would they be, running to and fro to set things right again, and remove the great mountain that had disturbed them! I think Annette, if you recollect, you must agree with me, that we found enough to amuse us before we came to London

I cannot say, indeed, replied Annette, that we were ever in want of amusement.

Oh no, said Louisa, the pleasures of London can never be compared with those of the country. How delightful it was to see the first snow-drop peep out of the ground! and the pretty yellow and purple crocus. I could not help thinking, as we were yesterday looking at those beautiful artificial flowers, how poor they were, in comparison to natural ones. I would rather have had one moss-rose, and one tulip, out of our old garden, than all that were in the shop.

I cannot say so, neither, said Annette, for though the artificial flowers we saw were inferior to natural ones, it was very curious to think that they should so nearly resemble them.

Ah, replied Louisa, an artificial flower will never afford such pleasing reflections as a real one.

During this conversation, Mr. Vincent had been apparently engaged in reading; but in reality, he had been attending to the sentiments of his pupils; he now laid down his book and joined in their discourse.

The works of nature, said he, as Louisa observes, certainly furnish most interesting and sublime reflections: when we view a beautiful rose or lily, growing on its stem, and reflect that its lovely form was produced from a little seed so minute as to escape observation; when we raise our eyes towards heaven, and behold that glorious luminary the sun, whose light and heat rejoice and vivify all nature, or the stars, set thick throughout the firmament, and consider them as so many worlds, revolving, in their separate spheres, at the voice of an Almighty Power, we cannot but feel our own nothingness, and confess that the works of man, in the highest perfection we can imagine them, when compared with the least of his Creator's, are but dull, lifeless shadows; incapable of exciting any other idea than that of his insignificance.

You so early taught me, my dear father, said Louisa, to distinguish the hand of the Almighty, in the beautiful objects around us, that I could never look upon the smallest insect or leaf without thinking of the

wonders it contained; but in this dirty city, there is nothing to excite such reflections, one's ideas take quite another turn. I assure you, I think less of my Maker here, than I did in the country.

I am sorry to hear you say so, my love, said her father; to the pious and contemplative mind, God is present every where: remember what the Psalmist says: "Whither shall I go from thy spirit? or whither shall I flee from thy presence? If I ascend up into the Heavens, thou art there: If I make my bed in hell (the grave), behold, thou art there: If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand hold me. If I say, Surely the darkness shall cover me, even the night shall be light about me." The mind that is accustomed to think upon its Creator, will not only trace his perfections in the starry firmament, or in the tints of a flower, but in objects seemingly remote from elevating the mind to such sublime contemplations. The delicate texture of a piece

of cambric, for example, the mechanism of a watch, the beautiful transparency of that wonderful substance called glass, produced from the stones we tread upon, to the careless observer will suggest no other ideas than of the artist's ingenuity; but the pious mind will inquire at the same time, who formed the imagination to suggest, the judgment to determine, and the hand to execute? No, my child, it is not only in the retired scenes of the country, that you can trace the wisdom of the Almighty: man himself, fallen and degraded as he is, and his productions, inferior as they are to those of his Creator, will furnish ample matter for wonder and praise. You have often, Louisa, admired the never-ending variety of the flowery tribes: but have you never, since you have been an inhabitant of this populous city, observed the still more astonishing variety of the human countenance? Out of the numbers that daily pass us in the streets, we shall scarcely, if ever, meet two persons so nearly resembling each other, as not to be distinguished

when together ; and the same would probably happen, could we survey the inhabitants of the whole earth ; or should a similarity occur, the instances will be so rare as not to militate against the general observation, any more than a man being by chance born blind, would prove blindness common to the whole human race. Notwithstanding the variety I have pointed out, in general instances, the whole human species are alike ; eyes, mouth, nose, teeth, are distributed in common to every individual, yet each, however strong the resemblance, has his peculiar signature by which he may be distinguished. How worthy is this the wisdom of the Deity ! how necessary to the preservation of that order, upon which the well-being of society is founded : were it otherwise, what disputes and confusion would incessantly ensue.

They would indeed, said Annette ; we should not be able to distinguish our friends from our enemies, and should be continually accusing one of faults, of which another was guilty—nay, we should not know even our own parents from strangers.

The variety of the human countenance, my dear father, said Louisa, is indeed astonishing! but it never, till you pointed it out, struck me as a thing particularly worthy of observation.

It is one of those wonders, said Mr. Vincent, which, as I have often told you, passes unnoticed because seen every day.

You have convinced me, dear father, said Louisa, that the wisdom of my Creator is equally to be traced in a populous city, as in the retired scenes of the country. I will endeavour to profit by the lesson you have given me, and, instead of encouraging vain regret for the pleasures I have lost, endeavour to make a wise use of those that are in my possession.

CHAPTER XVI.

“Be industrious and trust in Providence.”

NOTWITHSTANDING the activity of Mr. Vincent, his reiterated inquiries and advertisements in the public papers, six months elapsed, and he heard no tidings of a vacant curacy likely to suit him. His uneasiness every day increased; his journey to town, rent, and other expenses, had made such rapid advances on his little capital, that he grew seriously alarmed; not for himself, but for those who were dearer.

He had hitherto avoided mentioning to his family the slender state of his finances, but he now thought it necessary; and in the tenderest manner informed them, that as thirty pounds only remained of the money he had brought to London, it would be necessary to adopt an economy still more rigid than that they had hitherto practised. Louisa assured him of their

readiness to adopt any plan he should lay down; and Annette, with tears in her eyes, said, Ah, Sir, I now feel that I am a burthen to you.

This, Annette, said Mr. Vincent, is the first time you have displeased me, and I hope it will be the last. Have I ever, in any instance, given you cause to consider yourself a burthen?

Annette felt the force of this rebuke; she kissed his hand, dropt a tear upon it, and was silent; while Mr. Vincent assuming an air of more cheerfulness, said, though he had hitherto been unsuccessful, he entertained no fear, in a short time, of obtaining an establishment, which would put an end to all their anxieties on account of pecuniary embarrassments.

About a fortnight after this conversation, as the two girls were one day taking the air with Mr. Vincent, Annette's eye was attracted by a paper in a shop window, upon which was written, *Any person who has a good hand at plain-work, may here find employment.* A sudden thought immediately struck her: she noted the shop, and was impatient to

communicate her ideas to Louisa, which she did as soon as they returned home and were alone.

Thanks to good Susan, said she, Louisa, both you and I can do plain-work, neatly too, I hope. How delightful it would be if we could get employment from this shop, and help to support your dear father and ourselves! He will then be more easy; for I can see, though he strives before us to be cheerful, that he is far from happy. Louisa was delighted, and immediately asked her father's permission to engage in the undertaking Annette had so happily suggested. He at first opposed it, but at length yielded to the solicitation of his pupils, with whose anxiety to lighten his cares he could not be otherwise than pleased.

