

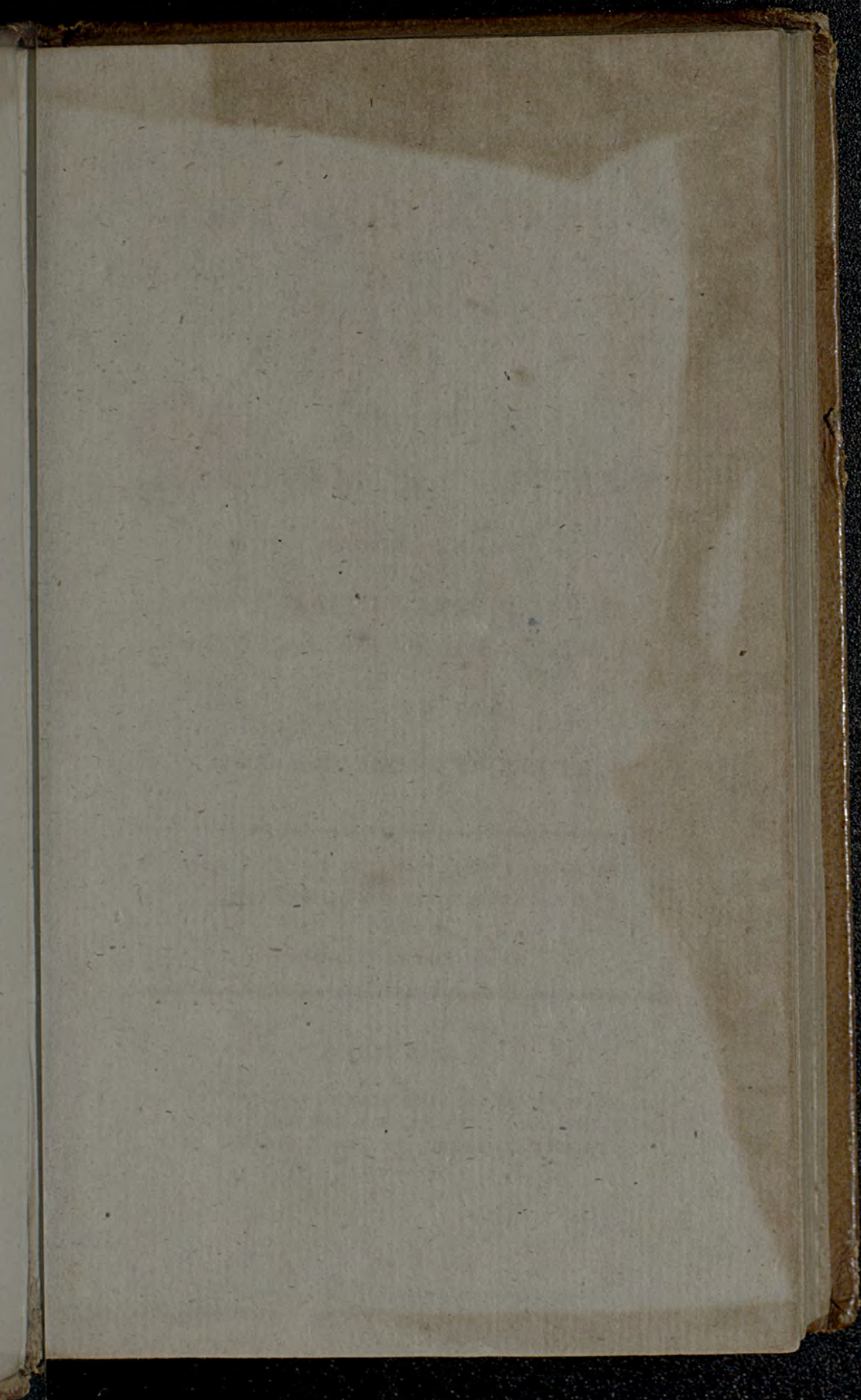
A. M. Ellis

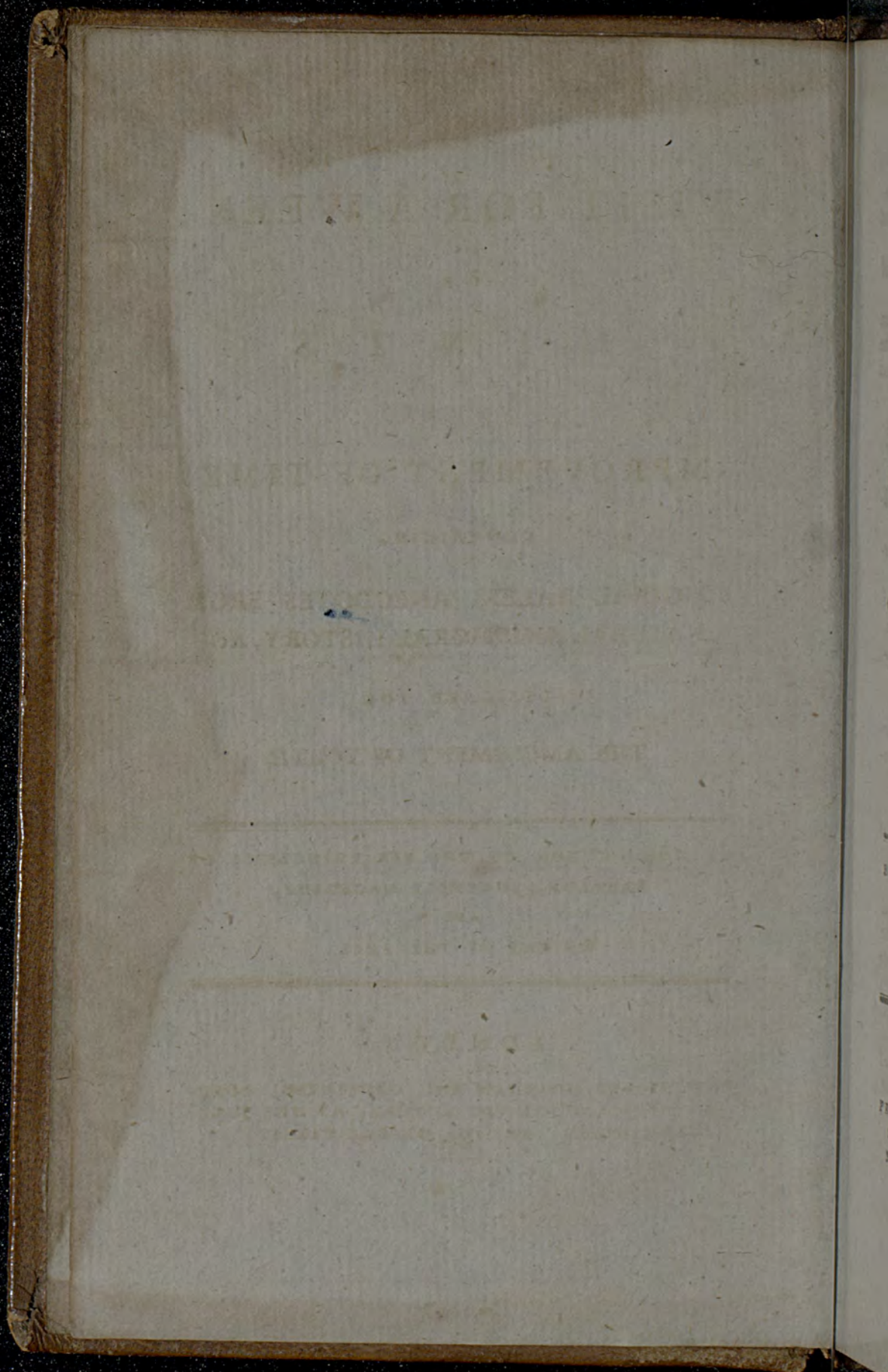
SB
PERCOCK
VISIT...
1794



37131 048 635 759 I, 287

13
604
AMM
1876/54





THE
VISIT FOR A WEEK;

O R,

H I N T S

ON THE

IMPROVEMENT OF TIME.

CONTAINING

ORIGINAL TALES, ANECDOTES FROM
NATURAL AND MORAL HISTORY, &c.

DESIGNED FOR

THE AMUSEMENT OF YOUTH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE SIX PRINCESSES OF
BABYLON, JUVENILE MAGAZINE,
AND
KNIGHT OF THE ROSE.

L O N D O N :

PRINTED FOR HOOKHAM AND CARPENTER, BOND-
STREET; AND FOR THE AUTHOR, AT THE JUVE-
NILE LIBRARY, NO. 259, OXFORD-STREET.

1794.

THE HISTORY OF THE

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LONDON

FROM ITS INSTITUTION

TO THE PRESENT TIME

BY JOHN WALLIS

OF THE SOCIETY

AND JOHN WALLIS

OF THE SOCIETY

OF THE SOCIETY

OF THE SOCIETY

OF THE SOCIETY

LONDON

PRINTED FOR H. KNEELAND AND SONS

IN ST. MARTIN'S LANE

1727

THE

VISIT FOR A WEEK.

CLARA and William were the son and daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Clement: Clara, who was her mother's darling, had scarcely attained her tenth year, when she was introduced to the card table, and to every place of fashionable resort, at which it was possible to intrude a child of her age: In consequence, she grew confident and vain; pretended to give her opinion on every subject; and was considered by all as a pert, conceited, disagreeable child: Some pitied—others laughed at her folly—but Mrs. Clement being generally known to possess that mistaken sort of partiality, which rendered her blind to the imperfections of her children, no one ventured to reprove, or point them out.

The time thus allotted to pleasure, little remained for study; that little was divided between dancing and music, while the knowledge of her own language, French, Geography, and other essential branches of education, were little attended to, if not wholly neglected. A course of life so improper for her age, naturally brought along with it other inconveniences; her constitution suffered; the roses fled her cheeks, and Mrs. Clement too late discovered the ill consequence of her imprudence; she wished to correct the errors she had committed in her education; but found it difficult to abolish a system she had so long countenanced. How far her endeavours might have succeeded is uncertain, as she was unexpectedly, seized with a complaint of which she died in a few weeks.

Clara was at first inconsolable, but a short time dissipated her grief, and her relish for pleasure returned; she was then continually teizing her father to take her to the play—to let her go to Miss such a one's

one's ball—and the more her wishes were gratified, the more unreasonable they grew. Mr. Clement, in vain expostulated, it was all to no purpose; Clara thought only of consulting her own inclinations, and Mr. Clement had too long accustomed himself to yield to them.

The Mid-summer holydays, at length, brought William, who had for three years past, been fixed at a boarding-school some miles distant, home, for the vacation. He was a sprightly good natured boy, two years younger than his sister, who had just entered her fourteenth. Till his departure for school, like her, he had been much indulged, and his education neglected, but since that time he had been kept to his studies, and his improvements had equalled, if not surpassed the expectations of his friends.

Absence, and the loss they had mutually sustained in their mother, increased the affection Clara and her brother, notwithstanding they sometimes differed when together, entertained for each other; no-

thing therefore could be more grateful to either than this meeting.

William had been at home three days, when Mr. Clement one morning told them, with a smile, they judged the prelude to something agreeable, that he had an excursion in contemplation, which he doubted not would give them pleasure.

Clara eagerly enquired to what place? but her countenance, which had the moment before been enlivened with smiles, was instantly clouded, when Mr. Clement replied—To her aunt Mills's, in Gloucestershire. This lady was the widow of an officer: Upon the death of her husband, with whom she seemed to have buried all earthly happiness, but that which arose from retirement and the practice of virtue, had withdrawn to the family mansion-house, where, secluded from the gaieties of life, she passed her time in acts of charity and devotion, and, excepting the visits she occasionally paid to a few neighbouring families, enjoyed a solitude almost perpetual. The different tastes and pursuits of this
 lady

lady and Mrs. Clement, together with some slight misunderstandings, had for some years disunited the families; but a few months before the death of Mrs. Clement the intimacy had been renewed. Clara and William had not, however, yet been introduced to their aunt, of whose character, from her attachment to retirement, they had formed no very favourable idea: the visit was in consequence not agreeable to either.

Mr. Clement observed it, but without seeming to do so, continued; "I have for some time past wished to introduce you to my sister; business opportunately now calls me into Worcestershire; I shall therefore drop you in my way, and call for you on my return."

Clara looked disconcerted, and enquired with earnestness, "how long they were to stay?"

"My business will detain me," said Mr. Clement, "about a week."

"A week!" interrupted Clara, "are we to stay a week?"

“If I may judge by your countenance and manners, Clara;” said Mr. Clement, “the visit I purpose does not meet your approbation; is a week so long a time to pass with an amiable woman and your father’s sister?”

“But papa, it will be so dull; I have heard you say that my aunt keeps no company: and you know my brother should have a little pleasure in the holidays.”

William echoed the sentiments of his sister, and joined in entreating his father to defer the visit, and let them continue in town during his absence. All, however would not do; Mr. Clement, contrary to his usual custom, withstood the solicitations of his children, and notwithstanding all they could say, remained inflexible.

“And when are we to go?” asked Clara, peevishly?

“I design to set out to morrow morning,” said Mr. Clement; “and expect that

that you will both attend me with cheerful countenances."

Clara finding it in vain to argue the point, was silent; but it was evident from her countenance, that this acquiescence with her father's commands was less agreeable to her, than as a dutiful child, it ought to have been.

As for William, who had made his objections rather out of compliment to his sister, than from any dislike to the journey, he presently resumed his cheerfulness, but Clara retired in a very ill humour to give orders for the packing her clothes.

"Pray miss," said Betty, understanding she was going to visit her aunt Mills, "how long may you be going to stay?"

"Longer than I like, I assure you, Betty," said the young lady; "my papa is determined we shall stay a week."

"A week miss!" exclaimed Betty, who saw by this, her young mistress was not pleased with the journey; "why you will be moped to death; I wonder my master

can think of taking you to such an out of the way place!"

"We shall have a melancholy time indeed," said Clara; "but there is no saying any thing to papa; I never knew him so obstinate in my life."

"To be sure," said Betty, "madam Mills is a very charitable good lady; but la mis, you will be tired to death; they say she does nothing from morning till night, but read the bible and say her prayers."

"And do you think that is true?" said Clara, in a tone of voice that rather encouraged than checked the impertinence of her servant.

"To be sure I do," said Betty; "why madam Mills, they say, mis, has never been in London, since the death of the colonel, but once, and that was at your christening; so you may be sure she is an oddity."

"To be sure," said Clara, "she has no card parties."—

"Card parties," said Betty; "la blefs you,

you, miss, I dare say there is not a house within six or seven miles of her."

"Well," said Clara; "I shall have a charming time of it! but there is no persuading papa; I don't know what's come to him: so you must pack up my things; let's see; I shall take my pink lustring and my blue sattin slip: then there's my spotted book muslin and my fine jaconet with sprigs; as for the striped muslin, you will not forget that."

"La, miss," said Betty; "sure you will not want so many clothes!"

"I desire you will put up all that I tell you," said Clara, sharply; "and don't forget my cap with the blue and white feathers. The only entertainment I shall have, will be the pleasure of dressing and undressing myself."

"Very true, miss," said Betty, who always flattered the follies of her mistress, and immediately set about performing the orders she had given.

Early the next morning the coach was at the door, and Clara, in spite of her

reluctance, set out with her father and brother for the hospitable mansion of Mrs. Mills, at which they arrived toward evening the next day.

It was situate in the most fruitful part of the county, on a rising ground, one side of which commanded a view of distant hills and beautiful enclosures, and the other of a cheerful village, the inhabitants of which looked gay with health and industry. The reception of our travellers was the most tender and affectionate; Mrs. Mills embraced her nephew and niece with tears of joy, and gently chid her brother for having so long estranged her from those in whom her heart was so deeply interested.

Clara and William, whose faults proceeded, not from a bad or insensible heart, but from an erroneous education, were touched with her carresses, and the more so, as they could not perceive in her countenance or manners the least trace of that austerity they had ridiculously attached to her character.

Mr. Clement,

Mr. Clement, whose business required dispatch, staid only to take a slight refreshment, and again set forward on his journey, promising to render his absence as short as possible: for Clara, who, however reconciled to her aunt, could not overcome the disgust she felt at the idea of passing a week without amusement, stept aside and privately entreated her father to *shorten the time of their penance.*

Rest being the most desirable after a fatiguing journey, the young folk were early conducted to bed, where they slept soundly till called upon to rise the next morning.

William had for some time entertained himself in the garden when his aunt entered the breakfast-parlour; but it was not till repeatedly told, Mrs. Mills waited breakfast, that Clara was prevailed upon to get up and dress; the lady, however, received her with her usual kindness, and readily accepting her apologies, they were soon seated at the breakfast table.

“Do you rise every morning so early, madam?”

madam?" said Clara, upon her aunt's observing that she did not appear to have overcome the fatigue of her journey.

"Certainly, my dear," replied Mrs. Mills; "one must be wholly insensible to the beauties of nature, to prefer a state of inactivity to the glorious contemplation of it on a fine summer's morning."

"I will answer for it," said William, archly, "that my sister, by her own consent, would not rise till ten or eleven o'clock for the finest sight in the world."

Clara coloured with vexation, and darting a glance of displeasure at her brother, said, "he need not be so sharp upon her, for it was only since he had been at school that he was become such a mighty early riser."

William seeing his sister's displeasure, said, "he did not mean to offend her," and owned "he had once been as fond of his bed as she," but said "it was now as great a pain to him to lie late, as it had formerly been to rise early."

Mrs. Mills.

Mrs. Mills observed, "that the habit of rising early was easily acquired," and said "she could not think we were authorized by our maker to waste those precious hours in sloth, which might be rendered beneficial to ourselves, and useful to our fellow creatures."

"But do you not find the day very long, madam?" said Clara.

"Not in the least," returned Mrs. Mills, "on the contrary I often find it too short to fulfil all the duties it necessarily brings along with it."

"Astonishing!" said Clara; "how is it possible, madam, that you can employ your time? In London, where there are many things to amuse one, I am generally tired before night."

"From this," said Mrs. Mills, "I must judge that our amusements and pursuits differ widely; I should ask my dear girl, in what yours consist? had we time to enter upon the subject; but a walk before the day be too far advanced to render it sultry, will, I think be agreeable."

The

The young folk replied, "they should like it extremely, and in a few minutes, were ready to attend their good friend."

The fragrance of the breeze, the harmony of the birds, and above all the kind condescension of Mrs. Mills, conspired to render the walk agreeable, and they continued it on the banks of a winding river, conversing on different subjects till the attention of Clara, whose observations did not in general extend beyond the fashion of a cap, or the colour of a ribbon, was attracted by the swarms of young fish that appeared in the shallow water. "I never, in my life," said she, "saw such numbers! look William, they are absolutely innumerable; I suppose this river is remarkable for fish?"

"Remarkable!" said William, laughing, "why you may see as many in every river, if you have a mind to look."

"I do not believe that," said Clara; "I am sure I never walked by one where there were such quantities."

"Your attention, my dear," said Mrs. Mills,

Mills, "must have been directed another way; William is very right, there is nothing singular in what you see; innumerable as the young fry appear, many rivers produce more abundantly than this."

"Is it possible!" said she, and added, still fixing her eyes upon the water, "what prodigious quantities!"

"The encrease is indeed wonderful," said Mrs. Mills, "but what may not be expected when a single fish is capable of producing millions of its species."

"Millions!" exclaimed William and his sister at the same instant, "did you say millions?"

"I did," replied Mrs Mills; "the cod produces at a birth, eight or nine millions; the flounder above a million; the mackerel five hundred thousand; and as for the herring, Mr. Buffon, a great naturalist, supposes that if a single one was left to multiply undisturbed for twenty years, it would produce a progeny more numerous than the inhabitants of ten such globes, as this we live upon."

'Amazing'

“Amazing” said Clara, “and how many different sorts of fish do you think there are, aunt?”

“To the best of my recollection,” replied Mrs. Mills, “naturalists describe upwards of four hundred, but it is supposed that many more have escaped observation.”

“I wonder for my part,” said William, “they do not stop the course of the rivers.”

“The greater part,” resumed Mrs. Mills, “are confined to the sea, and would expire in fresh water; but such is their astonishing increase, that the ocean itself would be too limited to contain them, did not the existence of one species depend on the destruction of another.”

“What do they eat one another?”

“Yes;” replied Mrs. Mills, “it is computed that scarcely one in five thousand escapes the perils of its youth: the young fish become the prey of the older, and those that escape, in their turn, devour such as are smaller than themselves.”

William was going to reply, but was prevented.

prevented by his sister, who exclaimed, "what a leap that fish gave! I declare it made me start; did you observe, madam, it jump't quite out of the water?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Mills, "but if you admire agility, what will you say to the salmon, which is frequently seen to throw itself up cataracts and precipices many yards high."

"Is that possible?"

"It is a fact well known," said Mrs. Mills; "the generality of fish, as I before observed to you, are confined to the sea; but a few quit the sea at certain seasons, to deposite their spawn in the gravelly beds of rivers: of this kind is the salmon, which upon these occasions will swim up rivers five hundred miles from the sea, and not only brave various enemies, but spring up cataracts and precipices of an amazing height, that interrupt its progress."

"How surprizing!"

"And are they as anxious to return to the sea?" asked William.

"Yes."

“Yes,” replied Mrs. Mills, “equally so; were they confined to the fresh water longer than the time nature has appointed for the preservation of their species, it is proved, by experience, that they become sickly, pine away, and expire the second year: the salmon, therefore, has no sooner deposited her eggs, which she does with great care in the gravelly bottom of the river, than she returns to the sea, if she escapes the various snares laid for her by the fishermen.”

“Pray, aunt,” said William, “where is the salmon mostly caught?”

“We are chiefly,” said Mrs. Mills, “supplied with this delicious fish from the rivers Tweed and Tyne; from whence it is no uncommon thing for a boat load to be taken at one draught. The trade of Berwick, a town on the borders of Scotland, and of Colraine, in Ireland, consists wholly in this article. A great quantity of the salmon annually caught is consumed fresh, and the rest is salted or pickled, and sent beyond sea.”

“It

“ It is a little hard, poor fellows,” said Clara, “ to be caught, after making so long a voyage, and encountering so many difficulties. How many miles, Madam, did you say they will swim from the sea ?”

“ It is said,” replied Mrs. Mills, “ they will swim up rivers five hundred miles from it ; but these voyages are nothing, when compared with those made by fish of another description : What do you think of the *herring*, which visit us every year from the furthest extremity of the North ?”

“ Why, do they, aunt ?”

“ Innumerable shoals of herrings,” said Mrs. Mills, “ live in the seas near the North Pole, which at certain seasons they quit, and descend in multitudes upon our coasts.”

“ They are great travellers indeed,” said William. “ I am studying geography.”

“ The cause of their leaving that retreat, where the severity of the climate secures them from the attacks of various enemies, is not ascertained : Some authors think their numbers oblige them to emigrate

grate; others, that they take these long voyages to avoid the large fish that inhabit the frozen ocean; but the opinion more generally entertained is, that having exhausted the stock of insect food, with which those seas abound, they travel southward in pursuit of a fresh supply, which awaits them at the time of their arrival in the British Channel. Whatever be the cause, this perilous expedition seems to be undertaken with general consent, and performed with the utmost regularity. They assemble before they set out; separate into distinct shoals, and during the voyage not a straggler is seen from the general body. In June the main body arrives on our coasts; and though it has suffered much from the greedy inhabitants of the deep, many of which are said to devour barrels at a yawn, is so numerous as to alter the very appearance of the ocean, being divided into distinct columns, five or six miles in length, and three or four broad."

“ They

“ They must make fine work for the fishermen,” said William.

“ The Dutch,” replied Mrs. Mills, “ chiefly monopolize the herring fishery : The English, however, yearly export great quantities, which are pickled, smoaked, and sent to different parts of Europe.”

As Mrs. Mills and her young friends conversed thus, the sky became suddenly overcast, and they were glad to take shelter from a shower, beneath the branches of a spreading elm. Clara was extremely discomposed at the thoughts of being wet, and said she was sure she should get her death of cold, beside spoiling her new bonnet the first time of putting it on.

“ I hope neither of these misfortunes will happen,” said Mrs. Mills, with her usual cheerfulness : “ This tree will afford us shelter for some time ; and the shower is too violent to continue.”

— “ Ah,” said Clara, “ it does not look as if it would cease : See it already begins to drip through the tree. Dear, what shall

we

we do? I'm sure I shall get my death of cold."

"Do not alarm yourself, my dear," said Mrs. Mills. "When a misfortune cannot be avoided, the wisest way is to submit to it with patience, and not to make it greater, by the supposition of evils that may never arrive, or if they do, that you cannot prevent."

As Mrs. Mills said this, they saw a little girl hastening to them, with a bundle almost as big as herself. "How do you do, Peggy?" said Mrs. Mills, when she came up to them.

The little girl made her best curtsy, and untying the bundle, "Please you, my Lady," said she, "I saw you under the tree, as I came from school; so I made haste home, and have brought you my mother's riding hood." Saying this, Peggy produced a long camblet cloak, with a hood large enough for an umbrella.— "Here is one too," said she, "for young madam; and if master would please to put on this coat."

"Thank

“ Thank you, my good girl,” said Mrs. Mills, “ these accommodations are very seasonable indeed.”

Peggy then added ; “ My mother sends her duty to your Ladyship, and says, if you would please to step to our cottage, I could go and tell Mr. John to come with the coach : she would have brought the things herself, but she has scalded her foot.”

“ Your mother is very considerate,” said the Lady. “ I am sorry for her accident, and think we cannot do better than accept her invitation, as we are so far from home. What say you, my dears ? Dame Bartlet’s cottage is at hand ; we can wait there till the shower is over, and the wet a little dried off the ground.”

The young folk consented, and being equipt in the things Peggy had brought, made the best of their way to the cottage, where every thing wore the appearance of neatness and industry.

Dame Bartlet, who, upon their entrance, was spinning, said, she hoped Mrs. Mills would not take it amiss that she did not
get

get up to receive her; but that she supposed Peggy had mentioned her accident, or it must seem very strange that she did not come in person to offer her services.

Mrs. Mills replied, that the attention she had shewn was quite sufficient, and obliged her extremely.

‘ Ah! Madam,’ returned Dame Bartlet, “ it would be very strange indeed, if me or my girl were wanting in any duty to a lady who has been so good to us.”

Mrs. Mills now enquired into the state of Dame Bartlet’s foot, and recommended the treatment she thought salutary, desiring she would, in the afternoon, send Peggy to her for some balsam to apply to it. She then made enquiries after several sick villagers, which, she said, it was her design that day to visit, had not the rain prevented, her walk being extended so far. Clara, in the mean while, who had never before seen a spinning wheel, was attentively surveying Dame Bartlet’s. She admired with what dexterity the good woman drew the thread from the distaff, and
declared

declared she thought it must be a very pretty amusement.

“It was once,” replied Mrs. Mills, “an employment in repute among persons of the first rank; at present it is, in general, confined to the lower and middling class of people, for many of whom the distaff provides a comfortable subsistence.”

An hour-glass, which stood in the window, was not less the object of William’s attention; it was the first he had ever seen, and, before he enquired, he ventured many conjectures upon what might be its use. When Mrs. Mills explained to him in what manner it was calculated to measure time, he observed, that the people who invented it must have *very little brains*, for that it was not half so convenient as a watch.

“I agree with you,” said Mrs. Mills, that it is not so convenient as a watch; but cannot agree that the first inventor of the hour-glass discovered the least want of ingenuity.—Tell me, William, were you in an island where no watch or clock could

be procured, what should you think of the hour-glass?"

"I believe, aunt," said William, a little ashamed of what he had said, "I should think it a great treasure; for I fancy it would be long enough before I should be able to make a watch or a clock."

"You see then," returned Mrs. Mills, "that we must not always despise an invention for its simplicity, and that the value of things depend much upon time, place, and circumstance. It was long before the hour-glass fell into disuse, from the discovery of a more convenient mode of measuring time. In the first ages of Greece, it was customary for a person appointed to the office, to ascend an eminence every day, in the midst of the city, and proclaim that the sun had reached the highest point of the heavens; in other words, that it was noon. Sun-dials were afterwards invented, and in time gave place to still greater improvements. Clocks, though much inferior to those now in use, were produced, and in time carried to the
perfection

perfection you so much admire. With respect to our own country, the ingenious art of clock-making was introduced into it, in 1622, by Hugen, a native of Holland."

At this moment Peggy, who had for some time disappeared, re-entered with a basket of mulberries she had been gathering.

"I see, Peggy," said Mrs. Mills, as the good girl set them before the young folk, "that you still love to oblige."

Peggy's eyes sparkled with pleasure—she blushed—courtesied—smiled, and said she wished they had something better to offer.

Clara and her brother, who were extremely fond of mulberries, immediately fell to; while Mrs. Mills, observing that the rain had ceased, said she would step to poor Susan Milstone's: "For," said she, "I hear the loss of her husband sets heavy on her."

"Ay, marry does it," said Dame Bartlet; "she has never held up her head

since poor Ralph died. It is a pity she takes on so—she does nothing but cry—neglects her work; and as to her poor children, they would make your heart ache; she takes no thought of them.”

“ This is a sad account indeed,” replied the lady, “ I will go and see what can be done.”

“ Ah! Madam,” said Dame Bartlet, “ you carry comfort wherever you go.”

During the absence of Mrs. Mills, Clara and her brother finished the mulberries, and gathered from Dame Bartlet, whose grateful heart longed to utter the praises of her benefactress, that she was indebted to Mrs. Mills for the cottage, with all that it contained, and indeed, she added, for every blessing she enjoyed: She was going, in the warmth of her heart, to enter into farther particulars, had she not been prevented by the return of the lady.

“ May I be so bold, Madam,” said the good woman, “ as to ask how you found poor Susan?”

“ I

“ I found her,” replied Mrs. Mills, “ as you described, buried in grief ; but have, I trust, left her more reconciled to her misfortunes.”

At this instant a little girl broke abruptly into the cottage. “ O joy, joy, neighbour Bartlet,” said she, “ mammy says she will go to work to-morrow, and Madam Mills says Jane and I shall go to school—and”—The child stopt, seeing her benefactress, and drew back confused.

The reader need not be told this was one of the poor woman’s children whom the benevolent Lady had just visited.

Mrs. Mills, whose benevolence was always performed in secret, unwilling the subject should be further investigated, smiled affably on the child, and observing that the day was far advanced, bade farewell to Peggy and her mother, and hastily left the cottage, followed by her nephew and niece.

In the course of their walk home, an expression unguardedly escaped Clara, which strongly conveyed, that she thought her

aunt condescended very much in visiting and speaking, in such familiar terms, to persons whose station in life was so much beneath her own.

Mrs. Mills immediately entered upon this subject, and observed in reply: "That, in the eye of God, we are all equal: He commands us," said she, "to love our neighbour as ourselves without any previous distinction, whether he be poor or rich, a mechanic or a gentleman."

"*To love our neighbour as ourselves*," returned Clara pertly: "Do you think there ever was an instance of any one loving another as well as himself?"

"Many," said Mrs. Mills: "History abounds with examples that demonstrate the existence of such virtue. If you are at all acquainted with history, you cannot forget the friendship of Damon and Pythias, nor the noble conduct of Leonidas, and many heroes of antiquity, who devoted themselves to death for the service of their country."

Clara

Clara, ashamed to confess that she was totally unacquainted with history, was silent; but William, who was better informed, acknowledged that those heroes might truly be said to love others as well, nay better, than themselves; but added, it was a long time since they lived.

“It is not on that account,” said Mrs. Mills, “the less true that they did exist, and that the events recorded happened; but I could bring many examples from modern history to prove that it is possible to love our neighbour as ourselves; nay, I can cite one, from a people we hold uncivilized, which happened within these last fifty years. Did you ever hear of the cataract of Niagara?”

“Never,” replied Clara.

“Nor you, William?”

“Never.”

“Well then,” said Mrs. Mills; “imagine to yourselves an immense river, increased by a number of lakes, or rather seas falling perpendicular from a rock

one hundred and thirty seven feet high, and you will form an idea of the cataract of Niagara."

"I do think," said William, "I recollect Mr. Smyth, our geographical master's describing it: is it not in Canada, a province of North America?"

"It is," said Mrs. Mills; "and is esteemed one of the greatest curiosities in the world; for two leagues above the great fall, the river is interrupted by a variety of lesser falls, and runs with such rapidity, that the largest canoe would be overturned in an instant. Higher up the river is navigable, as you will find by the story I am going to relate.

"Two Indians went out one day in their canoe, at a sufficient distance from the cataract, to be, as they imagined, out of danger; but having drank too frequently of some brandy they unfortunately had with them, the fumes of it created a drowsiness, and they were so imprudent as to stretch themselves at the bottom of the canoe, where they fell asleep.

"The

“The canoe, in the mean time, which they had been towing against the stream, drove back further and further, and would in a very short time have precipitated them down the fall, had not the noise of it, which is heard at the distance of six, and at certain times, fifteen leagues, awakened them. Figure to yourselves, my dear children, what must have been the feelings of the poor creatures at this moment; and how dearly they repented the intemperance which had hurried them into such danger. They exclaimed in an agony not to be expressed, that they were lost; but exerted their strength to work the canoe towards an island, which lies at the brink of the fall. Upon this, exhausted with labour and fatigue they at length landed; but upon reflection were sensible that unless they could find means to escape from this island, they had only exchanged one kind of death for another, since they must unavoidably perish with hunger; the situation of the island, however, gave them some hopes; the lower

end of it touches the edge of the precipice from whence the water falls, and divides the cataract into two parts; a space is consequently left between, where no water falls, and the rock is seen naked. Necessity supplied them with invention; they formed a ladder of the bark of the linden tree, and fastening one end of it to a tree that grew at the edge of the precipice, descended by it to the water below, into which they threw themselves, thinking, as it was not rapid in this part, to swim to shore."

