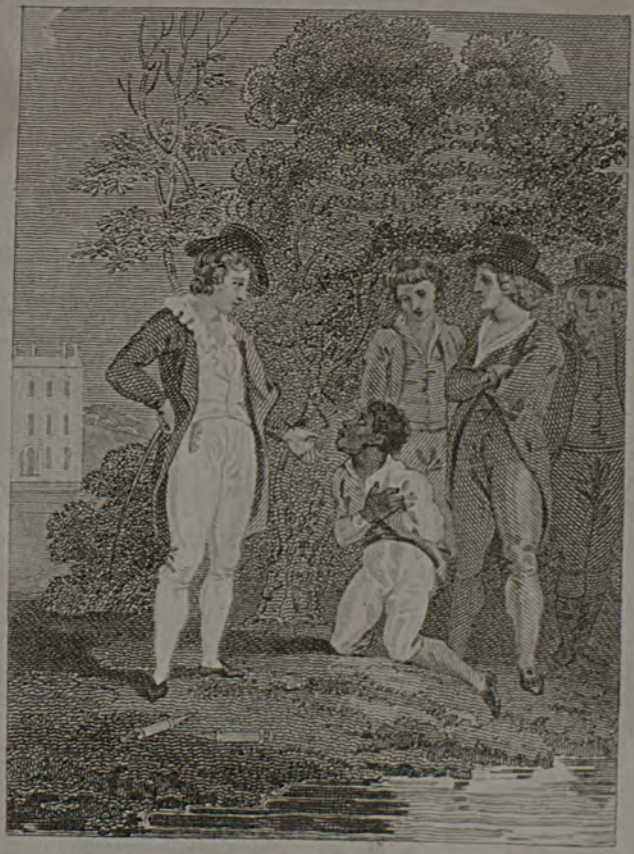
H. Wilkinson



The little Negro Boy.

See page 91.

London Published for Vernor & Hood, Poultry, June 1798.

TALES

OF

THE HERMITAGE:

WRITTEN FOR THE

INSTRUCTION AND AMUSEMENT

OF THE

RISING GENERATION.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR VERNOR AND HOOD, POULTRY;
AND SOLD BY E. NEWBERY, THE CORNER OF
ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD.

1798.

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TALES
OF THE
HERMITAGE.

AN
INTRODUCTORY CHAPTER.

IN a part of Flintſhire, nearly contiguous to the famous well of St. Winifred, which tradition mentions as endowed with qualities to heal the ſick, and recover the diſeaſed, was an ancient cavern, or hermitage, formed out of one of thoſe rocks or mountains with which that country is ſo abundantly overſpread.

Within this humble dwelling reſided an aged hermit, whoſe ſanctity of life, and gentleneſs of manners, inſured him both the love and veneration of all who were improved by his advice, or benefited by his example.

His life was ſpent between devotional exerciſes and chriſtian duties; and he ſeemed to conſider that time totally miſ-employed which was not paſſed either in ſerving his Maker, or rendering himſelf uſeful to his fellow-creatures. Experience and application had taught him the uſe of various plants and minerals; in preparing thoſe for the cure of diſeaſe and the reſtoration of health he generally paſſed the early parts of the day; and his fame as a phyſician at length became ſo great, that he was more frequently applied to for his medicines than for prayers and benediction. Whatever had

had been Father Cuthbert's motive for ſecluding himſelf from the world, he ſeemed to poſſeſs none of that miſanthropy of character which is generally the occaſion of ſo total a retirement; but, on the contrary, he was endowed with all thoſe amiable ſentiments which render man an ornament to ſociety, and at the ſame time teach him to enjoy its pleaſures.

Although his mind appeared labouring under ſome ſevere calamity, yet a placid reſignation to the Divine will, united to a conſciouſneſs of rectitude, enabled him to ſupport his misfortunes with an appearance of cheerfulneſs; and though he never entered into his own affairs, yet his converſation was at once both inſtructive and entertaining. His partiality for the ſociety of children was aſtoniſhing; and he would ſit whole

ſummer evenings amuſing them with ſtories, or liſtening to their obſervations.

As it was impoſſible for the little peaſantry of the neighbouring hamlets to extend their walks to the Hermitage during the ſeverity of the winter months, the amiable Father Cuthbert uſed to amuſe his leiſure hours by writing ſtories for their entertainment, which he read to them when the ſummer returned, and they were again able to pay their accuſtomed viſits. As the practice of writing theſe little hiſtories for the children of the lower claſs of people was productive of ſo much ſatisfaction to the worthy old man, he reſolved to extend his amuſements by forming a collection of tales calculated for thoſe in a higher ſtation, and this little work he had juſt completed when he was ſummoned

moned before his Maker, to receive the reward of his virtues, and to enjoy the fruits of his piety and benevolence.

PRIDE SUBDUED BY ADVERSITY,

AND

VIRTUE TAUGHT BY EXAMPLE.

AS Mrs. Cleveland was one Sunday morning going to pay her accuſtomed viſit to a ſchool which had been recently eſtabliſhed for the poor inhabitants of the pariſh in which ſhe reſided, an elegant equipage drove briſkly paſt her, and ſhe heard a female voice cry out—"It is my aunt; I am convinced it is her!" and inſtantly the carriage ſtopped. A ſervant who was on horſeback alighted, and, opening the door, two young ladies, the one about fifteen, and the other apparently

rently a year younger, ſprang out, and, running after Mrs. Cleveland, exclaimed—"Surely, Ma'am, you cannot have forgotten Emma and Eliza!"

"My deareſt girls, my beloved *nieces!*" replied the amiable Mrs. Cleveland, preſſing them alternately to her heart, "how unexpected is this pleaſure, and how delightful this unlooked-for meeting! I did not indeed recollect you; for four years has made ſuch an alteration in the little, ruddy, round-faced girls I parted from, that I ſhould certainly have paſſed you without claiming a relationſhip. But where is Mr. Fitzhenry? and why do you travel without his protection?"

"Oh! this letter, aunt," replied Emma Fitzhenry, drawing a large packet from her pocket, "will explain every thing, and will put that affection to the

teſt

teſt which you have ſo often told papa you had transferred from our deareſt mother."

"If any thing was wanting to call forth that affection," ſaid Mrs. Cleveland, "the ſtrong reſemblance you bear that dear loſt angel would certainly be the means of doing it; but Mr. Fitzhenry cannot pay me a higher compliment, or give me a higher gratification, than by placing you under my protection; and if the time is proportioned to my wiſhes, we ſhall not ſeparate very ſhortly: but let us return to the vale, my dear girls, for I am ſure you muſt require ſome refreſhment after ſuch a fatiguing journey."

As ſoon as Mrs. Cleveland had ordered coffee, fruit, and cakes, for the accommodation of her gueſts, ſhe retired to her apartments, to peruſe the

letter, which explained the motive of their visit, and there, to her utter astonishment, discovered that Mr. Fitzhenry had accepted the post of governor to one of the East India islands; and not knowing whether the situation would be advantageous for young women, had resolved to leave them under Mrs. Cleveland's protection until, from personal observation, he had made the discovery.

This intelligence both astonished and pained Mrs. Cleveland, who began to apprehend that the accounts she had heard of her brother-in-law's extravagance, since the death of his amiable wife, were but too well founded, and imagined he was going abroad to retrieve a fortune which nothing but *gaming* could have materially *injured*.

Upon

Upon the death of Mrs. Fitzhenry, Mrs. Cleveland was very anxious to have the children under her care, but the father pretended he could not exiſt without their ſociety. At firſt, he ſent them to Queen's Square, and had them home every Saturday; but in leſs than ſix months he engaged a French governeſs for them, and they reſided conſtantly with their father.

Mrs. Fitzhenry's woman, upon her death, had been promoted to the office of houſekeeper; and it was from Mrs. Langford's pen that Mrs. Cleveland was informed of the uncommon ſplendor of Mr. Fitzhenry's eſtabliſhment. Her nieces wrote ſometimes, but it was evident the letters were the compoſition of the governeſs, and therefore they afforded her very little ſatisfaction.

Mrs.

Mrs. Cleveland was ſo aſtoniſhed at the intelligence ſhe had received, and ſo unable to account for it, that ſhe remained longer in her dreſſing-room than ſhe was aware of, and might have extended her ſtay had ſhe not been rouſed by a tap at the door.

"Well, aunt," ſaid Eliza, as ſhe entered, "what do you think of my father's Eaſt India ſcheme?"

"I think, my love," replied Mrs. Cleveland, "that *I am benefited* by it; and I hope you will not be *injured*; yet I confeſs myſelf aſtoniſhed that a man with your father's fortune ſhould quit his country and deareſt connexions for the ſake of augmenting it."

"He certainly has a large fortune, Ma'am," ſaid Eliza; "but I am inclined to think he has injured it; and ſo Madam Lemoine imagined, and ſhe knows

knows more about it than I do." At that moment, Lady Luton's carriage drove up to the door, and Mrs. Cleveland haſtened to receive her, and introduce her nieces.

As ſoon as dinner was ended, Mrs. Cleveland invited the Miſs Fitzhenrys to accompany her to the Sunday ſchool, informing them that ſhe was going there in the morning, when their arrival had ſo pleaſingly defeated her purpoſe.

"Sunday ſchool! La, Ma'am!" ſaid Emma, "why I thought you had all been *too religious* at this diſtance from town, to work upon a Sunday! But faſhion is wonderfully prevalent, and I ſuppoſe our card parties in London gave the firſt idea to the country boors of occupying a day which their forefathers devoted to pſalm-ſinging and praying."