Susan was, in consequence, dispatched to the warehouse with proper instructions, and having given a satisfactory reference to the people of the house where they lodged, was ordered to come the next morning for a shirt, to give a proof of her abilities.

No holiday suit, or birth-day ball, was ever more anxiously expected, than the

moment in which Annette and Louisa were to begin their new employment. At length it arrived; they sat down, and under the inspection, and with the assistance of Susan, they completed the shirt by noon the following day, and sent it to the warehouse. What joy sparkled in their eyes when Susan returned, shortly after, with half a dozen of the same, and a promise of constant employment, if they were done with equal neatness.

All that they had before hoped was now realized, and they could not forbear exclaiming; how fortunate it was that we paid attention to our good Susan's instructions! Had we been negligent, we should not have experienced this pleasure: yet, said Annette, I sometimes used to think her too particular, and have often been vexed to be kept from my books, or drawing, to unsew a seam that I had done carelessly. I own, said Louisa, that I have had the same ideas; it appeared to me very useless to take so much pains about plain-work.

Any thing that is worth doing at all,

said Mr. Vincent, is certainly worth doing well; and the more trifling the exertion required, the greater is the disgrace in not making it. Needle-work being in the province particularly assigned to women, cannot, in your sex, with propriety, be neglected for any branch of education whatever. If your rank in life place you above the necessity of recurring to it, but as an amusement, you must still employ others, and should know how to appreciate their labours; besides, such is the variable state of things in this life, that we know not to-day what talents we may have occasion to call into action to-morrow: it is the part of wisdom, therefore, assiduously to cultivate all within its sphere; not despising the most trivial, which, as you now experience, may, on a change of circumstances, rise into importance.

CHAPTER XVII.

“The danger of disappointment is always in proportion to the height of expectation.”

As the people who employed our young work women dealt in ready-made linen of all kinds, their work was occasionally varied: they assisted especially in making the child-bed linen; for as Susan was a complete seamstress, under her directions the work was so well executed, that all the finer kinds were given to them.

They had been fully employed during four months, when Annette one day opened a bundle which Susan had brought from the warehouse with a fresh supply of work, and having taken out several articles, at length drew forth a worked muslin handkerchief, the trimming of which, a beautiful point edging, was to be taken off, and sewed upon a child's robe. Her attention was immediately fixed; the blood mounted to her cheeks,

her eyes sparkled, and she could only exclaim, my mother! my dear mother!— Yes, I shall see her again!

Mr. Vincent and Louisa in vain entreated her to be calm, and explain what she meant: but *Annette* seemed scarcely to hear what they said, and still exclaimed, as she examined the handkerchief, my mother, my dear mother is in England!

Tears at length calmed the agitation of her spirits, and she was able to inform her friends that her joy and expectation arose from the sight of a handkerchief, which she well knew belonged to her mamma. Mr. Vincent represented to her that it was possible for two handkerchiefs exactly to resemble each other; but *Annette* persisted in it that she could not be deceived. It is my own work, said she, and here look, here is my mother's name, which my governess, Madame Michel, marked with my hair, because I was too little to do it myself.

My dear child, said Mr. Vincent, let me entreat you to moderate the expectations you form upon this circumstance:

admitting the handkerchief to be really the same you think, it may have gone through many hands since it was in your mother's, and have passed a thousand ways into England; the troubles which exist in your native country, my dear child, leave no favourable conclusion to be drawn from this circumstance.

Annette's good sense, made her see the propriety of these observations; the expectations that had the moment before inspired her with such transport, were crushed; her countenance fell, and with a sigh, folding the handkerchief, and laying it upon the table, she acknowledged that it might indeed have passed through other hands into England, and that her mother, if alive, might yet be far from her.

Mr. Vincent having, from this just representation of the matter, reduced her mind to the state of moderation he wished, observed, that notwithstanding what he had said, he thought the circumstance well worth investigation. Susan, said he, shall return to the warehouse, and inquire

who is the present owner of the handkerchief, and we will see whether it is a channel likely to afford any satisfactory information.

Susan was accordingly dispatched, and in the course of an hour returned with an account that the handkerchief belonged to a lady, of the name of Staples, who lived in Bedford-square.

Well, Annette, said Mr. Vincent, the morning is fine, get yourself ready, and we will take a walk to this lady; but beware of raising your expectations.

Annette assured him she should be perfectly composed, as he had fully convinced her, no reasonable hopes could be founded on the circumstance that had at first so much elated her, and having put on her bonnet and cloak, they set out together. Upon inquiring for Mrs. Staples, at the house to which they had been directed, they were shown into an elegant room, and soon after informed that she would wait upon them in a few minutes.

They had not been here long before Annette's attention was fixed on a little

dog which lay on a chair opposite. She examined it attentively, and at length confidently asserted it to have been her own. Bijou! said she, stroking him. Bijou raised his head—looked at her—jumped off the chair—smelled her clothes—and began at length to fawn upon her, in a manner that seemed to support the truth of her assertion. Poor Bijou! said she, you remember your old mistress. And look, my dear Sir, said she, starting at the view of a portrait, which, at that instant, caught her eye; there is my own dear mamma's picture!

Nothing now could restrain her transports. I shall see her! I shall see her! she exclaimed; my dear mother is in this very house.

Mr. Vincent in vain entreated her to moderate her expectations, which would only render a disappointment the more severe.

Oh! said she, is not Bijou here?—Is not my dear mother's picture before us?

All this may be, my love, said Mr. Vincent, and yet your parents be far dis-

tant. However, I hope, and really from these circumstances think it probable, that we may gain some intelligence of them.

Notwithstanding all her friend could urge, Annette's expectations were raised to such a pitch, that she could not forbear at every instant turning her eyes towards the door, expecting to see her mother enter. At length the door opened, and her heart sunk at the entrance of a stranger.

"He
tio
pe
Ma.
intr
son
visit
know
D'A
Paris
An
the la
mate
it w
Lon
to S
tears
Mr
cated
no so
of her
caught

CHAPTER XVIII.

“He who habituates himself to subdue his emotions, will be prepared to encounter the disappointments incident to human life.”

MR. VINCENT having apologized for his intrusion, informed Mrs. Staples, the person who entered, that the purport of his visit was, to inquire whether she had any knowledge of a Monsieur and Madame D'Aberg, resident some years past at Paris.

Annette's heart beat with rapture, when the lady replied, they were her most intimate friends; but when she added that it was upwards of a week since they left London to sail for Holland on their way to Switzerland, she could not restrain her tears, which began to flow apace.

Mr. Vincent in a few words communicated Annette's story, but Mrs. Staples no sooner understood that the daughter of her friend was before her, than she caught Annette to her breast, and ten-

derly embracing her, exclaimed, My dearest child, how much uneasiness have your parents felt for your loss! your mother's grief has, I fear, laid the foundation of a complaint which will not easily be eradicated: your father and she, as I have told you, left London above a week ago, to embark for the Continent, whither she was ordered by her physician. How unfortunate that this discovery did not happen a few days sooner.