"Had it been my case," said Clara, "I should rather have died of hunger in the island, than have attempted my escape that way."

"The Indians," said Mrs. Mills, "acted more wisely: while hope remains, it is our duty to exert our efforts to avert the misfortune that threatens us, when unavoidable, it is the highest wisdom to bear it with fortitude and resignation."

"And

“And did they reach the shore, aunt?”
said William.

“No,” replied Mrs. Mills; “the waters of the two cataracts, (for you know I told you one part of the fall was on one side of the island, and the other on the other) meeting, formed an eddy which, when they began to swim, threw them back with violence against the rock. They made repeated trials, but with the same ill success, till at length worn out with fatigue, their bodies much bruised, and the skin in many parts torn off, from the violence with which they were constantly thrown against the rock, they were forced to clime up the ladder again, into the island, from which they now thought nothing but death could deliver them.

“Their hopes once more revived, when they perceived some Indians on the opposite shore. By signs and cries, they at last drew their attention; but such was the perilous situation of the island, that though they saw and pitied them, they gave them small hopes of assistance. The governor of

the foot, however, being acquainted with their situation, humanely conceived a project for their deliverance. He reflected that the water on the eastern side of the island, notwithstanding its rapidity, is shallow, and thought by the help of long poles pointed with iron, it might be possible to walk to the island. The difficulty was to find a person with sufficient courage and generosity to attempt their rescue at the hazard of his own life."

"Indeed," said Clara; "if their deliverance depended upon that, I should have thought small hope remained of it."

"It was nevertheless effected," said Mrs. Mills; "two generous Indians undertook to execute the governor's project, resolving to deliver their poor brethren, or to perish in the attempt."

"Is it possible?" said William; "what noble souls!"

"Yes," said Mrs. Mills; "they prepared for their perilous expedition, and took leave of all their friends, as if they had been going to death: each was furnished

nished with two poles pointed with iron, which they set to the bottom of the stream, to keep them steady and support them against the current, which must otherwise have carried them along with it. In this manner they proceeded, and actually arrived at the island, where delivering two of the poles to the poor Indians, who had now been nine days upon the island, and were almost starved to death, they all four returned safe to the shore they had left."

"What a providential escape!" said William; "how rejoiced the poor fellows must have been to receive the poles that were to assist them in getting away!"

"Their joy" said Mrs. Mills, "on the prospect of their deliverance, must certainly have been great, but I will venture to affirm, it did not exceed that, of the generous Indians, who hazarded their lives to effect it."

"It must certainly," said William, "have given them great pleasure, but what a risk they ran!"

"True,"

“ True” said Mrs. Mills, “ but on the other hand, what a gratification ! do you think there could be a pleasure equal to that felt by the generous Indians, when they effected the deliverance of their poor country-men.”

“ They were certainly noble creatures,” said Clara, “ one does not often hear, even in civilized countries, of persons who act so disinterestedly.”

“ Though instances of such generosity,” said Mrs. Mills, “ do not occur daily, they are, nevertheless, more frequent than we are aware of.

“ Do you think so ?” said William.”

“ Yes ;” replied Mrs. Mills, “ the most generous actions, are performed in secret, and shun the noise of public fame ; on this account, it is, that they do not so often come under our observation. I know, nevertheless, of several that might be put into competition with this, I have just recited : one in particular, at this moment, occurs to my remembrance.”

“ Dear

“Dear Aunt,” said William, and his sister, at the same instant, “do relate it?”

“The fact I allude to,” said Mrs. Mills, “happened within these seven or eight years in France, at a place called Noyon. Four men, who were employed in cleansing a common sewer, upon opening a drain, were so affected by the foetid vapours, that they were unable to return. The lateness of the hour (for it was eleven at night) rendered it difficult to procure assistance, and the delay must have been fatal, had not a young girl, a servant in the family, with courage and humanity, that would have done honour to the most elevated station, at the hazard of her own life, attempted their deliverance. This generous girl, who was only 17 years of age, was, at her request, let down seven different times, to the poor men, by a rope, and was so fortunate as to save two of them pretty easily; but, in tying the third to a rope, which was let down to her for that purpose, she found her breath failing, and was so much affected

ed

ed by the vapour, as to be in danger of suffocation. In this dreadful situation, she had the presence of mind to tye herself by her hair to the rope, and was drawn up almost expiring with the poor man, in whose behalf she had so humanely exerted herself.

“ I will answer for it,” said Clara, “ she had not courage to venture down for the other.”

“ You are mistaken,” said Mrs. Mills, “ far from being intimidated, the moment she recovered her spirits, she insisted upon being let down for the poor creature that remained, which she actually was; but her exertions at this time failed of success; the poor man being drawn up dead.”

“ Is this really a true story ?” said Clara.
 “ It is an undoubted fact,” said Mrs. Mills; “ the corporation of the town of Noyon, as a small token of their approbation, presented the generous girl with 600 livres, and conferred on her, the civic crown, with a medal, engraven with the
 arms

arms of the town, her name, and a narrative of the actions. It is also said, that the Duke of Orleans sent her 500 livres, and settled 200 yearly on her for life.

“But to return,” said Mrs. Mills, to our first point: these, and many more examples of the same kind, that I could prove, that when our blessed Lord commands us to love our neighbour as ourselves, he does not exact that which is beyond the ability of his creatures to perform.

“Why, to be sure,” said Clara, “both the Indians and the generous girl, you have just mentioned, may truly be said to love their neighbour as themselves; but it is much more easy to admire than to imitate.

“Very true, Clara,” replied William, “I am sure, though I should have pitied the poor men in danger of suffocation, and the Indians who were left on the island, I never should have had courage to deliver them at the risk of my own life.”

“Had you thought it your duty, my dear William,” said Mrs. Mills, “to hazard

hazard your life, in such a cause, I hope God, (without whose assistance, we can do nothing,) would have given you strength and courage to perform it ; we are not all called to a station of such danger, though all to display our love to our neighbour, according to our situation and ability. We who are blest with affluence, more immediately in acts of charity and beneficence. Nor is this alone sufficient ; we must bear with the infirmities of our neighbour, reprove his faults with mildness ; comfort him in his affliction ; and be at all times ready to rejoice in and promote his felicity. Nor are opportunities, wanting in which the poor, as well as the rich, may shew their obedience to the divine command : Peggy Bartlet, whom we have just left, is an example of this ; you would scarcely credit, of what consequence that poor child is to the whole neighbourhood : If a neighbour fall sick, Peggy is immediately at hand, to run for the Doctor to quiet the children, or to perform any little office of kindness within her power.

If

If she is from school, and unemployed by her mother, the wheel of Dame Grimstone, their next neighbour, who has a large family, never stands still. If any difference happen among her companions, Peggy is the first to set on foot a reconciliation; and as for the children of Robert Gould, a poor labourer, who lives within a few doors of them, Peggy has already taught two of them to read, and a third nearly to say the alphabet. In short, she never lets slip an opportunity, in which she can render herself useful, and by this means, does more good within her little circle, than those, whose abilities are more extensive.

“ I liked her,” said William, “ from the very first; she looked so good-natured, and was so civil.”

“ Yes,” returned Mrs. Mills, “ and her civility springs wholly from the goodness of her heart.”

“ Is her father alive?” asked Clara.

“ No,” said Mrs. Mills; “ he died

When

when she was scarcely a twelvemonth old, leaving his widow in great distress."

"Ah!" said William, "now I understand; you have taken care of them ever since. Dame Bartlet told us, that, next to God, she owed every thing to you, aunt."

"You are mistaken, my dear William," said Mrs. Mills, "my knowledge of Peggy and her mother has been recent. It is not more than two years since an event, in which the goodness of their hearts were signally displayed, recommended them to my notice, and gave rise to those little services which their gratitude so far overrates."

"Pray, aunt," said Clara, "what was the circumstance?"

"To answer your question," said Mrs. Mills, "I must enter into a detail longer than the present time will permit."

"O now," said William, "you have raised our curiosity. Do tell us—I know it is something interesting."

"My dear boy," said Mrs. Mills, "we are already at home—another time—"

Before

Before she could finish the sentence, the gate opened, and Clara, upon entering the hall, perceived the hand of the clock upon the stroke of three; little time remained for the toilet: she hastened into her dressing room, and found it was possible to complete that which commonly took up two hours, equally as well in twenty minutes.

Dinner being over, and the dessert removed, the young folk, who had not forgotten the subject of their last conversation, again renewed it, and requested Mrs. Mills to recount the circumstance that first recommended Peggy Bartlet to her notice.

“ My dear children,” said Mrs. Mills, “ since you desire it, I shall willingly satisfy your curiosity, though my narrative may afford you small entertainment. Saying this, she began

THE LITTLE VILLAGER.

“ As near as I can recollect, it is about two years since I every day observed a little girl,

girl, clean, but very meanly dressed, regularly cross the field, which lies contiguous to my orchard. She had commonly a basket upon her arm, and made her way with such haste, that my curiosity was excited, and I asked Banks, my woman, to which of the villagers the child belonged.

“Banks replied, that she had herself observed her, and more than once made the same enquiry, but had not gained any satisfactory account of her.

“This interested me still further; and I desired Banks, the next time she passed, to accost her.—Whether this was through negligence omitted, or that the girl took another road, I know not, but I heard no tidings of her for three days; when having extended my morning walk beyond its usual limits, I saw her, with her little basket, some yards before me, cross a retired path, into which I had just turned, and make towards a hut, that was nearly concealed by two large elms. I quickened my pace, and overtook her the moment
she

she opened the door—But what a scene of misery struck my sight! A man, apparently on the point of expiring, destitute of every necessary comfort, lay on the ground and by him sat a woman, in the prime of life, whom grief and disease seemed to have reduced nearly to the same condition. A languid smile animated the features of each, upon the entrance of the girl, who affectionately enquired how they had passed the night?

“The poor man shook his head, and a deep sigh from the woman explained too clearly that they could not answer the question to the wishes of their little friend; who, having sympathized with them a moment in silence, uncovered her basket, and said, she hoped they could eat an egg, as she had brought a couple newly laid.

“An expressive glance from the poor man told his gratitude, and the woman pressing the hand of the girl, exclaimed, ‘Ah! Peggy, you and your good mother, I am sure, half starve yourselves on our
account;

account ; it is a cruel thing that we must make you partake our misery !

“ Do not say so,” said the little girl, ‘ I bring you nothing but what we can very well spare—and—’

“ O yes,’ said the poor woman, ‘ so you would make us believe. This mattress and these blankets you can very well spare, though we know you have nothing but a rug and the ground for yourselves !’

“ Do not be uneasy about that,” said the child, ‘ we sleep much easier upon the rug than we should on the mattress, if we knew you wanted one.’ Saying this, she threw off her cloak, and taking some dry sticks out of her basket, set them alight in the chimney, and prepared to boil the eggs. The door being half shut, I had continued an unseen spectator of all that passed ; I now thought it time to enter, and gave a soft rap. .

“ I understood, in general terms, upon my entrance, that a series of misfortunes had reduced this unhappy pair to their present miserable condition ; but it was
not

not a time to require particulars; their situation called for immediate redress."

"And I am sure, aunt," said William, "you did not refuse it."

"If I had, William, I must have been unworthy the affluence with which Providence has blessed me," said Mrs. Mills: "but with respect to the poor man, assistance came too late; notwithstanding the humane exertions of Mr. Benson, our apothecary, who, at my request, went immediately, he did not survive till the next morning; and grief increased the fever of the woman so much, that it was not till some days after, Mr. Benson could give hopes of her recovery. Time and reflection, however, composed her mind; the fever abated, and she gathered strength daily. As she had been removed to my house, I had frequent opportunities of seeing her, and thought I observed in her something above the vulgar; not that there was any thing in her deportment unbecoming or inconsistent with an humble station; but her sentiments, though plain and
D unadorned,

unadorned, were expressed with a propriety seldom met with in low life : She appeared to be well acquainted with the Scriptures and with several books of divinity, and an unaffected strain of piety prevailed in her discourse, that interested me very much.

“ On expressing, one day, my surprize to find her so well informed, she replied ; ‘ Ah, Madam ! the little I know I owe all to a dear young lady, with whom I was so happy as to pass my youth.’

“ I desired she would be more explicit, and she continued : ‘ My father was a poor labourer on the estate of Sir James Ramsden, whose lady, when I was twelve years old, took me into the family to wait upon Miss Frances, her youngest daughter, at that time just seven years of age. Never sure was seen so sweet a child ! At those early years she discovered a sense of religion, seldom met with at a riper age : She would frequently repeat little extempore prayers, and divine stanzas, which shewed the heavenly turn of her mind.

As

As she grew up, her sole delight was in reading the Scriptures and other books of divinity, or in performing acts of charity and devotion. How often, while other young ladies have been engaged at the card-table, or places of public diversion, has she passed her time, in instructing me in the word of God, and the duties of my station! Yes, Madam, it is to her kindness alone that I owe the happiness of being able to read the Word of God in his Holy Scriptures, from whence I have drawn all the consolation that has supported me in my afflictions. A malignant fever carried her off in the bloom of health and beauty; at eighteen she died universally lamented*.—But I beg your pardon, Madam, said the poor woman, I am tedious.'

“ I assured her that I thought otherwise: The most trifling incidents, I observed, when they related to a character so exemplary, could not fail of interesting the hearer. She then, at my request, acquainted me with what afterwards befel

* The author has the pleasure to inform her readers, that the above is not an imaginary, but a real character.

her, and, to the best of my remembrance, went on thus :

“ Time, Madam, reconciled me to the loss of my dear young lady ; but the precepts I had so often received from her mouth, and seen enforced by her example, as the Psalmist says, “ *were written on the tablets of my heart,*” and I can with truth say, “ that I have found them *more precious than gold or fine raiment.*” I continued in the family of Lady Ramfden till I married my late husband, an honest industrious man, who rented a small farm thirty miles distant. For the first six years after our marriage, every thing went on well, and we were getting forward in the world apace ; but, unfortunately for us, our landlord died suddenly, and the person into whose hands the farm fell, not only refused to renew our lease, which was nearly expired, but insisted upon such an enormous advance of rent, that my husband thought it prudent to quit the farm.

“ We took Harley farm, which you know, Madam, is within a mile of the
next

next village. The rent was higher than that we formerly paid, but my husband thought, by attention and industry, to make it answer; and I am sure, poor soul! he did not spare that: but indeed, said Mrs. Brown, with tears in her eyes, we seemed to have left all our good fortune at the old farm; the soil of the new one proved unfruitful, and, in spite of all my husband's labour, produced such poor crops, that we lost considerably the two first years. We consoled ourselves with the hopes that the next would be better (for we had taken a long lease of the farm) but we were disappointed, and some stables belonging to our next neighbour, unfortunately taking fire communicated to our granary, where it did us considerable damage before it could be extinguished. These, and other losses, prevented my husband's making his regular payments, and preyed so much upon his mind, that it greatly affected his health, and a cold, which he caught about this time, falling upon his

lungs, laid the foundation for the disease that put an end to his life.

“In short, things grew worse and worse; we found ourselves every year more involved; and our arrears with our landlord being considerable, he took possession of our effects, and we were turned into the world destitute. As we had neither money nor friends, we could expect support only from our own labour, and, weak as he was, my husband determined to set out immediately for a farm about four miles off, where he had been told hands were much wanted. In short, Madam, we set out, but in the way my poor husband grew so bad, that he could not proceed: he fainted, and when he recovered, I thought it a great blessing that the shed in which you, Madam, discovered us was at hand to receive him. He crawled to it, thinking to stay there till his strength returned; but, poor soul, he grew worse and worse. The little money we had, which amounted only to a few shillings, was soon expended: want stared us in the face, and I set out

out for the village I had left to seek employment. You will wonder, Madam, that I did not seek it upon the spot; and, I am ashamed to say, that I was withheld by pride. I knew it must lead to a discovery of our miserable retreat, which I had hitherto carefully concealed, by going for the few necessaries we wanted at night.

“ I had scarcely entered the village when I was met by Peggy Bartlet, the little girl whom you condescended the other day to notice: she is the daughter of a poor widow, to whom in better days I had rendered some little services. The poor child threw her arms round my neck overjoyed, and run to tell her mother, who weeds, spins, chares, or any way earns a penny to support herself and child, that I was there. The poor woman upbraided me kindly for having left the village, without saying where I was going, and said, she had determined to leave work that evening earlier than usual, to enquire me

out, and see if she could not do any thing for us.

“ I am ashamed to say, Madam, that my pride was so great, that I preferred telling a falsehood to acknowledging the truth of our situation to this honest creature: I pretended that my husband had got into work at Burlington farm, for which we had set out, and that being disengaged, I also wished for employment; enquiring if she knew of any?

“ She replied, that hands were wanted in the garden, where she worked; but added, that it was not employment for me.

My necessities were too pressing to hesitate; I replied that I should gladly accept the employment, and begged she would apply for me directly.

Ah! said the good creature, little did I think—and her heart was so full, she could say no more.

“ I said, I had never been accustomed to idleness, and cheerfully submitted to the will of God.

I was

I was immediately set to work, and in the evening, with a heart somewhat lightened, I returned to my husband, with the pittance I had earned. I continued for several days to attend regularly at the garden, but the anxiety I felt in leaving my husband, who every day grew worse, was such, that it produced a slow fever, which reduced me so much, that it was with difficulty I pursued my labours. Still, however, I pleased myself, with the thought, that the extent of our misery was unknown; till returning one evening, something earlier than usual, I met little Peggy at the entrance of our retreat. The poor girl fell upon her knees, and with tears in her eyes, begged I would not be angry with her. She said, “ she had remarked how ill, and sad, I looked, and was afraid things were worse than I said, which had made her determine to watch me home. But little did I think, said she, sobbing, they were so bad.

“ The grief of the poor child,” said Mrs. Brown, “ affected me so much, that

I could not forbear mingling my tears with hers, and for some minutes, our hearts were so full, that neither of us could speak : At last, she broke abruptly from me, and taking the path toward home, I thought of seeing her no more that night ; but I was mistaken, about an hour and an half after, a soft rap came to the door ; I opened it, and was not a little surprized to find there Peggy and her mother, each charged with a load they could scarcely stand under ; would you believe it, Madam, they had brought us their mattresses and blankets ! and actually, till your bounty, made it unnecessary, lay on the ground themselves. I begged, and so did my poor husband, that they would take them back, but it was all to no purpose ; heaven be praised, they said, they had found us out, and had a mattress and blankets for us. Nor was this all, I soon grew so ill, that I could not, as usual, go to work, and then Madam, we must have starved, had it not, been for these good creatures, who, I am certain, often went
without

without necessaries themselves, that they might supply us with what they fancied we could eat.

The good woman herself, was obliged to keep close to work, but Peggy constantly flaved to us twice, and sometimes three times a-day. She never came empty-handed; if it were but a few sticks she had picked up by the way, to make us a little fire, she had always something: and endeavoured to alleviate our distress by a thousand kind attentions.

“ Indeed, madam,” said Mrs. Brown, “ had it not been for those good people, we must have been lost for want. I can never forget their kindness.”

“ This account,” continued Mrs. Mills, “ raised Dame Bartlet and Peggy high in my esteem: I wished to see them, and one day took a ride to the village where they lived. Upon enquiry, I found, as Mrs. Brown had before told me, that dame Bartlet was the widow of a poor weaver; that by dint of hard labour, she

supported herself and child, and paid for a room, or rather cock-loft. I learnt further, that she had not always been accustomed to labour without doors; but that two years before, she had the misfortune to be robbed of her spinning-wheel, which before supported her, and since that time, she was glad to weed, chare, or do any thing to earn an honest penny. The cottage, which we this morning visited, happened at that time, to be vacant, and I thought it could not be occupied by more worthy inhabitants. I, therefore, asked dame Bartlet, if she would like to remove to it? she was rejoiced at the proposal, and when, I added, I would furnish it, and purchase a spinning-wheel, Peggy and she were nearly out of their wits with joy. I need not tell you, I was as good as my word; a fortnight after, they removed to the cottage, and have since occupied it. An opportunity, also, soon offered of placing Mrs. Brown in a station, to which she does great credit; we have
a school

a school of industry in the Village, the mistress of which dying, Mrs. Brown supplies her place. Peggy attends the school, and though Mrs. Brown is too just to let her partiality appear at improper times, I am certain, she entertains the same affection for her, as if she were her own child."

Mrs. Mills concluded her narrative, as the servant brought in tea. A walk upon the lawn occupied the time, till the bell rung for supper, after which, the whole family being assembled, the day was as usual, concluded in prayer and thanksgiving.

The next morning, Clara rose at a more early hour, and took care to be ready to receive her aunt in the breakfast parlour. Having taken their tea and chocolate, Mrs. Mills acquainted her young friends, that she was going to visit her bees, and invited them to accompany her. They all three, then took their way to the apiary, at which, they presently arrived. Among the hives, was one different to
the

the rest; Clara observed it, and enquired the reason?

“ That hive, my dear,” said Mrs. Mills, “ was constructed by my own directions; you see it is chiefly of glass: I spend many hours in observing the little busy people that inhabit it.”

“ I have been told aunt,” said William, “ that bees have a queen; is it true?”

“ It is;” said Mrs. Mills, “ and what is more, this queen has a palace, guards to attend her, and subjects over whom she reigns as absolute.

You are jesting with us, aunt?

“ I am perfectly serious,” replied Mrs. Mills: “ In every swarm, there are three sorts of bees; the working bee, the drone which is supposed to be the male, and the queen, which is longer and more beautiful than the rest, and is the mother of the whole swarm.”

But you said the queen had a palace.

She has a cell proportionable to her size, raised from a large foundation, either on the flat or edge of the comb, and differently

differently formed from the rest. This I think, may, with no great impropriety be called her palace. She generally keeps herself retired in the upper apartments of the comb, and whenever she appears in public, which is generally to deposit her eggs, is attended by several large bees, if not by the whole swarm, who flutter their wings, and appear all in transport.

“ You were very right indeed aunt, said William, “ to say that the queen had her palace, and her guards ; how wonderful !

“ The attachment of the whole swarm to the queen bee,” said Mrs. Mills, “ is, indeed, wonderful : an author, who has given us many curious particulars concerning these insects, relates, that having once an inclination to prove, how far this surprising instinct, would influence them, he took a swarm of bees that had been hived the day before, and having shook them in a lump, on a grass plot, separated the queen bee from the rest, clipt one of her wings, and kept her in a box apart. A
general

general confusion immediately took place, contrary to their usual custom, which is to cluster together, the bees immediately scattered themselves over the grass, and flew here and there in pursuit of their queen with a pitious discontented noise. When the box, in which she was confined, was opened, a different scene took place; they immediately gathered together from all parts, and in less than a quarter of an hour, the whole swarm clustered around it, waiting till the queen, as usual, should lead them to some place for their common preservation.

But the poor queen, was unable to rise; and her faithful subjects, chose rather to die with her, than to desert her, for tho' pinched with hunger, they would not fly to get any food. Nor was the affection of the queen less to her subjects: when separated from them, she refused the honey that was repeatedly offered her. I am sure, you will be sorry to hear, that having continued four days, without tasting any food, they all literally died by famine,
 except

except the queen, who lived only a few hours after *.

“ Ah !” said William, how I should have grieved ; “ it was a cruel experiment, but a convincing proof, that animals have reason.

“ Hold, my dear William,” said Mrs. Mills, “ be cautious of falling into so gross an error. Though the order and seeming rationality, which is discerned in the animal creation, cannot fail of raising our ideas of that Being, whose wisdom is displayed in the minutest of his works, let us not imagine he has bestowed on them that superior faculty man alone enjoys. The little busy creatures of whom we speak, however wonderful their labours and œconomy, act by stated laws which providence has implanted in their nature : insensible of good and evil, they are impelled only to the performance of that which is necessary to their own preservation, or the wise purposes for which they are created.”

* Wardour on Bees.

At this instant the attention of William was attracted by a bee returning to the hive, and he exclaimed, "look, aunt at that bee; it is so loaded, it can scarcely fly."

"It is indeed well laden," said Mrs. Mills, "but will soon be eased of its burden; observe, William, it is now at the entrance of the hive, and is met by several bees, who are busily employed in assisting it to unload."

"Is that what they are about?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Mills; "they will swallow the little pellets the other has collected, and in their stomachs they will acquire the consistence of wax, which will afterward be cast up and turned over to other bees, whose business it is to knead it, and spread it into different sheets, laid one upon another."

"Well," said Clara, "it is astonishing! but how do they collect the little pellets?"

"They collect the yellow dust of flowers in the hairs of their body; then brush them-

themselves and form the grains into pellets. The honey is collected by a sort of trunk; a small part of it goes to support the bee, and the rest is preserved in a little bag, with which nature has furnished her stomach, to be cast up and deposited, afterwards, in magazines for the support of the community."

"But I cannot conceive, aunt," said Clara, "of what service the wax can be; do they eat it?"

"With the wax," said Mrs. Mills, "they build their habitations, and seal up the honey in their cells; they also mix it with honey, to make bee-bread for the support of their young."

"Well," said Clara, "I was never more interested in my life in any story, than in the account you have given us of these dear little creatures: If they have not reason, I am sure they have a much larger share of instinct than any other creature."

"They certainly have," said William."

"A sufficient portion of this principle,"
said

said Mrs. Mills, "is visible in the meanest insect to raise our admiration of the Supreme Being. It is certain none can exceed the bee, whose œconomy presents us with a useful lesson, and whose labours with a food wholesome and delicious; but, were you to look into the history of the minutest insects, you would be sensible that this wonderful property is not bestowed partially; each is furnished with it in proportion to its wants. I could mention many—O, here is one at hand to my purpose. Let us stop a moment at this rose bush, and observe with what admirable dexterity the spider—

"A spider," exclaimed Clara, starting on one side—"I am so frightened!"

"Do not alarm yourself, my dear," said Mrs. Mills, "I am not going to put the poor thing upon you, and I am sure it will sooner run from you, than to you."

"O," said Clara, "I am so terrified! I have such an aversion to spiders!"

"On what account, my dear," said Mrs. Mills? "Let us take the other path,
and

and talk this matter coolly over. Tell me from what does your aversion to these in-offensive insects arise?"

"O la! aunt, I can't tell; they are such ugly creatures, the very thought of them makes me shudder."

"But, my dear child, if you have no better reason for disliking them, you must allow me to say, it is a prejudice which a little resolution would enable you to surmount."

"O aunt," replied Clara, "it is impossible I should ever endure the sight of a spider: I took a dislike to them when I was a very little girl; and I am certain, if one was to be put upon me, I should fall into fits."

"If you think so," said Mrs. Mills, "it is your duty to surmount a prejudice, accident might render so fatal to you."

"O dear," said Clara, "it would be in vain for me to try; when people have such an antipathy to a thing, it is impossible to overcome it."

"If I convince you," said Mrs. Mills,
"that

“ that it is possible to overcome such an antipathy, will you promise me to use your endeavours to get the better of your dislike to spiders ?”

“ I have the greatest opinion of what you say, Madam,” said Clara, “ but I own, I do not think you will ever convince me it is possible to overcome a dislike where it is so strong as mine to spiders.”

“ But, if you *should* be convinced, will you promise me to use your endeavours ?”

“ If you desire it, Madam.”

“ Well then,” said Mrs. Mills, “ I will recount an anecdote that must convince you an antipathy is really to be overcome.”

“ O,” said William, drawing close to his aunt, “ I am glad we are going to have a story : I do so love stories !”

“ This I am going to relate,” said Mrs. Mills, “ has the merit of truth : You have, without doubt, heard of Peter the Great, Czar of Muscovy.”

“ Yes,” replied William ; “ he founded the city of Petersburgh.”

“ He

“ He did so,” replied Mrs. Mills, “ and enacted many useful laws, which justly acquired him the surname of Great. But to my story : This great man, in his childhood, had so great an antipathy to water, that he could not endure to approach even within sight of it.”

“ Well,” said Clara, “ that was the most strange antipathy I ever heard of : how ridiculous ! to be afraid of water !”

“ Pardon me, my dear girl,” said Mrs. Mills, “ if I cannot see any thing more absurd, in the Czar’s antipathy to water, than in yours to a spider—but, however, you shall hear my story. This antipathy, which must have been an insuperable bar to all his warlike achievements”——

“ How so, aunt,” interrupted William ; “ I do not comprehend what his dislike to water had to do with his battles.”

“ I see, William,” said Mrs. Mills, “ smiling, that you are no soldier ; do you imagine he could make one campaign, without having occasion to pass a river, or at least, to encamp on the banks of it, which,

which, was almost as dreadful to him?"

"To be sure, he could not," said William, "striking his forehead, what a fool I was!

"Well," rejoined Mrs. Mills, "this infirmity, which would have given his enemies so evident an advantage over him, was happily overcome by the address of one of his courtiers."

"One fine day, Prince Gallezin, his governor, and chief favourite, persuaded him to ride into the country, upon a hunting party, without informing him, there was a brook near the place. After a little diversion, the favourite cried, what, hot weather! O that there was a river at hand, that I might jump in and bathe! How said the young Czar, would you kill yourself? Galliezin answered, I have frequently bathed with your father, and yet your majesty sees me alive. Nothing can be more wholesome in sultry weather. The Czar was surprized, and coldly replied, I have heard, that people are frequently

quently drowned. Ay, said the favourite, but not in water scarcely so high as one's knees. If you please, sir, I will send some body to look for a stream, that you may see it is possible to bathe without drowning. The brook was easily found; the Czar rode toward it trembling, and stopped his horse at a distance. Galliezen ordered some men to cross it backward and forward, on horseback; upon which, the Czar ventured to ride nearer. Galliezen seeing this, rode through himself, and ordered some of his people to cross it. They did; the Czar admired at what he saw: but, at last, had the courage to ride his own horse over: Pleased at what he had performed, he from that time, used himself to the water, till by degrees, he got rid of this troublesome antipathy, which was occasioned by a fright, in his infancy." "Well, my dear," said Mrs. Mills, "is it, or is it not possible to overcome an aversion?"

"There is no arguing against facts so
E convincing,"

convincing," said Clara, "if this story is true—

It is recorded in the life of Peter the Great, interrupted Mrs Mills, if it will afford you the least satisfaction, I will shew it you when we return to the house, nearly in the words I have related it. Dear Madam, said Clara, you cannot think I doubt what you say.

"Well then, said Mrs. Mills, I may claim your promise."

"Yes," said Clara, but I have such a dislike to a spider! I have always avoided them, and Jane, my mamma's maid, knowing how terrified I was, was always upon the look out, that I might not be alarmed.

"These very precautions," my dear, said Mrs. Mills, have increased your dislike; by constantly avoiding the sight of the object, which disgusts you, your imagination has painted its deformity greater than the reality.

"La! sister," said William, "there is no harm in a spider: you may easily get the
the

the better of such a foolish dislike if you try ; let me go and fetch one ; you shall see me handle it ; I am not afraid.

“ Oh for heaven sake,” said Clara, catching hold of him, and turning pale with terror, “ stop.”

“ Hold William,” said Mrs. Mills, “ be not in such haste.”

“ Well,” said William, “ I have done. I only wanted to use my sister to a spider ; if once she could be persuaded to touch one, the business would be done.

“ You must remember, William,” replied Mrs. Mills, “ that the courtier, who so happily cured the infirmity of Peter the Great, acted with some address ; had he, instead of inviting him to enjoy the coolness of the river, suddenly plunged him into it, 'tis probable he would have strengthened, instead of surmounting his prejudice.

I remember a person who had fits to the day of her death, from a frog, to which she had a particular dislike, being in jest, put upon her neck. People who

commit this sort of violence, on the feelings of others, I am sorry to say, (I do not mean that it is your case William), are rather desirous of diverting themselves, than of benefiting their friends.

There is something very inhuman in thus sporting with the infirmities of others; but let us take the next path.

“But the spider, aunt,” said Clara, alarmed,—“we must pass so close—indeed, I cannot venture.”

“Nay, now, my dear,” said Mrs. Mills, “do not yield to an idle conceit, which your better judgment must condemn; recollect, that you are not going to encounter a Hyæna, or a Rhinoceros, but to look upon an inoffensive insect, to whose existence, it is in your power, in an instant to put an end, and whose ingenuity is deserving your highest admiration.”

“But may I be sure, madam, that you will not suffer it to crawl upon me,” said Clara; “and that you, William, will not play me any trick?” “I will engage for William,” replied Mrs. Mills, “and surely,

surely, you may rely upon me, after what I have said."

"Well then;" said Clara, "but let me go on this side—now be sure, William, you do not play me any trick."