"I hope,"

"I hope, Emma," replied Mrs. Cleveland, looking very grave, "your father thought you too young to be initiated into a vice deſtructive of principle, piety, and virtue."

"Dear Ma'am!" ſaid Emma, "have you forgot how old I am? for I aſſure you I have preſided at the card tables at leaſt a year and a quarter."

Mrs. Cleveland lifted up her eyes in aſtoniſhment, and, after *explaining the nature* of Sunday ſchools, again inquired if they were inclined to accompany her.

"You are very polite, Ma'am," ſaid Emma, looking rather embarraſſed; "but as I cannot ſuppoſe we ſhall derive much entertainment from hearing a parcel of dirty children read and ſay their catechiſm, we will poſtpone our viſit, if you pleaſe, until country air, ru-

ral occupations, and your example, have given us a reliſh for ſuch amuſements."

Mrs. Cleveland made no reply to this ſarcaſtic ſpeech; but, ordering the footman to have tea ready againſt her return, ſhe put on her cloak, and walked towards the ſchool-houſe. The ſlight ſpecimen ſhe had received of her nieces diſpoſitions was not calculated to impreſs her with a favourable idea of them; but when ſhe reflected upon their being the children of one of the moſt amiable women in the world, ſhe attributed their little failings to an improper mode of education, and was forming a thouſand ſchemes to counteract its baneful influence.

She made her viſit to the Sunday ſchool as ſhort as poſſible, and the evening was paſſed in hearing an account of

their

their manner of ſpending their time in Groſvenor Square. Without appearing to endeavour to find out their natural propenſities, Mrs. Cleveland was at the greateſt pains to make the diſcovery, and ſoon perceived that a love of grandeur, ſhow, and diſtinction, were the leading features in Emma's character; but that Eliza's heart ſeemed more likely to be attracted by *intereſting* than *glaring* objects, though ſhe appeared to have no objection either to ſhow or magnificence.

Upon taking leave of his daughters, Mr. Fitzhenry had preſented each with a five hundred pound note for clothes and pocket money, with a promiſe of making them ample remittances, if they were not ſent for to India.

Mrs. Cleveland's fortune was a very large one; and though ſhe had hitherto

lived materially within it, yet upon the arrival of her nieces ſhe thought it right to alter her plan of œconomy; an extra man-ſervant was hired, a new carriage beſpoke, and a farmer's daughter engaged as waiting-maid to the Miſs Fitzhenrys.

Mrs. Cleveland was paſſionately fond of muſic, and played both with taſte and execution upon the piano and harp, and was much diſappointed at the tame ſtyle in which the young ladies performed upon thoſe inſtruments, as ſhe knew they had received inſtruction from the firſt maſters. Some days they refuſed touching the inſtrument at all, and at others would not play more than a quarter of an hour at a time. Mrs. Cleveland at firſt ſuffered them to indulge in a liſtleſs inactivity; but finding their indolent habits rather *increaſe* than

dimi-

diminiſh, ſhe informed them it was her wiſh that they ſhould devote their mornings to *improvement*; and as ſhe was very well verſed in hiſtory, geography, Italian, and French, ſhe would be their inſtructreſs in any of thoſe branches, and read ſuch authors with them as ſhe thought moſt edifying.

"Dear Ma'am," ſaid Emma, with a great deal of pertneſs in her tone of voice, "I am ſure my father never intended to *depute you our governeſs*, and indeed we were ſo *thoroughly informed* by Madam Lemoine, that there is very little left for us to learn."

"I am very happy to hear it," replied Mrs. Cleveland; "then there is a great deal for you to *loſe*, and that would be terrible, after ſo much pains have been taken with you: but do, my dear, walk into the library, and fetch the firſt

volume of Metaſtaſio; he is a favourite author of mine, and I wiſh to hear you read him."

"*I hate Italian*," ſaid Emma, "and Eliza reads it better than I do; ſo fetch the book, Eliza."

"If you read it *ill*," replied Mrs. Cleveland gravely, "there is the greater neceſſity for your reading it *often*; beſides, my dear Emma, I am always *obeyed* by every part of my family—and, ſurely, a girl of fifteen would not think of diſputing a *rule* that's poſitive."

Emma walked into the library, fetched the book, and began reading; but her tone was ſo monotonous, her accents ſo miſapplied, and her pronunciation ſo improper, that Mrs. Cleveland could not bear to hear her proceed; and, taking the book from her hand, ſaid—"I am much obliged to you, my dear, for at-

attempting to amuſe me, and am ſorry to ſay what may appear diſcouraging; but certainly Madam Lemoine was perfectly ignorant of the Italian language. I happen to be very fond of it, and had one of the firſt maſters; and if you will take the trouble of attending to my pronunciation, you will eaſily diſcover the imperfection of your own."

"I am much obliged, Ma'am, by your kind attention;" ſaid Emma, but as I really have no paſſion for knowledge, and happen to poſſeſs ſo large a fortune as to render it unneceſſary for me to take the trouble of attending to thoſe accompliſhments which girls in leſs elevated ſtations are *taught* to *conſider neceſſary*, I muſt beg leave to decline your *offered inſtruction*."

Mrs. Cleveland could hardly credit the evidence of her ſenſes while ſhe liſtened

ened to her niece's improper manner of replying to her friendly propoſal, and before ſhe could expreſs her diſapprobation the footman entered, and delivered into her hands the following letter:

"MY DEAR SISTER,

"TORTURED by remorſe, and overwhelmed by deſpair, how ſhall I acquaint you with the dreadful intelligence that ſooner or later muſt reach your knowledge!

"I cannot with prolixity prepare you for being acquainted with my calamity, but muſt briefly inform you, that *I am ruined!* Oh, my children! how will you bear to hear the horrid *truth!* foſtered in luxury, encouraged in expenſe, how will you be enabled to ſuſtain this fatal blow, which levels you with the needy, the unfortunate, and the beggar!

"I ſaw

"I saw the precipice on which I tottered, and yet had not resolution to avoid its brink! My motive for accepting the East India employment proceeded from a knowledge of my embarrassed affairs. I sold my estates with a view of placing their produce in the funds, that in case of my death my girls might receive their fortunes without trouble or inconvenience, and this morning's sun saw me the master of sixty thousand pounds; a sum which many people would have thought *immense:* but to me, who had squandered three times its value at the gaming-table, it appeared little better than poverty. In an evil hour I resorted to the spot from which I had dated my *former misfortunes*, and there, alas! completed them.

"I have sent in a resignation of my India post, and shall hide my head in some

ſome obſcure corner of the globe, and end my days in poverty and repentance!

"Do not attempt writing to me, for I am not in a frame of mind to *ſupport pity*, or *ſubmit to cenſure*. Protect my children for their dear mother's ſake, and teach them to abhor a practice which has for ever deſtroyed the peace of their unhappy father,

"ADOLPHUS FITZHENRY."

The Fitzhenry arms attracted Eliza's attention, and the changes in Mrs. Cleveland's countenance while ſhe was peruſing the letter called forth her fears.

"Is my father ill, Ma'am?" ſhe exclaimed; "or what can he have ſaid to occaſion you to appear ſo agitated?"

"Your father is *quite well*, my love," replied Mrs. Cleveland: at the ſame time, burſting into a flood of tears, ſhe

u.tered

uttered in a low tone of voice—"Poor girls! Poor girls!"

Emma and Eliza overheard the expreſſion, and, looking at each other with curioſity and aſtoniſhment, ſeemed each afraid of requeſting an explanation.

The ſentiments which Emma had expreſſed juſt before the arrival of the fatal letter, convinced Mrs. Cleveland that the loſs of fortune would, in her opinion, be the greateſt of all earthly calamities; and the little ſatisfaction they had both teſtified in a life of quiet and rationality at once proved their paſſion for diſſipation, gaiety, and expenſe.

Had there been a probability of their feeling happy in their altered mode of life, Mrs. Cleveland would never have repined at their father's misfortunes, but would rather have rejoiced in being enabled to prove her affection, and convince

vince them of her friendſhip; but the idea of daily beholding their diſſatisfaction, and hearing them pine after loſt pleaſures, was an evil ſhe looked forward to with dread and apprehenſion, and ſhe reſolved to adopt a plan which at that moment ſtruck her as being likely to reconcile them to their future reſidence.

Eliza at length had courage to entreat her aunt to explain the cauſe of her anxiety; and if they could not remove it, to let them have the ſatisfaction of ſharing it.

"*Share it*, indeed, my dear girl!" ſaid Mrs. Cleveland; "would to Heaven I could exempt you from that *misfortune!* for heavy as it falls *upon me*, you are ſtill more affected by its weight."

"Gracious Heaven!" exclaimed Emma, "what can have happened! I beſeech you, Aunt, eaſe me of this ſuſpenſe!

penſe! ſurely," ſhe continued, in a voice ſcarcely articulate, "my father has not *materially injured* his fortune at the *gaming table?*"—Mrs. Cleveland ſhook her head with replying. "Oh, dreadful!" ſhe continued: "but, dear madam, the eſtates!—ſurely the eſtates are left for Eliza and myſelf?"—Another ſhake of Mrs. Cleveland's head convinced her *that hope* was without foundation; and, unable to ſuſtain the weight of ſuch an unexpected misfortune, ſhe gave a violent ſcream, and went into a ſtrong hyſteric.

In that ſituation ſhe was conveyed to her room, and, as ſoon as ſhe recovered, Mrs. Cleveland attempted to reconcile her to her misfortunes by thoſe arguments which religion ſuggeſted, and reaſon approved; and after having in vain endeavoured to convince her that none

but the *wicked* were *completely unhappy*, ſhe retired to her own apartments to reflect upon the ſcheme ſhe was reſolved to adopt.