And would it not be possible, do you think, my dear madam, said Mr. Vincent, that a letter should reach them before they sail?

I fear not, said Mrs. Staples, they are probably by this time on their way to Switzerland; but my servant shall immediately set out, and travel post till he reach Dover, though I much fear our dispatch will be useless, as the vessel was to sail with the first favourable wind.

Though inexpressibly depressed at this vexatious disappointment, when she seemed almost within reach of happiness, Annette thanked Mrs. Staples for her kindness, with so much modest sensi-

bility, that it quite won her heart. Do not, my dear, said she, afflict yourself; should we fail of retarding the departure of your dear parents, you shall remain with me till they return to England, which I dare answer for it, will not be long, after they are acquainted with the happy tidings of your safety.

Annette expressed a grateful sense of Mrs. Staples's kind proposals, but begged she might be permitted to remain, till the arrival of her parents, with Mr. Vincent, who had been a second father to her, and demanded from her every return of gratitude and affection.

Mr. Vincent would have opposed Annette's request; but Mrs. Staples observed, that it was so praiseworthy that she could no longer urge hers. The conversation then turned upon the incident that had led to this fortunate discovery, and Mrs. Staples acquainted them, that having by chance admired the lace upon Madam D'Aberg's handkerchief, a day or two before she left town, she had insisted upon her accepting it to put upon her

little boy's robe, desiring her to be careful of the handkerchief, which was her dear Annette's work, till her return to England.

Mr. Vincent and his pupil, at length departed, leaving Mrs. Staples to dispatch the messenger as she had promised.

On their way home, Mr. Vincent could not forbear blaming Annette, for declining the invitation of her mother's intimate friend: you would have been more comfortably situated, my dear, said he, than you can be, at present, with me.

If you are tired of me, said Annette, and insist upon my leaving you, I must obey, because I owe you the obedience of a child; but if you indulge me with a choice, suffer me to remain with you and my dear Louisa.

Mr. Vincent found no difficulty in persuading Annette, that his wish for her going to Mrs. Staples was merely on her own account; and made her happy by assuring her, that, as she was so much averse to it, he would urge the matter no farther.

CHAPTER XIX.

“To murmur because our wishes are not gratified to their extent, is at once folly and impiety.”

THE happy fruits of their morning's expedition were eagerly communicated on their return, and furnished conversation for the succeeding part of the day: nothing was talked of but Annette's approaching happiness, and the fortunate circumstance that led to it.

How lucky it was, said Annette, that Mrs. Staples should admire the lace on my dear mamma's handkerchief!

And how lucky, said Susan, that it should be sent to the warehouse, and given to me!

Aye, said Mr. Vincent, and that Annette's attention to the interest of her friend, should suggest to her the thought of exerting her talents as a seamstress! the happiness she will, I hope, in a few months enjoy, in the society of her pa-

rents, will be a just reward for the goodness of her heart, and the unremitting assiduity with which she has exercised her talents.

Yes, my dear Sir, said Annette, and I shall not forget, that if Louisa and my good Susan had not joined their entreaties to mine, you would never have consented that we should engage in the undertaking. Oh, if the handkerchief had come a week sooner; if we had but seen it before my dear mother left England! but now, perhaps, though I am so joyful, I may never see her again.

Nay, my dear, said Mr. Vincent, seeing Annette's eyes filled with tears, do not because you are not in possession of all your heart can wish, ungratefully turn from the good which Providence offers you. Is it not a great consolation to you to know that your parents are alive, and that, without the occurrence of any circumstance particularly disastrous, you are likely, within a few months, to see them? Ever, my dear, with thankfulness receive the good which Providence

bestows on you ; do not embitter it either by a vain regret for the past, or by a gloomy anticipation of the future. We should, indeed, at all times bear in mind the changeable state of all human things, and be prepared to receive evil as well as good, with the thankfulness and resignation befitting Christians, who know "that all things work together for good to them that love God;" but let us beware of discontented murmurs or gloomy forebodings; for these imply an ungrateful distrust in the goodness that has protected us to the present moment, or a want of that cheerful acquiescence in the Divine will which is characteristic of the true christian.

Annette thanked her friend for his kind rebuke, and assured him, that she would in future be cautious how, for an instant, she harboured a thought that should imply a distrust in the good providence of her Creator. I, above all others, said she, should be cautious of doing so: how many blessings have I received! Three only were preserved out

of the numbers that perished by the storm, and I was one of them! and what would then have become of me, if he had not sent my dear Louisa to pity me, and raised me up a friend in you, my dear Sir, to shelter and instruct me!

We have all, my dear child, said Mr. Vincent, cause to praise and glorify our Creator for the mercies he daily, nay, hourly, bestows on us; he feeds, he clothes, he preserves us both by night and by day, amidst the numberless dangers to which our fragile existence is constantly exposed, and has given us faculties to enjoy all the blessings which he has so liberally scattered throughout the earth; for it is justly observed by a celebrated naturalist, that there is not a single spot of land or sea that does not furnish man with some article of convenience. To him who gives us all things, we can only offer the poor tribute of a grateful heart; but that he is graciously pleased to accept: and shall we not rejoice to offer it?

The following day Mr. Vincent, on returning from his morning's walk, commu-

nicated the agreeable intelligence, that he had heard of a curacy, which he hoped shortly to obtain through the good offices of a gentleman, with whom he had formed an acquaintance, at a coffee-house he had frequented since his residence in London.

This gave joy to the whole family, and proved to be the prelude to information still more interesting; for the following day a note arrived from Mrs. Staples, informing Mr. Vincent, that her messenger was returned, and that, from a fortunate concurrence of circumstances, the vessel in which Annette's parents were to have embarked had not sailed, and that they would be by dinner-time the following Thursday at her house, where she hoped, at the same time, to have the pleasure of seeing Mr. Vincent and Annette.

It is unnecessary to inform the reader what transports of delight this information occasioned in the breast of Annette, or how sincerely her friends shared in her happiness. Such a fortunate event had been so little expected, that the joy it

communicated seemed heightened in proportion.

Annette already in idea embraced her dear parents, and from this moment began to count the hours, nay the minutes, till their arrival.

"A
The
after
to be
she
some
prev
to M
be vi
Anne
of mi
ja ob
expos
whic
from
on re
polite
invita
appo
I sh
that A

CHAPTER XX.

“Affliction borrows its sharpest sting from our impatience.”