"Not I," said William; "but you must not be angry, if I cannot help laughing to see you so foolish." They now came in sight of the bush, where the poor spider, little conscious of the terror it inspired, had half formed its curious web. When Clara beheld it, with such agility, run from side to side of the branch, upon which it was weaving its subtle snare, she started back, and it was some time before she could be prevailed upon to advance; however, encouraged by Mrs. Mills, and a little ashamed by the raillery of her brother, she approached so near, as to see distinctly the whole progress of its ingenious labours. At first, her heart beat—she declared it made her shudder,—she had never, in her life, looked so long upon a spider—by degrees, she became more calm, and at length, protested,

it was not so ugly as she imagined—really, the body was very handsomely speckled, and as for the web, it was astonishing from whence the thread, with which it was woven, could come” “The spider” said Mrs. Mills, “has, at the extremity of her body, five openings, through which she distills at pleasure, a clammy glew: this forms the thread, which lengthens in proportion to her distance, from the place where she first fastens it. When she closes these openings, the thread, no longer extends, and she remains suspended in the air. Observe, Clara, she makes use of the thread, for her ascent, grasping it in her paws, as we should a rope with our hands and feet.”

“Well, really,” said Clara, “it is very curious, I should like to see in what manner the web is first begun; this is half finished.”

“It will be well worth your attention, at another opportunity,” said Mrs. Mills. “Is the web begun in the middle?” asked Clara.

“That

“ That cannot be practicable,” said Mrs. Mills, “ you see it is suspended between two branches, the spider, therefore, would have no resting place.”

“ Very true, aunt,” said William, “ I never thought about it before, but really, I cannot conceive, in what part of the web, the spider can possibly begin.”

“ It is a question,” replied Mrs. Mills, “ that might have puzzled wiser heads than yours William, had not experience and observation fully discovered it. When the garden spider, for there are many kinds of spiders, begins its web, it places itself upon the end of a branch, and there fastens several threads, which it lengthens to two or more ells, leaving them to float in the air : these threads are wafted by the wind, from one side to another, and lodged either on a house, pole, or the opposite branch, where they are fastened by their natural glew. The spider, then draws them to her, to try that they be well fixed, and they become a bridge for her to pass and repass at pleasure ;

sure ; she then marches to the middle of this thread, and adds to it another, by the help of which she descends, till she meets with a solid body to rest upon, or leaves it as the first floating in the air, to the direction of chance ; in the same manner, other threads are drawn from the centre, and there again, as you see crossed. But I will leave the rest to your own observation, which will inform you more agreeably."

" Well," said William, " it must be owned, the spider is a very ingenious creature ; I should have puzzled my head for a month, and not guessed how she began her web."

" Nor I," said Clara, " but pray, Madam, what is the use of the web, when it is made ?"

" Why," said William, bursting into a fit of laughter, " dont you know, that spiders spread their webs to catch flies ?"

" If I had known," replied Clara, somewhat piqued, " I should not have asked the question."

" There

“There is no disgrace,” said Mrs. Mills, “in not knowing a thing, the disgrace is in not wishing to be informed.”

“I did not mean to offend my sister,” said William, “only it was so droll, to hear her ask, what spiders spread their webs for.”

“You know William,” said Clara, “that my mamma always ordered the servants to take particular care, that I should not be alarmed, with the sight of a spider, so you need not be so very sharp upon me.”

“Well,” said William, “I beg your pardon, sister, I will be more careful in future.”

And, do spiders really feed on flies, Madam?

“Undoubtedly,” said Mrs. Mills.

“Well then,” said Clara, “if the spider is an ingenious creature, you must allow that she is very cruel.”

“Pray, my dear, what do you understand by the word *cruelty*?”

“ Why,” said Clara, “ I think it is cruel to put an innocent thing to death.”

“ By cruelty,” said Mrs. Mills, “ I understand, that depraved inclination which causes us to inflict a pang wantonly ; or unnecessarily, to deprive any creature of life : now the spider seizes the prey which nature has made necessary to her existence ; she cannot, therefore, any more be charged with cruelty, than other animals, man himself, not excepted, for whose use innumerable creatures are daily doomed to suffer. We may grieve for the sufferings the poor fly within the grasp of its enemy, but 'tis unjust for our resentment, to rise against the spider, who acts only in conformity to the stated laws, providence has implanted in its nature.

However, if you accuse the spider of cruelty, she has one quality, which cannot fail of meeting your approbation ; I mean her attention to her young, which is so great, that she will incur every danger sooner than forsake them. She carefully

fully wraps her eggs in a web of astonishing strength, which she fastens to a wall, or a leaf, and watches with unremitting solicitude: if danger is at hand, her first care is to pull down the sacred deposit and escape with it. There is one kind of spider, which has recourse to a very ingenious expedient for the preservation of her eggs. She suspends her bag of eggs in some little aperture, perhaps of a wall, by a thread, and before them in the same manner, a little packet of dried leaves, which, by constantly swinging about at the entrance, prevent the birds and wasps, who are upon the watch for the eggs, from discovering them."

Well, that is indeed an ingenious contrivance!

When the little spiders are hatched, the mother carries them upon her back, and discovers her tenderness by a thousand sollicitudes: but, come my dear, let us walk on, our spider has completed her web, and I think you are convinced it is possible to

look upon one, without fainting or falling into fits.

“ Indeed, Madam,” said Clara, “ I am ; and feel so far reconciled to the sight of what I once so much dreaded, that I think, in time, it might be possible for me to see a spider crawling on my hand, with as little concern as I have felt in hearing it named.”

“ You see, my dear,” said Mrs. Mills, “ what a little resolution and proper reflection will accomplish ; but to this habit, which, in these cases, is often more powerful than reason itself, must be joined by frequently accustoming yourself to look at, and examine a spider, when you consider its deformities, will grow familiar, and your disgust wear away.”

“ Well, aunt,” said Clara, “ I am resolved, as this is the case, to pay my respects every day, while I am here, to the spiders that inhabit your garden.”

“ It is the resolution of a sensible girl,” said Mrs. Mills, “ but what is William examining with such attention ?”

“ Bless

“ Bless me,” said Clara. “ what a beautiful caterpillar ! where did you find it, William ?”

“ I found it,” replied William, “ at the foot of this tree. Pray, Madam, continued he, turning to his aunt, is not this the caterpillar, that changes to the peacock butterfly ?”

“ It is,” said Mrs. Mills, “ and is probably preparing for its change.”

“ It must be a very curious change,” said Clara : “ it puts one in mind of the transformations, one reads of, in the tales of the fairies.”

“ I know of nothing recorded in the tales of the fairies,” said Mrs. Mills, “ more wonderful than the operations of nature, but familiarity causes us too often to view the most interesting objects with indifference.”

“ But pray, Madam,” said Clara, “ is it not strange, that one never sees a caterpillar actually changing into a butterfly ?”

“ When we return to the garden,” said Mrs. Mills, “ I dare say, William will gratify

gratify you with the sight of a Chrysalis."

Pray what is that?

"Why, surely," said Mrs. Mills, "my dear girl, you did not expect to see this change, wrought in an instant; the operations of nature, are all effected by regular and imperceptible gradations; the oak, did not on a sudden acquire its strength and stateliness, yet it was once an acorn in the bowels of the earth. Toward the close of summer, these little creatures being fatiated with the verdure nature has provided for their subsistence, cease to eat, and employ themselves in building a retreat, in which they quit the form of caterpillars, and give birth to the butterfly that is within them. Some bury themselves in the earth, and there rend their skin, which, with the head, paws and intrails, shrink back, and leave only a substance of an oval form called the chrysalis. This contains the butterfly, which having completed its growth, bursts its enclosure, and comes forth. Other caterpillars

terpillars involve their bodies in a texture of thread and glew, and thus rolling themselves over in a bed of sand, collect an incrustation of the small grains, in this manner, as an ingenious author * observes, building themselves monuments of stone. Another kind, pulverise the bark of the willow, or some other plant, and with a mixture of their natural glew, form it into a paste, in which they wrap themselves: others again, spin themselves like the silk-worm, a warm covering that secures them from the rain: In short, nature has given to each, abilities in different ways, to secure itself a safe retreat, during the time of its inactivity.

“How wonderful,” said Clara! “but pray, Madam, do silk worms undergo any change?”

“The silk worm”, said Mrs. Mills, “changes to a moth, in the same manner as the caterpillar does into a butterfly:

* The Abbé La Pluche, to whose works the author is frequently indebted in the course of this publication.

there

there is a great resemblance between the silk worm and those caterpillars which spin themselves a covering."

"Ah," said William, "but silk worms are of some use; we are obliged to them for all the fine silks we admire; as for caterpillars, they are good for nothing."

"I am very ready," said Mrs. Mills, "to acknowledge all our obligations to the silk worm; but should be sorry to suppose for a moment, that infinite Wisdom has formed the most insignificant creature in vain."

"Why, madam," said William, "of what use can caterpillars be? I am sure I have heard our gardener say that they injure the trees and plants very much."

"It must be owned," said Mrs. Mills, "that our trees and plants sometimes suffer from the visits of these insects; but then again it must be remembered, that the poor birds, as well those which supply our table as those which delight us with their song, would suffer still more severely from their absence."

"How

“ How so, aunt ? ”

“ Caterpillars and worms,” said Mrs. Mills, “ are the food of young birds: the parents do not forsake the eggs till the fields are replenished with these insects, which disappear when the earth is covered with grain and other provision, and the young brood has acquired strength to digest it. You must allow, that the caterpillar, who furnishes support for the young birds, has, in its turn, a title also to support; and this it finds in the plants and verdure of the earth: its depredations, to our imperfect view, may sometimes alarm, but that wise Being who formed, and knows to what use he has assigned the creature, knows when to permit and when to set bounds to its ravages.”

Our party, mutually pleased with each other, had strolled considerably further than they at first designed: They had for some time left Mrs. Mills's enclosures, and were proceeding down a shady lane that led to the village, when their ears were assailed by the noise of several hammers

mers which proceeded from a blacksmith's shop. Mrs. Mills in vain endeavoured to raise her voice, and the young folks to attend; the nearer they approached, the louder were the sounds, which encreased, till silence was at last all that could be opposed to them.

Clara, who was extremely interested in her aunt's discourse, was much disconcerted at the interruption; and, as soon as she could make herself understood, declared, with some impatience, that such trades were quite a nuisance, and ought not to be suffered.

"Come, come," said William, "do not be too severe, sister; the noise of a blacksmith's hammers is not so bad as the smell of a tanner's pits."

"I am sure," said Clara, "no smell can be so insupportable as the horrid din of those abominable hammers; I declare, we are not yet beyond the sound of them, they have put every thing my aunt was telling us about the caterpillars out of my head."

"Well,

“ Well,” said William, “ both the tanner and blacksmith are bad enough, to be sure ; you would say so, Clara, if you were as constantly regaled with the smell of the stinking hides as we are at school : There are tan-pits adjoining to our playground, at Mr. Markum’s. It is a shame, people of consequence should encourage such trades, and suffer them upon their estates.”

“ I am quite of your opinion, brother,” replied Clara, “ they are quite a nuisance.”

Mrs. Mills, perceiving they had nearly exhausted their rage against the poor tanner and blacksmith, now broke the silence she had for some time kept. “ You think then,” said she, “ that every person of consequence should dismiss the honest blacksmith and tanner from their estate ?”

“ Indeed, aunt, we do,” replied Clara ; trades that are such a nuisance should not be encouraged.”

“ I am afraid then,” said Mrs. Mills, “ the saw and mallet of the carpenter, the chissel

chiffel of the mason, the grindstone of the cutler, and the appendages of many useful trades, will give the professors little chance of your favour, in short, were I to judge by your impatience, at the small inconvenience you have sustained from the tanner and blacksmith, I should predict that the mechanic arts, in general, would not find a warm friend in either."

"No, aunt," said William, "we do not say that we would discard all; but some, you must allow, are less useful and more disagreeable than others."

"All, my dear William, are useful in their turn; none more so than those which you despise: Were examples wanting to prove what daily experience so clearly demonstrates, I could relate a circumstance, in which their utility was proved in a very critical situation."

"Dear aunt, do relate it," exclaimed the young folk.

"My dears, it is a narrative of some length, and we are already at home."

"Nay,

“ Nay, now you have raised our curiosity.”

“ Well,” said Mrs. Mills, ever ready to oblige, “ when we get home, I will look among my papers for an extract I made of the circumstance ; and, after dinner, read it.”

At this moment the door opened, and they separated to dress for dinner.

“ Well,” said Clara to her brother, whom, on her return, she found alone in the dining parlour, “ Who could have thought that almost two whole days could have been spent so agreeably in this solitary place, without any other company than one’s aunt !”

“ Ah,” said William, “ who could have thought it !”

“ I declare I have not yet,” said Clara, “ found one hour tedious : My aunt is a charming woman ; my papa said so, but I did not believe him. I already begin to love her dearly, she is so kind and agreeable.”

“ Yes,”

“ Yes,” replied William, “ she has always something new to tell us; but hush——.

The entrance of Mrs. Mills, broke off the discourse, and dinner soon after followed.

The young folk were not a little pleased, to see that their aunt had been mindful of her promise; the dessert being removed, she drew from her pocket, a written paper, and read to them, the following

Account of the sufferings of the unfortunate persons, who survived the shipwreck of the Doddington Indiaman*. (Designed to illustrate the utility of the Mechanic arts.)

On the 23d of April 1755, the Doddington, a ship belonging to the East India Company, sailed from the Downs, and on the 17th of July following, about one in the morning, struck on a rock, distant,

* Abridged from Doddsley's Annual Register.

distant, east from the Cape of Good Hope, about 250 leagues. Of 270 souls that were on board when the ship struck, 23 only escaped to the shore, which was a barren uninhabited rock, apparently capable of affording them but a temporary succour. Their first care, was to search among the things, which the violence of the sea had thrown upon the rocks, for something to cover them, and in this, they succeeded beyond their hopes. They next felt the want of fire, which was not so easily supplied: Some attempted to kindle two pieces of wood, by rubbing them together; while others were searching among the rocks, in hopes of picking up something to serve for a flint and steel. After a long search, a box containing two gun flints, and a broken file, was found; this was a joyful acquisition, but still, till something like tinder could be procured, the flints and steel were useless; a further search was therefore undertaken, with inexpressible anxiety; and at last, a cask of gun-powder was discovered,

covered ; but this, to their great disappointment, proved to be wet : a small quantity, however, that had suffered no damage, upon a close examination, was found at the bottom of the cask. Some of this, they bruised on a linen rag, which served very well for tinder, and a fire was soon made. The wounded gathered around it, and the rest went in search of other necessaries, without which, the rock could afford them but a short respite from destruction. In the afternoon, (for the ship struck about 3 in the morning) a box of wax candles, and a cask of brandy, were brought in, and soon after, some others of the party returned with an account, that they had discovered a cask almost full of fresh water, which was even more welcome than the brandy. The chief mate brought in some pieces of salt pork, and soon after others arrived, driving before them seven hogs, which had come on shore alive. The approach of night, made it necessary to provide some shelter ; all hands were therefore employed, and a tent

tent was at last made of some canvass, that had been thrown ashore, though it was so small, for want of more sail cloth, that it would not hold them all. They were obliged to erect their tent upon the highest part of the island, from fear of being overflowed; and this was covered with the dung of a large kind of water fowl, called a gannet, by which the island was much frequented. As they had passed the day, therefore, without food, they passed the night without rest, being sunk a foot in the fowl's dung, and the fire constantly being extinguished, by the tempestuousness of the night.

“ The next day the company were called together, to eat their first meal, and some rashers of pork were broiled upon the coals for dinner. The sitting thus disconsolate and forlorn down to a repast they had been used to share in convivial cheerfulness, struck them with such a sense of their condition, that they burst into passionate lamentations, wringing their hands, and looking round them with

all the wildness of despair: in such a tumult of mind, the thoughts naturally hurry from one subject to another, to fix, if possible, upon something that may afford comfort: one of the company recollected that the carpenter was among them, and suggested to the rest, as a subject of hope, that, with his assistance, it might be possible to build a strong sloop, if tools and materials could be procured.

“ Every one’s attention was immediately turned upon the carpenter, who declared he had no doubt he should be able to build a sloop that would carry them to some port of safety, if tools and materials could be found.

“ At that time they had no rational prospect of procuring either; yet they had no sooner placed their deliverance, one remove beyond total impossibility, than they seemed to think it neither improbable nor difficult; they began to eat without further repining, and from that moment the boat engrossed their whole conversation. As soon as they had finished

ed

ed their repast, some went in search of tools, which were, however, not that day to be found, and others to mend the tent. The next day they secured four butts of water, a cask of flour, a hoghead of brandy, and one of their little boats, which had been thrown up by the tide, in a shattered condition. Hitherto they had found no tools, excepting a scraper; but the day after, they had the good fortune to find a hamper, in which were files, sail-needles, gimlets, and an azimuth compass-card. They also found two quadrants, a carpenter's adze, a chissel, three sword blades, some timber, plank, canvass and cordage. These they secured with great joy, though they were in want of many impliments, without which, it was impossible for the carpenter to work: he had just finished a saw, but had neither hammer nor nails. In this dilemma, it happened that one of the seamen, a Swede by birth, picked up an old pair of bellows, and bringing them to his companions, told them he had been by

profession a smith, and that, with these bellows, and a forge, which he hoped, by his direction, they would be able to build, he could furnish the carpenter with all the tools he could want, nails included, as plenty of iron might be obtained, by burning the timber, which had come on shore from the wreck. This account was received with a transport of joy: the smith immediately applied himself to mending the bellows, and the three following days were spent in building a tent, and a forge; in bringing together the timber and plank for the use of the carpenter, who was in the mean time busy in getting ready the few tools he had, that he might begin the boat as soon as possible; this, assisted by the quarter-master, he did the next day; the smith also finished his forge, laid in a quantity of fir for fuel, and from this day they both continued to work with indefatigable diligence, except when prevented by the weather. The smith having fortunately found the ring and nut of a bower anchor, which

which served him for an anvil, supplied chissels, axes, hammers, and nails as they were wanted ; and the carpenter used them with great dexterity and dispatch, till the 31st, when he fell sick. As the lives of the whole company depended upon his recovery, we may judge with what anxiety they awaited it; and with what unspeakable joy they beheld him, in a few days, so far restored, as to return to work.

“ In the mean time the stores they had saved from the wreck were so nearly exhausted, that they came to an allowance of two ounces of bread a man per day; and had no salt pork but what they determined to keep to victual the boat; for their escape scarcely depended less upon sea stores than on the sails themselves: their water also fell short. In this distress, they had recourse to several expedients: they dug a well in hopes to find a spring, but were disappointed: they attempted to knock down some of the gannets that settled upon the top of the rock, and in this they succeeded better; but found the

flesh very rank, and perfectly black. They also made a raft, or float, called a catamaran, on which they purposed to go out a fishing, with such hooks and lines as had come on shore; and on these they had some success, till they were intimidated by an accident from the further use of them. Mr. Colet, the second mate, and Mr. Yets, the midshipman, had been out one afternoon, till four o'clock, when they endeavoured to make to land; but the wind suddenly blowing to the west, they found that instead of approaching the shore, they were driven very fast out to sea. The people on shore perceived their distress, and sent out another float to their assistance; but the surf was so great that it upset three times; and the men were obliged to swim back. In the meantime they saw their friends driving out to sea at a great rate; and were just giving them up to destruction, when the carpenter revived their hopes, by sending them word that he would make the little boat (which the reader may recollect had been thrown
thrown

thrown on shore in a shattered condition) so tight that it should not take in water faster than one man could heave it out: this he dispatched in a quarter of an hour; and every one being willing to venture out for the deliverance of their friends, it soon overtook the float, received the mate and his companion on board, and returned safe to shore.

“ It was now thought dangerous to venture out any more on the float: the carpenter, therefore, again went to work on the little boat, and put it into compleat repair. In this they frequently took great quantities of fish. Three of the company also having discovered a great smoke on the main land, embarked in it, in hopes of making some discovery favourable to their situation: but having been out forty-eight hours, lost one of their companions by the upsetting of the boat, and incurred many dangers from the Indians, who came down upon them; they returned, giving thanks to God for having permitted them to return safe to a

place, which, however barren and desolate, they now considered as an asylum from a situation of greater distress.

“In the mean-while the whole company was thrown into the utmost consternation and alarm, by an accident that happened to the carpenter, who cut his leg in such a manner, that he was in great danger of bleeding to death. What anxiety, what alarm did not this occasion! They had no surgeon among them, nor any thing proper to apply to the wound; yet, under God, their existence depended upon the life of the carpenter. However, with much difficulty, the blood was at length staunched, and the wound healed without any bad symptom. Soon after this they found a fowling-piece, which was a great treasure; for though the barrel was much bent, by the assistance of their sheet-anchor, the carpenter soon made it serviceable, and used it with great success in shooting the birds, which they had before no way of taking but by knocking them down with a stick. About
this

this time also they perceived the gannets, which had of late forsaken them, hover about the rock, on which they settled to lay their eggs, to the great joy of the company, who were for some time constantly supplied with them in great plenty. The carpenter and smith, in the meanwhile continued to work upon the boat, and the people were busied in collecting what was, from time to time, thrown up from the wreck; especially cordage and canvass, which was necessary to rig the boat, and some casks of fresh water. They had also fortunately some rainy weather, which proved very acceptable, as they contrived to save some of the water for sea-stores; their escape scarcely depending less upon fresh water than upon the sails. But they were still in want of bread, having lived many days on short allowance. As a last recourse, they thought of building an oven, as they had some barrels of flour, though they had no bread, and succeeding beyond their expectations, they converted the

flour into a tolerable biscuit. This was, however, at length so nearly exhausted, that they were forced to live upon a few ounces a-day, without brandy, of which there remained only a small quantity; and this they preserved inviolate for the use of the carpenter. Water was also so short, that they were allowed only half a pint a day. In this condition, however, they providentially, in a great degree, preserved their health and strength; and, on the 16th of February, launched their little bark, calling her *The Happy Deliverance*: On the 17th, they got their little pittance of stores on board, and on the 18th, set sail from the rock, on which they had lived just seven months, giving it at parting the name of the *Bird Island*."

"And was their voyage favourable?" asked William.

"They all," replied Mrs. Mills, "happily arrived, without accident, at the place of their destination".

"What a providential escape!" said Clara;

Clara; "they owed it entirely to the carpenter and smith."

"Providence," said Mrs. Mills, "undoubtedly made them the instruments of it; according to natural causes, they must have perished, had it not been for their assistance: I hope, therefore, since you see the utility of the mechanic arts, before you dismiss any one from your estate, you will first consider whether the advantage yourself or society derive from it be not equivalent to the inconvenience you suffer."

"I assure you, aunt," said William, "I shall; and I shall be less severe on poor Charles Franklin than I used to be."

"I am sorry," said Mrs. Mills, "to understand that you have been severe against any one; but, pray, who is this Charles Franklin?"

"Why," replied William, "he is one of the boys at our school; his father is worth a great deal of money, but he is an ironmonger; so, as Charles is the only tradesman's son among us, all the boys

make game of him, and many will not keep him company; though, to say the truth, he is as genteel as any of us, and takes his learning as well."

"I am sorry," said Mrs. Mills, "to hear that you were capable of joining in such illiberal conduct: I know of no other distinction between the gentleman and the common man than that of the heart, manners, and understanding."

"Why, aunt," said William, "I own I have been sometimes ashamed, but at school one must do as the others do; the great boys lead, and the little ones follow."

"I am sorry to observe," said Mrs. Mills, "that you have betrayed a very cowardly spirit, in being afraid of resisting what you know to be wrong, merely because others were base, or weak enough to set you the example."

"But, aunt, if I had not joined in the laugh against Charles Franklin, I should have been laughed at myself."

"My dear William, never suffer a false sense of shame to deter you from doing
what

what you think to be right : This sort of compliance may lead you into the most dangerous errors. To-morrow, after dinner, I will illustrate my observation, by a story, which I think will afford you some entertainment."

" O," said Clara, " I am glad we shall have a story ; your stories, madam, are so interesting !"

" I am happy, my dear, they give you pleasure."

" But cannot we have it now, dear madam ?"

" It is nearly tea-time," replied Mrs. Mills.

" Very true," said William, " and we must not forget the microscope."

" Nor must I forget," returned Mrs. Mills, smiling, " that I have not yet heard Clara touch the piano forte."

" But the microscope, dear madam," said Clara, " I do so long to see it !"

" Nor am I less impatient," said William, " to hear the story."

" To-morrow," said Mrs. Mills, " will
be

be long enough for both ; we must not be prodigal of our pleasures.”

William and his sister were too sensible of their aunt's kindness to press her further ; and the tea things being removed, Clara, unasked, sat down to the piano. Though not a proficient, she played and sung prettily ; and, in the present instance, her readiness to oblige entirely covered the defects of her performance. Her aunt was extremely pleased, and with regret observed, at nine o'clock, that it was time to separate.

The next morning after breakfast, the young folks did not forget to remind their aunt of the microscope.

Mrs. Mills expressed her readiness to indulge their curiosity ; but added, that, if she might advise, a turn in the garden would be better, as the microscope would furnish entertainment when it was too sultry to walk.

The young folk immediately assented, and they all three took their way to the garden.

“ What

“What a beautiful shew of tulips!” said Clara; “I think I never saw greater variety, nor more brilliant colours!”

“But what do you think of my auriculas!” said Mrs. Mills, pointing to a beautiful assemblage on her left hand.

“O, they are charming!” exclaimed Clara.

“Do you think, aunt,” rejoined William, “that any other country besides England can shew such a number of beautiful flowers; there is no end of their variety.”

“It is certainly very great,” said Mrs. Mills; “but we must not forget that we are indebted to other climates for that beauty and variety?”

“How, aunt,” said William; “are not these flowers the growth of our own country?”

“They undoubtedly grow here,” said Mrs. Mills, “and, as you see, thrive; but no plant can properly be called the natural produce of a country that will not grow without the pains of culture, which you
know

know few of our vegetables or garden flowers will. For the auricula we are indebted to Caira; for the tulip to Capadocia, a province of Persia; the pink and carnation come from Italy; the lily from Syria; the tuberoſe from Java and Ceyland, iſlands in the Indian Ocean; and the delicate fragrant jeſſamine, which I am ſure we all admire, is a native of the Eaſt Indies. The ſun does not ſhine with ſufficient power and conſtancy in our climate, to produce ſuch brilliant colours and powerful odours."

"Well, aunt," ſaid William, "there is one thing, however, in which Old England I think may glory; and that is in her fields of corn; they are certainly her own."

"I ſee," ſaid Mrs. Mills, ſmiling, "that William is willing to ſtand up for the conſequence of his country; but, my dear fellow, rye and wheat grow wild in Tartary and Siberia, but require a deal of culture here; corn, therefore, cannot be the produce of England."

"Well,

“ Well, aunt,” said William, “ I am sure neither Tartary nor Siberia can shew finer fields of corn than we passed through yesterday.”

“ There I agree with you,” said Mrs. Mills; “ the soil of England is extremely well adapted to the culture of corn, which it produces in such abundance, as not only to supply its own inhabitants, but other countries, to which great quantities are yearly exported, as an article of commerce. Corn is nevertheless of foreign origin, as indeed are more of our vegetables and herbage. The colliflower comes from Cyprus, an island in the Levant; asparagus from Asia; sharlots from Siberia; and horse-radish from China. Lentils we owe to France, and kidney-beans to the East Indies; garlic also is produced naturally in that part of the world. When America was first discovered, which you know was in the year 1492 by Christopher Columbus, a number of plants and flowers were found there, till then unknown to the rest of Europe, to different parts of
which

which they have since been transplanted. We are obliged to Brazil, a province of South America, for that excellent and useful vegetable the potatoe."

"Well," said Clara, "I had no idea that all our vegetables and flowers came from foreign countries."

"The soil of each different country," resumed Mrs. Mills, "contains juices proper for the nourishment of the vegetables peculiar to it, and these, if deprived of such juices, will naturally wither and die."

"How is it then," interrupted William, "that we have pinks, roses, and all these beautiful flowers and good vegetables, if they will not grow any where but in their own soil?"

"I did not tell you," said Mrs. Mills, "that they would not grow any where but in their native soil, but that such juices were requisite to nourish them."

"Well," said William, "that is pretty nearly the same."

"No;" replied Mrs. Mills, "it alters the case very much;"

"You

“ You must remember, my dear boy, that it is possible for art to imitate nature ; this is the province of the gardner, who by a mixture of the different sorts of earth, clay, gravel, marl, chalk, &c. prepares a soil proper for the nourishment of the plant, or vegetable, he means to foster, and regulates the heat according to that which nature has made necessary to it ; and thus, as an ingenious author, who has, in part, furnished the information I have just given you, observes, by the industry of man, one country is made to contribute to the advantage of another.”

“ But how is it aunt,” said Clara, “ that we see so many different sorts of flowers grow out of the same bed ? from what you have said, I should suppose, the juices that were fit for one kind, would not be so for another.”

“ Every plant,” my dear Clara, “ replied Mrs. Mills, “ is capable of choosing for itself ; the wise author of nature has provided each with a set of vessels or fibres, that eagerly attract and admit those
juices

juices that are proper for its nurture, and reject all other.

“ These juices are set in motion by the air and heat, and circulate through the whole plant in the same manner as the blood does through our veins.”

“ Dear Madam,” said Clara, “ where can you possibly have learnt so many curious particulars ?”

“ From reading and observation, my dear, returned the lady, for which the country affords ample opportunity.”

“ I see, Madam,” said Clara, “ that it is possible to pass one’s time very agreeably in retirement ; when I came, I entertained different sentiments ; I thought it impossible to be amused without cards, and public diversions, but though I have been here only two days, I already see things in a very different light.”

“ My dear child,” said Mrs. Mills, “ you make me very happy ; be assured, nothing but habit, which will sometimes overcome nature, and eradicate the best principles, can induce us to fly for amusement,

ment, to such low irrational pleasures, while the glorious volume of nature is open to our perusal : but the sun grows powerful ; and you are, I doubt not, impatient to see the wonders my microscope will discover." Saying this, she took the path toward the house, and having conducted the young folks into a room, which she had previously prepared for their reception, she produced the wing of a butterfly, and having rubbed off some of the dust, desired the young folk would view it through the magnifying glass. They eagerly obeyed ; and with astonishment beheld that every grain of dust was a distinct feather !

They then examined the wing itself, and perceived, that when the dust was rubbed off, a thin skin only remained perforated, with little holes, the actual sockets, which contained the quills. " Well," said Clara, " this is indeed wonderful, I see the wing of a butterfly is as truly composed feathers as the wing of a bird."

" Equally so," said Mrs. Mills, " but I have more wonders to shew you. William,

lian, go to the window, and bring hither a dead fly."

"Ay," said Clara, "let us see what kind of figure it will make."

The fly was immediately put into the microscope.

"Dear," said Clara, looking attentively at it through the glass, "its wings are a fine net work, beautifully glazed!"

"But do you observe," said Mrs. Mills, "upon its head, two little immoveable crescents, shaped like a split pea, and upon these a number of minute eyes? each is furnished with a set of fibres or optic nerves."

"But I do not see," said William, who now put his eye to the glass, "the use of so many eyes."

"Other creatures," said Mrs. Mills, "can at pleasure, turn their eyes, to see when danger is at hand; but the fly's being fixed and immoveable, they are placed on a round surface, some low, others high, that she may discover when danger threatens her from above, below, or on either side. Take notice, also, of her bending claws, which

which are defended by sponges, probably to preserve their points, which would otherwise soon be impaired."

"I see them clearly, aunt," said William, "and is there not, beside, something like hair, at the end of her feet?"

"Yes," replied Mrs. Mills, "she makes use of it as a brush, to clean her wings, and eyes. I dare say, you have often seen her rub one paw against the others, draw them over her wings, and conclude by brushing her head."

"Yes," said William, "but who could have thought she was provided with a little brush, for the purpose?"

"Providence," said Mrs. Mills, "has provided the meanest creature with the means to render its existence comfortable. The trunk of the fly, is a very curious instrument, composed of two parts, which fold one over the other, and are both sheathed in her mouth, the end is sharp like a knife, and enables her to cut, when she eats; she likewise uses it as a pump for the drawing up of liquors."

Clara

Clara and her brother were extremely delighted with the wonders of the microscope, and Mrs. Mills assured them, they would find them inexhaustible. "A grain of sand, a drop of water, the minutest leaf," said she, "will furnish you with an ample field for speculation, and lead you to adore that Being, whose wisdom shines in the minutest of his works; the sting of a gnat, the point of which is scarcely discernible, in the finest microscope, is a case composed of long scales, one of which serves as a new case to the other three, which are sheltered in a long grove, have the sides sharpened like fine swords, and are beside barbed at the point."

"It is not surprising then," said Clara, "that it should give one so much pain; upon my word, by the description, it appears a formidable weapon."

"I will go and seek a gnat," interrupted William, "I should like to examine the sting."

Mrs. Mills prevented the execution of this design, by observing, that it was almost

most time to put an end to their speculations; beside, she added, this microscope would not, I fear, magnify sufficiently, to satisfy you of all the particulars I have described, which are, nevertheless, to be clearly discerned through a glass fitted to the purpose."

"Pray," said Clara, "what is this so curiously pinned to a piece of paper?"

"It is the wing of an earwig."

"Of an earwig!" said William, "why, earwigs have not wings."

"Indeed, they have," said Mrs. Mills, "and, as you see, very fine ones too."