When the dinner hour arrived, both Emma and Eliza requeſted to be excuſed attending, and a roaſt chicken was ſent into their own room. Mrs. Cleveland ordered tea up ſtairs, and was happy to obſerve that her nieces countenances appeared more cheerful and reſigned than ſhe had ventured to hope or expect. As a prelude to the intelligence ſhe purpoſed to convey, ſhe began expatiating upon the uncertainty of ſublunary enjoyments, and the folly of placing happineſs upon worldly pleaſures :—" For my own part," ſaid ſhe, " I had indulged the hope of ſpending my days in this peaceful retirement, and, by contributing all in my power to the relief of

others

others wants, insure to myself a portion of internal felicity: but the scene is now changed, and my fortune demands a different mode of life. Your father's imprudence has involved *me* in *difficulties*, and I purpose retiring to some cheap spot, where, upon a trifling income, I may still have the satisfaction of being useful to my fellow-creatures."

Mrs. Cleveland might have proceeded, without interruption, for hours in the same strain, so petrified were they with astonishment, and so shocked at finding that their father's imprudence had injured the only person from whom they had a right to expect either friendship, affection, or support.

Mrs. Cleveland then proceeded to inform them, that she had long wished to make an excursion into Wales, but from want of society she had delayed it;

"and now," said she, "*prudence*, instead of *pleasure*, will compel me to gratify my inclinations; for I intend taking up my residence in that cheap quarter of the world. I shall offer my house to Lady Luton, who is going to put Castle Luton into a thorough repair, and has only deferred it until she could meet with a residence in the neighbourhood."

Again she entreated them to support their misfortunes with fortitude and resignation, assuring them that happiness had its seat in the *mind*, and depended much less upon outward circumstances than people were apt to imagine.

In less than a fortnight every thing was arranged for their Welsh excursion, and, at the request of her nieces, Mrs. Cleveland consented to take the name of Owen, to prevent the possibility of any

person

perſon diſcovering the real ſituation of their affairs.

Juſt at the time of Mrs. Cleveland's quitting the Vale, a putrid fever broke out amongſt Lady Luton's ſervants; three of them died, and the reſt went home for change of air after their recovery. This circumſtance induced her friend to entreat ſhe would make uſe of her's, and Emma and Eliza imagined they were hired by her Ladyſhip. The ſingularity of travelling in a poſt chaiſe ſeemed likely to create great ſurpriſe to Mrs. Cleveland's neighbours and ſervants, and, to prevent conjecture, ſhe ſaid ſhe was going to paſs ſix months at one of Mr. Fitzhenry's country ſeats, and ſhould neither want carriage nor ſervants.

Nothing material occurred during the journey, and at the expiration of the

fourth day they arrived at Barmouth in good health and tolerable ſpirits.

Mr. Pratt's deſcription of the ſcenery around, and the ſimplicity of the manners of its inhabitants, was the inducement for fixing upon that ſpot, and Mrs. Owen (as ſhe was then to be called) met with a ſmall houſe cloſe to the ſea ſide, which ſhe immediately hired; and the Miſs Fitzhenrys, who had hitherto been accuſtomed to live in a houſe large enough for a palace, were now inhabitants of a mere cottage, with one maid and a boy to attend them.

The abſolute poverty of the peaſantry around Barmouth afforded ample ſcope for the indulgence of Mrs. Owen's benevolent diſpoſition; and the heartfelt gratitude which the poor creatures expreſſed for the ſlighteſt donation proved at once both their *worth* and *want*.

With-

Without amuſement to occupy their time, or company to engage their attention, Emma and Eliza naturally ſought relief from thoſe avocations they had once deſpiſed, and reading and drawing became favourite amuſements. The country round Barmouth was picturesque in the higheſt degree, and in rambling between the rocks, or climbing up the hills, the Park and Kenſington-gardens were both forgotten. The winter months at length approached, and Emma expreſſed her dread of the drearineſs and gloom which would attend the tedious evenings; and expreſſed an earneſt deſire for a piano forte.

"Well," ſaid Mrs. Owen, "I will examine my purſe, and if I can any way contrive it, your inclination ſhall be gratified; but I have this morning promiſed to take little Sally Burford, the

the fiſherman's child, whom I obſerved had attracted both your's and Eliza's notice, and ſhe will afford you ſome amuſement."

"Oh, a little angel!" ſaid Emma, "did you ever ſee ſo complete a beauty, Aunt?"

"She is uncommonly lovely, indeed," replied Mrs. Owen; "but it was not her *charms* that intereſted me: there are *ſeven children*, and it is with the utmoſt difficulty the poor man is enabled to ſupport them, notwithſtanding thoſe who are old enough do ſomething towards maintaining themſelves: yet the poor creatures are ſo contented with their ſituation, and ſo reſigned to the decree of Providence, that I felt it a *duty* to endeavour to relieve them; and as I perceived you were partial to little Sally, I preferred taking her to any of the others, though

though she is so young that I believe you must become nurses."

"Oh, we'll be nurses, and nurse maids too, I assure you, Aunt;" said Eliza, "for I am quite delighted at the idea of our having the little cherub; and do let us go for it directly, that we may begin making it some better clothes."

Sally was immediately sent for, and the two nurses, with the assistance of Mrs. Owen, had entirely completed frock, cap, shift, and petticoat before bed-time, and the next morning Emma arose an hour earlier than usual, that she might have the pleasure of dressing her in them.

Just as the gloomy month of November set in, Emma was astonished one morning at perceiving two men bringing a large deal case towards the cottage, and not a little delighted when it was opened

at

at perceiving a very nice looking new piano. Charmed at the ſight of what ſhe was once indifferent to, and grateful to her aunt for complying with her wiſhes, ſhe inſtantly ran to her apartment to expreſs her thanks; then, untying a large bundle of muſic that accompanied it, ſhe ſat down and played a ſet of Clementi's Sonatas, and upon Mrs. Owen's entrance beſought her to forgive her former conduct, and take the trouble of becoming her inſtructreſs.

Mrs. Owen tenderly embraced her, applauded the general alteration in her manners, and inſtantly performed the leſſon ſhe had juſt played in a ſtyle that proved the ſuperiority of her ſkill.

Muſic, reading, drawing, and geography, alternately occupied their leiſure hours; and the engaging prattle of the little Sally was at once an antidote againſt

dullneſs,

dullneſs, and a ſource of entertainment.

Mrs. Owen's kindneſs was not confined to the Burfords only, and the prevalence of example induced the nieces to become charitable.

Upon the firſt diſcovery of Mr. Fitzhenry's ruined ſituation, Emma and Eliza delivered their five hundred pound notes into their aunt's hands, who placed them in the bank for their future uſe, promiſing to allow them thirty pounds a year for pocket-money. Small as that ſum then appeared, they found it more than ſufficient for all their wants; and they were enabled not only to ſhow their generoſity to Sally's father and mother, but to be eſſentially kind to ſeveral other poor families.

They had reſided very near a twelvemonth in their little cottage, when Mrs. Owen

Owen began to feel a wish to return to a spot which was so dear to her on many accounts; and, convinced that her nieces had entirely conquered their love of pleasure and dissipation, she began to think it wrong to deprive them of those innocent amusements it was so natural for them to sigh for: she, therefore, determined to make them acquainted with the real situation of her affairs, and explain her motive for having acted with so much duplicity.

Scarcely had Mrs. Owen formed this resolution, when both the young ladies entered the room where she was sitting, and, with countenances expressive of the tenderest sympathy, informed her that poor Burford, in jumping from his boat to the shore, had struck his foot against a stone, and, in endeavouring to save himself from falling, had by some means

or

or other twiſted his leg, and diſplaced his knee-pan :—" And now," ſaid Eliza, " thoſe poor children muſt abſolutely be *ſtarved* ; for it is impoſſible their mother can earn enough to ſupport them !"

" Oh ! we muſt all contribute our mite," ſaid Mrs. Owen, " and prevent ſo dreadful a calamity as you ſeem to apprehend, my love ; but whilſt I lament poor Burford's misfortune, I congratulate myſelf at perceiving that your hearts are ſuſceptible both of tenderneſs and humanity, and that apathy and indifference are never to become inmates of your breaſt ! To deſcribe," continued that amiable woman, " the gratification I experience at beholding the pleaſing alteration that has taken place both in your ſentiments and manners is impoſſible ; and I think your angelic mother (had ſhe been in exiſtence) could not

have felt more joy and pride in owning you for her daughters, than I do in declaring, that, though I bear not the maternal name, my heart is alive to all its feelings, and that I anticipate the liveliest satisfaction in the prospect of presenting you to the world as my adopted children, and joint heiresses to eighty thousand pounds!"

"Heiresses!" exclaimed Eliza.—"Eighty thousand pounds!" said Emma. "What *new change*, my dear Aunt, has fortune yet in store for us?"

"There is nothing *new in this*, my dear girl," said Mrs. Cleveland; (for I shall no longer style her by the name of Owen) for soon after I had the misfortune of losing your amiable mother, I made my will, and, except a few trifling legacies, left my whole fortune between yourself and sister."—She then explained her

her reaſons for having impoſed upon their credulity, and then, tenderly embracing them, ſaid, " After having ſpent a year at Barmouth in ſolitude and ſecluſion, I have no reaſon to apprehend you will complain of the dullneſs of Cleveland Vale; but had you been ſtationed there immediately after your removal from Groſvenor Square, I am convinced that the difference of the ſcene would have created diſguſt and diſſatisfaction, and, inſtead of having the gratification of perceiving you were *happy* in *my ſociety*, and contented with my mode of life, I ſhould have been rendered miſerable by murmurs and complainings

" Your ſentiments and ideas have happily now taken a different turn; you have felt *adverſity*, and know how to pity it; you have acquired a habit of

amuſing yourſelves without the *aid of variety*, or the *arts of diſſipation*; and you will return to the world in a temper of mind calculated to *enjoy* its *pleaſures* with *moderation*, and to ſupport its diſappointments with reaſon and reſignation.