THE long-wished-for day, when Annette, after a separation of nearly five years, was to behold her parents, at length arrived: she was all joy and expectation; but was somewhat disconcerted that she could not prevail on Mr. Vincent to accompany her to Mrs. Staples's. He feared he should be viewed as having too great a share in Annette's preservation, and his delicacy of mind, suggested to him an impropriety in obtruding himself into notice, and exposing himself to acknowledgments, which he was aware would naturally arise from the transports of the happy parents, on recovering so amiable a child. He politely, therefore, declined Mrs. Staples's invitation, and sent Annette, at the time appointed, conducted by Susan.

I shall pass over the pleasing sensations that Annette felt on the near approach of

her happiness. At five o'clock a servant announced M. and Madame D'Aberg, and in an instant she was in the arms of her parents. Her joy can only be conceived by an affectionate child, who, after a long separation, at last finds herself in Annette's situation; nor can a just estimate of M. and Madame D'Aberg's happiness be formed but by those, who having long lamented a beloved child as dead, or lost to them for ever, find her at length restored to them with every improvement, nature, assisted by an excellent education, can bestow.

The evening passed in the most delightful manner: Annette related to her parents all that had happened to her since their separation; and in doing this, painted in such lively colours her obligations to Mr. Vincent, his kindness when she had no other friend, and the pains he had taken to cultivate her mind, that M. and Madame D'Aberg declared they should not sleep in peace till they had seen this worthy man, and acknowledged their obligations.

What then, my friends, said Mrs. Staples, should prevent your seeing him this very evening? I will order the carriage, and when we have taken tea, Annette shall introduce us to her friends; for the reader will not suppose that Annette failed to speak of her dear Louisa; or that her humble station excluded honest Susan from the notice her tender attachment to Annette justly merited.

Madame D'Aberg expressed herself much obliged by her friend's proposal, and Annette was delighted with the thought of seeing all those she loved best assembled together.

Tea being over, the carriage soon conveyed them to the apartment of Mr. Vincent, who was not a little surprised at a visit so unexpected. This, my dear papa and mamma, said Annette, leading in M. and Madame D'Aberg, is Mr. Vincent, my second father—and this, my dear Louisa—and this, our kind, good Susan.

Mr. Vincent was quite distressed and vexed with Annette. He endeavoured to turn the attention of his guests from him-

self to some other object, but the happy parents felt their obligations too sensibly to be able to restrain the acknowledgments their hearts dictated.

At length, the effusions of their gratitude having subsided, M. D'Aberg answered Mr. Vincent's inquiries concerning Annette's departure from France, by informing him, that it being their intent to sail for England as soon as their affairs would permit, they had been prevailed on to intrust Annette to the care of M. D'Aberg's brother, who had obtained passports to Hamburgh, from whence he was to embark for England. We designed, said he, to follow immediately; but a concurrence of unfortunate circumstances, arising from the distracted state of the country, prevented our embarking till fifteen months after.

During this time you will judge what must have been our anxiety from receiving no intelligence of our child and brother. We made all the inquiry our situation would permit, but without success, till we received from a Hamburgh merchant the

dreadful information, that the vessel in which they embarked had been wrecked in its passage to England, and that every soul on board perished.

I leave you to judge the effect this produced on our minds. The loss of our child we bore with the less fortitude, as we considered ourselves as in some measure the cause; a thousand times we reproached ourselves with having intrusted our treasure to the care of another; though, situated as we then were, it was a step dictated by prudence, and certainly necessary to her safety.

This, however, did not console us; we still looked upon ourselves as her destroyer, and did not, I fear, submit to our misfortunes with the fortitude befitting Christians. The Almighty has, I feel, been more merciful to us than we deserve.

At length we sailed for England, where, though hopeless, we renewed our inquiries at the principal sea ports; but two years having elapsed, we were able to gain no satisfactory information.

At Dover we met our friend, Mrs. Sta-

ples, who was just returned from Switzerland, and in her society gradually regained a composure to which we had long been strangers. Time and reflection softened the poignancy of our sorrows ; we recognised the hand of Providence in our afflictions, and submitted with resignation to the will of that Being who has in his own time mercifully interposed, and when all hope of such an event was extinct, restored to us our dear child, with every promise of future virtue that can rejoice the heart of a fond parent.

After some farther conversation, M. and Madame D'Aberg took leave ; Mrs. Staples having first obtained from Mr. Vincent a promise of spending the ensuing day at her house.

CHAPTER XXI.

“ Only good and wise men can be friends ; others are but companions.”

THE reader will not be surprised to hear that Mr. Vincent every day rose in the esteem of M. and Madame D'Aberg : they admired his learning and abilities, but still more the goodness of his heart, and the simplicity of his manners ; these engaged their affections. As their fortune was ample, they naturally wished to make some suitable return for the kindness he had shown their daughter ; but this was not an easy matter ; for such was the delicacy of Mr. Vincent's attachment to his pupil, that the idea of any pecuniary recompense, seemed no less than treason towards it. The pleasure, said he, of feeling myself the humble instrument in the hands of Providence of rendering Annette good and happy, and of restoring her thus to her parents, is a reward de-

servicing of a sacrifice far greater than that I have made in her favour. He, indeed, consented to accept some trifling presents, and permitted Louisa to do the same, because he would not afflict M. D'Aberg, nor appear to be above receiving a favour from those whom he esteemed and had obliged; but Annette, who knew the contracted state of his finances, could not be satisfied with this; and never ceased importuning till he had promised, that should he find it needful, he would accept the assistance so generously and delicately offered by her parents. An establishment, however, that he shortly after obtained (the curacy before-mentioned), rendered it, he told her, unnecessary, as the salary, though small, would, he doubted not, with economy, be sufficient to support his family. Mr. Vincent's establishment being in London, Annette and Louisa had frequent opportunities of seeing each other, to the great satisfaction of Madame D'Aberg, who was so charmed with the gentle disposition and modest deportment of Louisa, that she was con-

vinced her daughter could not select a more desirable companion; but as Louisa's expectations in life were more humble than those of her friend, Mr. Vincent justly considered that visits often repeated at the house of Mrs. Staples, to which the gayest company daily resorted, and where balls, concerts, and entertainments were frequent, might create in her young mind a distaste for the simple pleasures within her reach, and lay a foundation for regret and discontent; her visits to Annette, therefore, were less frequent than Annette's were to her. Their affection, however, continued the same; nay, on the part of Annette, it seemed, if it were possible, to increase; for the frivolity she observed in the generality of the young people with whom she had become acquainted at Mrs. Staples's, made her return with a double relish to the rational society of her friend.