"But, aunt," said William, "I have seen many earwigs, but I never observed that they had wings."

"Neither may you have observed that beetles have wings, yet it is no less certain that they have."

"How is it then," returned William, "that we do not see them?"

"Those insects," said Mrs. Mills, "whose wings are of such a delicate texture,

ture, that the least friction would tear them, have, as in the above instances, two strong scales, which they rise and fall like a pair of wings, but which are no more than a case to the real ones. The wing of the earwig is curiously folded beneath a little scale, and with the assistance of a fine pin, may readily be discovered."

Clara and her brother, reluctantly withdrew from a speculation that afforded them so much pleasure; but a recollection of the story, their aunt had promised to relate, prevented their soliciting a renewal of it that day; in the afternoon, therefore, Mrs. Mills read aloud

THE EXCURSION,

^

MORAL TALE.

" AT the close of a delightful summer, Mr. Weldon, a worthy clergyman, went into Lincolnshire to take possession of a small living, in the gift of Sir John Bentley; to whose notice his excellent character

racter

racter soon recommended him. Mr. Weldon had a wife, four daughters, and a son; with the latter of whom Sir John was so pleased, that he proposed, if it met his father's approbation, to educate him with his own son. The offer was too advantageous to be rejected, it was embraced with the warmest gratitude, and Charles, a few weeks after, having taken a tender farewell of his parents and sisters, set off with the son of his patron for a seminary some miles distant. Young Bentley was at this time nearly two years older than Charles, who had just entered his twelfth year; he was the sole surviving hope of his family, and from his cradle had been spoiled by flattery and indulgence; unaccustomed to restraint, his passions had gathered strength, and though he had naturally good sense, and a heart humane and affectionate, he seldom listened to the suggestions of these, but sacrificed every worthy principle to the whim that actuated him for the moment. He was, beside, turbulent and

G 2

haughty,

haughty, and a great share of obstinacy was visible in his disposition.

“ Charles, on the other hand, had an excellent heart, and an understanding capable of the highest improvement; but he had one failing, that constantly counteracted the good effect these would naturally have produced on his conduct; this was an easiness of temper, carried to such excess, that his conduct seemed rather to depend on those with whom he associated, than on the approbation of his own heart, or the principles instilled into him by his father.

“ He loved virtue, he detested vice, but he wanted resolution to maintain the one and to resist the other: He was continually entering into things that his heart disapproved, merely because he was unable to withstand the laugh, or resist the persuasions of his companions. This unfortunate pliability of temper, added to his sprightly good-humour, rendered Charles a favourite of young Bentley, and they soon became inseparable companions.

“ At

“ At the request of young Bentley, it was agreed that Charles should spend the vacation with him ; at the close of the year, therefore, the young folks set out together for Sir John’s house in London.

“ Edward, for that was young Bentley’s name, was received with the greatest joy and affection by his parents, who flattered themselves, he was greatly improved ; nor did they forget Charles, whose heart beat with gratitude and pleasure at the kind reception he experienced from his patron and Lady Bentley. The holidays seemed to communicate equal joy both to him and his friend, and for a week nothing but pleasure was thought on. Young Bentley had his little parties at home and abroad ; and Charles, unaccustomed to the gaiety that surrounded him, thought all happiness and enchantment. Ten days elapsed in this manner, when one morning, as he was entering a toy-shop to execute a commission his friend Edward had given him, his eye glanced upon features which seemed familiar to him. Curiosity induced him to

turn off the step, and follow the person who had thus transiently attracted his observation. It was a young woman, clean but meanly clothed, supported upon crutches; in her countenance disease and want were strongly pictured. Charles overtook her in an instant, and, as, with difficulty she dragged her weight along, wholly absorbed in her own misery, looked steadfastly upon her face. One while he thought himself mist ken; another that it was impossible for two faces so strongly to resemble each other; at length resolved to satisfy his doubts: "Catherine!" said he, in a tone of enquiry. The young woman looked up, and turning her hollow eyes upon Charles, in her turn, looked steadfastly on him, and exclaimed at last: "Gracious me! do I see Master Charles Weldon!"

"Ah; Catherine!" said Charles, kindly taking her by the hand, "I little thought to have seen you reduced to this miserable state!"

"You

“ You see, my good young master,” said the poor woman, “ what sickness and poverty can bring one to. Thank heaven I have little to reproach myself with. I am still honest, and as long as I was able, was glad to work: but it has pleased God, for some wise end, to afflict me, and I submit with patience.”

“ But where do you live, Catharine?” said Charles. “ Are you in place? Have you been long a cripple?”

“ You know, master Charles,” said Catherine, “ that I left my master’s, and came up to town, thinking to better myself; but I have repented it since. I soon got into place, indeed, and was liked very well by my master and mistress; but when I was seized with this rheumatism, and could no longer do their business, it was not to be expected they would keep me: So I took a lodging down the street, you see yonder, where, by degrees, I parted with all my cloaths to support myself. My mistress was, indeed, very kind, and gave me money at different

G 4

times;

times, but, as I was not able to work, it was soon gone. I have not a great stomach, master Charles, but indeed I have many times known a want of the little I could have eaten."

"Poor soul!" said Charles, his eyes filling with tears, "Why did you not let my father know of your distress? But is there no hope of your ever being restored to the use of your limbs?"

"None, sir," returned Catherine, "unless I could go to Bath: the charitable doctors who give me advice, say, that is the only thing that can restore me: but it is not for such a poor miserable creature, as I am, to think of so long a journey. Where should I find money to bear the expence!"

"How I wish," said Charles, "that it were in my power to assist you! How much money, do you think, would take you to Bath?"

"Ah! sir," said Catherine, "I am so helpless I could not attempt so long a journey with less than a guinea and a half:
for

for nobody you know, master Charles, in a strange place, would take me in, without I could first pay down the money for a lodging."

"And do you think," said Charles, "that a guinea and a half would do, Catherine?"

"Yes, sir," replied Catherine, "I could make that do very well. You must know, master Charles, there is a poor widow who lodges upon the same floor that I do: she has been very kind to me in my distress. God knows I must have starved if it had not been for her. She is now going to live with her daughter, who keeps a shop at Bath. To be sure I was very selfish; but indeed, master Charles, it almost broke my heart when I heard I was to lose her. It then came into my head, that if I could but raise a little money to bear the expences of the journey, I might go with her, and stand a chance of recovering the use of my poor limbs; and in case I was not so happy, I considered that, let the worst come to the
G 5 worst,

worst, I was as likely to get a little needle-work there as here. This made me very anxious to go: and, at last I took heart, and determined to ask my good mistress once more to stand my friend: But what do you think, sir, when I went to the house, I found the whole family in grief and confusion: My poor mistress, two days ago, suddenly dropt down dead. My last resource, therefore, has failed, and I am sensible that it is my duty to submit patiently to the will of my Creator."

"But your friend is not gone!" said Charles, eagerly.

"She sets out in the waggon to-morrow night," returned the poor woman, with a sigh.

The expressive eyes of Charles sparkled on this intelligence: "How happy am I," said he, "that I met you, and that it is in my power to assist you! Set your heart at rest, my good Catherine, you shall go with your friend—I have a guinea and a half—How rejoiced I am that
I fav-

I saved it!" Saying this, he put his hand to his pocket; but recollecting himself, "I have unluckily," he added, "changed my waistcoat this morning, and have not the money about me. I will step home for it now; or, if it will make no difference, bring it to you in the course of a few hours."

"Oh! my dear young master," said Catherine, "you are too good.—But your papa and mamma, will they give their consent?"——

"My father and mother," interrupted Charles, "are not in town; if they were, I know they would assist you more than I can.—As to the money I speak of, it is my own, and I may do as I like with it. I saved it to spend in presents for my sisters, when I returned into the country; but I know they will be better pleased to hear you have it, than with any present I could take them."

"And will you, indeed, be so generous?" said the poor woman, whose cheek was now flushed with hope, "will you

you be so generous to a poor creature, who can make you no return?"

"Say no more, my good Catherine," said Charles, "I am sure the pleasure I shall have in assisting you, will be greater than that you can conceive from the trifle it is in my power to appropriate to your use. Tell me your direction, and depend upon seeing me in a few hours."

"Ah! sir," said Catherine, "God, who has sent you to my relief, will not suffer your goodness to go unrewarded." Then having pointed out to him the house where she lived, she added, a thousand blessings go with you; and Charles having bid her farewell, was returning to the toy-shop, when stepping back a few paces, "you appear to walk in great pain, Catherine," said he, "let me guide you over this crossway; rest upon my arm—there, do not hurry yourself."

"Oh! how good you are, master Charles," said Catherine,—“there are few young gentlemen like you.”

“Nay,” said Charles, “there is
surely

surely nothing singular in being commonly humane, and wishing to take care of one who has so often guided and taken care of me."—Then having conducted her to the end of the street where she lived, he added, "good bye, Catherine, depend upon seeing me before night."

Charles now, in reality, repaired to the toy-shop, where having executed his friend's commission, he returned home.

"Charles, my boy," said Edward, upon his entrance, "I have just hit on an excellent scheme!"

"Have you," replied Charles, who was always happy when his friend was pleased: "what is it?"

"Why," said Edward, "you know my father and mother went out early this morning: they are sent for to a friend who is sick, ten or fifteen miles off; so we may be sure they will not return till late in the evening."

"And what then?"

"It

“ It has just come into my head, Charles, that we may have a nice canter.”

“ A canter ?”

“ Yes,” returned the young gentleman, “ Lightfoot, my papa’s hunter, is in the stable : I can ride him, and you can have the little black poney. Nothing could have happened more lucky ; there is a review at Blackheath ; it will be a nice ride : and”——

“ But have you asked leave, Edward ?” interrupted Charles.

“ That would have been to no purpose,” returned the young gentleman ; “ you know my mother would have been frightened out of her wits at the thought of my mounting Lightfoot.”

“ Then how can you think of such a thing,” said Charles ; “ besides, I now recollect hearing Sir John and my lady both desire you would stay at home to be ready for Mr. Mason, the miniature painter, who, you know, is this afternoon to take your picture. I am sure they would
be

be extremely displeas'd were you to be out of the way."

"There now," said Edward, "I knew you would raise some objection: I never set on foot any thing that you do not oppose."

"You do me great injustice, Edward," returned Charles; "you know I am never so happy as when I can oblige you; but I love you too well, not to tell you when I see you do wrong; and, indeed Edward, you are much to blame to think of going out after the strict charge Sir John and my lady gave you to the contrary; and to take Lightfoot will make it ten times worse. You say your mother would be frightened out of her wits were she to know you mounted him—What do you think she will say, when she hears of your disobedience?"

"She will know nothing of the matter," said Edward; "we shall be home long enough before she, or my father, or even the painter comes, and I warrant I will stop George's mouth: he will go
with

with us, and will not blab for his own sake."

"You have very indulgent parents, Edward," said Charles; "and there is something very mean in betraying their confidence; and then to draw the servant in"——

"I think," returned Edward, somewhat piqued at his friend's freedom, "that I know my duty as well as yourself. Was it any thing of consequence, I should be as scrupulous, for I think I love my father as well as you do your's."

"I do not dispute that," said Charles; "nor mean, my dear Edward, to offend you; but merely to prevail upon you to give up this foolish scheme. There will probably be another review before the holidays are over, and then, I dare say, your father will not have any objection to take you to it; but were you now to go, your pleasure would be interrupted by the recollection that you are doing wrong, and the fear of being found out. You may meet somebody you know; or twen-

ty

ty things that you do not think of may happen to discover it to Sir John."

"What a coward you are, Charles," returned Edward; "you have no spirit, you are such a chicken-hearted fellow"—

"I have spirit enough, Edward, when I know my cause is good"—

"Well," interrupted the young gentleman, "I am sure this is not a bad cause: as I told you before, if it was a matter of consequence, I should be more scrupulous; but what harm can there be in taking Lightfoot for a few hours? You know I have rode Mr. Shepherd's black Cæsar before now, and I am sure he had spirit enough."

"You are deceiving your parents, Edward," returned Charles, "and you must allow there is harm in that; but it does not signify arguing, if you are bent upon going, I cannot prevent you; but I assure you I shall, on no account whatever, think of going with you."

"Nay, now, my dear Charles," said Edward, "I do not often ask a favour of
you

you—Do oblige me this once—I will never again, I promise, desire you to do a thing without my father's knowledge."

"This is always the way," returned Charles; "you know it hurts me to refuse any request you make, and you take advantage of my weakness. You have drawn me into many things against my inclination, but I am determined not to be prevailed upon in this: it is such a wicked thing to deceive your parents, and to draw the servants in to tell lies—I am surpris'd you can think of it."

"There will be no occasion," returned Edward, "to tell any lies; we shall be back long enough before either my father or mother returns. Now, Charles, I have done many things to oblige you; do not deny me such a trifle: There will be no other review before we go to school, and I have set my heart upon seeing one."

"Say no more, my dear Edward, you know it distresses me to disoblige you; but indeed I cannot countenance you in
such

such a bad action: Do, let me entreat you, think no more of this wicked scheme."

"Look you, Charles," said Edward, "all you can say will be to no purpose: I am determined to see the review, whether you go or not; so it will make no difference in that respect, only I shall in future know how far I ought to rely on your friendship: As long as you can keep your own neck out of the noose, you do not care what becomes of me."

This last observation piqued the pride, and wounded the friendship of our hero, who began to utter his refusals with less confidence. Edward perceived it, and continued to solicit, till Charles, notwithstanding all he had said, was weak enough to be overcome, and actually consented to accompany him.

George, the stable-boy, was prevailed upon, with a bribe of half a crown, to attend them, and to keep the secret, and our two young gentlemen, the one on Lightfoot, and the other on the black poney, set forward on their imprudent expedition.

pedition. Edward, who, no more than his friend, had been much accustomed to ride on horseback, though extremely elated with his station, found some difficulty in keeping it; Lightfoot being a very mettlesome horse, and not much accustomed to the tight-rein; however, by the directions of George, he managed to keep his seat, and arrived in high spirits at Blackheath. But here a disappointment awaited them; the review they understood was deferred, owing to the indisposition of some of the Royal Family, who were to be present. Edward was much disconcerted; as also was his companion, who, notwithstanding the uneasy sensations he felt from acting so contrary to his principles, would not have been displeas'd, as he had gone thus far, to behold an exhibition entirely new to him; but they were fain to submit.

“ Well,” said Edward, having commented on their ill-luck, “ we will not come thus far for nothing: George, do you think you cannot find a house where we may have some refreshment?”

“ Yes,

“ Yes, Sir,” replied George ; “ there is one juſt acroſs the Heath, beyond that clump of trees, where any thing may be had, if you have money.”

“ Yes, yes,” ſaid Edward, “ I will find money.” Saying this, he gave Lightfoot a touch with the whip, and away they all went. “ Well,” ſaid Edward, recovering his ſpirits, which the diſappointment had ſomewhat damped, “ this is delightful ! I am glad we came ; it is worth ſomething to ride Lightfoot. Charles could not forbear thinking the pleaſure was purchaſed very dearly, and was going to reply, when Edward exclaimed, upon ſeeing two youths advance, “ I do think here is Maſter Jones, the ſon of one of my father’s tenants ! How do you do, my dear William,” ſaid he, finding he was not miſtaken, “ what can have brought you here ?”

Maſter Jones enquired reſpectfully after Sir John and Lady Bentley, and replied, that he was at ſchool at Lewiſham.

“ But

“ But it is holiday time,” said Edward.

“ My father,” returned Master Jones, “ lives so far off, that I have holidays only once a year.”

“ Well,” said Edward, “ I am delighted to have met you. We came to see the review, but finding it is put off, are going to take some refreshment. You and this young gentleman shall go with us—I insist upon it.”

“ We are much obliged to you, Master Bentley,” returned the young gentleman, “ but we cannot stay without our Master’s knowledge; we came out merely for a walk.”

“ My servant,” said Edward, “ shall go, and say where you are; and then, I dare say, he will not be angry.”

The young gentleman readily, upon these conditions, consented, and George was dispatched to Lewisham, while our party, highly pleased with their rencounter proceeded across the heath. Edward, who now felt himself of great consequence, alighted at the inn, and giving his horse

to

to the care of the hostler, entered with an air of importance, ordered a fire to be lighted in the best room, and something to be dressed as expeditiously as possible for dinner. These orders were presently executed, and the young gentlemen, mutually pleased with each other, set down to a couple of fine fowls and custards. The cloth being removed, Charles took an opportunity of reminding his friend, that it would be prudent to think of returning; but Edward declared, he was determined to make out the day, for he knew his father and mother would not return till late in the evening, and as to the painter he might go to the devil.

Charles was going to expostulate, but Edward, turning to his new companions, "What say you, my boys," said he, "to a game at cards?"

All, but Charles, seemed highly to approve the motion; but he, sensible of the imprudence, once more drew his friend aside to expostulate: Indeed, Edward, said he, you had better not set
down

down to cards, you know, how time passes, we had better go home: For my part, I have had no peace since I have been out, and I am sure, I shall have none till I get home.

“ You are a cowardly fellow,” said Edward, “ I tell you, there is plenty of time, we shall be home long enough before my father and mother.”

Saying this, he broke from Charles, and calling for cards, began to settle the preliminaries of the game.

“ For my part,” said Charles, “ I would prefer to set by, and look on; you know, Edward, I am not very partial to cards, and you are going to play higher than I can afford.”

“ What a stingy fellow you are, Charles,” said Edward, “ to be afraid of losing your money.”

“ I am not stingy,” returned Charles, “ but I should be sorry to loose more money than I could pay.”

“ O, never fear,” replied Edward, “ I will help you out; but I know you will win.”

“ I neither

“ I neither wish to win nor lose,” said Charles ; “, but, unable to withstand the half smile of ridicule, which he observed on the faces of his companions, he sat down with the rest, though it was to stake part of the money he had appropriated to the necessities of poor Catherine. At first he won, but, as is generally the case, his fortune, at length, took a turn, and he not only lost all he had gained, but a considerable part of the money he had promised to poor Catherine : this thought made him desperate ; in proportion as he lost, his eagerness to continue the game increased : his life or death seemed attached to every card : he no longer watched the sun, nor perceived that it declined fast towards the west : regardless of the consequences, he thought only of prolonging the game, in hope of recovering the money he had lost, and which he considered the property of another.”

Master Jones and his friend, however, seeing the evening come on apace, at length, took their leave ; declaring they

H

dared

dared not stay any longer, and Edward himself thought it necessary to call for the bill: contrary to his expectation, it amounted to more than his pocket would discharge. In this dilemma, he applied to his friend Charles, who, with a pang not to be expressed, but certainly not more severe than his imprudence deserved, disbursed the last remaining seven shillings of the guinea and a half he had so faithfully promised, before night, to carry to poor Catherine! As for Edward, as long he had it, it signified nothing to him where it came from, he paid the reckoning, and mounting his horse, thought only of getting home as fast as possible. Charles, also, once more ascended the black poney, and, with a heavy heart, followed his friend. Though inexcusably imprudent, he had not an unfeeling heart; the thought, therefore, of disappointing the poor creature, to whom he had given hopes, and who looked up to him as her only resource, filled his mind with unspeakable anguish, and he continued his way, absorbed in the most gloomy reflections,

reflections, till roused by his companion, who suddenly checked his horse, and exclaimed, "O heaven, Charles! what will become of me? I have lost my father's diamond ring!"

This was like a thunder-bolt to Charles; he was willing to hope, he had not heard right; till his friend added, "fly George, fly, see if it be not left at the inn."

George needed not this command to be repeated, he spurred his horse, and was out of sight in an instant.

"Feel in your waistcoat pocket," said Charles, "perhaps it may luckily have fallen from your finger there."

"No," returned Edward, "it is certainly lost, unless you have picked it up."

"I!" said Charles, "I never saw it but upon your hand at dinner, and I thought more than once to ask, whether Sir John, or my lady, had given it you."

"No," said Edward, "I saw it just before we set out lie upon my mother's dressing table, and it unluckily came into my head that I would put it on."

“ How could you be so imprudent !”
said Charles.

“ Indeed,” returned Edward, “ I cannot tell what possessed me, nothing could ever be so unlucky, I never in my life before thought of such a thing—Dear, what a time George stays ! one might have been twice there and back before now—let us go and meet him—O here he is.”

By this time George was come up, and his sorrowful countenance bore sufficient testimony to the ill success of his embassy : the ring was not to be found.

The reader may easily form an idea of the distress of the whole party upon this confirmation of their misfortune : Edward who, on every occasion, was accustomed to follow the bent of his passions, was quite frantic, and declared that he dared not see his father without the ring, which he knew he particularly valued, on account of its once belonging to his grand-mother. Charles’s feelings were not less acute, though, unwilling to add to the distress of his friend,

friend, he confined them within his own breast: George, too, was not the least affected upon this occasion; sensible that the blame would fall heavy upon him for taking the horses out without Sir John's orders, he was equally alarmed at an event that threatened a discovery, and ventured to reprove his young master: "La! fir," said he, "how could you think of taking my master's ring! what shall we do—I am sure I shall lose my place; and that will be very hard for my good-nature—if it had not been for the ring,"——

"Well," interrupted the young gentleman, impatiently, "talking is of no use now; the ring is lost, and there is an end of it."

A silence of some minutes now ensued, and our travellers, with a slow pace, proceeded homeward; each reflecting with bitterness on the share he had in the adventure. As for Charles, this unexpected misfortune had entirely banished all thoughts of poor Catherine, and the resentment of his patron was the only object that now presented itself to his mind.

Edward, in the mean while, who had been revolving all the circumstances in his mind, at length broke silence : “ I tell you what, Charles,” said he, “ the best way to get out of the scrape, will be to deny that we know any thing of the ring.”

“ To deny it !” said Charles, with astonishment ; “ to deny it ! can you think of such a thing ?”

“ Why,” returned Edward, “ I am sure, if my father knows the ring is lost, I shall never hear the last of it.”

“ But what can be so bad,” said Charles, “ as the standing in such a falsehood ? you said, when you prevailed on me to come with you on this imprudent excursion, that, were it a matter of consequence, you would be more scrupulous in deceiving your father”—

“ Well, well,” interrupted Edward, impatiently, “ to be sure I did so ; but I did not then think I should ever have been in such a scrape ; desperate diseases require desperate remedies—and my father’s
knowing

knowing who lost the ring, will not bring it back."

"Very true, master Edward," said George, "and if he knows about the ring, all must come out, and I shall lose my place, which will be very hard for my good-nature; for you know, Master Edward, I did it all purely to oblige you."

"You are very wrong George," said Charles, "to encourage Master Edward, in any thing so wicked; we have certainly all done wrong, but let us not attempt to excuse one fault by committing a greater: The only thing we can do now, is to confess all, and submit to what punishment Sir John thinks fit to inflict. I assure you, Edward, I will not assent to such a falsehood."

"Well," returned Edward, "if it will give you pleasure to make a breach between my father and I—if—"

"I am certain," interrupted Charles, "that you have a father too indulgent to be in any fear of that sort; though he

will, no doubt, be displeas'd, he will not be irreconcilable."

" I know my father," returned the young gentleman, " better than you do; he is very indulgent, when I do nothing to displease him, but if I do, he is very passionate, and I know will punish me with the greatest severity; but I see it will give you pleasure to make me miserable."

" Nay," said Charles, " you know I incur the same danger as you: the resentment of Sir John will fall equally upon me; but I assure you, I would rather suffer every thing than tell such an unpardonable falsehood."

" As you are so very conscientious, Charles," said Edward, " there is one way that you may oblige me, and yet avoid telling a lie: you know the ring was never off my finger, so you may safely say, when my father asks you, that you never *touch'd* it, that will not be a lie."

" My dear Edward," said Charles, " an equivocation is the very first species of lying; because, as my father has often told

told me, it is covering falsehood with the most plausible resemblance of truth : however, we may flatter ourselves, he used to say, that we do not incur the displeasure of God by this sort of play upon words; the lie is already formed in our heart, upon which he looketh, and equivocation is only a more specious method of imposing it upon others. It is true, according to the literal sense of the word, I might safely tell Sir John, I did not *touch* the ring; but if by this, I mean to convey that I know nothing of it, I am equally a liar, as if the same idea were conveyed in different words."

"Well," said Edward, impatiently, "it is not a time to preach now : I see you are determined not to oblige me—but I know the reason : you said no longer ago than yesterday, that you had forgot all past differences, but I see now that you are glad to retaliate, and would rather get into a scrape yourself, than not be revenged."

This was a turn Charles little expected; he indeed repeatedly suffered from the turbulent and arbitrary temper of Edward; but such was the affection he entertained for him, that a kind look, a word of concession, was ever sufficient to efface from his mind every trace of resentment or displeasure; he was, therefore, inexpressibly hurt that his friend should suspect that he was actuated by so mean a motive, and endeavoured to convince him that he acted from a disinterested regard to truth, which he had been taught to venerate as the basis of every virtue. Edward, who was not without art, perceiving his suspicions touched him to the quick, pretended to be but the more confirmed in them, thinking it would be the most effectual means to attain his ends.

“Yes, yes,” said he, “I see you are glad to retaliate; I relied too much on your professions: It is true, I may not be able to boast of a temper, at all times, so equal as yours; but Charles could not seriously
have

have asked a favour, that I could have refused: my temper may be warm, perhaps violent, but I am equally warm in my attachments, I cannot be a cool friend."

"I am not a cool friend," replied Charles, with tears in his eyes, "I am sure, Edward, you never found me so: try my friendship in any thing that will render you a real service, and you shall see with what readiness I will prove it, at all hazards."

"O!" said Edward, with a sneer, "it is easy to be bold when danger is afar off: I ask the proof now, and from henceforth shall know the value I ought to set on your friendship."

"What would you have me do?" said Charles, who was weak enough to be moved by his friend's pretended suspicions; "'tis true, it is not the first time, I have been so weak as to be prevailed upon by your entreaties, to enter into things that I knew were wrong; but this is of such serious consequence, indeed, I cannot; beside,

when we have told this falsehood, do you suppose your father will believe we know nothing of the ring ?”

“O !” said Edward, “ ’tis a hundred to one if he misses it ; he does not wear it once in seven years : he will think it has been swept away, or that he has lost it off his finger ; for I heard him say, the last time he wore it, it was so large he could scarcely keep it on ; but, however, if your friendship will not suffer you to make so small a sacrifice—I can only say, it cannot be very strong, and that I shall, in future, know how to value it.”

Charles really entertained the sincerest friendship for the son of his patron ; this was piqued by the pretended suspicions of the artful boy ; who, observing that he began to utter his refusals with a less resolute tone of voice, took advantage of his weakness, and by dints of entreaties and tears, though he did not convince his reason, worked so far upon his affection, that, in the end, his integrity gave way, and I am ashamed to say, he consented to
connive

connive at the falsehood his friend had projected.

The reader will judge, that the uneasiness of the whole party encreased the nearer they drew toward home; the day had for some time closed, and they were alarmed, lest Sir John and his lady were returned: However, their fears on this head, were soon dissipated, neither of them were at home, and Edward learnt, with great satisfaction, that the portrait painter had sent to put off his attendance till the next day: he exulted extremely upon the occasion, and so far recovered his spirits, as to banter Charles a great deal upon his cowardice. "I told you," said he, "we should come off safe; I dare say, my father will not be at home this hour." He was however deceived in his calculation; for Sir John and Lady Bentley arrived within a quarter of an hour: Charles, who was but young in the art of deceiving, sickened at the thought of meeting Sir John; he, therefore, took the first opportunity of sneaking to his chamber, where, with
grief

grief and vexation, he called to mind all the events of the day. From the excursion to Blackheath, he reflected on the loss of the ring, and not with less bitterness on the loss of his money: The situation of poor Catherine returned fresh to his remembrance: "I am the only friend," said he, "to whom she can look in her distress: I have pledged myself to assist her: she is, without doubt, now listening anxiously to every foot, in hopes 'tis mine. What a disappointment, when she finds I do not come! What a wretch I must appear! Who knows, perhaps she may think I meant to make a jest of her misfortunes. I have heard of such things; and all this is through my own folly; what occasion had I to play at cards with money that was not my own? for it certainly was not, when I had promised it to another person. What can I do? if I could but borrow the money! but it is vain to think of that, for I know Edward has not a sixpence left. What can I do?—If I could but think of a way to raise it! if I had but any
thing

thing I could sell for the money—my watch—but that will be missed directly; and besides, where can I sell it—I suppose it is not customary for shop-keepers to purchase such things—and yet poor Catherine, one would almost hazard every thing to keep one's word.—It is so shameful, so inhuman, to give her hopes, and then disappoint them. But what will Sir John say, when he sees me without the watch he so generously gave me? What can I say? he will certainly miss it—suppose I have sent it to be mended—but that will be a falsehood—I am already involved in one—I am grown very wicked! what would my father say! And yet poor Catherine! The watch, I am sure, cost four guineas—if I could sell it for two, I could keep my word, and at least ease my mind of one burthen—I am almost tempted; the holidays are now nearly half elapsed: Sir John may not miss the watch—and then, I will save every farthing I get for pocket money, to replace it before the next—I will get up early to-morrow morning,

ing, and go into the first watch-makers I come to; if I can sell it, I will—I must not think of the consequences—I am very miserable, one would hardly think how many faults one false step leads one to commit! There is Sir John's ring—but I will think no more, I have promised Edward, and I must keep my word." Saying this, Charles undressed himself, and went to bed, but the anxiety of his mind kept him long awake, the night was far spent before he fell asleep. Morning renewed his cares, and he began afresh to revolve the project of the watch—sometimes he thought of going to Catherine and acknowledging the truth, but this measure his pride forbid—then he thought of writing, but that was as irksome—in short, reflection only involved him in fresh perplexity; the watch was at last doomed, and Charles repaired with it to a shop; where, with a confusion that did not escape observation, he offered to sell it. The watch-maker, having looked attentively on Charles, and then on the watch, asked what he demanded.

manded." Charles replied, " that he thought it worth three guineas ; but was very glad to take two and half, which the shop-keeper offered. With this, he hastened to Catherine ; and putting a guinea and a half into her hand, " There, Catherine," said he, " is the money ; I am sorry I disappointed you last night, but I could not help it."

Poor Catherine's eyes sparkled with joy ; she called him her preserver—her good angel, and could not find words to express her gratitude.

" I hope," said Charles, " that it will answer the purpose you wish, and that it may please God to restore you." Then, disengaging himself as soon as possible, he proceeded homeward. The happiness he had communicated to poor Catherine conveyed such joy to his heart, that for a time he seemed to forget the means he had taken to procure it, as also the disagreeable business in which he was involved with Edward. He sauntered on, enjoying the coolness of the morning, till, in
passing

passing a shop-window, his eye was insensibly attracted by the prettiest etui he had ever seen.

“What a charming present,” said Charles, “that would be for my mother! if I had but money to purchase it: but there is the vexation,” continued he, with a sigh, “without money, one cannot come at any thing.” Then Charles began to think of the guinea that remained of the sum he had gained for the watch: This he had firmly resolved to hoard carefully, and to add to it every penny he could get, till he had accumulated sufficient to replace Sir John’s present; nevertheless he was tempted to go in and ask the price of the etui. It was eight shillings: Charles thought it too much; but when the shopkeeper assured him it was a very great bargain, and shewed him others of higher price, which, in his opinion, were not half so pretty, his resolution was shaken; he began to reflect that it would not be so very difficult to raise the value of the watch he wished to replace, even though he should

should purchase the etui: "In a few days," said he, "I shall visit my god-mother, who never fails to make me a present; and Sir John, I am certain, will not suffer me to leave town without marks of his generosity; then there will be my weekly allowance, I can save that." In short, he purchased the etui: and, while the shopkeeper was counting out the change, his eye was unfortunately caught by a pretty little netting-case. His sister Mary, who was a great netter, immediately was present to his mind; it was impossible to resist—the netting-case was purchased; but Charles would not have left the shop quite penniless, had not a small pocket-case of instruments for drawing attracted his notice. This could not be resisted; it was so small—so neat—so compact—the very thing he wanted. The watch was for the moment forgotten, and the case of instruments added to the etui and netting-case.

"Though Sir John Bentley possessed one of the most humane and benevolent hearts in the world, his manners were
austere

austere and reserved. It so happened, that on this morning, upon the appearance of Charles at the breakfast-table, he addressed him with a greater share of complacency than usual: such, is the effect of guilt, that Charles could not summon resolution to look his benefactor in the face: Every kind word Sir John addressed to him, seemed a reproach to his dissimulation; every time he met his eye, it seemed to penetrate into his inmost thoughts. As for Edward, who was more hardened in vice, his feelings were less susceptible: he exulted mightily in the thought of having so cleverly tricked his father: the ring indeed sometimes gave him uneasiness, but then it was for fear the truth, by some unlucky accident, should be discovered; as long as it remained concealed, he was happy; if it is possible for guilt to be so.