"Oh, my deareſt Madam," ſaid Emma, "how can we ever deſerve your kindneſs, or merit your indulgence! but for your friendſhip, how unpleaſing muſt have been our conduct, and how deſpicable our characters! You not only inſtructed us to be amiable, but by your own example *invited* us to be ſo likewiſe; and if ever upon my return to the gay world I feel a propenſity to be vain, or an inclination to become proud, I will think of Barmouth, and again grow humble."

"You are a dear girl," ſaid Mrs. Cleveland, "and I every day have the

ſatiſ-

ſatisfaction of finding ſomething new to love and admire in you. The imperfections you formerly diſcovered were ſolely the effects of *bad example* and ill adviſers: your governeſs, of whom you had ſo high an opinion, attended only to *ſuperficial accompliſhments*, whilſt the improvement of the heart was wholly unattended to: but come, my dear girls, let us go to the cottage and ſee what we can do for poor Burford."

The unfortunate man was in ſuch acute agony that Mrs. Cleveland was fearful the bone was broken; however, the next morning ſhe had the ſatisfaction of finding that the fomentation ſhe had ordered had abated the ſwelling, procured eaſe, and convinced Burford that the bone was whole. The poor fellow heard of her intention of quitting Barmouth with the moſt unfeigned ſorrow, which not

even the promiſe of an annual allowance of ten pounds a year was able to control.

Lady Luton was appriſed of her friend's intended return, about a month after her own houſe was completed; and the ſervants were almoſt wild with joy at the proſpect of again beholding a miſtreſs whom they both loved and venerated.

Although Mrs. Cleveland had deputed Lady Luton the almoner of her bounty during her abſence, yet there was ſomething in her manner of beſtowing it, that made them ſigh for the return of her who augmented kindneſſes by her manner of conferring them.

On the day that ſhe was expected, the village bells began ringing before it was light, the charity children were dreſſed in their Sunday clothes, and an univerſal holiday was proclaimed.

All

All the peaſantry aſſembled on the lawn before the houſe, anxiouſly waiting the arrival of their benefactreſs, who was ſo moved by this proof of affection and attachment that ſhe burſt into tears, whilſt they, with the moſt reſpectful expreſſions of gladneſs, teſtified their love, their joy, and their fidelity.

INNOCENCE JUSTIFIED,

AND

ART DETECTED;

A STORY.

IN TWO PARTS.

AS Mrs. Cavendiſh and her daughter Matilda were one ſummer evening ſtraying along the banks of the Thames in the environs of Kingſton, they perceived a female in the Chineſe dreſs, ſeated on a tuft of graſs by its ſide, attentively watching the fate of a wicker baſket, which appeared to paſs ſlowly on, actuated by the motion of the ebbing tide.

Curio-

Curioſity induced Mrs. Cavendiſh to approach the margin of the ſtream, and ſcrutinouſly examine the baſket which ſeemed ſo calculated to attract the ſtranger's attention. A ſudden guſt of wind drove it from the ſhore, and at once defeated her wiſhes, and diſappointed her expectation.

The curioſity which had been awakened by the ſingularity of the circumſtance, was increaſed by the improbability of gratifying it; and whilſt Mrs. Cavendiſh was reflecting on what ſhe had ſeen, the woman ruſhed by her, and, with impatience and anxiety in her countenance, followed the object that had called forth her ſolicitude.

A fiſherman at that moment paſſed, and going directly to the water's ſide, began unfaſtening a little wherry which

was

was chained to a poſt that was fixed there for the purpoſe of ſecuring it.

" My good man," ſaid Mrs Cavendiſh, " I am particularly anxious to ſee the contents of a little wicker baſket, which by rowing faſt you will ſoon overtake; and if you will bring it me you ſhall not go unrewarded for your trouble."

The man inſtantly jumped into the boat, ſtripped off his jacket, and in leſs than five minutes Mrs. Cleveland perceived he had obtained the prize, and was returning with it as faſt as poſſible.

As ſoon as the Chineſe had obſerved this tranſaction, ſhe quitted the bank of the river, and moved ſlowly towards London.

The waterman ſoon reached the ſpot from which he had embarked, and, throwing his chain round the poſt to ſecure the boat,

boat, ſaluted Mrs. Cavendiſh with—"I warrant ye, Madam, this pretty babe belongs to that there baggage who runn'd away as ſoon as ſhe ſaw me row up to it."

"*Babe!*" exclaimed Mrs. Cavendiſh, (at the ſame time turning her eyes upon the baſket the man ſtill held in his hand) "what ſupplicating innocence is pourtrayed in its countenance! how intereſting is its ſmile! my heart already compaſſionates its unfortunate ſituation! but put down the child, my good friend," ſhe continued; "and if poſſible overtake the abandoned wretch whoſe heart has been capable of forming ſo inhuman a deſign as that of depriving a lovely babe of exiſtence."

The man did as he was directed, and in leſs than a quarter of an hour returned, dragging with him the object he had been

been in purſuit of. The moment ſhe beheld the infant in Mrs. Cavendiſh's arms, ſhe dropped upon her knees, and, regardleſs of the queſtions that were put to her, continued for ſome minutes fixed in her devout attitude: at length, upon Mrs. Cavendiſh pulling her by the veſt, and aſking if the child did not belong to her;—ſhe replied:

"*Mine child! mine child!—yes, mine poor baby!*"

"Then how," replied Mrs. Cavendiſh, "could you have cruelty and inhumanity enough to commit ſo helpleſs an innocent to the mercy of the waves? you muſt be a very wicked woman, and deſerve that *puniſhment* which the law will *inflict*."

"Me *no wicked*—me love mine child; but me have no bread, no rice, no noting at all to give it; and me not like to ſee it

it ſtarve, ſo me do as dey do in China; me put it in de water, and ſome good ſoul come and pick it up, and den my poor child have all dat it wants, and Ouſanque lie down and die, and den go to good place, and never more cry after cruel huſband again!"

Mrs. Cavendiſh was much affected by the artleſs relation of the unhappy woman, and immediately recollected that it was the cuſtom in China for parents to expoſe their female children to the mercy of the waters, if their own income was inſufficient to ſupport them in comfort. Her abhorrence of the act was immediately converted into compaſſion for the unfortunate being who had committed it; ſhe began aſking her a variety of queſtions, and found that her beauty had attracted the affection of one of the ſailors who had accom-

panied Lord Macartney in his embaſſy to China, and who had acquired ſufficient knowledge of the language to be enabled to plead his paſſion, which he did with ſo much energy, as to induce the credulous Ouſanque to alter her dreſs to that which was worn by the other ſex, and requeſt the captain of the ſhip to indulge her with a paſſage to England. The requeſt was eaſily obtained, and the unfortunate girl quitted her country, home, and friends, for an ungrateful and abandoned ſeducer, who, ſoon after the ſhip was paid off, entered on board another bound for the Eaſt Indies, leaving her in a ſtrange country, without money to ſupport or friends to comfort her. The landlady of the public houſe at which ſhe lodged at Portſmouth, compaſſionating her forlorn ſituation, gave her fifteen ſhillings out of her own pocket,

et, (though she owed near five-and-twenty for the room) and a letter to Lord Macartney, describing her situation, and entreating his assistance. With this letter in her pocket, and the child fastened to her back, the poor creature set off for London: but just as she had reached the skirts of Kingston, she was knocked down, robbed of a little bundle that contained her purse, wardrobe, and letter, and, in all probability, would then have ended both her misery and her life, but for the humane interference of a stage coachman, who, perceiving something lying on the road, jumped from his box, and observing the insensible state to which she was reduced, lifted her into the coach which happened to be empty, stopped at the first public house he came to, and left her in the care of the mistress, promising to pay

all expenſes when he returned the next day. This benevolent deſign was fruſtrated by the horſes taking fright about ten miles from Kingſton, running away with the carriage, and daſhing it with violence againſt a gate-poſt, by which means the poor fellow was thrown from his box and broke his leg.

The wretched Ouſanque, thus reduced to the moſt abject ſtate of miſery, wandered round Kingſton in a ſtate of mind little inferior to diſtraction, which was heightened by the conſtant cries of the infant for that nouriſhment which nature denied it, and which the unfeeling inhabitants refuſed to beſtow. Then it was that the idea of committing it to the waves firſt occurred, and the conſequences attending it were no leſs favourable to Ouſanque, than they were to the child.

Whilſt

Whilſt Mrs. Cavendiſh was attentively liſtening to the poor woman's relation, Matilda was amuſing herſelf with admiring the beauty of the child; and when ſhe heard her Mamma declare it was her intention to take both home with her, the delight ſhe felt was viſible in all her features, and ſhe proteſted ſhe would nurſe it all day long, and never play with a doll again.

The ſingularity both of the mother's and child's dreſs attracted her notice, and called forth her aſtoniſhment; and when ſhe perceived that the poor little creature was bound up ſo tight with a ſwathing band that it could not uſe any of its limbs, ſhe was abſolutely ſhocked at the ſight, and declared it was *more cruel* than drowning it; "for then, Mamma," ſaid ſhe, "it would have been *out of its*

pain, but now it has a whole *life of misery*."