As it was generally known that Annette had spent the greater part of her life in the country with a poor curate, the young ladies with whom she associated looked

with contempt upon her acquirements. Among these was Miss Eliot, who, jealous, in reality, of the preference Annette's simplicity and good sense always gained her from the discerning, took every opportunity to triumph over her. She knew that Annette had not till of late had the advantage of a dancing-master; Miss Eliot was, therefore, the first upon every occasion to propose dancing; not that it gave her more pleasure than any other amusement, but because it afforded her an opportunity of showing her superiority. In music, too, she hoped to have borne the sway; but here, in the opinion of many, she was not so successful. It is true, Annette had not a fashionable master; her instructor had been Mr. Vincent; but, if not a great performer, he was deeply versed in music as a science, and had communicated his knowledge so successfully, that though his pupils might be strangers to that rapidity of execution, calculated rather to surprise than please, they had attained a considerable degree of perfection, both in theory and practice,

the necessary consequence of good natural abilities and unwearied application. Purcel, Handel, Arne, and Corelli, had been the school in which Annette had studied; but as she, at present, knew little of Clementi, Pleyel, and other fashionable composers, Miss Eliot treated her knowledge with contempt, and even derision. Indeed, when Annette herself saw the brilliancy of this young lady's execution, she looked up to her as a finished musician, and held her own acquirements very cheaply, till she discovered, with surprise, that, without previous study, Miss Eliot could not execute the most simple ballad, and that the brilliancy of execution which she so much admired, was attained by the sacrifice of six hours every day to a few particular pieces. Annette, on the contrary, could execute ballads and lessons, unless very difficult, at sight; she had been accustomed early to a variety of music, and, by attempting every thing that was put before her, had acquired that readiness of sight and facility of execution so much to be desired,

and so seldom attained but by professional students.

In conversation, too, Annette was thought by her young friends to be very dull and uninteresting. Indeed, it must be owned she was unqualified to discuss many points which they considered of great importance; for example, dress, to many young ladies, afforded an inexhaustible theme for the display of their talents, whereas it had as yet attracted but a very small portion of Annette's attention. She had been taught that it is necessary to be at all times neat and clean, and to dress with propriety in the rank of life we are destined to fill, but she had never once thought of dress as a science. While an inmate in the family of her friend, her dress had been simple and plain, and though it now consisted of finer materials, and some ornaments were added, she did not feel the least addition to her happiness, on this account. Nothing, therefore, surprised her more than to hear it made a subject of such importance among her young acquaintance; she was astonished

to hear with what rapture they would expatiate upon the elegance of a birth-day suit ; one would enumerate the jewels her mamma was to lend her ; another would describe the pleasure she should have in eclipsing Miss Such-a-one, who had been so fortunate as to have a dress at the last ball more elegant than hers : in short, Annette could only listen to their frivolity and wonder at it : but in Miss Gould she expected to find a more rational companion. This young lady was the only daughter of Sir Harry and Lady Gould, the intimate friends of Mrs. Staples. She was about the age of Annette, was genteel in her person, and not deficient in understanding ; but she had unfortunately been flattered into the opinion that she possessed talents superior to the generality of girls of her age ; this had given her a conceit and self-importance extremely disgusting to all ; and such a thirst of admiration, that there was no meanness, even to falsehood, to which she would not stoop to obtain it. The end of her studies was, not to lay in a store of useful know-

ledge, nor to gain the esteem of the wise and good, but simply to catch the applause of the many. She never took up a book but to glean from it by the cursory perusal of a page, here and there, some observation to show off in company; hoping, by this means, without the trouble of farther study to make herself appear a girl of wonderful parts and erudition. As Annette was fond of reading, and understood that Miss Gould was so too, she asked her whether she had read "*Les Veillées du Chateau*," and whether she did not think it very entertaining.

Miss Gould replied, with a smile of contempt, that it was so long since she had read such childish books, that she could not remember any thing about them. You have never, my dear, said she, I suppose, heard of *Rousseau*, or *Montaigne*, or *Voltaire*?

Annette replied, that her good friend Mr. Vincent, had made for her some extracts from *Voltaire's Universal History*, but as to the others she knew them only by name.

Extracts from such an author as Voltaire! exclaimed Miss Gould; oh, you must read him through to taste his beauties.

Voltaire's history, said Annette, is very voluminous: I do think I have counted eighteen or twenty volumes in Mr. Vincent's library.

Yes, said the young lady, he is very voluminous; but I detest extracts and abridgments; I always go to the fountain-head at once: it was a great misfortune to you, my dear Annette, to pass so many years with that old curate; you have lost a great deal of time.

Annette looked grave at hearing her friend spoken of with so little respect. Indeed, Miss Gould, said she, you are mistaken; if I have lost any time, I assure you it has been wholly my own fault; as to Mr. Vincent, I can never repay what I owe him, for the pains he has taken to instruct me.

I beg pardon, my dear, said Miss Gould, I did not mean to offend: the parson, I do not doubt, from what I have heard, is a very good sort of a man, and taught you as much as he knew himself;

but it is not to be supposed he could be equal to the task of educating a girl of your rank and fortune.

If you knew Mr. Vincent, said Annette, you would not talk in this manner : his learning and goodness would do honour to the most elevated station.

If he be the man for learning you would have me believe, said Miss Gould, it is very astonishing he should have kept a girl of your parts so ignorant. I dare say, now, you have never read *Shakspeare*, nor *Dryden*, nor *Virgil*, nor the enchanting *Sterne*? And perhaps never heard of them.

Annette said, she knew all those writers by name ; but confessed that was all. I thought so, said Miss Gould ; you now see the difference between a town and a country education : all these authors, of whom you have scarcely heard, I have read till I can give you quotations from almost every page. *Sterne*, especially, is my delight ; I am never weary with reading him. What pathos ! what sentiment ! what sublimity ! I will send you the *Sentimental Journey* to-morrow.

I am much obliged to you, Miss Gould, said Annette, but I will first speak to Mr. Vincent.

What should you speak to him for, child? retorted Miss Gould.

Why, said Annette, though I am not now immediately under his protection, he still directs my studies; and, of course, I should not think of reading any book without his approbation.

I did not know, said Miss Gould, affecting a laugh, that you were still in leading-strings; for my part I never think of consulting my governess upon what I shall read; I follow my own taste, and I find that it always guides me rightly.

I am sure, said Annette, that mine would often mislead me; I think myself, very happy, therefore, in having a friend upon whose judgment I can rely.

Well, said Miss Gould, if my governess were to forbid my looking into any book, I should never rest till I had read it.

That is extraordinary, indeed, said Annette: when I am forbidden to peruse a book, I am always convinced that my friend has some good reason for what he has

done; I conclude that the book is above my comprehension, or that it contains nothing that can contribute to my advantage, and I never feel the least inclination to look into it; and if I did, I am sure I would not indulge it at the expense of my obedience.

Well, said Miss Gould, you have certainly contracted some very strange notions from this good parson; but you must not be angry, if I say, that 'tis pity you have had no better instructor; here, when my education is just finished, yours is but beginning.

I am sensible, my dear Miss Gould, said Annette, that from your extensive reading, your knowledge must be infinitely superior to mine; but this does not arise from any deficiency in my friend, he is able to teach me more than I shall ever, I fear, be able to retain: but it is his opinion that it is best first to study the general outlines of history, and afterwards to read authors who enter into minute details.