“ Things remained in this state three days, during which time Charles heartily repented his imprudence, but foolishly thought that he had gone too far to retract: his conscience continually upbraided him
with

with his conduct, and he was in hourly fear of being interrogated concerning the ring or the watch, which last he resolved to say he had sent to the watchmakers to be set to rights. The dreadful moment, however, at length arrived; Charles was sent for into the study of Sir John, which he entered with a beating heart, though with more confidence than usual. Let the reader judge how every fear was awakened, when he perceived there the very man to whom he had sold the watch, and the identical watch in the hand of Sir John! The person to whom Charles had sold the watch was the very same of whom Sir John had purchased it. The watchmaker knew the watch, and observing the confusion of Charles, whom he had frequently observed pass his shop, in company with Master Bentley, when he offered it to sale, suspected something more was in the matter than Sir John knew: unwilling, however, to proceed on uncertain grounds, he resolved to pay the price, and keep the watch till he had an audience with Sir John, who, the
reader

reader will conclude, was much surpris'd at the unfolding of the affair. The first question that naturally arose from the subject, when the culprit appeared before him, was the cause of a proceeding so extraordinary? Charles could make no reply, but shame and confusion were strongly pictured in his countenance. Sir John repeated the question, but Charles was still silent; the fear of bringing Catherine into trouble for having received such a sum, without the knowledge of his parents or patron, made him prefer any subterfuge to that noble candour, which alone could have excused his errors. Being no longer able to oppose silence to the repeated interrogations of Sir John, he replied, "That he met a poor woman in the street, and that he had assisted her with part of the money." "But," replied Sir John, "three days ago you had, to my knowledge, a guinea and a half in your purse; you could therefore have followed the dictates of humanity, without making such a sacrifice: What did you do with that money?" This was a question

question Charles did not expect, and was unprepared to answer, without divulging the expedition to Blackheath. He hesitated—he did not know what to say—and at last produced the etui, the case of instruments, and the netting-box.

“ Sir John was extremely displeas’d: “ I fear, Charles,” said he, “ I have been deceiv’d in the opinion I first form’d of you; for a boy who can, unpress’d by necessity, proceed to such lengths, must necessarily be unbounded in his desires, and consequently unworthy my countenance and protection.”

“ Charles threw himself at the feet of his benefactor, and entreated to be forgiven; but Sir John, highly insens’d at his conduct, left the room with indignation, and from that time behav’d towards Charles with a coolness and reserve that wounded him in the tenderest part; as it convinc’d him he had entirely lost the confidence and good opinion of his patron. Nor was this all; the story of the watch was circulat’d throughout the whole house, and

and indeed the whole neighbourhood: every one censured him; every one exclaimed against his ingratitude, in setting so little value upon a watch, the gift of his benefactor; and suspected, as he had discovered such a want of principle in one instance, that other faults of the same nature remained behind, yet undiscovered. Charles now sincerely repented his folly, but was still weak enough to believe he had gone too far to retract. All he had courage to do was, repeatedly, to solicit Edward to acknowledge the expedition to Blackheath, and its consequences respecting the ring; but Edward, encouraged by its remaining so long concealed, was deaf to his entreaties; and, to confess the truth, Charles himself was so much intimidated, by the disgrace he had already suffered, that he had not courage to press his friend home to a confession, which he was sensible must involve him in further. A fortnight elapsed before the dreadful time of enquiry arrived; but the ring was
then

then missed, the servants interrogated, and every corner of the house searched.

“ The question of enquiry was then put to our two young gentlemen : Edward, I am shocked to relate, declared with a firm voice and unblushing cheek, that he had not seen the ring, nor knew even the place where it was kept. Charles did the same ; but that agitation, which will ever be the attendant on guilt, where the heart is not wholly corrupt, joined to the ill opinion entertained of him on account of his late disgrace, conspired to fix the suspicions on him. Sir John, judging from the affair of the watch, was persuaded he had either lost or sold the ring ; and having in vain endeavoured to draw from him the truth, confined him to his chamber, with orders that he should have no other food than bread and water till he confessed. Edward’s fears were, upon this occasion, seriously awakened : he doubted not but Charles would now be brought to discover the whole, and repented having so strenuously denied the truth, which he was sensible

fible would incense his father more than the fault itself : he resolved, therefore, to exert the influence he well knew he possessed over his friend, to prevent the consequences he so much dreaded. With this view, he went to him ; and having condoled with him on his disgrace, assured him, if he could have thought his father would have laid the blame on him, he would have confessed the truth at first ; but he added, that now he had so strenuously denied it, he could not recant, without incensing his father to the last degree. By these artful apologies, he so far won upon Charles, that he was weak enough to persist in the falsehood, the discovery of which, Edward artfully hinted, would not only ruin him, and more deeply involve himself, but also ruin poor George, who had acted entirely from his persuasions.

“ In the mean while, Sir John having advertised the ring in the public papers, without success, fully convinced that
Charles

Charles was no stranger to its fate, resolved, since neither the punishment he had inflicted, nor the entreaties he used, would induce him to discover the truth, to try what effect the disgrace of being dismissed his family would produce; a measure which he adopted the more readily, as the conduct of Charles, in this instance and in that of the watch, made him appear by no means a proper companion for his son.

“ Words cannot describe the feelings of Charles upon this occasion: the thought of being thus shamefully dismissed the family of his patron operated so forcibly on his mind, that he resolved, let the consequence be what it would, to confess every thing. He was making his way with this design to Sir John’s study, when, in crossing the hall, he unfortunately encountered Edward, who stopped to enquire whither he was going in such haste? Charles, with a sorrowful countenance, owned, that, unable longer to support the displeasure of

I 2

Sir

Sir John, he was actually going to confess the truth.

“ Edward, much alarmed at this intelligence, by his tears and entreaties, once more shook the resolution of his friend. He entreated him, for his sake, to be silent, at least for the present; assuring him that he would endeavour to soften the resentment of his father, and at a proper opportunity acknowledge the truth. Charles was as usual softened—he wept—he expostulated—but in the end yielded; and, with an aching heart, set out a few hours after in the stage coach for the peaceful mansion of his father, at which he arrived toward evening the ensuing day.

“ How delicious would have been the embraces of his honoured parents—his beloved sisters—had Charles been conscious of deserving them! but guilt can poison the purest pleasures.

“ Mr. and Mrs. Weldon, alarmed at the settled gloom that appeared on the countenance of their son, enquired earnestly after the health and welfare of the family
he

he had left, and were much relieved when assured they were well: but when Charles, bursting into tears, delivered a letter, with which he was charged by Sir John, a thousand alarming conjectures were in an instant formed. Among them, the misconduct of their beloved Charles never once occurred. Let the reader then judge what they felt, when informed it had been such, That, for the sake of his son's *morals*, Sir John could no longer think of continuing Charles at the same school; though, to soften the stroke, he added, he would defray the expence of his education, at any other his father should chuse.

“ Mr. Weldon read this letter, with an emotion better felt than described. Had Charles lost the countenance of his patron upon any other occasion, he could have borne it with fortitude; but this baffled all his philosophy: he threw himself into a chair, pale and trembling, and bending an eye of enquiry on his son, seemed to demand the explanation he wished, yet dreaded to hear.

“ Charles, when he left London, had, by the advice of Edward, formed the resolution of keeping the truth concealed from his family ; but though he had withstood the reproaches of his conscience, and the disgrace of being dismissed the family of his patron, he could not the distress of his father : he threw himself in an agony at his feet, embraced his knees, and as distinctly as the agitation of his mind would permit, gave a detail of the unfortunate expedition to Blackheath, with all its attendant consequences.

“ Unhappy boy,” said Mr. Weldon, having listened attentively to the detail, “ the flexibility of your temper has undone you. Into what a labyrinth of disgrace has it not plunged you !”

“ O father,” said Charles, in a voice interrupted by tears, “ I see my errors ; but it is now too late : I have lost the favour of Sir John—disgraced myself in the opinion of every one—made you miserable—.” He could say no more.

“ Mr.

“ Mr. Weldon perceived, and even pitied his anguish;” you have indeed, my child, said he, “ done all this : it remains only now, to make all the reparation in your power : Sir John must immediately be acquainted with the truth ; the post sets out——”

“ O father,” interrupted Charles, “ indeed I cannot acquaint Sir John—I have promised Edward—I have suffered a great deal for his sake—and after all, to betray him ! indeed, father, I cannot.”

“ Truth,” said Mr. Weldon, “ is the only reparation you can now make, and you owe it equally to Sir John—your friend Edward—and yourself.”——

“ Edward,” said Charles, “ would, I am sure, never forgive me ! he has denied it so often to Sir John—it would so expose him.”——

“ If Edward,” said Mr. Weldon, “ succeeds in concealing this fault, it will encourage him to commit greater ; from one step he will proceed to another, till, in the end, he will not stop at the worst of

crimes. Would you, Charles, to save your friend a momentary chagrine, expose him to a serious evil?"

"I am sure, father," replied Charles, "if Edward has suffered the tenth part of what I have, he will never more be guilty of a falsehood—if I had but confessed the truth before I left London, I should have been happy—but now, indeed, father, I cannot; it will appear just as if I left Edward to bear the whole weight of Sir John's displeasure, and had neither courage nor friendship to share it with him."

"I will not say," replied Mr. Weldon, "that it may not have that appearance, but the mortification you may suffer, on this, and every other point, is a just punishment for the obstinacy with which you persisted in the falsehood you had once told."

"But Father,"——

"Say no more," said Mr. Weldon, "in a tone of authority, that had never yet failed to excite the obedience of his son, no time is now to be lost; the post sets

sets out at nine, and truth, as I observed before, is the only attonement you can now make for your past errors."

"Charles ventured not to reply; he followed his father in silence to the study, where, being furnished with pen and ink, he sat down, and with a trembling hand, wrote a circumstantial account of the train of events, that had brought on his present disgrace; generously taking every opportunity in the course of the narrative, to palliate, (though frequently at his own expence,) the faults of his friend. This letter was immediately dispatched to Sir John, and Charles, though in other respects, eased of a burden that had long oppressed his heart, was for a week, on Edward's account, a prey to very painful sensations: at length, one day, as he stood at a window that looked into the road, he saw a coach, which he knew to be that of his benefactor, draw up to the gate. Sir John alighted, followed by his son, and was received by Mr. Weldon and his Lady, with every mark of respect and

15

friendship,

friendship, though the recollection of their son's disgrace, gave a check to that cheerfulness, which his presence usually inspired."

Charles, alone, wanted courage to advance, till Sir John, compassionating his embarrassment and confusion, encouraged him by a smile of invitation.

"Ah, Sir," said he, "with diffidence, approaching, my faults are too great to be forgiven: I am unworthy—" and here he stopped.

"As I am willing," said Sir John, "to believe your repentance sincere, and as though late, you have made for your errors, all the atonement in your power, by an avowal of the truth, I will not add to those stings, guilt will ever bring along with it, by reproaches: I will do more, I will endeavour to forget the past, so saying, he held out his hand to him, in token of reconciliation."

"Ah, Sir," said Charles, "I am unworthy this goodness: it wounds me more than the severest reproaches. Then turning
ing

ing to his friend, Edward, said he, we have both done wrong—can you forgive me?”

“ Dear Charles,” said Edward, “ embracing him, I ought to ask forgiveness of you, I have led you into many errors: had it not been for me.”—

“ Do not accuse yourself,” interrupted Charles, “ I only am to blame; had I, with a proper firmness, resisted your solicitations, reflection would have recalled you to your duty.”

“ You have been both to blame,” said Sir John, “ but I hope your past errors, will teach you the advantage, that truth will ever have over falsehood: had you stopped at the first fault, how much disgrace would you not have spared to yourselves, and anguish of mind to your friends !”

Sir John, then to the joy of all present, acquainted them, that he had recovered the diamond ring, which Edward had lost, you have, without doubt, said he, addressing Mr. and Mrs. Weldon, heard that

I advertised it in the public papers : I gained no information concerning it, till about half an hour after the departure of Charles, when it was brought to me by a woman, who said, she had found it about a fortnight before, upon Blackheath. As one of my principle motives for wishing to recover the ring, was, that I might be enabled to discover, by whom it had been detained, I made some enquiries, which led the woman to inform me, that having shewn the ring to a man who kept a public house upon Black-heath, he said, he doubted not, but it was the same, two young gentlemen who spent the day at his house, a few days before, had lost; and that he was persuaded it would be advertised."

" Resolved," continued Sir John, " to pursue my enquiry further, I set out for Black-heath, and by the description, the publican, at my request, gave of the lads, to whom he alluded, I was fully persuaded, I had been imposed on by my son. I reproached him on my return, with his
 duplicity

duplicity, and drew from him a full confession of his guilt."

"You, my dear Weldon, who are yourself a father, can alone judge, what I felt, when my suspicions were changed into certainty."

"Edward beheld the anguish of my mind; my sufferings, I believe touched him; his tears flowed abundantly—I hope they were sincere—but can we trust him, who has once deceived us?"

"O Father," said Edward, "bursting into tears, my punishment is great; but it is just; while I possessed your confidence, I abused it—I esteemed it lightly; now, only that I have for ever lost, am I sensible of its true value."

"Your conduct, Edward," said Sir John, "has given to mine, and to your mother's heart, a wound, which time only, and your reformation can heal; in the hope of that, as much as possible, will we obliterate the remembrance of the past; but neither must yourself or Charles, expect to possess the confidence we formerly
reposed

reposed in you, till a long course of rectitude has proved the sincerity of your repentance."

"Charles and his friend, sighed deeply; never were they before so completely humbled; Charles especially, whose feelings were more acute than those of Edward, when he reflected, how low his conduct had sunk him in his own, and in the opinion of all around him, was inexpressibly hurt, and in bitterness, lamented his folly: "O my dear Edward," said he, "grasping the hand of his friend, let us, from henceforth, invariably adhere to truth; let us be cautious of deviating in the smallest degree from the path of duty, out of which, I am convinced, there is no happiness."

"Ah! Charles," replied Edward, "had I listened to your advice, we had both been happy."

Sir John concluding from the contrition, that appeared in the countenance and expressions of his son and Charles, that his discourse had made the impression
he

he wished, entered upon other topicks, and having chatted half an hour with Mr. and Mrs. Weldon, took his leave, telling Charles, at parting, to hold himself in readiness, as Edward would set off for school, in a few days. This hint, which signified to Charles, that he was to accompany his friend, joined to the thought, that a possibility still remained, of regaining one day, however distant, the confidence he had lost, inspired him with a joy, to which, since the moment of his transgression, he had been a stranger. Two days after, his heart dilated with another pleasure: Catherine, in a letter, she addressed to Mrs. Weldon, setting forth her obligations to Charles, acquainted her, that she had already received such benefit from the bath waters, that she doubted not, being able in a few weeks, to engage in a service.

This letter, communicated joy to every part of this worthy family, and to none more than to Charles, who, with pleasure, saw a parcel made up from the wardrobe
of

of his mother and sisters, dispatched to her, with a little purse, to which, each of the young ladies contributed to their utmost.—

The day in which the young gentlemen were to depart for school, at length, arrived; when Mr. Weldon addressed his son to this effect:—"My dear Charles, do not forget that your errors have originated from the instability of your mind: had you possessed that noble firmness, which, if not the basis, is the safe guard of every virtue, you would not, against your reason, and better judgment, have consented to accompany your friend, upon an expedition, which your heart disapproved: this exposed you to a temptation, which was the consequence of another error; I mean, that of risking, against your principle and inclination, money, which being promised to another, was no longer your own; to repair this error, another was committed, your watch, the gift of your benefactor,

was

was sold, and to conceal this, a lie followed :”

“ But what shall I say to that weakness which led you, in complaisance to another, to impose on your benefactor, by a lie, which, though ever of a heinous nature, was, on this occasion, aggravated : could you assure yourself, that the suspicion of theft, might not fall upon an innocent person ? Fortunately you was yourself, the victim of your weakness and duplicity ; the mind of Sir John, already prepared by the mystery that hung over the watch, readily entertained suspicions to your disadvantage : he believed you no stranger to the fate of his ring, and was persuaded, if you had not taken it with an intent to wrong him, you had inadvertently lost it, and were too obstinate to own your fault. Your faltering voice, and guilty countenance, confirmed these suspicions, and you were justly punished, by a disgraceful dismissal from the family.

“ A gentle and complying temper, my dear Charles, is amiable, but unless accompanied by discretion, will lead you,

as you have proved by experience, into the most dangerous errors : to yield, where we know it is our duty to resist, is a weakness for which it is difficult to form an excuse : first, be assured that your principles are just, and then let it be your glory, to act in conformity to them—but, I see the coach at the door ; adieu my dear boy ; let my words sink deep into your heart, and remember, that the affection you entertain for a father, whose happiness or misery, it is in your power, in a great measure, to constitute, can only be proved by the rectitude of your future conduct.”

Charles had scarcely time to assure his father, he would treasure his admonitions, before he was summoned to attend his friend Edward ; he, therefore, in haste, affectionately embraced his father—his mother—his sisters—and departed for school. There, by the rectitude of his conduct, he, in process of time, (for bad impressions are not easily effaced) obliterated, the remembrance of his former errors, regained the confidence of his patron,

tron, and became the pride of his parents, and the delight of all around him.

Edward, too, pursuing the example of his friend, became eminent for his virtues, and found by experience, that the highest happiness is that of performing our duty.

“ I shall make no comment,” said Mrs. Mills, “ on my story, as I am persuaded, if it has failed to amuse, you have too much good sense not to profit by the moral it contains.”

The young folk assured her they were both edified and amused; and William declared, it would be a lesson to him, when he returned to school, not to suffer himself, as he had often, to be laughed or persuaded out of what he knew to be right. Tea was then brought in, and the young folk, after their evening walk, retired to rest, perfectly satisfied with the amusements of the day.

The next morning Mrs. Mills, having some business at a neighbouring farm, proposed

posed a ride thither to her young friends, who every hour more charmed with the society of their aunt, expressed the pleasure they felt in the thought of attending her. The carriage was therefore ordered, and soon after breakfast they set out for the farm; the mistress of it, who was the picture of neatness and good-humour, with a train of little ones, came out to meet them. Mrs. Mills, with her usual affability, enquired after the rest of her family, and said, she had brought her nephew and niece to see the farm.

Mrs. Goodman replied, she should be happy to shew the young lady and gentleman the little that was worth their notice; but added, that she hoped Mrs. Mills would permit them first to take such refreshment as the house afforded. Saying this, she conducted her guests into a neat parlour, and set before them some home-baked bread, curds and cream, and cowslip wine, a repast which was extremely agreeable to the young folk, whose appetite was sharpened by the ride.

The

Afterwards the good woman, at the request of Mrs. Mills, conducted them into an adjacent meadow, to view a brood of beautiful ducklings. Clara admired the delicacy of their plumage, and as she saw the little creatures enjoying the coolness of the running stream that watered the meadow, expressed her surprise that their feathers did not appear wet.

“ Providence,” said Mrs. Mills, who embraced every opportunity of informing the minds of her young friends, “ has furnished birds, and especially water-fowl, at the extremity of the body, with a little bag, containing a kind of oil with which they anoint and dress their feathers, to render them impenetrable to the wet. You must certainly have observed how frequently all kind of birds draw the bill over the feathers : it is a very necessary employment ; for, without it, their flight would be obstructed by every shower of rain, as the feathers, by imbibing the water, would become heavy and unfit for use. It is observed, that poultry which
live

live under a covert are provided with a less quantity of this oil than those birds which inhabit the open air."

From hence Mrs. Goodman took them to her granary—her dairy, which was neatness itself—her hay ricks—nor did she forget her pig-sties, which were perfectly clean, and littered with straw, wishing her guests to observe a fine fat sow, which lay basking in one of them, with a numerous litter of pigs, scarcely a fortnight old.—She next conducted them to the poultry-yard, where, taking a basket, she scattered some corn, and called the feathered tribe about her. At the well-known sound, they came trooping from all parts; but scarcely were they arrived, when a candidate of a different kind put them to flight. This was no other than a tortoise-shell cat, which made way for a fine white hen that followed her. The hen, without ceremony, fell upon the grain, and puffs, like a faithful guard, stood by to keep off intruders, till she had eaten her fill: after which, she walked off in triumph with her charge, leaving

leaving the coast clear to the rest of the poultry, which immediately succeeded. This scene was not more new to the young folk than to Mrs. Mills: that an animal should discover such affectionate solicitude for a creature it was its nature to destroy surpris'd her, and her surpris'e was not lessened by the account the farmer's wife gave of this extraordinary circumstance: * "You must know, madam," said she, "that our puss has been the nurse to that fowl: When first hatched, it was a poor little puny thing; I took it from the hen, seeing it did not thrive, wrapt it in a bit of flannel, and kept it in a basket by the fire, hoping the warmth would revive it. I took a world of trouble, but it grew worse and worse, till at last its poor eyes clos'd, and I really thought it dying. I was so vexed to think of the time I had spent upon it to no purpose, that I threw it in a pet to the cat, who lay asleep by the fire, in my husband's arm-

* The above is really a fact.

chair.

chair. I thought, to be sure, she would have snapt it up, and put it out of its pain in a moment ; but, would you believe it, madam ? she lifted up her leg, and received it as though it had been her kitten ! Yes, madam, she purred over it, and the little creature seemed to revive by her warmth. I was so surpris'd that I could scarcely believe my eyes ; and my husband was not less so, when he came home from work, to see the cat nursing the chicken, with as much tenderness as if it had been her kitten. You may be sure, Madam, we did not take it from her, except to feed it, which was a part of the business pufs, though in other respects an excellent nurse, could not perform. In short, she seemed to receive it in the place of a litter of kittens we had just before drowned, and grew fonder and fonder of it every day. You see, madam, the chicken is now grown to a fine hen ; pufs still continues her attention ; you have just seen a proof of it. She no sooner hears me call the poultry than she

she appears with her charge, which attends to her voice as it would have done to the cluck of the hen, and will not suffer one of the other fowls to touch a grain till her favourite hen is satisfied, when she walks off, and leaves the rest in quiet possession of what remains."

"Well," said William, "I am amazed, I could not have believed a cat capable of such tenderness; I always thought them malicious and revengeful, and at school have played them many a wicked prank."

"I have been told," said Mrs. Mills, "that cats furnish much cruel diversion to school-boys; but surely not to my William! he cannot tyrannize over a poor animal, merely because it has not power to defend itself, and delight in tortures at which every heart, not callous to the feelings of humanity, must recoil."

"I cannot deny," replied William, "that I have joined our boys in many wicked pranks they played, especially in hunting of cats; but indeed, aunt, I never reflected on what the poor animal must
K have

have suffered. I thought only of my own amusement ; but, I assure you, I will never again join in such cruel sports."

" Remember, my dear boy," said Mrs. Mills, " that God commands you to be merciful to all his creatures, and that he hears the cry of the weakest animal : then reflect on the happiness which results from communicating pleasure, and I am sure you will not seek it in inflicting pain."

" But, aunt, I always thought cats very malicious and revengeful."

" Cats, William, like other animals, are sensible of good or bad treatment ; if you use them well, they will care for you ; if ill, they will endeavour to retaliate."

" But they are certainly less faithful than dogs," replied William.

" Perhaps so," said Mrs. Mills ; " but there are many instances which prove them not deficient in point of attachment. I remember, a few years past, reading in a magazine of a cat, which discovered so strong an attachment to a dog, that, seeing him one day engaged with another, before

before her master's house, she flew into the street, and fell upon the antagonist of her favourite with such fury, that she forced him, in the sight of numerous spectators, to quit the field."

"But is there not," said Clara, "in general, an antipathy between cats and dogs?"

"It appears so," replied Mrs. Mills; "but when they are bred together, it seems to subside, and I have known many instances in which it has given place to cordial affection, which makes me the more readily give credit to the anecdote I have just related: but, without forcing nature from her general course, repeated instances prove that cats are capable of very strong attachments."

"Well, aunt," said William, "though you are such an advocate for cats, you must allow, after all, they are of little use."

"I could tell you," said Mrs. Mills, "of cats that were taught to hunt and destroy serpents; for so it is recorded they

did in the island of Cyprus; but the services they render us in England are, in my opinion, sufficient to exalt their fame, and entitle them to kind treatment."

"I do not," said William, "recollect any service they can do us, except the killing of a few rats and mice."

"Do you not think that," said Mrs. Mills, "an essential service?"

"Truly, aunt," returned William, "if cats can render us no greater service, I do not think we have so much reason to value them. What harm can such insignificant creatures as rats and mice do us? To be sure, they make free with a little of our bacon and cheese—but that is not worth the thinking of."

"Very true, William," said Clara.

"These insignificant creatures," said Mrs. Mills, "as William calls them, may be more formidable than either of you imagine: I once knew a gentleman whose house, in Scotland, was undermined, and the foundations shaken by rats."

"Indeed!"

“ Indeed ! ”

“ Yes ; they came from a ship that touched at the port, and infested his house in such numbers, that the foundations of it actually gave way ; and the damage he sustained from them, in this and other instances, was estimated at upwards of five hundred pounds.”

“ Was it possible ! ” said Clara.

“ There was scarcely a chest or a drawer in his house into which they did not penetrate : The linen was gnawed in holes—and as to the provisions ! sugar—meat—bread—rice—corn—nothing escaped the ravages of these merciless spoilers.”

“ Well,” said William, “ could one have thought it possible for so small an animal as a rat to do such mischief ! ”

“ So it was,” said Mrs. Mills, “ and you cannot but confess the utility of the cat, which preserves us from creatures which are capable of being so formidable.”

“ I see,” said William, “ that Mrs.

Puff is of more consequence than I thought her."

"But, as I have acquainted you," said Mrs. Mills, "with the plunders of these mischievous animals, I must not forget the ingenuity with which some of them were executed: What do you think of their conveying eggs, unbroken, from the top of the house, which was three story high, to the bottom?"

"Why, I think," said William, "it was absolutely impossible."

"I should myself," said Mrs. Mills, "have thought so, had I not been told it was a fact by my friend and his lady, upon whose veracity I can place the firmest reliance."

"Well," said William, "I think it could be effected by nothing less than a miracle: do tell us, aunt, how it was."

"I am myself," said Mrs. Mills, "ignorant how the business was performed; I can only tell you that, at the season of the year when eggs are plenty, my friend, as it is customary in the north, greased a quantity,

quantity, and put them into a large stone jar, to preserve them sweet for use. A short time after, she was much surprised to find the eggs, which were in jars at the top of the house, considerably diminished, though none had been used in the family. It was thought impossible this could be the work of the rats ; but so it proved : On a strict examination, the eggs, in part whole and part shells, with the meat sucked out, were found in burrows made by the rats, at the bottom of the house."

"How could they possibly carry them, without breaking?" said Clara.

"That is a mystery, my dear," said Mrs. Mills, "I cannot explain ; I can only assure you, upon authority I cannot doubt, that the fact really happened."

"They must have rolled them down the stairs," said William.

"Nay," said Mrs. Mills, "in that case, they must inevitably have broken."——

"Oh," said William, "I have just thought how they managed the business : I remember hearing my papa tell of a

friend of his, who once watched and saw one of these ingenious gentlemen hop down stairs, upon his hind legs, with some corn which he had taken from the garret, in his fore paws; I dare say, the rats you have been telling us about conveyed the eggs down in the same manner."

"It is very likely they might," said Mrs. Mills; "but I think it equally probable that the business was effected by combination; that is to say, that more than one was concerned in it, though I cannot say whether performed exactly in the same manner *Æsop* represents in his fable of the two rats and the egg. Since I have known the anecdote of my friend's eggs, it has more than once occurred to me that it is possible the fable in *Æsop* might be founded upon a fact; I am persuaded, that all animals have a language or sign, by which they understand each other, as far as is necessary for their mutual benefit and preservation; and that rats have a language, and act in concert, is evident from

from a curious anecdote that I will relate to you :”

“ A gentleman having a present of some Florence oil, the flasks were set in his cellar, in the bottom of a shallow box : the oil not being wanted for use, they remained there some time ; when the owner, going one day by chance into the cellar, was surpris'd to find the wicker-work, by which the flasks were stopp'd, gnawed from the greater part, and, upon examination, the oil sunk about two or two inches and a half from the neck of each flask. It soon occurred to him that it must be the work of some kind of vermin ; and being a man of a speculative turn, he resolv'd to satisfy the curiosity rais'd in his mind : he accordingly found means to watch, and actually detected three rats in the very fact : but how do you think they managed to get at the oil ? You know the neck of the flask was long and narrow ; it required therefore some contrivance.

“ Indeed it did,” said William ; “ but I dare say the rats found out a better ex-

pedient for themselves than I should for them."

"I told you three rats were engaged in the business," resumed Mrs. Mills; "one of these stood upon the edge of the box, while another, mounting his back, dipped his tail into the neck of the flask, and presented it to a third to lick: they then changed places, the rat which stood uppermost descended, and was accommodated in the same manner with the tail of his companion, till it was his turn to act the porter, and he took his station at the bottom. In this manner the three rats alternately relieved each other, and banquetted upon the oil, till they had sunk it beyond the length of their tails."

"Well," said Clara, "if they were equal to such a contrivance, they could be at no loss to convey the eggs to their burrows without breaking; one may believe them capable of any thing: but is the story really to be relied on?"

"I had it from the mouth of the gentleman who was himself witness of the fact; he

he was a man of character and speculation, upon whose veracity I can entirely rely."

"Well," said William, "it is a most extraordinary story, but nothing can surprise me after puss and her chicken, that exceeds every thing I ever heard of."

"It was a singular circumstance," said the Lady, "but I think Mrs. Goodman told us puss had just lost a litter of kittens?"

"Yes, madam," said the farmer's wife, who had been listening with silent attention to the discourse, "she had kittened a few days before, and my husband had drowned the litter."

"This circumstance, then," said Mrs. Mills, "accounts in some measure, for an attachment that appears otherwise, so foreign to the nature of the animal; we can find no difficulty in supposing, that the instinct, which nature had awakened in the cat, for the preservation of her own young, deprived of its object, was easily transfer-

red to the chicken, upon which it acted with equal force."

"Well," said William, "whatever might be the cause, it was a droll fight, to see puffs march up the yard, with her feathered attendant; I declare it was worth riding five miles to see her."

Mrs. Mills, now thinking it time to take leave of their obliging hostess, wished her a good day, and stepped into the carriage, followed by her young friends, who returned extremely pleased with the farm, and its inhabitants, in whose countenance Clara thought she observed more happiness and content than she had ever experienced in the possession of those gaities she had, three days ago, considered as the chief blessings of life.

After dinner, Mrs. Mills asked the young folk, in what manner they would amuse themselves, till the time of their evening walk? "Here is the piano forte; you are fond of music, my dear Clara—or shall we retire to the study? I have some books that I think will entertain you;

or

or suppose we amuse ourselves in the picture gallery? there are some interesting pieces, finely executed."

This last proposal was preferred; for though Clara and William had every day passed through the gallery, to and from their chamber, they had not stopped to observe one of the pictures; the entertainment, therefore, was new to them; and Mrs. Mills, with her usual kindness, rendered it doubly agreeable, by pointing out to them the beauties of each picture, and the different subject it represented: "That engaging figure," said she, pointing to a piece on her right hand, "represents Mahommed Akbar, Emperor of Indostan; he is described by the historians of his country as possessed of many virtues; but no part of his conduct shines more amiable than that which respects his Minister Byram, whom you see represented in the same piece. Byram, to whom Akbar's father, in a great measure, owed his restoration to the throne, from which he was banished by the treachery

treachery of his brothers, was appointed Regent of the kingdom during the minority of Akbar, who, though only fourteen when he ascended the throne, gave an early instance of his wisdom and confidence in this great man; for, finding his kingdom involved in dangerous wars, he called Byram to him, and addressing him by the title of Noble Baba, that is to say, father; he told him, “that he reposed his whole trust in his prudence and good conduct, and desired he would take whatever measures he thought necessary for the defence and support of his kingdom; at the same time assuring him, in the most solemn manner, that he would give no attention to any malicious insinuations that might by his enemies be suggested to his prejudice.”

“This prudent conduct of the young Emperor could not but engage the affection of Byram, by whose exertion he was soon settled peaceably upon the throne, and his kingdom in a flourishing state: but, though Byram was an able statesman, and

an experienced warrior, his disposition was suspicious and vindictive; he grew jealous of the favours bestowed by his master upon others, and began to suspect his affection estranged from him. On the other hand, the king insensd at some acts of severity and injustice which he had committed, by power of his authority, though he still personally respected Byram, thought it time to take the government of the kingdom upon himself, which he accordingly did, and the minister was dismissed from the regency.

“ This so offended Byram, that he fell from his allegiance, and assembled troops, with an intent of conquering some part of his master’s dominions, and founding an independant kingdom. The Emperor, hearing his design, sent troops to quell his rebellion, and a battle ensued, in which Byram was defeated, several of his principal officers killed, and himself obliged to take refuge in the mountains. Where, reduced, at length, to the greatest distress, he sent one of his slaves to represent his
unfortunate

unfortunate situation, and to implore the king's mercy.

“ It was, on this occasion, that the character of this young monarch shone forth in its full lustre; he instantly dispatched one of his omrahs, to invite Byram to court; and that no mark of favour and distinction might be wanting, a considerable number of chiefs, were, by the orders of Akbar, sent to meet him half way, and conduct him into his presence. When Byram appeared before the Emperor, he hung his turban round his neck, in token of humiliation, and threw himself in tears at the foot of the throne. Akbar instantly raised, and placed him in his former station, at the head of the omrahs; then, as a mark of peculiar honour, presenting him with a splendid dress:”

“ If the Lord Byram,” said the generous young King, “ loves a military life, he shall have the government of Calpé and Chinderi, in which he may exercise his martial genius; if he choose rather to remain

main at court, our favour shall not be wanting to the great benefactor of our family; but should devotion engage the soul of Byram, to perform a pilgrimage to Mecca, he shall be escorted in a manner suitable to his dignity."