Mrs. Cavendiſh informed her it was a cuſtom with the Chineſe to confine the limbs of the children, from an idea that they would grow crooked if they were ſuffered to twiſt them about in any one form that inclination dictated; and their feet in particular were ſubject to confinement, as the men of that country were more attracted by the beauty of a *ſmall foot*, than the charms of a pretty face.

Ouſanque's joy and gratitude when Mrs. Cavendiſh promiſed to befriend her, and repreſent her forlorn ſituation to Lord Macartney, was teſtified by a thouſand marks of reſpect and veneration; ſhe knelt at her feet, kiſſed the hem of her garment, and ſeemed to conſider her as an abſolute deity.

Matilda entreated that the child might be

be dreſſed like an European, and that ſhe might have the ſatisfaction of making it clothes, a circumſtance which aſtoniſhed her Mamma, as ſhe was by no means fond of work.

Mrs. Cavendiſh fulfilled her promiſe of writing to Lord Macartney in behalf of the unfortunate Ouſanque, and was in daily expectation of a reply, when the poor creature was ſuddenly taken extremely ill. An apothecary was immediately ſent for, who upon the firſt viſit thought the ſymptoms foreboded the ſmall-pox. The next day proved his opinion to have been well founded, and in a ſhort time the diſeaſe made its appearance with every mark of virulence and danger that could attend it.

Every kindneſs that humanity could dictate and feeling pay, the unhappy ſufferer received from her benevolent be-

nefactreſs,

nefactreſs, and at thoſe lucid intervals which the fever ſometimes permitted her to experience, ſhe expreſſed her gratitude in ſuch terms of genuine feeling, that Mrs. Cavendiſh was often obliged to leave the apartment to diſguiſe her emotions, and drop a tear to her misfortunes.

From the firſt appearance of the diſorder, Mr. Longford the apothecary was convinced it would be *fatal*; he informed Mrs. Cavendiſh that no art could ſave her; and the event ſoon proved the clearneſs of his judgment.

The little infant began to ſicken on the day its poor mother died; and as Mrs. Cavendiſh then conſidered it an abſolute duty to protect and ſupport it, ſhe reſolved if it lived to beſtow upon it ſuch an education as would enable it to earn its

its own ſubſiſtence in a manner that was reſpectable, and not laborious.

The firſt ſtep ſhe took after the death of the mother was to have it made a Chriſtian, and to entreat that Mr. and Mrs. Fowler, who were her particular friends, would join with her in becoming ſponſors. Matilda wanted it to be called after herſelf; but Mrs. Cavendiſh pointed out the inconvenience that would attend it; and it was at length agreed that *Pekin* ſhould be the name, by way of reminding it of its unfortunate mother's country.

Although the little Pekin received the infection from ſuch a fatal and dreadful kind, yet it had the complaint in a moſt favourable manner, and in leſs than ſix weeks not a ſingle mark of the diſorder was viſible upon her ſkin.

Matilda's affection for the child daily in-

increaſed, and the little ſoul ſoon teſtified that it was grateful for her kindneſs. As ſoon as it could ſpeak ſhe undertook to teach it the alphabet, and by the time it was four years old it could read any of Mrs. Trimmer's little ſtories as well as its governeſs, who at that period had entered her tenth year.

Mrs. Cavendiſh's youngeſt brother had, to the great diſpleaſure of all his family, married the daughter of a country ſhopkeeper, whoſe beauty had pleaſed his eye, and whoſe art and duplicity had impoſed upon his underſtanding. He was then a young enſign in the forty-ſecond regiment, and, though of good family, was poſſeſſed of a very ſmall fortune, and therefore it was both an impolitic and imprudent meaſure.

None of his relations except Mrs. Cavendiſh would ever condeſcend to have

have any intercourſe with him, or the object of his affection; and though ſhe was no leſs vexed at his marriage than they were, ſhe invited both himſelf and bride to paſs the ſummer with her at Kingſton.

The vulgarity of Mrs. Roper's manners, the low cunning of her mind, and the deſign and artifice which was viſible in all her actions, was ſo obvious to Mrs. Cavendiſh, that ſhe was aſtoniſhed that even a youth of nineteen could have been duped by them. The young enſign, however, did not live long enough to *repent* the folly of his conduct; for a violent cold ſettled upon his lungs when he had been about five months married, which brought on a rapid decline, and he died whilſt on a viſit to his affectionate ſiſter, recommending his wife and her

expected

expected little one to her tenderneſs and protection.

Mrs. Cavendiſh was at that time in deep mourning for an amiable huſband, and had her ſiſter-in-law been a different kind of woman, her company and ſociety would have been a great acquiſition, as Matilda was then only nine months old; but the diſſimilarity of their tempers, diſpoſitions, and manners was too ſtriking for ſuch a plan to be adopted; and Mrs. Cavendiſh preferred allowing her ſiſter a hundred a year out of her own income, to letting her remain an inmate of the family, and hoped that ſhe would return to her own connexions, and ſpend it in what manner ſhe thought proper.

But Mrs. Roper knew her own intereſt too well to quit the neighbourhood, and, under pretence of violent affection,

declared that all her happineſs was centered in being able to trace her dear Edward's features in the lovely countenance of his amiable ſiſter!

A ſmall firſt floor was accordingly hired at Kingſton, and under the pretence of admiring *one thing*, and *wiſhing* for *another*, Mrs. Roper contrived almoſt to double her hundred a-year.

The little child, which proved to be a girl, was extremely like its deceaſed father, and Mrs. Cavendiſh felt for it almoſt a maternal tenderneſs: as there was not more than twelvemonths difference in the age of Charlotte (which was the child's name) and her couſin Matilda, they ſpent a great deal of time together, though the difference of their diſpoſitions occaſioned frequent diſputes between them.

From the moment Mrs. Cavendiſh

adopted the little Pekin, Mrs. Roper became *reſtleſs* and *diſſatisfied*, and with much difficulty refrained from expreſſing her diſapprobation even before her ſiſter; but this reſtraint was amply compenſated for, in her abſence, and Charlotte was taught to conſider Pekin as an abſolute obſtacle to her happineſs and her intereſt. Mrs. Roper would be continually teizing all her acquaintance with accounts of her own misfortunes, or ill-founded complaints of her ſiſter's injuſtice, in giving away property which ought to belong to her and Charlotte, to a good-for-nothing, *worthleſs*, *little vagabond*, who ſhe knew would requite all her kindneſs with ſcorn, artifice, and ingratitude: every body knows (ſhe would ſay) what a horrid ſet of creatures the Chineſe are; that they live by *cheating*, *plundering*, and *theft*; and that little wretch

wretch has already given proofs of its national depravity.

Although this was the general tenour of Mrs. Roper's converſation when ſhe was not in her ſiſter's company, yet when ſhe was, Pekin was the *ſweeteſt* of all *ſweet creatures*, and Mrs. Cavendiſh the moſt *amiable of women*.—Charlotte was not of age to be an adept in hypocriſy, and therefore ſhe teſtified her real diſlike by a thouſand ill-natured, ſpiteful tricks, which poor little Pekin ſubmitted to in ſilence, without murmur or complaint; for, notwithſtanding Mrs. Roper's malignant aſſertions, it was impoſſible to find a child more completely agreeable.

PART THE SECOND.

AS this beautiful, amiable, and intereſting girl, advanced in years, Mrs. Roper had the mortification of perceiving that Mrs. Cavendiſh's affection increaſed, and that her own child ſeemed daily to loſe ground in her good opinion. The truth was, Mrs. Cavendiſh had diſcovered in her niece's temper an inclination both to *jealouſy* and *envy*, and a littleneſs of mind that was capable of ſtooping to any meanneſs, which leſſened her regard, and decreaſed her eſteem.

It was Mrs. Cavendiſh's wiſh to give her little *protegée* ſuch an education as would

would enable her to undertake the instruction of young ladies, and in the capacity of private governeſs render herſelf both uſeful and reſpectable, and, therefore, ſhe took leſſons from the ſame maſters, and received the ſame attentions from them, as Matilda and Charlotte did. This circumſtance was at once pleaſing to Matilda, and painful to Charlotte, whoſe inveteracy againſt Pekin was increaſed by the encomiums which were beſtowed upon her, and who, finding herſelf unable to injure her in Mrs. Cavendiſh's opinion by ill-natured *hints* and *ſly ſuggeſtions*, was at length reſolved upon her ruin by the practice of manœuvres which were as deeply laid, as they were iniquitouſly deſigned.

At the back of Mrs. Cavendiſh's houſe was an excellent garden, which

was abundantly ſtocked with every kind of wall-fruit—this fruit Mrs. Cavendiſh was particularly choice of, for the pleaſure of preſenting to ſuch of her friends as were not accommodated with the convenience of a wall.

Charlotte upon perceiving her aunt's deſire to preſerve the fruit, was reſolved to defeat it, and watched her opportunity of going into the garden with ſuch admirable nicety, that ſhe contrived to twitch three or four peaches and nectarines from the trees every time ſhe entered it, the ſtone of which ſhe always placed at the bottom of a little box which Pekin kept in her own bed-room.

For ſome days Mrs. Cavendiſh imagined the trees were thinner without being *poſitive* as to the *circumſtance*; at length ſhe reſolved to count the fruit without mentioning her ſuſpicion to a ſingle

ſingle ſoul. The next morning ſhe walked into the garden and diſcovered that *eleven* of the fineſt *peaches* were miſſing—Matilda and Pekin, Mrs. Roper and Charlotte were all at work in the drawing-room when Mrs. Cavendiſh entered, and expreſſed her vexation at the circumſtance, and her wiſh to diſcover the perſon who had been guilty of ſuch diſgraceful conduct.