All that may be very well for common minds, said Miss Gould; for my part, I could never confine myself to rule. With

respect to you, my dear Annette, I would have you begin to think a little for yourself; for I assure you people are thought nothing of in the gay world if they have not studied the *Belles Lettres*; but perhaps you do not know what is meant by the term?

Annette said, she believed it meant polite literature.

You are very right, my dear, said Miss Gould, affecting her usual superiority; well, then, you must study the *Belles Lettres*: History too, but not in extracts and abridgments, you must wade through folios, as I have done; what say you to Rapin? to Hume? to Gibbon? to Rollin?

From such pompous language as this, Annette, who was truth and simplicity itself, had formed a high idea of her friend's erudition; nor ever once suspected that she had not read twenty pages in any of the authors upon whose merits she had spoken so decisively; but an incident, which will be reserved to the next chapter, shortly after fully discovered her ignorance, and effectually humbled her vanity.

CHAPTER XXII.

“Folly and presumption are the attendants on ignorance ; diffidence and modesty on true wisdom.”

THE conversation, one evening, between Mrs. Staples and a gentleman, upon a visit at her house, happened to turn upon “The Fairy Queen,” of Spencer, a celebrated poet, who lived in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Miss Gould, who had seen it in her papa’s library, and, attracted by the title, had looked into a few pages, thought herself fully qualified to join in the conversation ; with an air of confidence, therefore, peculiar, it is to be hoped, to herself, she turned to the gentleman, and observed, that she was astonished to hear him extol a poet of so little merit.

The gentleman was, no doubt, surprised at such an address from a girl of fourteen ; with a great deal of good nature, however, he inquired whether she had read “The Fairy Queen.” Oh yes, said she,

I have read it; I am no stranger to Spencer; indeed there are few of the poets whose works I have not perused.

Indeed! said the gentleman, with a satirical smile, I did not know I was in company with a young lady of such taste. May I inquire what are your objections to our good old English poet?

Oh, said Miss Gould, I detest him: he has no *pathos*, no *sentiment*, no *sublimity*, no *purity of style*, no ———

You have a long catalogue of objections, indeed, interrupted the gentleman; but may I ask, my dear Miss, what you mean by *purity of style*.

Miss Gould was a little disconcerted. Purity of style, said she, purity of style; —why, let me see,—purity of style—is purity of style, to be sure: it means something that is not entertaining.

The gentleman smiled and replied, Your ideas, my good young lady, upon this point do not seem to be perfectly clear; give me leave to assist you in the words of Dr. Blair. *Purity of style* is the use of such words and such constructions

as belong to the idiom of the language which we speak, in opposition to words and phrases that are imported from foreign languages, or that are obsolete, or new-coined, or used without proper authority: the laws of purity, for example, are violated when such words as these are used, *quoth he*, *erewhile*, *I wist not*, *delicatesse* for delicacy, *politesse* for politeness, *hauteur* for haughtiness, *incumberment* for incumbrance, *connexity* for connexion.

The company in general thanked the gentleman for this definition; but Miss Gould, instead of doing the same, observed, with her usual pertness, that in his favourite Spencer, she was sure he might find plenty of *queer* words.

There are in Spencer, replied the gentleman, many words that are now obsolete; but they were used agreeably to the idiom of the time in which he lived. Besides, the word *style* is not properly applied to poetry: we do not say a poet writes in a good or bad style; we speak of his melody, his harmony, his expression, &c.

Well, said Miss Gould, I hate Spencer;

give me Milton, or Shakspeare, or Dryden, or Homer. Oh, how I dote upon Homer! —How delightful it must be to read him in the original Latin.

Greek, you mean, my dear, said Mrs. Staples.

Nay, Madam, said the young lady, I am sure he is a Latin poet: he was born in the island of Chios.

And pray, my dear, said Mrs. Staples, where do you suppose the island of Chios to be?

I cannot exactly tell the spot, said Miss Gould, but I know it is near Rome.

You should be better informed, my dear, said Mrs. Staples, before you give so decided an opinion: the island of Chios is in the Archipelago, or Grecian Sea.

Well, said Miss Gould, a little mortified, it does not signify where it is; I am confident I have heard Homer reckoned among the Latin poets; and a delightful man he is. Oh, how I dote upon his Hector and Achilles, and Hannibal!

And do you not admire, said the gentleman, his celebrated combat between

Hector and Julius Cæsar?—Oh, I am enchanted with it, replied Miss Gould; there Homer is himself! What fire! What sublimity of thought!

And that between Achilles and Scipio Africanus?

Oh, it is equally great, replied Miss Gould, I know not which to prefer.

I see, said the gentleman, that you are a young lady of taste and erudition: you have, no doubt, made history your study as well as poetry.

Oh yes, said Miss Gould, I have studied history from a child, both ancient and modern. Here Miss Gould, would have dismissed the subject, either satisfied with the admiration she vainly imagined she had gained, or fearful it might lead to further explanations than she wished, but the gentleman, who had his views, as will presently be seen, in the conversation, asked, whether she did not think the treaty of peace concluded between the Duke of Sully, minister to Henry the Fourth of France, and the Duke of Bedford, Regent of England, during the

minority of Henry the Sixth, very advantageous to England.

From the manner in which the question was put, Miss Gould thought it required assent; she replied therefore with an air of conceit and importance, that it had always appeared such to her.

And do you not think Queen Elizabeth very fortunate in having so able a general as the Duke of Marlborough? said the gentleman.

Oh yes, replied Miss Gould, she was very fortunate indeed — the Duke of Marlborough was a great man! Such was the gravity which the gentleman had preserved during this extraordinary conversation, that Annette, for some time, did not know what to make of it; but she now saw clearly, that he was playing upon her friend's ignorance, and was going to apprise her of it, when her brother, a rough school-boy, broke silence with,—I am amazed, sister, that you cannot see Mr. Banter is making game of you; you have been talking arrant nonsense. Achilles and Hector, who are celebrated by Homer,

vlied near a thousand years before Julius Cæsar and Scipio Africanus. So I leave you to judge whether they could meet in battle. Henry the Sixth had lain quiet in his grave long enough before the Duke of Sully was born; and as to the great Duke of Marlborough, I thought every school-girl knew he fought the battles of Queen Anne. Indeed, sister, you make yourself very ridiculous by pretending to talk of what you do not understand.