Byram replied, "The royal confidence and friendship for me must now be diminished; nay, lost: why then should I remain in the presence? the clemency of the king is enough for me, and his and his forgiveness of my late errors, a sufficient reward for my former services. Let then the unfortunate Byram turn his face from this world to another, and pursue his pilgrimage to Mecca."

"The Emperor assented to his request, and ordered for him a proper retinue, with 50,000 rupees a-year, to support his dignity. Byram, however, did not enjoy the bounty of his master, being basely assassinated, in his way to Mecca, by one, whose father he had killed in battle."

The young folk thanked their aunt for the information she had given them,
and

and expressed their admiration of a conduct so noble as that of the young Emperor.

“ I am particularly pleased,” said Mrs. Mills, “ with that part of his speech, which reverts to the services of his minister ; “ our favour,” says Akbar, “ shall not be wanting to the *great benefactor of our family*,” with the view, no doubt, of softening the poignancy of Byram’s remorse, and lessening the weight of the obligations, with which he was overwhelming him.”

“ It was indeed very generous” said William, “ how Byram’s heart must have smote him, when he found how generously he was treated.”

“ Undoubtedly,” said Mrs. Mills “ it did ; we may be assured the kindness of his master wounded him, more than the severest reproaches. The Painter has in the piece before us described, in lively colours, the shame, grief, and admiration, that Byram must have felt when introduced into the presence of his master, and treated with so much generosity : on the
other

other hand, what generous pity and benignity beams in the countenance of the young Prince, as he raises the prostrate minister, to place him in his former dignity!—but as we are speaking of the heroes of Indostan, observe the picture which is opposite: the principal figure is Durgetti, queen of Gurat, celebrated for her beauty and accomplishments.”

“ She is clothed in armour,” observed Clara, “ and mounted on an elephant.”

“ Yes,” said Mrs. Mills, “ it was formerly the custom of many eastern nations to use elephants in war; but since muskets and cannon have been introduced, the elephants, being frightened at the noise of artillery, prove more dangerous than useful in battle.

“ The extent of Durgetti’s dominions were very small, not exceeding three hundred miles in length, and one in breadth; but so flourishing was this small tract, that it comprehended more than 70 thousand towns and villages, well inhabited. Asaph, the governor of a neighbouring province, allured by the riches of this kingdom, marched

marched against it; the queen, with a force equally powerful, prepared to oppose him. She led her troops to action, as you see the artist has represented in the picture, clad in armour, and mounted on a castle upon an elephant, with a bow and quiver lying at her side, and a lance in her hand. Her troops were in general unacquainted with war, but the noble example of their queen, and the love of their native independance, inspired every breast with courage, and they repulsed the enemy with such fury, that they left six hundred horsemen dead on the field, and pursued the rest, with great slaughter. Night coming on, the queen halted with her army, and gave orders to her troops that they might be ready to make an attack upon the enemy before they recovered from their consternation: but her ministers and chiefs opposed this measure, and insisted upon returning to the field of battle, to bury their friends. The queen reluctantly consented; and after the bodies of the slain, according to the

the custom of the country, were burnt, again solicited her chiefs to accompany her to storm the Mogul camp. They, however, wanting her courage and prudence, vainly imagined the enemy would of their own accord evacuate the country, and refused to second the daring enterprise of their queen. Fatally were they deceived. Afaph attacked them the next morning with his heavy artillery, which he had the day before left behind on account of the badness of the roads. The queen advanced, upon the approach of Afaph, to a narrow pass, to oppose him; but he quickly opened himself a way into the plain beyond, where the army was drawn up in order for battle. Prince Biar, the queen's son, a youth of great hopes, exhibited prodigies of valour; till being wounded, he became faint with the loss of blood, when his mother, who was mounted on an elephant, in the front of the battle, seeing him ready to fall from his horse, called to some of her people to bear him from the field. The loss of the
 prince,

prince, and of many who quitted the field with him, struck such a panic into the rest, that the unfortunate queen was left only with three hundred men in the field. She, however, no ways affected with her desperate situation, stood her ground, with her former fortitude, till she received an arrow in the eye; in endeavouring to extricate it, part of the steel broke short, and remained behind. In the mean time, another arrow passed through her neck, which she also drew out; but nature sinking under the pain, she fainted: recovering, however, by degrees, a brave officer of her household, who drove her elephant, singly repulsed numbers of the enemy, where ever he turned the outrageous animal. He begged permission, as the day was now irretrievable, to carry the queen from the field, a proposal which she rejected with disdain."

"It is true," said she, "we are overcome in war, but shall we ever be vanquished in honour? shall we, for the sake of lingering out an ignominious life, lose the
the

the reputation and virtue we have been so solicitous to acquire? no; let your gratitude repay the service for which I raised you, and which I now require at your hands: haste, let your dagger save me from the crime of putting a period to my own existence."

"Adhar, which was the name of the officer, burst into tears, and begged, as the elephant was swift of foot, that he might be permitted to carry her from the field, to place in safety. In the mean time, the queen finding the enemy crowded fast around her, suddenly leaned forward, and seizing Adhar's dagger, plunged it into her bosom, and expired.

"The death of the queen rendered Afaph's victory complete. A few days after he besieged the fortrefs of Jora, where all the treasures of this noble family had been preserved for ten generations. The young prince, a little recovered from his wounds, bravely exerted himself, and lost his life in defence of his kingdom, and independence."

"What

“What a pity it is, aunt,” said William, “that there is such a thing as war! how many it makes miserable.”

“In the present state of the world,” replied Mrs. Mills, “war is sometimes necessary; but then it must be undertaken in defence of our lives, property, or independence. We turn with disgust and horror from the individual, who, hurried on by an insatiable thirst of wealth or power, calmly sacrifices thousands of his species in pursuit of idols, which, when attained, can afford an imperfect, and at best, but a transient, satisfaction. We feel very differently interested for Asaph, whose sole object was the riches of the kingdom of Gurat, and for the queen who so nobly exerted herself to preserve the independence and property of her subjects.”

“Certainly we do, aunt,” said Clara; “but pray, do you think the queen of Gurat did right to kill herself?”

“Can you ask such a question?” replied Mrs. Mills; “it is an action which sullies all her former glories: The ignorance
 rance

rance of the age and country in which she lived, where it was held more noble to die than to suffer the ignominy of captivity, might paleiate the crime, did it not appear from the words she addressed to her faithful officer, ‘Haste, let your dagger save me from the *crime* of putting an end to my existence,’ that she did not err entirely through ignorance. Let us, therefore, paying a just tribute of praise to her courage and magnanimity, draw a veil over her errors.” Saying this, Mrs. Mills called the attention of her young friends to other pictures, and having entertained them with several pleasing anecdotes that occurred to her, upon reviewing each: “That,” said she, “is Alfred, one of our British kings, disguised as a harper in the Danish-camp.”

Clara enquired the cause of his disguise?

“The Danes,” replied Mrs. Mills, “had usurped his kingdom; he, therefore, used this stratagem to inform himself of their situation and designs.”

“Pray, aunt,” said William, “was it

L

not

not Alfred who first divided England into counties?"

"It was," replied Mrs. Mills; "long wars had introduced such disorders into the kingdom, that vagrants every where abounded, who, having no settled place of abode, after committing all sorts of outrages, by shifting their quarters, easily eluded justice. To prevent this, Alfred divided the whole island into counties, the counties into hundreds, and the hundreds into tythings. This done, every inhabitant was obliged to belong to some tything, otherwise he was considered as a vagabond, and the owner of the house where he lodged, in case of his escape, became responsible for any misdemeanour he might commit."

"It was a very wise regulation," said William; "Alfred was a great king!"

"He was not only a great king," replied Mrs. Mills, "but a good man: his character is the most perfect handed down to us by historians; especially, if we consider the obscure age in which he lived: he
protected

protected his country by arms, polished it by arts, and enacted many useful laws for the happiness and future welfare of his people. He was the fifth king of the Saxon line.

“That picture,” said Mrs. Mills, pointing to one on her right hand, is a view of Gibraltar, which you know, William, was taken from the Spaniards by the English, in the reign of Queen Ann, and was bravely defended by General Elliot (afterwards Lord Heathfield) in the last war.

“The next piece deserves your particular attention, not only from the masterly style in which it is executed, but from the useful lesson it contains. I need not, I dare say, tell either of you, that the principal figure represents Richard the Second, who, by his admirable presence of mind, preserved his own and the lives of his whole retinue.”

“I am quite unacquainted with the story,” said Clara.

“Have you not read the history of England?” rejoined Mrs. Mills.

“O yes, madam.”

“ It is astonishing then that you should not call to mind a circumstance so generally known, and in itself so remarkable : The reign of Richard the Second was disturbed by many civil commotions, and among others by an insurrection of the common people, on account of the pole-tax, headed by a blacksmith, known by the name of Wat Tyler. This rebellion became so formidable, that it was thought adviseable to offer terms, which being repeatedly rejected by the mutineers, the king proposed a conference with their leader, which took place accordingly in Smithfield; but, in this interview, the insolence of Tyler, who brandished his dagger with an air of authority, so incensed Sir Thomas Walworth, mayor of London, that, suspecting his design was to stab the king, he stunned him with a blow of his mace, and another of the king's retinue run him thro' the body. The rebels, seeing their leader fall, immediately prepared to revenge him, and bent their bows for this purpose; when the king, though at this time not
fifteen

sixteen years of age, rode up to them, and in a resolute tone of voice: 'What, my friends,' said he, 'will you then kill your king? be not concerned for the loss of that traitor; I myself will be your leader: Follow me, and I will grant you all your reasonable desires.'

"The magnanimity of the young king struck the multitude with such awe, that they changed their first purpose, and, as if mechanically led, followed him into the fields, where they laid down their arms."

"What an astonishing instance of courage and presence of mind!" said Clara, "How surprising, that it should not strike me, when I read the history of England! but I suppose I was thinking of something else."

"To be thinking of one thing and doing another," observed her aunt, "is the certain way to preclude improvement; and of all ignorance, none is so disgraceful as that which relates to the history and geography of our own country."

“ To say the truth, aunt, ” replied Clara, “ I always thought history very dry and uninteresting : When Miss Smith, therefore, who was for some time my governess, used to oblige me to read it, I generally sat down with an ill-will, and paid very little attention : but I certainly deprived myself of great *pleasure*, as well as improvement ; for I am convinced, from the entertainment you have given us, madam, this afternoon, that, had I attended to what I read, I should neither have found history dry nor uninteresting :—but pray, madam, what is the subject of the opposite piece ?”

“ It is Regulus at the gates of Rome, ” replied Mrs. Mills : “ you remember the story, William ?”

“ Yes, ” replied William, “ I have read it many times !”

“ I am very ignorant, ” said Clara, with a sigh, “ there has not been one, among all the stories you, madam, have mentioned with which I am the least acquainted.”

“ Since time once past, my dear, cannot

not be recalled, let us," said Mrs. Mills, "think only of improving the future: William, tell your sister the story of Regulus."

"My sister," said William, "would be more entertained to read it in Dr. Goldsmith's Roman History: but I will relate it as well as I can:

"You must know, sister, that Regulus was a great warrior: The Romans sent him to fight against the Carthagenians; he overcame them in several battles, but was at last defeated and taken prisoner. After a long time, the Carthagenians wished to make peace with the Romans; so they sent Regulus with their ambassadors to Rome, thinking, as he had been a prisoner four years, he would persuade his countrymen to put an end to the war, that he might be set free: but, before the Carthagenians let Regulus depart, they made him solemnly promise, in case the Romans did not agree to a peace, that he would return, and deliver himself up their prisoner.

“ All the Romans were rejoiced when they heard that Regulus was returning to Rome: but he, with a settled melancholy, upon his arrival, refused to enter the gates, saying, that he was a slave to the Carthagenians, and unworthy the honours his country would bestow on him. So he stayed without the gates; and when the Senate assembled there (as was usual, to give audience to the Ambassadors) he made proposals for a peace, as the Carthagenians had directed him. The Senate were very much inclined to accept them, and it remained only for Regulus, who had great influence with his countrymen, to give his opinion; which, to the surprize of every one, he did for a continuance of the war. The Senate, though convinced by his arguments, could not resolve upon a measure that must end in the ruin of a man who had acted so nobly; but Regulus, fearing they might be biased by any personal concern for him, relieved their embarrassment, by breaking off the treaty, and rising to return with the ambassadors

to Carthage, which, in spite of the entreaties of the Senate and his dearest friends, he did, though he well knew the tortures he should undergo : but nothing would prevail upon him to break the promise he had given to the Carthaginians, who, I am sorry to tell you, were so enraged, when they heard from their ambassadors that Regulus, instead of hastening a peace, had given his voice for the continuance of the war, that for three days they tortured him in the most cruel manner, and at last left him to expire in a barrel stuck with spikes."

"What wretches they must have been," said Clara, "to punish him for acting so nobly!"

"Their conduct," replied Mrs. Mills, "was indeed truly despicable; but of what enormities will not rancour and revenge render human nature capable!"

"Profenna," said William, "behaved very differently toward Mutius, upon a similar occasion. How generously he acted!"

“ His conduct,” said Mrs. Mills, “ was indeed very different—Your sister, William, looks as if she wished to hear the anecdote. You can oblige her.”

“ If you please, sister,” said William, “ I will repeat to you an abridgement our usher made of this story ; it was one of my tasks a few weeks before the holidays :

“ When Tarquin the Proud was expelled Rome, he engaged in his interest Proſenna, one of the kings of Etruria, who laid ſiege to Rome, and reduced the inhabitants to the greateſt diſtreſs. Mutius, a youth of undaunted courage, reſolving to deliver his country from an enemy ſo oppreſſive, entered the camp of Proſenna, in the habit of an Etrurian peafant, reſolved to aſſaſſinate the king, or to periſh in the attempt. With this reſolution, he made up to the place where Proſenna was paying his troops, with his ſecretary by his ſide ; but miſtaking the latter for the king, ſtabbed him to the heart, and was immediately apprehended. When brought into
the

the royal presence, and asked by Profenna the cause of so heinous an action? Mutius informed him, without reserve, of his country and design, and thrusting his hand into a fire that was burning upon an altar before him, held it there, and addressing Profenna, with a stedfast countenance: ‘ You see,’ said he, ‘ how little I regard the severest punishment you can inflict; a Roman knows not only how to act, but how to suffer. Three hundred youths like me have conspired your destruction.’ Profenna, possessed a mind too noble not to acknowledge merit, though found in an enemy; struck with the courage and magnanimity of the young man, he ordered him to be safely conducted back to Rome, and offered the besieged terms of peace, which, being neither hard nor disgraceful, were readily accepted.”

Clara thanked her brother for obliging her with the extract; and observed, in her turn, that the conduct of Profenna formed a striking contrast to that of the Carthaginians: “ How noble,” said she, “ to
L 6 forgive

forgive the young man who had attempted to kill him !”

“ You see,” said Mrs. Mills, “ that generosity and clemency exalt a character as much as injustice and cruelty debase it. The generosity of the Etrurian king has handed his name down to posterity with honour, while the depravity of the Carthagenians must ever reflect an indelible stain on theirs ; but, my dears, we have already exceeded the usual hour for tea.”

“ For tea, madam !” exclaimed Clara, “ is it six o’clock ?”

“ It is full half after,” replied Mrs. Mills, looking at her watch.

“ Well,” said Clara, “ I am astonished ! is it possible that we have been here three hours ?”

“ Time, my dear Clara,” said Mrs. Mills, “ seems long only to those who know not how to improve it.”

They now left the gallery, and tea immediately followed. In the course of their evening walk, Mrs. Mills called upon several poor villagers, who, from various causes,

causes, stood in need of her assistance, and she was much pleased to observe, that neither Clara nor her brother were insensible to the pleasure of conferring happiness; their purses were immediately in their hand, and they bestowed with a kindness and modesty that very much enhanced the gift.

As they returned, Mrs. Mills told them that she had an excursion in contemplation for the next morning: "About three miles from hence," said she, "is a very fine aviary; the gentleman to whom it belongs is now in London, but we can see the birds, which I think will afford you entertainment."

The young folk were extremely pleased, and having completed their walk, retired to rest, fully occupied with the thought of the pleasure they were to enjoy the next day. But a disappointment awaited them; a continued rain put a stop to the jaunt. Clara, who, though much improved by the conversation of her aunt, had not yet acquired philosophy to bear a disappoint-
ment

ment without murmuring, began to be a little out of humour: she concealed it as much as possible from her aunt, whose good opinion she was very ambitious to attain, but could not forbear thinking they should pass a very dull day, and, during breakfast, was so intent upon watching the clouds, that she could scarcely attend to any thing that passed, till Mrs. Mills, having observed how necessary it was to accustom ourselves to bear disappointment, added, that though the weather for the present had put a stop to their intended expedition, she doubted not, as her young pupils seem pleased with the contemplation of nature, that she could supply them with amusement equally agreeable. Clara and William, who wished much to have seen the aviary, were unwilling to believe this, till Mrs. Mills, taking them into her dressing room, opened an Indian cabinet, in which was a large collection of the most beautiful shells, arranged in exact order, according to their several classes. This was indeed an agreeable surprise!

The

The young folk no longer regretted the aviary, but thought their aunt had supplied them with amusement, if not for the whole day, at least for a considerable part of it. Mrs. Mills, as usual, heightened their entertainment by a variety of curious particulars, which she gave them of the little tribe that had once occupied the shells. They were particularly attentive to the account of the purple-fish, which she told them had upon its back a little folded tunicle or bag, containing a white liquor, which dyed wool of a deep and unfading purple, and was supposed to be the same used by the ancients for their purple dye; but she added, that the quantity of this liquor in each fish was so very small, that an immense number were necessary to dye one piece of stuff, which caused the ancients to set a very high value on their Tyrian dye, so called, probably, from its being first discovered or used by the people of Tyre.

Clara and her brother were also much entertained with the account she gave them
of

of the naker, or mother of pearl, and with her description of the manner in which the negroes dive, to furnish us with the pearls contained in the body and beautiful shell of the fish.

This cabinet having for some time furnished entertainment, Mrs. Mills unlocked the folding door of another, which stood in a niche opposite, and contained a miscellaneous collection of natural curiosities. Clara's eye soon fixed on an American humming bird, which, though dried, preserved a great share of its natural beauty. She took it from the cabinet with wonder, admired the lustre of its plumage, and above all its size, which did not greatly exceed that of a humble bee.

"Dear," said she, "what a beautiful little creature! though so small, the feathers, wings, talons, every part of it is as perfect as those of the largest birds: how I should like to see one alive!

"In America," said Mrs. Mills, "humming birds of various sorts are constantly seen fluttering about the flowers, from
whence

whence they extract the honey that supports them. The motion of their wings is so rapid, that it produces a humming sound, from which their name is derived."

"I thought," said William, "it was impossible they could feed upon seed and berries, as other birds do, the beak is so small; it is not larger than a fine needle!"

"Small as it is," rejoined Mrs. Mills, "it renders them very formidable to larger birds, and especially to one called the goosbec, which attempts to surprize the young humming birds in the nest, but flies off on the appearance of the mother, who pursues the invader close, and fastening her little talons under his wing, pierces him with her pointed beak, till she has entirely disabled him. Here is the nest of the humming bird; have you examined it?"

"Well," said William, "this is indeed a nest in minature! and, as I live! two little eggs, not bigger than a small pea!"

"How

“How small,” said Clara, “the pretty creatures must be when they are first hatched!”

“They are said to be about the size of a large blue fly,” replied Mrs. Mills.

“Well” said William, “it would be worth taking a voyage to America to see a humming bird.”

“And pray,” rejoined his aunt, “what do you think of a trip to the coast of Guinea, where deer are said to be found no bigger than kittens!”

“Is that true?”

“Here is the leg of one,” resumed his aunt; “it is a common article in the cabinets of the curious: nay, I have seen them made into tobacco stoppers.”

“Dear,” said Clara, “how small! How I should like to have a Guinea deer and an American humming bird!”

“And so should I,” said William; “but pray, madam,” continued he, “what is this? to judge from its appearance, it should seem unworthy a place among so many rarities.—It is so dried
and

and shrivelled, it is impossible to say what is the form or colour."

"It is," replied Mrs. Mills, "a leaf of the Papyrus, a large plant which grows wild in Egypt amidst the stagnate waters, after the inundation of the Nile. The Egyptians and Romans formerly used a part of this plant for the purposes we do paper. The intermediate part of the stalk was cut and separated into different plates or laminae, which were laid together upon a smooth board, so as to form sheets. They were then moistened with water, which dissolved a kind of glew that was in the pores, which served as a cement. The sheets thus formed were dried, pressed, and kept for use. The Romans afterwards invented methods to bring it to further perfection. They beat it with hammers, to render it thin and less porous, polished it with ivory, and, by a sort of calendar, gave it a shining gloss.—It is from this plant that the paper of our day takes its name. The Egyptians, also, used the roots for
firing,

firing, and many other purposes; built little boats of the plant itself, and formed the inner bark into sails, mats, garments, coverlids, and cordage; they also chewed it, and swallowed the juice as a great dainty. You see, therefore, William that the intrinsic worth of this plant gives it a just title to observation."

"It certainly does, aunt," said William, "I see it is not right to trust always to appearances; but what is this! bless me, 'tis a stone tree!"

"It has that appearance," said Mrs. Mills; "it is a petrification. Certain springs abound with sparry particles, which being, by time, insinuated into the pores of the substance put into them, suppose, for example, a vegetable, as in the instance before us, form a crust round it, which gives it, as you see, the appearance of stone."

"I have heard," said William, "of these petrifying waters, but always understood they actually changed the things that were put into them to stone."

"No,"

“No,” said Mrs. Mills, “that is a mistake, the vegetable undergoes no alteration; the stony particles of the spring, only, by adhering to it, in the manner I have told you, acquires the exact form, while the vegetable it has enclosed decays.”

“These petrifying waters,” said Clara, “are, I suppose, very dangerous to drink.”

“I am not,” said Mrs. Mills, “sufficiently acquainted with their physical property to tell you, whether or not they be wholesome. But as no petrification can happen in a vegetable, where there is a circulation of the juices, it follows, I apprehend, that no immediate bad effect, can occur from the drinking such waters, the blood being in constant circulation throughout our body.”

“Here is another petrification,” said Clara, “taking up a little stony branch, but it is different from the other.”

“That,” said Mrs. Mills, is coral, which is now ascertained to be a regular vegetation,

tion, though once thought by many learned men to be nothing more than a petrified substance. It grows with the top downwards, in little caverns, or the jutting out of rocks, at the bottom of the sea. On the branches are small tumours, containing a sort of milk, and pinked in the form of stars, from whence little flowers have been observed to shoot, but they withdraw upon being exposed any time to the air. This is the mandrepore, another stony sea plant.

“ It is in the form, you see, of a little tree, the branches of which are studded with several holes; but there are different sorts of the mandrepore.”

Mrs. Mills here ceased—and looking at her watch, rose and shut the cabinet.

The young folks thanked her for their entertainment, and were retiring, when Clara stopped to examine a fine piece of embroidery that hung over the chimney.

“ That piece,” said Mrs. Mills, “ is the work of my god-daughter, Miss Elinor Reeves: I am indebted to her
kindness

kindness and ingenuity for most of the pieces that furnish this room ; if I am not mistaken, you are no strangers to each other."

Clara replied, " that she had several times been in company with Miss Reeves."

" Then," rejoined Mrs. Mills, " I am sure you will look with pleasure upon these little essays of her skill ; for I will venture to affirm, no one can know my dear Elinor without loving her. Her disposition is truly amiable."

Clara made no reply ; accustomed from her infancy to flattery, the praises of another were never welcome to her ear : wishing, therefore, to change the conversation, she turned to a landscape that hung on the opposite side of the room ; and having enquired from what part of Europe the view was taken, observed, that it was a very fine engraving."

" An engraving !" said Mrs. Mills, " upon my word, you pay Elinor a great compliment ; 'tis executed with the needle."

Clara

Clara was disappointed—she was vexed she had taken notice of the piece, and was again silent.

“ I am not a judge of needle work,” said William, “ but I think that fruit (pointing to a piece of embroidery that hung near) is very natural. Do not you, sister ?”

“ Yes,” said Clara, “ it is not amiss ; but, in these things, the praise is rather due to the person who designed, than the person who worked the piece. The effect does not altogether depend upon the needle.”

“ Very true,” said Mrs. Mills, “ the needle cannot make a bad design, a perfect picture, but it can add great beauty to a good one ; and with respect to these before us, their chief beauty is derived from the needle : observe those cherries and that peach, how admirably the colours are softened one into another—with what judgement the shadows are thrown—one could almost fancy it possible to take them from the basket. This is reckoned one of
Elinor’s

Elinor's most capital performance, and you must allow it excellent."

"O!" returned Clara, "I do not say, it has not merit, but your partiality, aunt, (excuse me) makes you blind to the imperfections.—Now I think, had more colour been thrown into the peach, the effect had been better—and are not the stalks of the cherries a trifle too long?"

Mrs. Mills beheld with concern the envy that gave rise to these observations. "Well, my dear," said she, "if you will not allow your friend merit, as an artist, you must confess that her disposition is truly amiable."

"Why," said Clara, "she may be very amiable, but I own, I do not think her quite so faultless as you seem to describe."—"But, Madam," (continued she, wishing to put an end to a conversation from which she experienced so little pleasure,) "is it not time to dress for dinner?"

"I will detain you no longer, my dear," said Mrs. Mills, especially as I

M

have

have a little search to make for a manuscript, which it has just now occurred to me, will furnish entertainment for the afternoon."

"How good you are, Madam," said Clara, "you are always thinking of us. Then observing that William had left the room, she set off in pursuit of him to communicate the agreeable news."

William was rejoiced, and after dinner, when the cloth was removed, listened, as did also his sister, with the utmost attention, to

THE
EXPLANATION,
A
TALE.

"Charlotte Graves, and Maria Wilmot, were nearly of the same age: Their parents were intimate friends, and near neighbours, which causing the children to be much together, strengthened the affection, which, in the tender years of infancy, existed

existed between them; but this friendly intercourse was early interrupted; the declining state of Mrs. Wilmot's health rendering it necessary she should breathe her native air. Mr. Wilmot purchased an estate in Wales, to which he shortly after retired with his family. Maria was at this time eight years of age, and her friend Charlotte just twelve months younger. The little girls shed many tears at parting, promised to love each other always, and as they had both been for some time in joining-hand, to write to each other often.

“ The year after the retirement of Mr. Wilmot, Charlotte had the misfortune to lose her mother, who died suddenly, and a person from France was engaged to superintend her education. Had this lady been worthy the trust reposed in her, all had been well; but, unfortunately, no one more improper could possibly have been chosen. Her manners were indeed polished; her address was insinuating, but she was wholly without principle or senti-

ment : beauty, splendor and riches, were, in her estimation, the chief blessings of life, and if she had a view beyond her own interest, which she endeavoured to promote, by flattering her follies, it was to polish the manners of her pupil, rather than to cultivate her understanding or to form her heart.

“ At the early age of nine, with a mind little turned to reflection, it is not surprising that harClotte should imbibe the follies and prejudices of her governante ; she readily believed, that providence, in giving her beauty, had bestowed on her its choicest blessing ; and while she spared no attention to embellish her person, suffered her understanding to lie wholly neglected. Vain, frivolous, fond of admiration, her follies, by indulgence, swelled into vices ; among which, envy and detraction were not the least conspicuous : her heart sickened at perfection in another, and her tongue was ever ready to depreciate the excellence she could not attain.

“ Maria,

“ Maria, in the mean while, was rapidly improving in every amiable virtue and elegant accomplishment. She, too, had lost her mother, but the kind attention of her father, who dedicated the chief of his time to her improvement, and the tenderness of a maiden aunt, who resided with them, softened the severity of her misfortune: she already perfectly understood three languages, was mistress of geography, played incomparably on the pedal harp, and discovered a great taste for painting; but these accomplishments, though joined to a handsome person, constituted but a small part of her perfections. Her piety, her respectful affection to her father and aunt, her sweetness of temper, her gentleness, her humility, added a superior lustre to her character; every one loved, every one admired, every one esteemed her. Her accomplishments and virtues, at length, reached the ear of her friend Charlotte, who, at first paid little attention to what she heard; but when two or three families, who had made excursions into the

part of the country where Mr. Wilmot lived, thinking to give her pleasure, was lavish in the commendations of her old friend, she felt a pang that she with difficulty concealed, and from this moment such are the baleful effects of envy, experienced a decline in the affection she had, till now, entertained for Maria.

“ During five years that had elapsed, since their separation, letters had constantly passed between them, but the correspondence on the part of Charlotte now became less pleasing : The most affectionate epistles lie by unanswered for months, and at last excited only a formal apology ; this was by degrees omitted, and in the end the correspondence ceased.

“ Among Mr. Graves’s friends was an old Baronet, remarkable for his cheerfulness and good-humour ; though upwards of seventy, he was always the first to promote a party of pleasure for the young folk, and had for some time promised to give them a ball. The day was at last fixed, and all his young friends invited.

vited. Charlotte, among the rest, was not a little pleased, to receive a card of invitation ; she immediately flew to consult with her governess upon what dress she should appear in, being determined, she said, not to be outdone by any in the ball room. Mademoiselle applauded her resolution, and tapping her on the cheek," said, "it would be a shame, if, with that pretty face, she did not outshine every one there." The important matter was then entered upon, and supplied conversation till the happy day arrived ; when, with all the advantages an expensive dress could give to a person really handsome, though spoilt by affectation and self-sufficiency, she entered the ball-room, where a croud of young folk, with happy countenances, were assembled.

"The minuets being over, and country dances proposed, a young lady of the most engaging aspect was presented by Sir William (for so the gentleman who gave the entertainment was called) to Charlotte for a partner. They went down several dances, to their mutual satisfaction, when

Charlotte, understanding that her partner was a little indisposed with the head-ache, proposed that they should desist. This the young lady refused, till repeatedly assured it would be equally agreeable to her companion, when she consented, and they sat down.

“What delightful dancers,” observed Miss Shirley, for that was the name of Charlotte’s partner, “are those two young ladies! It is impossible to imagine any thing more graceful than their movements; I have not been able to keep my eyes off them the whole evening.”

“Whether you think them fine dancers or not,” replied Charlotte, “I will answer for it they think themselves so.”

“There is nothing,” returned the young lady, “assuming in their deportment; they appear to be perfectly modest and unaffected.”

“Psha,” said Charlotte, “it is easy to put on an air of modesty; but I have known them long, and could always, through that, discover

discover a great deal of arrogance and self-conceit."

"We should endeavour to judge favourably of every one," said Miss Shirley; perhaps you wrong them?"

"No," replied Charlotte; "I am seldom deceived in my opinion. They are twins; pray, do you think them handsome?"

"Yes," replied Miss Shirley, "especially she in the white lutestring; her eyes are beautiful."

"Why, yes," rejoined Charlotte, "her eyes are certainly fine; but do you not think there is a little of the vixen in them? I have always observed, that where there is so much fine, the temper is turbulent."

"It is illiberal," returned Miss Shirley, "to form your opinion upon such proof; how often do we find an amiable disposition concealed under the most irregular features, and the reverse where the countenance promises every thing amiable?"

"Your argument," replied Charlotte,

“ may hold good in some cases ; but, depend upon it, Mary Danvers is a vixen.”

“ You are very severe,” said Miss Shirley ; “ but pray, do you not think the young lady, who stands next, very handsome ?”

“ Yes,” said Charlotte, “ if we give her credit for the white and red of her complexion.”

“ What do you mean ?” said Miss Shirley.

“ You know,” replied Charlotte, “ there is such a thing as rouge and white paint.”

“ I have heard so,” returned the young lady.

“ I have been told,” said Charlotte, “ that Miss Fairfax sometimes pays a visit to her mamma’s paint boxes.”

“ And can you believe it ?” said Miss Shirley. “ How absurd to suppose a girl of thirteen or fourteen (I am sure she does not appear to be older) would paint, or that her parents would permit her.”

“ Such things,” returned Charlotte, “ do however happen : Why now, perhaps, you think

think the flaxen ringlets of her partner pure nature."

"They appear to be so," said Miss Shirley.

"Ah," said Charlotte, "appearances are often deceitful."

"You are very satirical," said Miss Shirley; "but here comes one in whom I think you must allow beauty of person and good sense to unite.

"Do you mean Lady Eliza Elwin?"

"The same," said Miss Shirley; "you must confess that she is very amiable and accomplished, and as to beauty of person few can, I think, exceed her."

"Why, Lady Eliza," returned Charlotte, "is certainly affable; her conversation too is what the world terms agreeable; though, in my opinion, not without a tincture of the female pedant, which you must allow is horrid; but, as to her features, though regular, they want animation. You'll laugh when I say, I never look on Lady Eliza without thinking of a pretty wax doll, with cherry cheeks and

glafs eyes——Speaking of eyes ; pray, do you really think Lady Eliza's fo fine ? For my own part, I am not fond of thofe fleepy downcaft eyes ; I always fufpect that fomething more is concealed under them than people are aware of. Between you and I, I have heard it whifpered, that Lady Eliza, with all that foftnefs, is not the beft tempered ; but fome people take a malicious pleafore in scandalizing their neighbours."