"I thought Pekin," ſaid Charlotte, "you could not *eat all thoſe peaches* and *nectarines*, which I have ſeen you gather, without being diſcovered; and had I not known that my couſin would have called me *tell-tale*, I would have called my aunt to look at you the firſt time I ſaw you take them."

"*Saw me take peaches!* Miſs Roper," ſaid the child, evidently embarraſſed at the boldneſs of the charge. "I declare upon

upon my honour I have never touched a peach this year but what Mrs. Cavendish was so kind to give me."

"Yes," replied Charlotte, "I saw *you take peaches and nectarines too*, if that's English; and saw you carry them up stairs in your bed-room—what say you to that, Miss Honesty? *Can you deny that?*"

"*Yes, that I can*," said Pekin, bursting into tears, "and wonder how you can be so wicked as to say such a thing."

"What do you mean, you little presumptuous vagabond," exclaimed Mrs. Roper, "by daring to accuse my daughter of *uttering an untruth?* I thought how my sister would be requited for her generosity, for the whole tribe of your countrymen all are *thieves* and *swindlers*."

"My dear Mrs. Roper," said Mrs. Caven-

Cavendiſh, " that little girl is under my protection, and I can neither ſuffer her to be inſulted nor oppreſſed; if ſhe *has taken* the peaches, ſhe has been guilty of a very great *fault*, and I am the perſon to judge of the proper mode of puniſhing it; but I am inclined to think my niece muſt be miſtaken."

" Oh, indeed, Aunt, I am *not* miſtaken," replied Charlotte, " for I met her eating one up ſtairs, and ſaw the juice quite run down to her fingers' ends."

" Suppoſe," ſaid Mrs. Roper, " you were to go up ſtairs, ſiſter; moſt likely the ſtones might yet be remaining either in her drawers or boxes."

Mrs. Cavendiſh followed the advice, and returned in five minutes, with not leſs than forty ſtones belonging to peaches and nectarines.

Pekin

Pekin coloured like ſcarlet, and, in a tremulous voice, ſaid, "You did not find thoſe in my room, Ma'am."

"Yes," replied Mrs. Cavendiſh, "*but I did*, and I muſt confeſs, that I ſhould as ſoon have expected to have found a dagger there: indeed, Pekin, this conduct of yours has wounded my peace, deſtroyed my hopes, and ſapped the very foundation of my *friendſhip*. The taking the fruit I could very eaſily have forgiven; but to aſſert an untruth with all that calmneſs of affected innocence, is what I could not have expected, and what I am reſolved *not to forgive*; therefore, go this inſtant to your apartment, and do not let me ſee you until my feelings are leſs exaſperated, and my anger more ſubdued."

Fearful of offending, by preſuming to plead for mercy, the agitated Pekin left

left the room, and in an agony of grief retired to her own apartment. Matilda was not suffered to go near her friend; and had not the servants who carried up her food informed their mistress that scarcely any part of it was eaten, and that the little prisoner was overwhelmed with grief, her confinement would have been protracted much beyond three days; but the apprehension of her making herself *ill* induced Mrs. Cavendish to forgive the fault, and Charlotte had the mortification of seeing her restored to favour.

Mrs. Roper, who had been accessary to the scheme, was heartily vexed at its ill success; yet both Charlotte and herself were resolved to attempt another, which, though more hazardous, was likely to be attended with more certain consequences.

Mrs.

Mrs. Cavendiſh was particularly partial to a ſmall miniature of her late huſband's, which was ſet as a bracelet, and was kept in a ſmall box that was opened by a ſpring-lock, and ſtood upon her dreſſing-table. This box ſhe made a point of never opening in the preſence of the ſervants, but all the children were acquainted with the ſecret ſpring; Charlotte, therefore, reſolved to make herſelf miſtreſs of this valuable treaſure, and diſcloſing her intention to an ignorant girl, who had formerly lived ſervant with Mrs. Roper, and was then going to London, perſuaded her ſo far to ſecond the deſign as to undertake the diſpoſal of it; and if any queſtions were aſked, to ſay ſhe was ſent by the little girl who lived at Mrs. Cavendiſh's, and that it was a picture ſhe had found as ſhe was walking by the river ſide.

As

As Mrs. Cavendiſh had never lived at Kingſton, and the girl was known to have been ſervant to Mrs. Cavendiſh's ſiſter-in-law, the jeweller had no reaſon to doubt the truth of the circumſtance ſhe related; he therefore took the picture, paid a guinea down for it, and promiſed another, if it was not claimed in the courſe of a month, which he thought likely to happen, as he concluded it belonged to ſome perſon in the neighbourhood, and would be adverti ſed.

As Mrs. Cavendiſh never wore the bracelet but when ſhe was particularly dreſſed, a fortnight elapſed after it was ſold before the loſs was diſcovered, and Charlotte's patience began to be almoſt exhauſted. At length the wiſhed-for day arrived which was to hurl deſtruction upon the object of her hatred, and

give her the delightful ſatisfaction of beholding the ruin of one towards whom ſhe felt a moſt *unconquerable averſion*.

Mrs. Cavendiſh's aſtoniſhment, at opening the box, and not perceiving the valued treaſure, was exceſſive; but conceiving the bracelet could not be loſt, ſhe imagined ſhe muſt have put it away with ſome other part of her dreſs. Drawers, boxes, and cabinets, were ſearched in vain; and then her vexation amounted to abſolute uneaſineſs. She perfectly recollected having taken it off when ſhe returned home from paying her laſt viſit; and the more ſhe reflected upon the ſingularity of the circumſtance, the more ſhe was bewildered in doubt, ſuſpicion, and alarm. Her ſervants had lived with her thirteen and fourteen years, and their fidelity had been frequently put to the teſt. Pekin

had never but *once deceived her*; and of what uſe could a bracelet be to a child of her tender age? Charlotte ſhe believed to be capable of a thouſand *ſly tricks*, but then ſome intereſted motive actuated their practice.

Not knowing how to act, and completely mortified at the loſs of what ſhe conſidered ſo very eſtimable, Mrs. Cavendiſh at length reſolved to have it *cried*, conceiving ſhe might be miſtaken in her opinion of having had it after her return from Mr. Fowler's, and that it might have been dropped in the way home.

The jeweller was ſtanding at the ſhop door as the crier announced the loſs, and deſcribed the manner in which the picture was painted, and the form in which it was ſet. Examining the one he had purchaſed, and perceiving that it ex-

actly correſponded with the crier's deſcription, he immediately informed him of the manner in which he had obtained it, and both expreſſed their ſuſpicion of Pekin's diſhoneſty, as they juſtly obſerved, ſhe could not have lived ten years in Mrs. Cavendiſh's houſe, without knowing the picture was *her property*.

The jeweller and the crier agreed to go together, and inform Mrs. Cavendiſh by what means the picture had come into the poſſeſſion of the former, and requeſt a reimburſement of the guinea he had paid, in addition to the reward proclaimed by the crier.

Mrs. Cavendiſh and Matilda were juſt gone out to pay a morning viſit, when the men arrived; but Mrs. Roper and her daughter were ſitting in the parlour, and ſaw them paſs the window. "There's the crier and Mr. Martin have

have both rung at the gate together," exclaimed Mrs. Roper, "and I'll lay my life we ſhall hear ſome tidings of the bracelet."

"*I hope we ſhall*, I'm ſure," ſaid Pekin; "for it will make my dear godmama *very happy*." And ſo ſaying, ſhe was going to run out of the room, to inquire whether their expectations were likely to be realized.

"Stop, you little forward chit," ſaid Mrs. Roper, catching her by the ſhoulder, and puſhing her with violence to the other end of the room, "I believe I am as much intereſted in your DEAR GODMAMA'S *property* as *you are*, and much more capable of evincing it."—So ſaying, ſhe bounced out of the room, leaving the child petrified with aſtoniſhment and drowned in tears, whilſt Charlotte ſat malicioufly ſmiling at the ſuc-

ceſs of her invention, and the accompliſhment of her ſcheme.

In leſs than five minutes Mrs. Roper re-entered, followed by the jeweller and the crier, and in a voice half choked with rage, exclaimed—"You *vile, wicked, ungrateful huſſey!* is this the way you requite my poor ſiſter's kindneſs? What! rob her of the moſt valuable thing ſhe poſſeſſed on earth, and then, with the art and hypocriſy of an old offender, pretend to be going out to inquire after the very thing you knew you had firſt *ſtolen*, and then *ſold!* but I ſee through your tricks, you baggage, I do: you was fearful your countenance would *betray your guilt*, and you wiſhed to get out of the room to hide it. But where is the guinea you received from Mr. Martin? Give that to me this moment, you *abandoned, wicked huſſey!*"

Whilſt

Whilſt Mrs. Roper was uttering this volley of abuſe, the unfortunate child had involuntarily dropped upon her knees; and the moment that lady ceaſed ſpeaking, ſhe proteſted her innocence of the crime that was alledged againſt her with all the eloquence that *conſcious rectitude* could inſpire.

"Come, come, child," ſaid Mr. Martin, "don't add the ſin of *lying* to thoſe you have already committed; but *confeſs* what you have done with the *money*, and likewiſe what induced you to commit ſuch a wicked action."

"Aye, aye, come, *Pekin*, (for I ſuppoſe one need not be very nice, and *Miſs you over"*) ſaid the crier; "be a good girl, and tell the whole *truth* to Madam, and mayhap that may make her plead for you to Madam Cavendiſh; for you are but a young thing, God knows;

knows; and that makes one feel ſome ſort of marcy for you: but if you once comes to be obſtinate, and *parſiſt* in *lying*, why then you'll have *no friend* to ſpake a kind word for you."