Notwithstanding the self-confidence which on every occasion supported Miss Gould, she was struck dumb with surprise and chagrin at this unexpected explanation. At first she was willing to persuade herself it was not a true one, but the sarcastic smile which she observed upon the faces of most of the company, convinced *her* that she had really been the dupe of her vanity, and she felt a degree of humiliation, to which, till this moment, she had been a stranger. The gentleman at length turned to her, with an aspect of pity and kindness, and taking her hand, addressed her in these words. Forgive

me, my dear young lady, if I have upon this occasion taken the freedom of an old man, and a true friend. I know, and esteem your parents, and have long, with concern, observed in your character, that little vanity and conceit which sinks you in the esteem of all persons of merit and discernment. Like a skilful surgeon, therefore, I have ventured to probe your wound, and have given you pain, that your cure may be the more speedily and certainly effected. Convinced, that a fault once duly known, is more than half amended, I have humoured your foible, to show you the inconveniences into which a pretence to knowledge you do not really possess, will ever lead you; to say nothing of the sin of falsehood which it necessarily includes; the ignorant you may indeed sometimes deceive, but the well informed will look upon you with contempt and derision. Youth, my dear young lady, is the time for study and observation. Read, reflect, and listen to the opinion of others, rather than be forward to give your own. They who are thus employed, it is justly

observed by a celebrated writer, will shine at a mature age with a lustre which they will never display, if, instead of collecting ideas, they indulge a vain pride in uttering vivacious nonsense. The best singing birds, observes the same author, it is well known, listen when young to the old ones, and even when they have learnt their notes, venture only to *record*, as it is called, that is, to sing in a soft low tone, almost as if they were ashamed of being heard. Diffidence in youth is ever the presage of rising worth; it may, I believe, be affirmed as a certainty, that true merit was never found without it: indeed, it is so amiable and graceful in youth, that no charm can compensate for its absence. I will now, my dear young lady, said the gentleman, conclude my lecture, recommending two short rules to your observance. The first is, never to make use of words or phrases, the meaning of which you do not clearly understand. The next is, before you attempt to discuss the merits of Homer, or Virgil, or such high-sounding names, that you will read Goldsmith's

Histories of England, Greece, and Rome, that you may not again place the Duke of Marlborough in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, nor Julius Cæsar and Scipio Africanus among the heroes of Greece. With these words Mr. Banter rose, and, observing that it was late, took his hat, and wishing the company a good evening, retired, leaving Miss Gould so completely mortified and chagrined, that she did not recover her spirits during the whole evening.

CHAPTER XXIII.

“To enjoy wealth, is to distribute it wisely.”

ANNETTE took every opportunity of visiting her friend Louisa; and found beneath the humble roof of her kind preceptor those tranquil enjoyments, which, with all her youth and native sprightliness, she could not, in her cooler moments, but confess superior to those tumultuous pleasures in which she was constantly engaged at the house of Mrs. Staples: besides, independent of this, she felt that in Louisa's absence something was wanting to render every enjoyment complete. I see, said she, one day, that there is no perfect happiness in this world; I have found my dear parents; my mother is restored to health, I am surrounded with blessings, and yet I am not happy.

And thus, my dear, said Mr. Vincent, who was present, it will ever be, till we arrive at those blessed mansions, where our pleasures will be without alloy: but we must beware of encouraging unreasonable desires; these will engender dis-

content, and prevent our plucking the flowers which Providence has, more or less, bountifully scattered in the path of each individual: but tell me, my dear, what is it that makes you recur so feelingly to this acknowledged truth—that there is no perfect happiness in this world?

Why, said Annette, with a sigh, I am daily indulged with pleasures that my dear Louisa cannot share with me. When I was poor and friendless you took me in, and I shared in all her amusements; whenever I go to a play, or a ball, or a concert, this comes into my mind, and I feel somehow as if I ought not to be pleased. Then my clothes—I am dressed in nice muslins and fine laces—while a stuff gown or a printed calico serves Louisa. I cannot forget that our gowns and our caps, and our aprons, were, in Norfolk, the same.

Such was the delicacy of Annette's friendship, and such the grateful effusions of her heart! but it was not long before she had the satisfaction of seeing

her friend placed upon a level nearer with herself; for, while Annette was indulging apparently fruitless wishes, M. D'Aberg was exerting himself warmly in behalf of Mr. Vincent, and was so successful, that shortly after, through the interest of an English nobleman, with whom, since his residence in England, he had contracted an intimacy, he actually obtained for him a living worth upwards of seven hundred pounds a year.

It is natural to conclude, that to a mind like Mr. Vincent's, an acquisition of fortune, which enabled him to become more extensively the benefactor of the poor, afforded a sensible pleasure; but it was not superior to that of M. and Madame D'Aberg, who had the satisfaction of drawing modest worth from obscurity, and of discharging what they still, however, considered as a small part of the debt of kindness due to their worthy friend.

The ensuing spring Mr. Vincent went into ———shire to take possession of his new establishment; and in the following autumn he received a visit from his respected friends and their daughter.

The continued round of gaiety in which M. D'Aberg and his lady were obliged to move while at the house of Mrs. Staples, was by no means agreeable to them: the rational and tranquil pleasures they found in the society of their friend, Mr. Vincent, were far more congenial to their taste; and at the end of six weeks they actually purchased a small estate within a mile of the parsonage, with the design of making it their residence the greater part of the year. What joy was this to Annette and Louisa!

The new connexions which Mr. Vincent had formed, did not efface from his mind the remembrance of those, whom, for more than twenty years, he had been accustomed to consider as his children. He resolved to make a journey into Norfolk, for the benevolent purpose of inquiring into and relieving their necessities. The earnest solicitations of Louisa and Annette to accompany him could not be resisted: permission was asked for Annette of her parents, who not only granted it, but expressed a wish to be of the party. Nothing could be more agreeable; in a few days they set out, and, after a pleasant

journey, at length came in sight of the village church, in which Mr. Vincent had so often assembled his little flock. They were presently in the midst of their old friends and neighbours, who no sooner heard of their arrival, than they came running from all parts, with countenances lighted up with joy, and hearts glowing with affection. Annette and Louisa were delighted : they inquired first after one, then another, and had much ado to answer the inquiries that were made on all sides concerning their health and welfare. Not even the presence of M. and Madame D'Aberg, as strangers, could restrain the honest rustics from pressing forward with an eagerness that occasioned among them some disorder, and even contention ; each being anxious to obtain a kind nod, a smile, or some token of notice from those whom they so sincerely loved.

The next day, Mr. Vincent and his friends received a visit from the Rector, who pressed them in such polite and friendly terms to make his house their residence while they remained in that part of the country, that they accepted his invitation.