"Who," faid Mifs Shirley, "may hope to efcape, if Lady Eliza is cenfured fo unjuftly ! She laft year paffed fome weeks in Radnorfhire ; I had, therefore, frequent opportunities of meeting her, and, affure you, I found her a moft amiable accomplifhed young lady ; and as to her temper, I have been told by her moft intimate friends, that few can boaft one more equal."

"I fee," returned Charlotte, "that fhe is a favourite of yours—we will, therefore, change the fubject. Pray, did not you
mention

mention Radnorshire? Do you reside in that part of Wales?"

Miss Shirley replied, that she did; and added, it was scarcely a week since she left it.

"You are then acquainted, perhaps," returned Charlotte, "with Miss Wilmot?"

"Miss Wilmot!" exclaimed the other, "I am——"

"O, you are intimate," interrupted Charlotte; "I am rejoiced! I shall be glad to ask a few questions about her— Pray, is it true that she is so very accomplished, and so very handsome?"

"I am an improper person," replied Miss Shirley, "to give you information upon this point; for——"

"Nay," interrupted Charlotte, who loved the sound of her own voice better than that of any one's else, "since you are acquainted, I could not have asked one more proper. I see she is not so great a favourite as Lady Eliza; but no matter, you have, I dare say, your reasons; one cannot, you know, be wholly blind to the

the

the faults of one's friends : in truth, we have all faults ; some of one kind, and some of another, though none is, to be sure, worse than a covetous temper."

"Do you mean," said Miss Shirley, "that Maria Wilmot is covetous?"

"Somewhat that way inclined," returned Charlotte; "but, as I observed before, we have all our faults."

"But, my dear Miss," said Charlotte's partner, "with earnestness, tell me, have you reason for entertaining such an opinion? Surely, no heart, that is not lost to every noble sentiment, can harbour so despicable a vice as covetousness."

"Why, one would think so," returned Charlotte; but it is I believe too true, that covetousness is poor Maria Wilmot's failing; what is your opinion?"

"I never thought it so," replied Miss Shirley; "but 'tis possible I may be blinded by partiality."

"Depend upon it," replied Charlotte, "you are; I could give you twenty instances of her stinginess: Would you believe

lieve it, she has never had a cap nor a mantua made in London since her father retired into Wales! Now, as to taste, I have been told she has a great deal; therefore it can only proceed from her stingy disposition."

"But she is at present young," returned Miss Shirley, "and it is possible may not conduct these matters herself."

"O, I beg your pardon," returned Charlotte, "her father is so extravagantly fond of her, that he does not contradict her in any thing, and, I have been credibly informed, suffers her to draw on him for any money she pleases."

"If that be the case," returned Miss Shirley, "it behoves her to be cautious of abusing the confidence he is so generous as to repose in her."

"I dare say, she does not think of that," said Charlotte: "no; I am persuaded she is mean. I will give you another instance of her covetous temper; I seldom assert any thing but upon pretty clear proof: Last year, she accompanied her aunt, who
you

you know, poor old soul, is troubled with the gout, to Bath : Well, would you believe it, I was credibly assured, by a friend of mine who was there at the time, that she never, during the whole season, once put into a raffle nor touched a card !”

“ I have been told,” replied Miss Shirley, “ that cards, and also raffling, as being a species of gaming, were two things to which her mamma had a particular objection.”

“ But her mother has been dead these three years,” replied the ungenerous Charlotte, “ it is, therefore, very unlikely she would be so scrupulous on that account : No, no, depend upon it, she does not love to part with money. I’ll tell you another anecdote I heard, upon authority equally as good, which proves her meanness beyond all dispute. Would you believe, that, before a whole room-full of company, she refused to subscribe to a concert, at which Mara sung ! I declare I would not have let myself down so, had it been the last five guineas I had in the world ;

world, and what makes it worse, it seems she pretends to be fond of music, and, they say, plays finely on the harp; not that I believe every thing of this sort that I hear, for all who pretend to give their opinion are not judges of good playing. In short, you see she is naturally covetous and mean."

"I hope," said Miss Shirley, "you do her injustice; but, if she be really so, it would be kind to point out this as a part of her character, standing in need of amendment."

"It would be a glorious task," said Charlotte, "to set about reforming the world. Why now, Maria Wilmot and I have from our intimacy been friends, and till within these last two years correspondents; but I——"

Miss Shirley looked astonished—"Is it possible," said she, "that you can be Miss Graves, the friend and correspondent of Maria Wilmot?"

"The very same," returned Charlotte; "but you seem surprized."

"I,"

“ I,” said Miss Shirley, “ am really Maria Wilmot, your old friend and correspondent. My father has changed his name, on account of an estate that has been left him on that condition, which is the reason I am called Shirley. I was told you were upon a visit in the country ; I had, therefore, till now, not the slightest idea that I was conversing with my old friend.”

“ Let the reader imagine what was the confusion of Charlotte, who had been unjustly stigmatizing her friend with so despicable a vice ! She seemed rooted to the place where she stood, incapable of articulating a word either to vindicate or excuse her conduct.

“ Miss Shirley pitied and wished to relieve her embarrassment ; but at this moment Sir William, accompanied by her father and Mr. Graves, who had just entered, came up to them. They soon understood that an explanation had taken place between the young ladies, and told them, that having a mind to heighten the
pleasure

pleasure of their meeting, after so long an absence, by the surprize, they had purposely introduced them to each other as strangers, and did not intend that the eclaircissement should have taken place, till they were all assembled at supper: “but,” continued Mr. Graves, in a jocular strain, “I find there is no possibility of keeping a secret where girls are concerned: you were determined to be beforehand with us.”

“Charlotte was too much chagrined to relish the jest: her cheerfulness was fled for the remainder of the evening, during which her behaviour appeared aukward and constrained. She wished to apologize to Miss Shirley for the improper licence she had given her tongue; but what could she say? what excuse could she frame for an attack on her character, so unjust and unprovoked? She attempted more than once to enter upon the subject; but her voice faltered—she knew not where to begin, and at length, having for some hours laboured under the most uneasy sensations, she

she returned home full of shame and vexation. When retired to her chamber, she had leisure to reflect coolly on the occurrences of the evening, and could not but admire the conduct of Maria, who, during the whole course of it, had generously endeavoured, by every kind and polite attention, to dissipate her chagrin, and convince her she harboured no resentment on account of the past. “Maria,” said Charlotte, “is certainly very generous; how unfortunate that I should not know her! If I had, this would not have happened; I shall in future be very cautious to whom I express my sentiments.—Let me reflect.—What was it I did say?—O, that she was covetous—Well, there is no great crime in that; because it is very likely to be true: but then, as she was my old friend, I should not have pointed out her faults to another, and especially to one who appeared to be a stranger to me. I am persuaded she is stingy; but let her be what she will, she has certainly behaved to me this evening like an angel: how she might
have

have mortified and exposed me to every body! I am sure, had I been in her place, and she in mine, I should have taken all the revenge I could. I wish I had made some apology—I have a great inclination to go to-morrow morning, and tell her I am sorry for what I said. I never did make concessions to any one before: but somehow I am uneasy; I don't know what possesses me: I am half-inclined to love her—I wish I had not heard so much about her beauty and accomplishments: it is a sad thing to be envious!”

“Fortunately for Charlotte, Mademoiselle had for some time left the family, and was gone to reside with a relation in France: those good impressions, therefore, which Charlotte had in her infancy imbibed, from the precepts and example of an amiable mother, and which, though stifled by flattery and ill advice, were not eradicated, had time to operate. She rose early in the morning, and prompt by a natural impetuosity, which hurried on every impulse

impulse of her mind, whether it was to good or bad, she set off, attended only by her maid, to Mr. Shirley's.

“ Maria happening this morning to rise latter than usual, on account of a slight indisposition, had not left her chamber: Charlotte, therefore, on her arrival, was shewn into her friends dressing room, when she waited half an hour.

“ Though not very studious, the subject of her present visit afforded such disagreeable reflections, that for once, in her life, she cast her eyes around, in pursuit of a book: not finding one to her purpose, she so far infringed the rules of good-breeding, as to open a drawer, the key of which was turned, and in it found a ladies memorandum book: nothing could have suited her taste better; she unclasped it, with an intent to peruse the songs and enigma's, but in turning over the leaves for this purpose, some memorandums in the hand-writing of Maria caught her eye, and I am sorry to say, she was so in-
delicate

delicate to peruse, among many other of the same kind, the following :

“ Paid the school mistress, half a-year,			
for John Gilies’s two	l.	s.	d.
children, -	1	1	0
For Mary Duff’s boy			
and girl, -	1	1	0
For Ralph Field’s			
youngest girl, -	0	10	6
Books, shirts, shifts,			
and shoes for the			
above children,	2	2	0
Dame Ruffel, against			
her lying in, -	0	10	6
My mite toward pro-			
moting the Sunday			
schools, -	1	1	0

“ Resolved to new trim my white lutestring, instead of buying a new dress for the assembly.

“ *Note*—The money saved to go toward replacing poor John Mils’s cow, dead last week.”

Thoug

Though Charlotte had suffered envy and many other vices to predominate in her character, she could not withhold the approbation due to the benevolence that shone through these simple memorandums: she blushed at the thought of her own injustice, which had ascribed to avarice an œconomy, which evidently appeared to proceed from the most generous of motives: Vanity had hitherto been a leading feature in her character, but when, in every instance, she compared her own conduct with that of her friend, she could not but feel her inferiority. Absorbed in thought, sometimes looking on the memorandums, and sometimes reflecting on the striking contrast they formed to her own, she continued with the book in her hand, till the entrance of Miss Shirley recalled her to a sense of the impropriety of her situation, and revived in her mind all the circumstances for which she came to apologize.

“ Maria received her with a look full of complacency and kindness, and thanked

ed her for so early a mark of her attention.

“ Charlotte was again embarrassed ; again at a loss when to begin : at length, “ ah, my dear Miss Shirley,” said she, “ if you wish to reconcile me to myself, be less kind, and less generous, for how, otherwise, can I forgive myself the injury I did you last night ?”

“ Think no more of it,” my dear, said Maria, “ my own conduct, in the instance to which you allude, was by no means free from blame, I certainly possessed myself of your sentiments, by means that were very unjustifiable : I should not have suffered you to remain in an error I could so easily have rectified : but I own, the desire of knowing upon what grounds you accused me of a vice my soul detested, induced me to take an advantage which I am sensible was ungenerous : let us, therefore, since we are perhaps neither of us free from blame, mutually forgive each other.”

N

“ You

“ You are very generous,” said Charlotte, “ but *my* conduct was unpardonable.”

“ Think no more of it,” said Maria, “ perhaps you thought you had reason for what you said ; but time will, I hope, justify me in your opinion.”

“ O, my dear Miss Shirley, my dear Maria,” said Charlotte, “ this (pointing to the memorandum book) proves you to be every thing that is great and amiable : yet, even your justification covers me with shame, how mean must I appear in thus indelicately satisfying my curiosity !”

“ A modest blush animated the blooming features of Maria, when she understood, that memorandums, which were designed for her own perusal, had been exposed to the view of another. Both, though from different motives, appeared confused—and a silence of some moments ensued : it was at length broken by Maria : “ Your curiosity, my dear,” said she, taking Charlotte by the hand, “ is its
own

own punishment, since my pocket-book contained so little to gratify it. With respect to myself, I am sorry the perusal of a few insignificant memorandums should expose to me to encomiums of which I am so wholly undeserving."

"I sincerely," said Charlotte, "ask your pardon for my indelicacy; but I cannot, in this instance, repent it. The perusal of your memorandums, my dear, has taught me a lesson, which, I hope, will be of service to me throughout my whole life. O, Maria, what money have I not lavished in dress, trinkets, cards, and I know not how many frivolous things of the same kind, yet, at this moment, cannot call to mind one single action capable of affording me a pleasing reflection!"

"Perhaps," said the gentle Maria, "you examine your actions with too great severity; my poor mamma used often to observe, that we all owe something to the world, and to the character we support in it: The large sums, she would say, daily expended on the table, wardrobe,

wardrobe, and numerous retinue of a person of fashion, would, it must be owned, more than decently support many worthy indigent families, yet these, in the present state of the world, are considered as the necessary appendages of a high station, nor are they, when proportioned to the fortune of the individual, at all hurtful to society; they are, on the contrary, beneficial, as they furnish the means of subsistence to the subordinate ranks of mankind."

"How kind!" said Charlotte, "to recollect this observation of your mamma, to apologize for my extravagance!"

"Yet you," my dear Maria, "are constantly, I see, depriving yourself of pleasures that you may distribute comforts to others."

"You are mistaken," said Maria, "I sometimes give up a lesser pleasure to enjoy a greater, that is all."

"Do you then," said Charlotte, "set no value on dress, and a thousand other enjoyments, the money you appropriate to others, would purchase?"

to

“ Such low and frivolous enjoyments,” said Maria, “ acquire all their value from our ignorance of higher; when once we have tasted the pleasures that spring from acts of kindness and benevolence, be assured, my dear Charlotte, all other must fail in the comparison.”

“ How few girls of our age,” said Charlotte, “ are there who think like you! yet how amiable do you appear! till compared with yours, I never saw the deformity of my own conduct; I thought, if indeed I thought at all, that it was irreproachable; but you have undeceived me.”

“ You ascribe to me, my dear,” said Maria, “ much more merit than I deserve; with respect to you and I, all that can be said, is, that we differ in our ideas of pleasure; *you* have, perhaps, been told, that it is to be found in company and public amusements, and I was early taught to seek it in retirement, books, the
society

society of select friends, and especially in contributing to the happiness of others."

"I too," said Charlotte, "will from this moment cease to look for it elsewhere; you, my dear Maria, shall be the model by which I will endeavour to form my future conduct."

"You have chosen one very imperfect," said the modest Maria.

"Ah!" said Charlotte, "what would I not attempt to regain your esteem and affection; I once possessed it, but the ill return I have long since made to your kindness, and above all the recollection of my conduct last night, must, in spite of your generosity, cause you ever to despise me."

"Do not," replied Maria, "wrong me or yourself by such a supposition: I should, I own, be guilty of great insincerity, were I to pretend, that my sentiments in this respect, were the same last night, as they are at present: No, my friend; though willing to frame excuses for a failing into which I was sensible, I might

I might myself have fallen, had it not been for the admonitions of a watchful mother, and, after her death, to those of a father, who has made it the study of his life to form my heart and cultivate my understanding, yet, my dear Charlotte, pardon my freedom, when I found with what pleasure you pointed out blemishes in, and heard you indiscriminately asperse the most faultless characters, I own I felt an indignation and disgust, of which I thought myself incapable; but your candour, in thus frankly acknowledging your errors, must surely efface the remembrance of them, and entitle you to the esteem of generous minds."

"You, my dear Maria," said Charlotte, "who are generosity itself, may forgive me, but how can I ever be reconciled to myself! poor Miss Fairfax, whose only fault, in my eyes, was that of being too lovely, what pains have I not taken to depreciate your beauty, by attributing to art what was purely the work of nature! How often have the elegant, the unassuming

Danvers'

Danvers' been the sport of my unbridled tongue! The charming Lady Eliza Elwin too! whom envy itself must surely admire, she could not escape the slander I indiscriminately cast upon all! and you, my truest my best friend, how readily did I ascribe to covetousness an œconomy which arose from the most worthy of motives!"

"Do not," said Maria, seeing Charlotte overwhelmed by the bitterness of these reflections, "distress yourself by reverting with a severity too great on your past errors; it is enough then you are sensible of them, and mean to make atonement by your future conduct; remember them now only as they may be necessary to secure you from a relapse, and to teach you, while you persevere yourself in the path of rectitude, to view with an eye of pity and compassion the failings of others. Detraction is certainly a detestable vice; my father has often observed to me, that it comprehends many vices, particularly those of envy and injustice; " I never

never knew a person," says he, "fond of detraction, that was not envious, nor did I ever find such a one, in the least scrupulous, whether he indulged this vice at the expence of innocence or guilt."

"Surely," said Charlotte, "I shall never more be guilty of it! 'Tis indeed odious! but I have so long indulged it, that, I fear, I shall find it difficult to overcome. You, my dear Maria, must be my constant monitor."

"Alas!" said Maria, "I am myself much in need of a monitor, but we will mutually assist each other."

This interesting conversation was here broken off by the entrance of Mr. Shirley, but Charlotte took the earliest opportunity of renewing it: from this moment, she studiously sought to cultivate the friendship of Maria, by whose friendly admonitions she learnt, in time, to view the perfections of others, without envy, to enjoy the world, without being enslaved by its pleasures, and to ensure her own happiness by promoting that of others.

"Clara,

“ Clara, who, in the character of Charlotte, saw her own strongly depicted, doubted not, but that her aunt had selected the story she had just finished to reprove and admonish her : she was, therefore, silent, not knowing what to say ; till her brother observed, what an odious character Charlotte’s was, and applied to her for her opinion : she then broke silence, and replied, “ I am ashamed to express my hatred of a vice from which I myself am not free.” Then looking significantly at her aunt, “ Ah, madam,” she added, “ I fear I have lost your good opinion—I was indeed very illiberal—I was too much like Charlotte in the story—The only fault I could find in Miss Reeve’s work was, that it had too much merit.”

“ My dear child,” said Mrs. Mills, “ how I love this charming frankness ! it is the presage of every thing great and good : yes, my dear, I saw you were not uninfluenced by envy in your observations, and

and selected for the entertainment of the afternoon a story, which I thought might serve to set so vile a passion in its true odious colours."

"I see," said Clara, "that envy is indeed a dreadful vice: I hope I am not so envious as Charlotte; but I own I do not like to hear other people praised."

"That, my dear child," said Mrs. Mills, "be assured, is a certain sign that you are not without envy; be particularly cautious, therefore, of suffering it to take root in your heart; the first impressions may be easily easily effaced, but envy, arrived at a certain height, is difficult to eradicate; a proper regimen may check the approach of a disease which, if suffered to gather strength, will baffle the skill of the ablest physician. The most effectual barrier we can oppose to envy is a generous interest in the welfare of others; accustom yourself, my children, to listen to the praises of your friends and acquaintances, point out their several merits and
N 6 perfections,

perfections, and, if you feel a tendency to envy, check it by reflecting that it springs from the most mean and base of all principles, self-love."

"I will endeavour, madam," said Clara, "to follow your councils; for I am sensible that envy is an odious vice."

"I do not," said William, who, during this time, had listened with the utmost attention to the conversation of his aunt and sister, "recollect that I was ever displeas'd with any of my school-fellows for excelling me: I always wish'd to get up to them, and, if I could, before them. I hope, aunt, there is no harm in that."

"No, my dear boy; what you experienced was emulation, a very noble passion, which prompts us to aspire at excellence: Emulation, it is somewhere observed, strives to excel by *raising itself* not by depressing others."

"I shall be very careful, aunt, however," said William, "lest I should be envious; I shall remember what you say, and whenever I am angry at hearing another
ther

ther praised, think it is high time to be upon my guard."

"Dear William," said Mrs. Mills, "be assured you will find an advantage in this; could young people know the pain and misery they would spare themselves, by thus early checking the approach of envy and such base passions, no persuasions would be necessary to lead them to adopt so salutary a course."

The conversation now took a new turn, and different topics occupied the time till tea; after which, Mrs. Mills caused a large pair of globes to be brought, and entertained her young friends with a variety of curious particulars, concerning the earth on which we live: she described to them the customs and manners of its various inhabitants, and how, in the space of twelve months, it performs its revolution round the sun, causing the variation of the seasons, and, by constantly turning on its axis, the change of day and night: she then shewed them, on the celestial globe, the *six planets*, which, in stated periods, also
make

make their revolution round the sun ; and pointed out to them the *fixed stars*, which she told them were suns, supposed to enlighten other worlds, in the same manner as the sun we daily see enlightens ours.

No entertainment had ever been more agreeable to the young folk than this, especially to Clara, to whom it was quite new ; the many interesting truths, of which Mrs. Mills convinced her, the sciences of geography and astronomy were capable of informing her, created in her mind a strong desire to study them ; and she went to bed, fully resolved, when she returned home, to request her father to let her have a master.

Clara and William were extremely pleased the next morning to see that the sky was clear, and the wet dried from the ground ; all nature seemed revived, and nothing was now thought on but the expedition, which the rain had the day before prevented.

The coach was accordingly ordered, and soon conveyed them to the seat of the gentleman

tleman to whom the aviary belonged: Here they were for some time highly entertained with the view of a very fine collection of birds, the greater part of them from foreign countries. The beauty and variety of the plumage delighted the young folk, especially Charlotte, who being asked on her way home (for Mrs. Mills, at the request of her young friends, had consented to return on foot) to purchase a linnet or a blackbird, observed to her aunt, that the boy had chosen a very unlucky moment to offer his birds; for, said she, after the beautiful creatures we have just seen, one cannot condescend so much as to look at a blackbird or linnet.

“I am sorry,” said her aunt, “to hear you pay so ill a compliment to the songsters of your own woods.”

“Nay, aunt,” said Clara, “you cannot think blackbirds and linnets, and such common birds, worthy to be compared with the beautiful foreign birds we have seen in the aviary.”

“Their plumage may be inferior to
many,

many," replied Mrs. Mills, "but what they want in feather, is amply compensated by the melody of their notes; for my part, I do not envy the inhabitants of the East, the glittering plumage of the peacock, bird of paradise, nor many more, while my ear is delighted by the charming melody of my native woods."

"To be sure," said Clara, "our birds sing delightfully; but you must allow, there is more to be admired where a beautiful plumage and a fine song is united."

"That, my dear," replied her aunt, "seldom happens: those birds which have the most beautiful plumage are generally found to be defective in song; while others whose colours are less splendid ravish us with the most delightful melody—You see how equally Providence distributes its gifts."

"I should like extremely," said William, "to make a collection of foreign birds, to observe the curious thing related of them. Do you know, madam, I yesterday read, in a book that lay on your dressing-

dressiug-table, of a bird that has a pouch under its bill and throat, large enough to contain ten or fifteen quarts of water! I have forgotten the name of it."

"It is the pelican," said Mrs. Mills, "a native of Africa and America; the pouch you mention is a reservoir for its provision, which it afterwards casts up and devours at leisure. This peculiarity gave rise to the fabulous story, that the pelican fed its young with its own blood."

"Well," said William, "natural history is a charming study! I should like extremely to have a collection of foreign birds: what a number of curious things one should have an opportunity of observing!"

"You undoubtedly would," said Mrs. Mills; "but as many foreign birds will not exist in our climate, and others must be purchased at a large expence, I would remind you, that your own country will afford you no inconsiderable field for practical knowledge: I have given you more than one example of this."

"Yes,

“ Yes, Madam,” said Clara, “ what you related of the bees was indeed very curious, and the microscope discovered many wonders.”

“ Very true,” said William ; “ but birds are not like insects, we can see them without a microscope ; and as to thrushes and linnets, and such birds, they are so common, it is impossible not to know every particular about them.”

“ You have then I suppose, William,” said Mrs. Mills, “ since these *common* birds are so familiar to you, observed the construction of their nests : Tell me, do you think you could form any thing so admirably fitted to the purpose for which they are designed ?”

“ The nests,” said William—“ The nests—Why really I don’t know—To be sure, I have taken many, but I never paid much attention to any thing but the birds that were in them—I know they are made of grass or moss, or something of that sort.”

“ Thus

“ Thus it is,” said his aunt, “ that we daily pass over a thousand objects, which, if less familiar, would excite our highest admiration! But, my dear William, had I known that you had ever committed so cruel a theft, I should not have suspected that you had ever considered attentively the construction of a bird’s nest, and consequently the labour it must have cost the little warbler you deprived of it.”

William hung his head, and was silent—and Clara took this of opportunity of enquiring whether all the birds of our woods built their nests in the same manner?

“ All of the same species,” Mrs. Mills replied, “ build invariably alike, but they vary according to their different kind: The wren, for example, builds her nest in the form of a sugar loaf, leaving a hole about the middle for a passage in and out, through which she not only supplies her young with food, but conveys out all their dung, which would otherwise soil the nest.—The titmouse curiously interweaves its nest with moss, hair, and reeds—The black-bird,

bird, lapwing, and many others, rough cast the inside of the nest, with a lay of mortar, and by the help of a little flue or moss, with which they temper it while soft, form a complete wall within.—Many birds connect the different parts of their nest with a thread, which they weave from hemp or hair, but more commonly from the webs of spiders.—When the swallow has occasion to build her nest, she wets her breast upon the surface of the water, and shedding the moisture over the dust, works it up with her bill, and thus forms a plaster or cement, of which she constructs a commodious habitation for her young family. The martin does the same, but covers her nest at the top, leaving a hole at the side, for a passage in and out.”

“ There is indeed,” said William, “ great ingenuity in all this—it must cost the little creatures great trouble and fatigue—I never thought about it before, but it is certainly cruel to deprive them of their little ones, after they have taken

such

such pains to prepare for their reception."

"You would say so, William," said Mrs. Mills, "if you knew all the cares they undergo; as soon as the eggs, which are to produce the young birds, are laid, the male and female brood over them by turns, with the most painful perseverance, and when the young family make their appearance, encounter every danger and fatigue to provide for their subsistence: they are constantly in pursuit of provisions, first one and then the other, and sometimes both together, and distribute the food they bring home with the greatest equality."

"I thought," said Clara, "that all the care of hatching and rearing the young brood fell to the female."

"It principally does," said Mrs. Mills, "but the male has his part also: he alleviates the fatigue of his faithful mate by a thousand tender assiduities: while she is confined to the eggs, he brings her food, occasionally takes his turn in brooding them,

them, and, when the young birds appear, shares equally with her the fatigue of providing them food: I had a male Canary bird, which performed the office of a very kind father to some young linnets."

"To some young linnets madam!" exclaimed the young folk.

"Yes," said Mrs. Mills, "I'll tell you how it happened. I had once a nest of linnets brought me by a gardener, who, being lately come into my service, was not acquainted that the feathered tribe are permitted to build unmolested in my grounds. As the mischief could not be remedied, I admonished him as to the future, and took the young nestlings under my protection. The nest had not been long in my dressing-room, before I observed that the chirping the little creatures made, either for food or the warmth of the mother, was answered by a fine Canary bird, which hung in the room, with that sort of soft twittering birds usually make to their young. This inspired me with the thought of trying whether he would rear the young linnets:

I accord-

I accordingly put the nest into the cage, and found the experiment succeed; my little Phily, for so I called my Canary bird, instantly left his perch, and brooded over the young linnets, as the mother would have done. I then put some proper food into the cage, and had the pleasure of seeing him drop first a morsel into the mouth of one, then another, till he had satisfied the whole family, which he actually, in this manner, supported till they were capable of providing for themselves."

"How I should have loved the pretty creature!" said Clara; "I have two fine Canary birds at home, I should like extremely to get a nest of young birds, and try if they would do the same."

"Be cautious," said Mrs. Mills, "of trying the experiment, lest the young birds suffer. 'Tis true, it has once succeeded, but that is no reason it should always; though you have seen a cat foster a chicken, such another instance may not occur in the course of your life."

"Pray,

“Pray, madam,” said William, “would Canary birds do you think live in our woods?”

“By no means,” rejoined Mrs. Mills, “our climate is by far too cold, great attention and care is requisite in the breed of them even in houses.”

“But in the Canary Isles,” said William, “I suppose they are as common as blackbirds and thrushes are with us?”

“Probably they are,” said Mrs. Mills; “but their colour there is a dusky grey, and they are so different from those seen in England, that many people have doubted whether they are of the same species. The Canary birds we see here are imported from Germany, where they are bred in great numbers, and sold to different parts of Europe.”

“I have heard my poor mamma say,” said Clara, “that she once saw a Canary bird perform a number of curious tricks,—it fired a little cannon, fell down as if it were shot, and what was more wonderful,

ful, shewed the colour of every person's gown in the room."

I saw the same exhibition, but, I assure you, with more pain than pleasure.

"Dear Madam," said Clara, "you surprize me very much! I think it must have been a very entertaining sight."

"It was beyond all doubt a miracle," rejoined Mrs. Mills, "but such a one as the thinking mind could not contemplate with pleasure; form to your idea the sufferings of the little creature before it could be brought to perform feats so infinitely above its nature: The man who shewed it owned that he had killed thirty by the severity of the discipline, before he could bring one to the perfection we saw."

"Indeed!" said Clara, "I never heard that."

"Sights of this kind," said Mrs. Mills, "never afford me pleasure; an animal acting in conformity to its natural instinct is, in my opinion, an object far more capable of exciting agreeable sensations, than when tortured by the caprice

and ingenuity of man, beyond the limits prescribed to it by infinite wisdom. At this moment they arrived at a neat white house:

“ I have more than once,” said Mrs. Mills, “ promised that you should see our school of industry ; I will now gratify your curiosity :” saying this, they entered, and were conducted by Mrs. Brown, whose story their aunt had related to them, into the school room, where they saw a number of little folk assembled, some spinning, others sewing, others knitting, and others reading ; among the rest they observed Peggy Bartlet, seated at the top of the first form, a distinction which marked the superior merit of those who obtained it.

“ Mrs. Mills, with her usual affability, enquired into the different merits of the young folk, and was extremely pleased, when Mrs. Brown replied, they were in general very good children : Observing one of them, however, set apart from the rest,

rest, she enquired into the cause, fearing perhaps that all was not so well as it should be."

The little girl, who was the subject of the enquiry, hung her head; her cheeks were immediately covered with blushes, and Mrs. Brown replied, "that Polly Bennet was doing penance for a fault she had committed three weeks ago, added, that she had reason to hope she sincerely repented."

The little girl upon this, burst into tears, and assured her mistress and Mrs. Mills, she would never more be so wicked as to tell a lie.

"I am sorry," said the lady, "to hear that you have ever been guilty of so great a crime; but as your present tears, and what your mistress tells me, leads me to hope you are fully sensible of it, I shall not mortify you by any reflections."

Clara and William, who were affected by the poor girl's tears, interceded for her very warmly, and requested Mrs. Brown, to mitigate her punishment, which they

understood was to set apart from the rest three weeks longer.

“ My good young lady and gentleman,” said Mrs. Brown, “ I am sorry to refuse any request you can make, but I am sure, when you reflect on the greatness of the fault, and are told, that Polly Bennet had got a habit of lying, you will think her punishment, in comparison, very light.”

“ The little girl said, she was sensible, she deserved to be punished, and that she should not mind what she suffered, if she could but once gain the good opinion of her mistress and school fellows ; the latter of whom, she said, shunned her as much out of school as they did in.”

“ Mrs. Mills said, she did not doubt, but by persevering in her good behaviour, she would ; but observed, that if she had got a habit of lying, it was not to be wondered at that she was shunned by her companions : she then took an opportunity of observing to the children, that, though she highly commended the abhorrence in
which

which they held Polly's fault; yet she wished to remind them that it was not generous to insult their companion in her distress, nor to add to the mortifications she already suffered by any slight or unkindness or their part, especially as her repentance and resolution to amend appeared to be sincere."

Mrs. Mills and her young friends then wished Mrs. Brown a good day, and pursued their way toward home. Notwithstanding what had been said, Clara and her brother could not forbear thinking that Mrs. Brown had acted with great severity toward the little girl; for, said William, "I did not understand that the lie she told was meant to injure any one."

"Perhaps not," replied Mrs. Mills, "but a lie is criminal, be the occasion what it may. There is a noble simplicity in truth, for the absence of which, the most brilliant accomplishments cannot compensate; while, on the other hand, it adds lustre to the brightest talents, and ennobles the most obscure origin."

Our present conversation brings to my mind a story which I will read to you this afternoon.

“How good you are to us, my dear madam,” said Clara, “we shall always remember, with gratitude, the week we have spent with you—it has indeed been a week of pleasure—but, bless me! is not to-day Saturday—did not my papa say he would return to-morrow?”

“Yes,” said William, “we shall have no more stories.”

“How I wish,” said Clara, “that we could persuade papa to let us stay another week! how happy we should be! that is to say, if it be agreeable to you, Madam, said Clara, addressing her aunt.”

“My dear children,” said Mrs. Mills, “what higher pleasure can I enjoy, than the society of those so dear to me! but we will talk of that when your papa returns, at present let us quicken our pace. They did so, and were soon at home. Dinner soon followed, and after the desert, Mrs. Mills read aloud

THE

T H E

TRIUMPH OF TRUTH,

A TALE.

“ Emily was the acknowledged child and heiress of Sir James Golding, a wealthy baronet, in the west of England :

“ Amiable in her temper, gentle in her manners, beloved and admired by all who knew her, she had reached her thirteenth year, a stranger to care or misfortune : then, for a while, the calm was interrupted, and she was unexpectedly involved in a scene of trouble and perplexity.—A servant, for whom Emily had conceived a strong affection, had for sometime been declining in her health, and, at last grew so bad that her life was despaired of.

“ One day, as Emily was sitting at her bed side, she heaved a deep sigh, and pressing the hand of her young mistress, with a look that bespoke a mind disturbed and agonized,” “ my dear child,” said

she, "I have something heavy at my heart, which I wish, yet dread to communicate—I have been very wicked, but what is done cannot be undone."