"*Indeed—indeed*," replied poor Pekin, almoſt ſuffocated with the violence of her grief, "I know no more about the picture than you do; and as to a guinea, I never had ſuch a thing in my life. Oh pray, dear gentlemen," ſhe continued, "pray don't let my god-mama think ſo hardly of me. Oh! I ſhall die, if ſhe thinks I could do ſuch a *wicked* thing."

"*Thinks!*" exclaimed Mrs. Roper, "ſhe ſhall more than *think*, I aſſure you, for ſhe ſhall *know it* this moment, I promiſe you;—yes, and your friend Mrs. Fowler, and all the *town ſhall know it*." So ſaying, ſhe turned towards the

the door, with an intent of putting her threats into execution.

Frantic with terror, and agoniſed with dread, the wretched ſuppliant caught her by the gown, and in the moſt moving accents beſought her pity. It was with the greateſt difficulty that her hands were ſeparated from Mrs. Roper's drapery, who, the moment ſhe felt herſelf at liberty, ran out of the room, deſiring the crier to remain there, and watch the *little wretch*.

Mrs. Cavendiſh was juſt informing Mrs. Fowler of an amiable trait in her god-daughter's conduct, when Mrs. Roper entered, and in a tone of manifeſt pleaſure and exultation exclaimed—"*Well, ſiſter!* I believe you allow I am a *true propheteſs!*—A fine kettle of fiſh this is! but, however, 'tis only what I have *long expected—long expected, I aſ-*

ſure you, Mrs. Fowler," ſaid ſhe, turning, and addreſſing herſelf to that lady: and ſhe then related the whole circumſtance with ſuch exaggerations as ſhe thought moſt calculated to call forth her ſiſter's indignation.

Mrs. Cavendiſh liſtened to the recital with a mixture of pain, regret, and aſtoniſhment, whilſt poor Matilda burſt into an agony of tears, and beſought her mama not to condemn poor Pekin, without allowing her an opportunity of endeavouring to *exculpate herſelf*.

"That ſhe can *never do*, my beloved girl," replied Mrs. Cavendiſh; "the circumſtances are too ſtrong againſt her: and I would really ſpare myſelf the mortification of beholding her contrition and remorſe, becauſe an action of this kind proves to me they would not be permanent. Poor loſt child!" ſhe con-

continued, "I declare I am more diſtreſſed at the idea of what a dreadful end ſhe muſt come to, than I am at my *own diſappointment*. What to do with her I know not; and it will require ſome time for me to reflect upon the beſt method to adopt. In my houſe ſhe muſt *not ſtay*, even until I have reſolved upon her future *deſtination*."

"Let her *come to me*," ſaid Mrs. Roper; "for though the idea of opening my doors to a *confirmed thief*, is not the pleaſanteſt thing in the world, yet to oblige *you*, my deareſt ſiſter, I would ſubmit to any *inconvenience*."

"You are *very good*," replied Mrs. Cavendiſh; "but I know Charlotte's averſion to the poor child too well to allow her an opportunity of inſulting her; for though ſhe is *fallen*, ſhe muſt not be *trampled upon*."

"I will

"I will take her," ſaid Mrs. Fowler; "and Clark ſhall go for her the back way, and by that means, my dear friend, you will avoid the interview you ſeem to dread."

When Clark arrived at Mrs. Cavendiſh's, ſhe was aſtoniſhed at the tale that met her ear, yet ſoon began to think with the reſt of the ſervants, that there was ſome artifice at the bottom, and that poor little Pekin would be proved innocent at laſt; they therefore embraced the child with tenderneſs, and pretending that her godmama had ſent for her to Mrs. Fowler's, eaſily perſuaded her to accompany Clark; but had ſhe imagined ſhe was to return *no more*, not any thing but *force* would have made her quit the houſe.

When Mrs. Fowler informed her that ſhe was to reſide with her until her benefactreſs

nefactreſs could think of ſome plan for her future ſupport, her grief was ſo *exceſſive*, and her expreſſions of *innocence* ſo ſtrong, that Mrs. Fowler began to doubt the truth of the circumſtance that had been alledged againſt her, and her worthy huſband went to the jeweller, to inquire particulars.

The man's account increaſed his ſuſpicion, and at all events he was determined to ſee the girl who had ſold the bracelet; with much difficulty he diſcovered her abode, and by the united aid of threats and promiſes, ſoon drew from her the intelligence he wanted: then ſending his ſervant for a poſtchaiſe, he inſiſted upon her accompanying him back that evening to Kingſton. He ordered the poſtilion to drive to Mrs. Roper's lodgings; but not finding her at home they followed her to Mrs. Caven-

dish's house. As soon as he alighted from the carriage, he took his companion by the arm, and without waiting to have his name announced, walked unexpectedly into the drawing-room.

"It is rather a late hour, Madam," said he, "to introduce a London visitor; but when *suspicion* can be *removed*, and *guilt detected*, I think we have no right to *attend to ceremony*." Then, darting a fierce look at Mrs. Roper—"As to you, Madam," said he, "*introduction* is *unnecessary*, as this young woman is your *old acquaintance*."

Unable to support the expected explanation, she arose from her seat, and catching Charlotte by the hand, said—"Come, child, let us quit this hated house, where we have all our lives received *insult* and neglect:" so saying, she

ſhe bounced out of the room, leaving Mrs. Cavendiſh petrified with aſtoniſhment.

Mr. Fowler then made a brief recital of the circumſtances that have been related, which were corroborated by the girl's teſtimony; who declared, ſhe would not have taken the picture for *twenty half crowns*, inſtead of one, could ſhe have known the wickedneſs of the plot.

Mr. Fowler could hardly diſſuade Mrs. Cavendiſh from going that night to the rectory, for the purpoſe of reſtoring her beloved god-daughter to the place ſhe had formerly held in her affections, and before eight o'clock the next morning ſhe preſſed her to her boſom, and expreſſed her concern for the injuſtice ſhe had done her, and promiſed never again

to be biaſſed by the inſinuations of the artful, or the *invention* of the intereſted.

Little Pekin's *joy* was as *violent* as her *grief*, and the tears ſhe ſhed at being reſtored to her god-mamma's favour, were nearly as abundant as thoſe which accompanied her diſgrace. Matilda's happineſs was equally ſincere; and, to complete their felicity, a letter was delivered to Mrs. Cavendiſh, informing her that Mrs. Roper had taken a final leave of Kingſton, and intended reſiding with her elder brother, where ſhe expected to receive the payment of her annuity.

FILIAL

FILIAL INGRATITUDE.

ON a tempeſtuous night, in the dreary month of December, Sir George Clifford's attention was withdrawn from the fictitious woes of the heroine of a favourite romance, which he was then peruſing, by the real tones of ſupplication and diſtreſs.

Sir George's heart was compoſed of ſuch ſuſceptible materials, that it was impreſſed with pity by the voice of ſorrow, and, ringing the bell with an effort of violence, he deſired the butler would take a lantern and diſcover whence the ſounds proceeded.

The man obeyed, and returned in a

few minutes, leading in a venerable looking figure, whose whitened locks seemed to claim respect, and whose extreme distress demanded sympathy: big drops of sorrow rolled copiously down his aged cheeks, and deep groans issued from his labouring bosom!

"My venerable friend," said the amiable Sir George, taking the old man's withered hand, "your misfortunes, I fear, have been of an *afflictive kind*; but *here*, be assured, you shall find a shelter from them. Compose your sorrows, restrain your griefs, and learn to bow submissively to the will of Heaven!"

"Generous stranger!" replied the old man, endeavouring to check the rising sigh that burst involuntarily from his tortured breast: "how much am I indebted to your hospitality, and how greatly am I comforted by your compassion!

paſſion! my woes, indeed, are heavy and oppreſſive; becauſe the hand that wounds, ought to have ſhielded me from them! but for your benevolence, the lamp of life, which nature ſhortly muſt extinguiſh, had been put out *by accident*; for having wandered out of my path, and not being able to diſcern my way, I had inevitably walked into the pond, not far diſtant from the houſe, had not my dog's ſagacity diſcovered the water, and his fidelity induced him to ſnatch me from it by the flap of my coat. Still unable to perceive my danger, yet convinced I was ſurrounded by it, I thought my only method of eſcaping was to utter thoſe complaints which called forth your compaſſion, and have been the means of proving that Virtue and Humanity are ſtill reſidents upon earth!"

At the cloſe of this ſpeech the poor crea-

creature's ſtrength ſeemed quite exhauſted, and, leaning his head upon his hand, he for ſome moments appeared abſorbed in thought. The butler in that time reentered with refreſhments, which Sir George preſſed his gueſt to partake of, with an urgency of manner that would not ſuffer a refuſal; and whilſt the venerable old man ſatisfied the wants of nature, he expreſſed his gratitude to his amiable hoſt in terms that proved him of no common race.

A bed was ordered to be immediately prepared; and upon the ſtranger's expreſſing a wiſh to begin the relation of his ſtory, Sir George beſought him to endeavour to compoſe his ſpirits, and leave the painful taſk to a future period. "You are *old*, my good Sir," ſaid that eſtimable man, "and I perceive you are unfortunate; you need not, therefore,

fore, wiſh for ſtronger claims upon *my compaſſion*, and I have only to aſſure you that you may *rely upon my friendſhip*."

The old man's tears flowed afreſh, though the channel which ſupplied them had taken a different courſe; and, after repeating his acknowledgments, and expatiating upon the goodneſs of Heaven in directing his footſteps to the abode of benevolence, he requeſted permiſſion to retire to his own apartment, promiſing to impart his hiſtory on the following morning.