During a week that they spent at the

parsonage, Louisa and Annette had time to visit the cottages of all their old neighbours, and it is impossible to express the pleasure it gave them. Blind Margery, to whom they used to read alternately, was still alive; her heart leaped for joy when she heard the sound of their voices; and they did not leave her till they had rendered her situation as comfortable as the conveniences of life could make it. Roger Walker, too, for whom Louisa was so much interested when she left the village, was still alive, and was not forgotten. In short, Mr. Vincent's bounty was felt wherever it was wanted; and Annette, permitted by her parents, to indulge the liberal sentiments she had imbibed, followed his example, and bestowed with a kindness and modesty that doubled every favour. They were delighted to hear the whole village speak in terms of high respect of the present Rector, who, unlike the former, resided the greater part of the year in his parish, and watched with a careful eye over the interests of the poor. Among other useful establishments for which they were indebted to him, were

a Sunday School, and a School of Industry, where Annette and Louisa had the pleasure of seeing several of their old scholars. The reader will conclude that they visited all their old haunts; the spot where they first met; the wood through which they had taken so many pleasant walks; the cottage where Annette was so kindly entertained when she was benighted in her pursuit of Frisk. It was still there, and occupied by its old inhabitants, Dame Higgins and her good son; but it was considerably enlarged, and full two acres of ground were added to that which before belonged to it, all the fruit of Richard's industry and his good mother's economy.

The reader will be pleased to hear that Annette, in her prosperity, did not forget honest John Hutchinson and his wife, who, before she was known to Mr. Vincent, had given her shelter and shown her kindness proportionable to their abilities. She conducted her parents to the little public house; which they entered with a more pleasing sensation than they would a palace upon a less interesting occasion; and they did not leave it till they had warmed the honest

hearts of its inhabitants, as much by their affability and condescension, as by the liberal return they made to their kindness. At length, having settled every thing to their satisfaction, they took leave of the worthy Rector, and set out on their return home, where, after an agreeable tour, they arrived with an additional stock of happiness arising from the consciousness of having contributed to that of others.

Mr. Vincent, by that unaffected piety and active benevolence, which are the leading features of his character, has rendered himself as much beloved and respected in his present, as in his former establishment. To sum up his character in the words of a great writer, "He is what a parish priest ought to be; the father of his parish, the guardian of the poor, the instructor of the ignorant, the protector of the injured, the friend of all." In M. and Madame D'Aberg, whose fortune is ample, and whose hearts are benevolent, he finds worthy associates, ready to enter into, and further all his plans for the benefit of the poor and distressed of all denominations. Honest Susan, through the liberality of

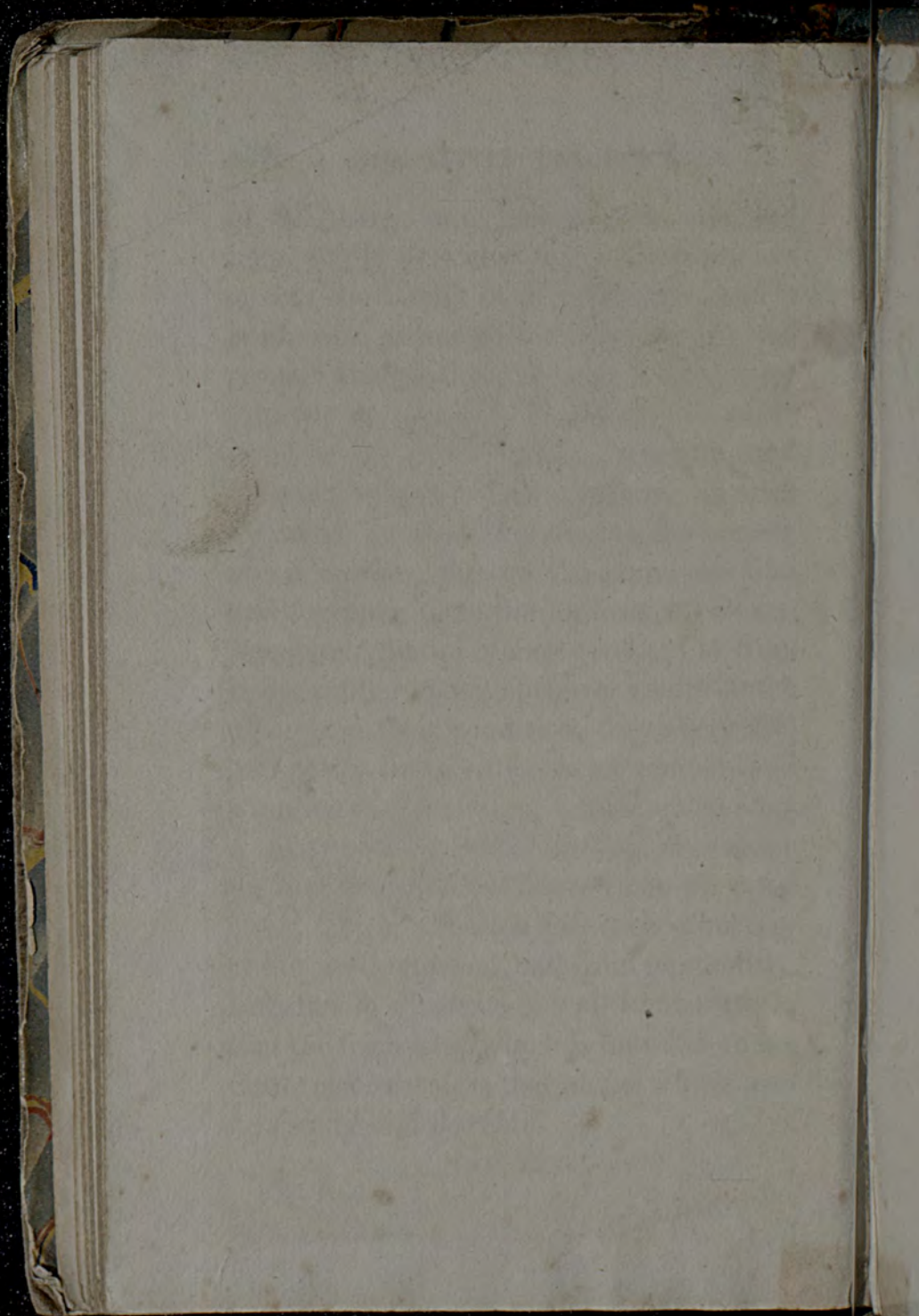
M. D'Aberg, and her good master has been amply provided for. She continues still in the family of Mr. Vincent; and it is pleasing to see with what attention and respect the good old woman is treated by Annette and Louisa, for whom her affection is truly maternal. Annette and Louisa seem, at present, to have no wish ungratified; they daily enjoy the society of each other, pursue the same studies, and together taste the highest of all enjoyments, that of doing good. Far from being puffed up with pride or vanity on the change in their condition, they carry into prosperity that gentleness of temper, and simplicity of manners, which are the ornament of an humble station, but shine forth with redoubled lustre in an elevated one. Their affection for each other remains undiminished, and from its stability, bids fair to illustrate a well known truth, that the friendship which is founded on reciprocal virtues, is that alone which can be steady and durable.

THE END.

T. C. Hansard,
Printer,
Pater-noster-row Press.

as
es
it
nd
y
e-
nd
sh
ty
es,
en-
om
he
nto
nd
or-
ine
ted
re-
lity,
uth,
re-
can

18



✓ 6