"Emily begged she would be composed, and tell her if there were any thing she could do to relieve her mind."

"Promise me," said Alice, "that you will not discover to any one what I am now going to tell you; you are young, but have discretion above your years."

"If it be a secret, that I can keep with honour," said the prudent Emily, "depend upon my silence."

"Alas," said Alice, "it is of moment to your future peace and welfare: but tell me first, had you a mother, poor, mean, friendless, would you not turn from her with disgust and aversion?"

"My good Alice," said Emily, "whither does this question lead: I was never so happy as to know a mother; but, if I were, can you suppose that poverty would not endear her to me?"

"Amiable

“Amiable child!” exclaimed Alice, “in me then”—and here she stopped—“in me then behold that unhappy mother.”

“These words were incomprehensible to Emily; she looked on Alice in silent expectation of what was to follow—but finding she did not proceed—“Alice,” said she, “what does all this mean? you are not light-headed, nor am I surely in a dream, yet how can I understand you! Did you not say something of mother?”

“I did,” said Alice, “I am indeed your unhappy mother.”

“Impossible!” exclaimed Emily, “my mother died when I was scarcely a fortnight old: you have some secret view in this untruth, and want to impose on my credulity; my father, as soon as he returns, (for Sir James was out upon a journey) must be acquainted with this.” Having said thus, Emily was rising with indignation, to leave the room, when Alice, collecting all her strength, caught hold of her gown, and entreated to be heard.”

“ Emily relented, and sitting down once more, listened to a tale, that agitated her young heart with a thousand new and painful emotions. The purport was this : Sir James, during his minority, had imprudently contracted a secret marriage, and was shortly after obliged to set out upon his travels : this affected his poor lady so much, that she lived only to become the mother of a fine girl, which she committed to the care of Alice, who had formerly been her nurse, and at whose house she then lodged. Alice had unfortunately a little girl, within a few days of the same age, and this inspired her with the wicked thought of agrandizing her own child, at the expence of Sir James’s. She accordingly gave it the name of Emily, after the deceased Lady Golding, and when Sir James, the following year, returned to England, imposed it on him for his own offspring, which, in the mean time, she called Patty, and bred up as her daughter. Ten years having elapsed since this transaction, Alice thought it time

to profit by her wicked artifice; with this design she offered herself to supply the place of Emily's maid, who had lately left the family, thinking, in this situation, to ingratiate herself by degrees into the affections of her young mistress, and, when she arrived at years of discretion, to intrust her with the secret of her birth, and lay claim to her future services, by representing the sacrifice she had made in her behalf, or, if this failed, to intimidate her by the fear of a discovery: Alice had, however, continued more than three years an inmate of the family, and had not yet ventured to entrust Emily with a secret of such importance. The prospect, however, of her dissolution, gave a new turn to her ideas, her crime now stood before her in its true deformity; she reflected with anguish on the injustice she had committed, and though she had not courage to repair the injury she had done, she could not die in peace without recommending Patty, the injured daughter of Sir James, to the care and protection

protection of Emily. Such were the motives which prompt this unhappy woman to the confession she had just made, and the reader must form to his imagination the effect it produced on the mind of Emily, since her emotions were too various, and too powerful, for words to express.

“ Shocked at the crime of which Alice had been guilty, yet impressed with a high sense of the duty due to her, however faulty, as a parent, Emily could only weep, and in silence lament, till the entrance of a servant afforded her an opportunity of withdrawing, to calm the tumult of her mind.

“ When Emily was alone, and began coolly to reflect on the events Alice had unfolded, her mind was still more disordered and perplexed:” “ What a change,” said she, “ has a short hour made ! but now I thought myself the child of Sir James Golding, heiress to a vast estate—what am I now ? I am afraid to think—Alice, had indeed reason to say the secret was of importance ! Should Sir James discover it,

it, what will become of me—of my poor mother—I tremble at the thought—but who will acquaint him! Alice says my father is dead, no one but she and myself know the truth—I will, therefore, think no more about it.” Saying this, Emily went into the garden, and began to busy herself about her flowers; from thence she visited her birds, hoping, by these means, to divert her anxiety, but her thoughts insensibly returned to the subject of her inquietude: “How can I”, said she, “look my dear father, for she could not forbear using the appellation, in the face, while I am possessed of such a secret. Every kind word or look he addresses to me will reproach me—What can I do? Confess the truth to Sir James?—he is all kindness and indulgence now,—but then—he will no longer love me, when he finds I am not his own Emily: I shall forever lose his affection; that is hard, yet what is so bad as falsehood and deceit; it is certainly my duty to confess the truth; and how often, as my dear father told

told

told me, there is no satisfaction equal to the performing of it.—But will Alice consent? she is my mother, and I ought to obey her. I will try if I cannot prevail upon her.”

“When Emily returned to the chamber of Alice, she took her hand affectionately between her’s,” how is it, my poor mother,” said she, “are you more composed than when we last parted—have you slept?”

“Alice replied, that it was long since she had known composure; “the injustice I have done,” said she, “presses heavy on my heart, and I find, too late, that guilt brings along with it its own punishment.”

“Well my poor Alice,” said Emily, “make yourself easy, there is still a remedy—confess the truth to Sir James, his child still lives, and he is very generous and kind—I am sure I have always found him so.”

“What is it I hear!” exclaimed the unhappy woman; have you considered—”

“I have

“ I have considered every thing,” said Emily, “ it is the only reparation you can make ; and indeed you owe it both to Sir James, and Patty.”

“ Think,” said Alice, who little expected such a proposal, “ what you will suffer, should Sir James, which he certainly will, withdraw his protection from you ; think how his confidence has been abused ; in what a tender point he has been injured—indeed, my child, there is no hope of his forgiveness, though innocent, he will not consider you less the cause of the imposition which has been passed upon him, and will drive you out to share the poverty of your unhappy mother.”

“ I do not fear poverty,” said Emily, “ for riches cannot afford satisfaction, if acquired unjustly ; but I own, the thought of losing my dear father’s, I mean Sir James’s affection, affects me sensibly ;” yet, my dear mother, it is our duty to acquaint him with the truth, and let the consequence be what they will, to perform it.”

“ Alice

“ Alice seemed much agitated; for *mine*, if not for your own sake,” said she, “ I charge you to keep the secret I have unfolded: I, at least, must be the victim of Sir James’s resentment, and think what would ensue, were I, in this weak state, to be turned friendless into the wide world.”

“ This suggestion touched the tender heart of Emily: no, said she, “ Sir James is generous; I will throw myself on my knees before him, and soften him in your behalf—if I fail, I will console you, work for you—and share your poverty; I would not enjoy affluence, were it in my power, while my mother was in misery.”

“ Alice was affected, and half persuaded, by these artless arguments. Emily observed it with joy, but fearing a continuance of the discourse, would be too much for her, in her present weak condition, she pressed her for the present, no further, but promising to return in a short time, left her to repose”

“ Though

“ Though the mind of Emily was distressed by a thousand contending emotions, she felt a peace arise from having thus far performed her duty, that she would not have exchanged for all the advantages riches could bestow; and was enjoying the reflections that arose upon this subject, when a servant entered to acquaint her, that an alarming change had taken place in Alice. Emily hastened to the chamber, and was inexpressibly shocked, to find her speechless; the physician was immediately sent for, but before he arrived the unhappy sufferer had breathed her last.

“ Emily was shocked at this unexpected event; but it consoled her to reflect, that she had, in the last interview, apparently rendered her mother sensible that it was her duty to make the reparation that was still in her power, though Providence had so ordered it that she did not live to accomplish it; that task now devolved upon Emily, and she resolved, painful as it might be to fulfil it—’Tis true she was more than once tempted to pursue the opposite

posite conduct : “Patty,” said she, “cannot feel the loss of what she never possessed, and does not know she has a title to possess ; when I am a woman, and have it in my power, I can be kind to her, and provide for her, and that will make her just as happy—Then, as to Sir James, he believes me to be his child, and I am sure loves me as well ; and with respect to myself, I think, I may venture to say, Patty could not love and honour him more than I do.”—These suggestions, added to the fear of losing Sir James’s affection, which was inexpressibly dear to her, tempted her to confine the secret to her own breast ; but truth, which she had from her infancy been accustomed to prize as the most valuable possession, soon suggested better thoughts, and she resolved to hazard all, rather than unjustly support a character which did not belong to her. She, therefore, met Sir James upon his return the next day, fully resolved to disclose all, but with an embarrassment, arising from the uneasiness of her mind, that did not escape his observation.

observation. He enquired, with affectionate solicitude, if any thing material had happened in his absence?

“Emily blushed, and replied, in a tremulous voice: “Poor Alice, Sir, is dead.”

“Sir James was surpris'd, and enquired when she expired?

“Last night, Sir,” said Emily, “in my arms—” She could say no more, notwithstanding all the fortitude she had endeavoured to assume; she burst into tears——

“My dear child,” said Sir James, embracing her, “I do not blame this amiable tribute to the memory of poor Alice; but death is a debt we must all pay; I see your spirits are low, and for this the best remedy is employment: I have brought you a geographical game; let us see which of us will make the best and most expeditious tour of Europe.” Saying this, he spread the map upon the table, and took out the totum and counters.

“Emily, at his desire, sat down, and endeavoured to attend to the rules of the game,

game, but her thoughts insensibly wandered, and her absence of mind was so visible, that Sir James was displeas'd.

“Emily,” said he, “your concern for a faithful domestic is certainly amiable; but it should not cause you to forget the attention and respect due a parent, who loves and studies every thing to make you happy.”

“This was too much for the tender heart of Emily, already oppress'd with a weight of grief entirely new to her; she burst into tears, and throwing herself upon her knees, and hiding her face with both her hands, entreated him to forgive her.

“Sir James, astonish'd at the agitation of her whole frame, rais'd, and pressing her to his bosom: “Is it possible, my dear child,” said he, “that what I have said should affect you so powerfully!”

“Ah, Sir,” said Emily, somewhat relieved by the tears she had shed, “do not call me your dear child; indeed, I am unworthy that name.”

“Sir

“ Sir James was surpris'd; but knowing the ingenuous disposition of Emily, judg'd that her words alluded to some trifling fault she had committed in his absence, and assur'd her of his forgiveness.

“ I am very unhappy,” said Emily; “ but thank God I have nothing to reproach myself with : O, my dear father !” (for, accus'd to this epithet, she unconsciously us'd it) “ I am very miserable—I fear you will never again call me your dear Emily.—Indeed, indeed, papa, I am not your own child.”

The reader will easily conceive what must have been the astonishment of Sir James : when Emily, as well as the agitation of her mind would permit, related all the particulars before mentioned, and put into his hand a letter his lady had address'd to him a few days before her death, and committed to the care of the treacherous Alice, who had withheld it, on account of its describing a particular mark which was visible on the forehead of his child, and

would

would naturally have been sought for by Sir James.

“His astonishment and indignation arose to the highest pitch—For some time he walked the room in the utmost perturbation of mind—Then turning to Emily, who sat in trembling expectation of the event, not daring to lift up her eyes to Sir James: “My dearest child,” said he, “my thoughts are at this moment too much disturbed to pay, as I ought, the just tribute to your noble conduct—Leave me for the present—In the morning we will meet as usual.”

“Emily withdrew to her chamber, much comforted by these kind expressions, which left her no room to apprehend the resentment of Sir James, and gave her reason to hope for a continuance of his favour.

“When Emily the next morning was summoned to the breakfast table, the consciousness of the new character in which she must appear to Sir James gave a timidity and restraint to her manners that fully informed him of all that passed in her mind :

mind: "My dear Emily," said he, taking her hand in the most affectionate manner, "why this reserve? Can you imagine that an event in which you have borne no part, but what has served to reflect on you the highest honour, can have lessened my esteem or affection? No, my dear, my noble girl, it has rather encreased than diminished both: From henceforth you can have no *rival* in my affections, and Emily is too generous not to admit a partner."

"As soon as breakfast was over, Sir James dispatched Rugby, a faithful domestic who had grown old in his service, to a village about ten miles distant, where Alice had placed Patty during her residence in Sir James's family, with orders to pay the money due for her board, and bring her home.—Emily, in the mean while, retired to her chamber, to enjoy the agreeable reflections that arose upon her happiness. How sincerely did she rejoice in the conduct she had pursued! had she acted with less integrity, how bitter had been her reflections! For, with no small
surprise,

surprise, she learnt that the discourse which had passed between her and Alice had been actually overheard, and when she retired the evening before, related to Sir James by Rugby, whose chamber was only divided by a thin partition from Alice's. Had Emily, therefore, acted upon principles less noble, the very means she had taken to secure to herself the fortune and esteem of Sir James had irretrievably deprived her of both. She looked up, therefore, with gratitude to the Supreme Disposer of events, who had inspired her with resolution to hazard the loss of every worldly consideration, rather than purchase them by duplicity and injustice. From such reflections her thoughts naturally turned upon Sir James; on his generosity and kindness—and then on Patty: “I am afraid,” said Emily, “she is very illiterate, perhaps as ignorant and vulgar as our washing-woman's poor child: how it will vex and mortify my dear father—I wish he were not to see her till she had been at school a few months. But that cannot be——If it were but possible

sible to make her appear a little genteel before he sees her—Let me see—Could not she wear some of my clothes—To be sure,——we are just of an age.”

“Emily was delighted with this thought—the moment she saw Rugby, from the window, enter the court-yard, she flew to beg he would for a few minutes conceal his arrival from Sir James: Then, overjoyed, she hurried with Patty into her chamber, where she put on her one of her finest muslin frock and a dimity skirt—and would have added a cap, had she not been unwilling to conceal her beautiful auburn ringlets, which she thought a greater ornament.

“The artless simplicity of Patty, who viewed every thing she saw with wonder and rustic admiration, and the generous anxiety of Emily to embellish the person of one who, in a mind less noble, might have excited sentiments of envy or jealousy, formed the most interesting contrast.

P

“The

“The business of the toilet being completed, Emily led Patty to Sir James, who awaited her arrival with impatience. Upon her entrance, he was struck with the strong resemblance she bore to her mother, and embraced her with the tenderest affection, shedding abundance of tears.

“Patty was quite ashamed to be kissed by so fine a gentleman: She had been told that Sir James was her father—but the distance that appeared between them, for the present, entirely excluded every tender feeling the name might be supposed to awaken, and glad would Patty have been to hide herself in any corner from Sir James.—This bashfulness, however, in a few hours, wore away, and, in her artless observations, Sir James discovered a mind replete with good sense.

“What a mind,” exclaimed Sir James, “is here lost for want of culture!” Some more words he let fall that expressed the keenness of his sensations on this subject, which being observed by Patty, “Pray, Sir,” said she, looking in his face, with a
sweet

sweet simplicity, “do not be angry with me—To be sure, I cannot read—nor write—nor play on the music, as Miss Emily can—but indeed I will love you—indeed, Sir, I will.”

“Sir James was affected by these artless expressions: “Do not, my sweet child,” said he, “imagine I shall love you the less for the want of knowledge you have not the opportunities of acquiring; no, if you be good and teachable, you will be equally dear to my heart as if you possessed the most brilliant accomplishments, which, after all, acquire value only from the virtues by which they are accompanied.”

“How happy it would make me,” said Emily, “to communicate to Miss Golding the knowledge you, Sir, have been so kind as to give me! Will you permit me, (I will not say to be her tutoress, because I am sensible I am in need of one myself) but to assist in so agreeable an employment? Patty has promised to accept my services.”

“ My dear children,” said Sir James, “ nothing in this world can afford me such heartfelt satisfaction as to see you amicably united : Yes, my dear Patty, if you would secure my esteem and affection, Emily must be the pattern by which you must form your conduct.”

“ Emily’s eyes glistened with grateful sensibility at so high a mark of Sir James’s approbation ; and Patty, taking her hand, said, “ Indeed, Miss Emily, I will mind whatever you say—and will love you dearly, for I am sure you have already been very good to me—” (alluding to the change Emily had made in her apparel, a change which, as it gave another proof of Emily’s noble sentiments, had neither gone unnoticed nor unacknowledged by Sir James.)

“ From this day Emily became the preceptress of Patty, whose attention and application was such, that she improved rapidly ; her mind unfolded by degrees, and every day discovered new beauties ; her bashfulness changed into a becoming

becoming modesty, and in a few years the rustic cottager was lost in the elegant, the accomplished Miss Golding.

“The particulars of Emily’s birth was known, but to few; she was still considered as the daughter of Sir James, who divided his affection and fortune equally, between her and Patty. The friendship of the young folk, being, in the mean while, founded upon reciprocal virtues, was strengthened by time, and proved as lasting as it was warm and sincere.”

Thus was the virtue of Emily recompensed by the approbation of her own heart—the esteem of her benefactor—the acquisition of a true friend—and the prosperity of her future life—illustrating this useful precept; that it is no less our interest, than our duty, to adopt and encourage good principles.

Clara and William were much entertained with the story their aunt had related,

and assured her, they would endeavour to cultivate the same integrity that had rendered the character of Emily so estimable.

The next day being Sunday, they attended their aunt to church, a place which Clara had hitherto considered as convenient to lounge away a few hours, on a day the least productive of amusement of any throughout the week; she had knelt merely because other people did so, and repeated the prayers from the same motive. During the sermon and lessons, she was engaged in criticising the persons and dress of the congregation, instead of attending to the instructions contained in either; but a week passed with Mrs. Mills had produced a surprising revolution: The exemplary conduct of that lady—her discourse, and the habit of assembling morning and evening to prayer, had impressed her with a high sense of those important duties she owed to her creator, whom she now addressed with fervent devotion: she listened with attention

to

to an excellent discourse, and retired convinced that she was created for something more than to dress, and trifle away her time in frivolous amusements. In their way home they visited the Sunday-school, where Clara and her brother assisted their good aunt in examining some of the children, whom they rewarded and encouraged according to their several merits; a new species of employment this to the young folk, who felt, that no satisfaction can exceed that of rendering ourselves useful to others.

From hence the carriage conveyed them home, where they had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Clement, who had arrived a few minutes before. My dear sister, my dear children, were alternately repeated—and then, a variety of interesting subjects were discussed. Upon Mrs. Mills leaving the room for a few minutes, Mr. Clement observed to the young folk, that he had not exceeded the time in which he promised to return.

“ Ah! papa,” said Clara, “ we are always happy to see you; but, I assure you, we should be more so, if it were not to put an end to our visit!”

“ How,” said Mr. Clement, “ did you not bind me by a promise, that it should not exceed a week!”

“ Very true, papa,” returned Clara, “ but then we did not know my aunt, we could not have thought the time would have passed so delightfully.”

“ I conclude then,” said Mr. Clement, meaning to banter, “ that you have had balls, and cards, and visits, in abundance.”

“ O, no papa, not one,” said Clara, “ and yet the time has fled so fast, that I can scarcely believe it a week since you left us.”

“ Nor I, papa,” said William, “ and yet I have not had one play-fellow; nay, I have not so much as shot one marble; nor once flown my new kite.”

“ This is very extraordinary,” said Mr. Clement,

Clement, still continuing to banter; "I cannot comprehend it."

"O! papa," said Clara, "my aunt is a charming woman, she has been so good to us! she has told us all about the bees; and you know, papa, how terrified I used to be at a spider; well, it is the most curious thing in the world! I have seen it spin; and how many threads do you think it takes to make one that forms the web."

"Upon my word," said Mr. Clement, "I cannot exactly tell."

"1000! could you think it, papa?"

"The bees," said William, "delight me more than all; my aunt has a glass hive, papa, and we have seen them bring home the wax and honey."

"But you forget the queen, William," interrupted Clara; "she has a palace, papa, and her subjects are so faithful!"

"We have looked through my aunt's microscope too; a fly, papa, is a most wonderful creature! and the dust on the wing of a butterfly is actually feathers."

"Indeed!"

“ Indeed !”

“ Yes, papa, and an earwig has two large wings, that fold up, just like our candle screens. Did you know these things, papa ?”

“ I know,” returned Mr. Clement, “ that nature is replete with wonders.”

“ How was it then, papa, that you never mentioned them to us ?”

“ Your brother, my dear, said Mr. Clement, has been absent, and you never discovered a desire for information on such subjects.”

“ Because, papa,” interrupted Clara, “ I thought it impossible to be amused without dress or company : but I see I was mistaken, we have neither wanted the one nor the other here. My aunt has made us acquainted with so many curious things ! and told us such delightful stories ! I wish, papa, you could let us stay another week ? don’t you, William ?”

“ Yes, sister,” replied William, “ if my father can stay with us, but you know, I have

I have been at school six months, and have had very little of his company."

"Very true," said Clara, "I did not think of that but if papa can stay with us?"

"That is a pleasure," said Mr. Clement, "I cannot at present enjoy, as I have engaged your cousin Milfords to to pass a few weeks with us in town; we must set off to-morrow, that we may be at home to receive them."

At this moment Mrs. Mills entered; "my dear sister," said Mr. Clement, with a smile, "Clara and William have been imparting to me some of their new acquired knowledge, and telling me how agreeably you have entertained them."

"I am happy," returned Mrs. Mills, "if they think so."

"We should be very ungrateful, my dear Madam," said Clara, "not to acknowledge your kindness, we have passed a most delightful week! Papa, I am sensible I have given you a great deal of uneasiness—I have been very idle, and inattentive; but I now see the value of knowledge,

knowledge, and am impatient till I have an opportunity of atoning for the time I have lost."

"How happy," said Mr. Clement, "do you make me by the avowal of such sentiments! yes, my dear child, I have indeed, with concern, beheld your time daily wasted in frivolous and unprofitable amusements, and have reproached myself as, in some measure, the cause, by improper indulgence: shall I confess the truth—I opened my heart on this subject to your aunt, who kindly invited you hither, in the hope of inspiring you with a taste for more rational pleasures: The disgust you conceived to the visit induced me (too much accustomed to indulge your inclinations) to limit it to a week; and little did I expect the happy change so short a period has produced."

"Then you knew, Madam," said Clara, "how reluctantly I came hither?—(Mrs. Mills smiled) and Clara rejoined, turning to her father, you should not have told *that*, papa."

"When

“ When we apply to the physician, Clara, for advice,” returned Mr. Clement, with a smile, “ he should be fully informed of the complaint.”

“ I was neither surpris'd nor offended, my love,” said Mrs. Mills; “ the ideas naturally excited by an old gothic mansion, and a solitary aunt, accorded little with the sprightliness of youth; I wish'd only to convince you, that knowledge and virtue, which give the principal charm to society, can also render the most dreary solitude agreeable, and that the rational and contemplative mind will draw to itself, from objects apparently the most insignificant, a source of entertainment. This being my design, I forbore to introduce you to several neighbouring families, whose society would have enlivened the scene; I resolv'd, in this visit, that our pleasures should rest more immediately upon ourselves, and I hope, that the week has past neither unpleasantly nor unprofitably.”

“ No, indeed, Madam, said the young folk;

folk; the hours have only seemed to fly too fast; Clara then added, "I had no idea that knowledge could be attained with so much ease; if I had, I should not now, be so ignorant."

"Do not deceive yourself, my dear," said Mrs. Mills; "*time, application, and perseverance*, are necessary to the attainment of true knowledge: without these, you will acquire only that superficial kind, which, by rendering you conceited, will render you contemptible: My design, in our conversations this week, has been to awaken in your mind a taste for rational studies; 'tis yours to improve it by diligence and perseverance."

"Ah, my dear Madam," said Clara, "had I you to instruct and advise me! but that cannot be; papa says we must really set off for town to-morrow morning."

"I have been wishing," said Mr. Clement, "that it were possible to purchase a house within a short ride——"

"O! that

“ O! that would be delightful,” exclaimed the young folk.

“ I have a better plan,” said Mrs. Mills: “ What should prevent those whom interest and inclination so closely unite making one family? This mansion is large enough to contain us all.”

“ But, my dear sister,” said Mr. Clement, “ consider——”

“ I guess your scruples,” interrupted Mrs. Mills, “ and am prepared to answer them. The obligation shall be mutual: In the summer you shall be my guest here, and in the winter I will be yours in Portland Place.”

“ I am delighted with the proposal,” exclaimed Mr. Clement; “ but will you, my dear sister, who have for years obstinately secluded yourself in this retirement, consent occasionally to quit it, and mix again with the world?”

“ Yes, my brother,” said Mrs. Mills, “ what I have refused to the repeated solicitations of my friends, I now offer as a sacrifice due to you and to these dear children:

dren : I feel that I can be useful to you both ; my heart expands in the thought, and I no longer hesitate to pursue the path pointed out to me by new duties."

"How, my dear sister," said Mr. Clement, "shall I express the sense I entertain of your kindness ! how discharge so high an obligation ?"

"There is little merit," said Mrs. Mills, "in the performance of duties which coincide so powerfully with our inclinations."

"And shall we really, madam," said Clara, "make but one family ? What an unexpected happiness !"

"I too," said William, "shall share it with you, sister, in the holidays."

"It is my intention, William," said Mr. Clement, "to take you from school, and to receive a gentleman, with whom I am in treaty, into my family, as tutor to you."

"Well," said William, starting up in an ecstasy, "that indeed will be charming ! You shall see, father, how attentive
and

and diligent I will be; I shall be so happy to live at home with you, and my aunt, and my sister!"

The day passed thus insensibly away, and the next morning, at an early hour, Mr. Clement, with his son and daughter, set out for London: They bade a cheerful farewell to Mrs. Mills, in the full assurance of a speedy return, which took place in the course of a few weeks, when having enjoyed the beauties of the country, at the close of the year, Mr. Clement had the pleasure of conducting his sister, after an absence of more than twelve years, to the metropolis—From this time the families were united.

Clara, conscious of her imperfections, by diligence and attention, corrected them; she became gentle, amiable, and accomplished; and Mrs. Mills, in whom she ever found an affectionate friend and a faithful counsellor, had, in time, the happiness of seeing every female excellence united in her character—William too, under a judicious preceptor, assisted by the
counsels

counsels of his father, became a worthy man, and an elegant accomplished scholar.

Thus William and Clara, by their conduct, constituted the happiness of a parent and a friend, whom they loved and honoured : To the end of their lives, they looked back with pleasure on the week which had taught them the *importance of time* ; and convinced them, that it can be no way well improved as in the *practice of virtue*, and the *acquirement of useful knowledge*.

THE END.

B O O K S

PUBLISHED BY

HOOKEHAM AND CARPENTER.

AN Epitome of the History of Europe, from the Reign of Charlemagne, to the beginning of the Reign of George III. By Sir William O'Dogherty, Knight, 8vo. 6s. in boards.

Dedicated (by permission) to his Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence.

A Tour of the Isle of Wight. Embellished with a set of Engravings, consisting of Thirty different Views taken on that delightful Spot. The Drawings taken and engraved in Aqua Tinta, by J. Hassell. Elegantly printed in Two Volumes, Medium Octavo, price 1l. 11s. 6d. in boards.

N. B. A few Copies are printed on large Paper for the Curious.

Constance, a Novel; the first literary attempt of a young Lady, 4 vols. 12s. sewed.

The Pharo's, a Collection of Periodical Essays. By the same Author, 2 vols. 6s. sewed.

Argus; or, the House Dog of Eadlip. By the Author, 3 vols. 9s. sewed.

Arnold Zulig; a Swiss Story. By the same Author, 3s. sewed.

The Scots Heirefs. By the same Author, 3 vols. 9s. sewed.

Count de Hoensdern; a German Tale. By the same Author, 3 vols. 9s. sewed.

The Bastard of Normandy; a Tale on the Banks of the Seine. By the Author of Tancred; a Tale of Ancient Times, 2 vols. 5s. sewed.

Dedicated (by permission) to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.

The Bastard, or History of Mr. Greville. By a Lady, 2 vols. 6s. bound.

Death's a Friend. By the same Author, 2 vols. 4s. sewed.

History

History of Count Gleichen, a German Nobleman, who had Permission from the Pope to marry Two Wives at the same time, 2s. 6d. sewed.

Dedicated (by permission) to her Grace the Duchess of Leeds.

The Romance of the Forest; fourth Edition. By Mrs. Radcliffe, 3 vols. 9s. sewed.

The Sicilian Romance; second Edition. By the same Author, 2 vols. 6s. sewed.

The Castles of Athlin and Dunbayne. By the same Author, 3s. sewed.

School for Widows. By Clara Reeve, Author of the Old English Baron, &c. 3 vols. 9s. sewed.

Plans of Education; with Remarks on the Systems of other Writers. By the same Author, 3s. sewed.

The Exiles; or, Memoirs of Count de Cronstadt. By the same Author, 3 vols. 9s. sewed.

The Progress of Romance. By the same Author, 2 vols. 4s. sewed.

The Beauties of Rousseau, selected by a Lady, 2 vols. 6s. sewed.

Dedicated (by permission) to the Right Hon. Lady Dacre.

The Fair Impostor; a Novel. By the same Author, 3 vols. 9s. sewed.

Ofwald Castle; or, Memoirs of Lady Woodville; a Novel. By a Lady, 2 vols. 6s. sewed.

Edelfrida; a Novel. By a young Lady, 4 vols. 12s. sewed.

Laura; or, Letters from Switzerland. By the Author of Camilla. Translated from the French, 4 vols. 10s. sewed.

The Chateau de Myrelle; or, Laura; a Novel, 12mo, 3s. sewed.

Dedicated (by permission) to the Right Hon. Lady Camden.

Emma; or, the Unfortunate Attachment; a new Edition, with beautiful Engravings, 2 vols, 6s. sewed.

The Whim, or Mutual Impression; a Novel, 2 vols. 4s. sewed.

Emma

Emma Dorville. By a Lady, 2s. 6d. sewed.
 Louisa; or, the Rewards of an Affectionate Daughter, 2 vols. 5s. sewed.

Fragments of Original Letters of Madame Charlotte Elizabeth of Bavaria, Duchess of Orleans. Written during the Years 1715 and 1720, to his Serene Highness Anthony Ulric, Duke of B——— W———, and to her Royal Highness Caroline Princess of Wales, 2 vols. 6s.

Lucinda; or, the Self-devoted Daughter. By Major Mante, 3s. sewed.
 Dedicated (by Permission) to Lady Viscountess Hereford.

The Count de Rethel, an Historical Novel, taken from the French, 3 vols. 9s. bound.

The Innocent Fugitive; or, Memoirs of a Lady of Quality. By the Author of the Platonic Guardian, 2 vols. 5s. sewed.

Terentia; a Novel. By the same Author, 2 vols. 6s. sewed.

Maid of Kent. By the Author of Travelling Anecdotes, 3 vols. 9s. sewed.

Fashionable Infidelity; or, The Triumph of Patience. By the same Author, 3 vols. 9s. sewed.

Memoirs of Captain and Miss Rivers. By a Lady, 3 vols. 9s. sewed.

Dedicated (by Permission) to Mrs. Douglas, of St. Alban's, in Kent.

It Is, And It is Not, a Novel. By Charlotte Palmer, 2 vols. 6s. sewed.

Twin Sisters; or, Effects of Education; a Novel, in a Series of Letters. By a Lady, 4 vols. 12s. sewed.

The Fatal Marriage, 2 vols. 5s. sewed.

History of the Hon. Mrs. Rosemont and Sir Henry Cardigan, 2 vols. 6s. bound.

History of Henrietta Mortimer, or the Force of Filial Affection, a Novel. By a Lady, 2 vols. 5s. sewed.

Louisa. By the Author of the Two Sisters, 3 vols. 9s. sewed.

The

The History of Sir Charles Bentic and Louisa Cavendish; a Novel. - By the Author of Laura and Augustus, 3 vols, 7s. 6d. sewed.

The Devil in Love, translated from the French of Cazotte.

Sorrows of Werter; translated from the German into Italian, and containing more than either the French or English Edition of that much admired Work, 2 vols. 6s.

Gil Blas di Santilano. Storia piacevole del Sig. Le Sage, Tradotta del Francese dal Dottore Pietro Cocchi Sanese, 4 vols. 12s.

A new Collection of Enigmas, Charades, Transpositions, &c. 2 vols. 18mo. 6s. 6d. sewed.

The Minstrel; or, Anecdotes of distinguished Persons of the Fifteenth Century, 3 vols. 12mo. 9s.

Stories for the Instruction and Entertainment of Youth, in 12 vols. ornamented with Copper-plates, which are sold separate at 1s. each volume.

The Six Princesses of Babylon, 3s. 6d.

The Knight of the Rose, 4s.

Letters on the Female Mind, its Powers and Pursuits. Addressed to Miss H. M. Williams, with particular Reference to her Letters from France, 2 vols. 6s. sewed.

Selima; or, The Village Tale; a Novel, in a series of Letters, by the Authoress of Fanny, 6 vols. 12mo. 18s. sewed.

Memoirs of Sir Roger de Clarendon, the natural Son of Edward Prince of Wales, commonly called the Black Prince, and of many other eminent Persons who lived in the Fourteenth Century. By Clara Reeve, Author of the Old English Baron, &c. &c. 3 vols. 12mo, 9s. sewed.

Fontainville Forest; a Play, in Five Acts, founded on "The Romance of the Forest," and performed at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden. By James Boaden, of the Honourable Society of the Middle Temple, Price 1s. 6d.