As it was Sir George's orders that the ſtranger ſhould not be awakened by any obtruſive civility in the ſervants, and as nature was perfectly exhauſted both by *bodily* and *mental* exertions, he ſlept ſoundly until paſt nine o'clock, and did not enter the breakfaſt parlour until Sir George

George and his ſon Edward had juſt finiſhed their morning's repaſt.

After the uſual ſalutations of the day were over, and Sir George had made ſome freſh tea for his venerable gueſt, he deſired his ſon to quit the room, imagining the old man would not chooſe to enter upon his ſtory in the preſence of a boy.

But Mr. Middleton (which was the ſtranger's name) turning to Sir George, ſaid, "If I may preſume to make a requeſt, it is that your ſon, Sir George, may hear the ſtory of my miſfortunes; and may he," continued he, claſping his hands, and lifting up his eyes to Heaven, "be impreſſed with an abhorrence of thoſe vices which have brought me to my preſent miſery! and, whilſt he pities my misfortunes, may his breaſt glow with *filial tenderneſs*, *veneration*, and *eſteem*!"

Edward,

Edward, who loved a ſtory with a greater degree of fondneſs than moſt boys, heard the ſtranger's requeſt with evident marks of ſatisfaction, and addreſſing his father in a tone of perſuaſion, ſaid, "Do, I entreat you, papa, ſuffer me to ſtay; I aſſure you I'll ſit quite ſtill, and not interrupt the gentleman."

"If I can give you *pleaſure*, or afford you *inſtruction*, my dear boy," replied Sir George Clifford, "I always experience ſincere gratification in ſo doing, and I hope you will attend to what you hear with a reſolution of endeavouring to benefit by the relation."—Edward promiſed to fulfil his father's wiſhes, and as ſoon as the ſervant had taken away the breakfaſt apparatus, Mr. Middleton began his hiſtory in the following words:

THE

THE

HISTORY

OF

Mr. MIDDLETON;

OR,

FILIAL INGRATITUDE.

I AM the younger ſon of an ancient and reſpectable family in the north of England; and, as my father wiſhed my elder brother to ſupport the name with that degree of conſequence which had ever been attached to it, I was ſent at an early age to try my fortune in the Eaſt Indies. My mother died at giving me

me birth, and my father had three daughters by a ſecond wife, who long before my departure from England had ſo far attracted his affection from the children of the *former marriage*, that except for Frank, which was his eldeſt ſon's name, he ſeemed to feel neither tenderneſs nor anxiety.

Upon my firſt arrival in the Eaſt Indies, I generally received a *few lines* by every packet; but inſtead of breathing the affection of a parent, or the ſolicitude of a friend, they merely contained a ſlight account of his health, &c. and a caution to be prudent in the management of my ſalary; and in leſs than two years all intercourſe between us was ſuſpended; for though I wrote by every packet, I never received a line in the courſe of five-and-twenty years.

In that period I had not only amaſſed

a comfortable, but a ſplendid fortune; and reſolved to return to England for the purpoſe of enjoying it. I had, unfortunately, remitted vaſt ſums to an eminent banker, and when I arrived in town, I had the mortification of hearing that he had become a bankrupt about ſix weeks before that period, and that hundreds were involved in the dreadful ruin. Happily I had ſtill property enough remaining in my own hands to enable me to enjoy the comforts, though not the *luxuries of life*; but I reſolved, before I fixed upon my future reſting-place, to trace out my family without diſcloſing my real ſituation. I therefore threw myſelf into the York poſt-coach, left my ſervant at the inn, and in a ſhort time reached the place of my nativity. My father, I heard, had been dead ſome years, and my brother Frank was in poſſeſ-

poſſeſſion of the eſtate; my other brother was alſo dead, and my mother-in-law and her three daughters were all married and ſettled in London.

Middleton-hall is a large Gothic building, ſituated in one of the moſt beautiful, though remote parts of Yorkſhire, and about two miles diſtant from a neighbouring town. As I was anxious to make trial of a relation's diſpoſition whom I had not ſeen for many years, I dreſſed myſelf particularly plain, hired a boy to carry a ſmall leather trunk which contained my wardrobe, and walked anxiouſly towards the hall. I was received at the well-known gate by an imperious puppy, who, imagining by my appearance that I was ſome needy dependant, would ſcarcely inform me whether his maſter was at home: at length, with ſome difficulty, I obtained the wiſhed-

for intelligence, and by begging and intreaty got myſelf announced as a perſon from India, who brought news of conſequence reſpecting his brother. My reception from the maſter was ſuch as I might have expected from the appearance of the ſervants—haughty, inſolent, and preſumptuous.—Our perſons were totally forgotten by each other, and therefore I gave a circumſtantial detail of the banker's failure, and my own misfortunes, without giving him a ſuſpicion of my own identity, and concluded by ſaying his brother was in London, anxious to fold him to his fraternal boſom, and convinced that he would not only commiſerate his misfortunes, but endeavour to prevent him from ſuffering by their weight.

I will not, my dear Sir, treſpaſs upon your time, or wound your feelings, by

by relating my cruel brother's reply; ſuffice it to ſay, it was *inhuman* as a *relation*, and *diſgraceful as a man*;—and induced me to quit his abode, reſolving never more to have any intercourſe with ſo bad a character, though not before I had diſcloſed my name, and the *real ſituation* of my *affairs*.

On my return to London, I ſaw a villa in Devonſhire advertiſed to be ſold, and pleaſed with the plan I became its purchaſer. Soon after my eſtabliſhment in my new abode, I became acquainted with a neighbouring gentleman whoſe family conſiſted of three daughters and four ſons; the eldeſt of the former was at once attractive, amiable, and engaging; and though there was ſo great a diſparity in our years, I ſoon diſcovered that I had made an impreſſion on her heart: in ſhort, Sir, we were

very ſoon married; and if perfect happineſs is to be met with on earth, I am the man who once enjoyed it!—Cruel reverſe! Dreadful viciſſitude!—But I will proceed with my narration without digreſſion, or taking a retroſpect of my own misfortunes.

In leſs than a twelvemonth after my marriage, my lovely Emily bleſt me with a pledge of her affection, and my felicity was unbounded: but, alas! our joys are of ſhort duration, though our miſeries are permanent! My loved Emily was ſnatched from me in the prime of life, at the time our little darling moſt wanted her maternal tenderneſs. Mr. Cleverly, which was her father's name, ſoon followed the object of my affection, and the reſt of the family removed to London. The ſociety of my little William was at once a ſolace for my grief,

and

and an amuſement for my mind; and my fondneſs increaſed beyond the bounds of prudence. Naturally high-ſpirited, he required *reſtraint*; but my tenderneſs was ſo violent, I could not bear to ſee him unhappy; his reſemblance to his beloved mother increaſed with his years; but, alas! how different were they both in nature and diſpoſition! To ſend him to ſchool was impoſſible; I, therefore, engaged a gentleman as his tutor and inſtructor. The total unreſtraint which had hitherto been put upon his inclinations made him both daring and untractable, and in leſs than ſix months the worthy man requeſted to decline the office he had engaged in. At length by promiſes on my part not to interfere between him and his pupil, and the attracting charm of an increaſed ſalary, Mr. Pemberton conſented to remain an inmate

in

in a family, the head of which he muſt both pity and deſpiſe. His friendſhip for me, however, induced him to ſtay until my ſon had reached his fourteenth year, when the arrogance of his behaviour, and the inſolence of his conduct, abſolutely compelled him to reſign the poſt, and leave his unthinking charge to the practice of his own devices, though not without repeatedly conjuring me to conquer my weakneſs, and ſend my ſon to ſchool; prophetically pointing out the dreadful conſequence of my not doing it.

Upon the departure of his preceptor, William's temper ſubmitted to no control, and too late I felt my error. His perſon, I before obſerved, was like his mother's; but to all the ſenſibility of female ſoftneſs was united a manly grace that at once attracted and delighted the beholder.

beholder. Oh! how often have I gazed with parental fondneſs on the beauteous falſe deception, until I imagined a form ſo ſtriking, and a face ſo manly, could never be capable of an act of baſeneſs!

Amidſt the various amuſements which my ſon was fond of as he grew up, dancing bore the greateſt pre-eminence; and there was not an aſſembly within twenty miles round that he did not make a point of conſtantly frequenting. The graces of his perſon, and the excellence he had attained in that accompliſhment, rendered him an univerſal favourite with the ladies; and, in addition to his other follies, was the means of inſpiring him with *vanity* and *conceit*.

Within a few miles of our reſidence lived a Scotch earl, whoſe pride and poverty were equally conſpicuous; and the eldeſt daughter of this great perſonage,

age, forgetful of her noble blood, deaf to her father's ſtrong remonſtrances, and loſt to a ſenſe of female delicacy, propoſed to my ſon (whom ſhe had frequently danced with at different balls) an elopement to Scotland.

Elated at the ſpirited propoſal, and delighted at the proſpect of marrying a title, my headſtrong, unthinking boy, eagerly graſped the ſplendid phantom, and making a variety of excuſes for requiring a large ſupply of money, ſet off in a chaiſe and four the following morning, without giving me the ſlighteſt idea of the deſtructive ſcheme he was going to adopt. The young lady had been more explicit; for a letter left upon her dreſſing table informed her father, that unable to conquer the ſtrength of her attachment, and convinced that ſhe ſhould never obtain *his concurrence*, ſhe had

had resolved to please her eye, though she might lower her consequence.

The old earl, imagining I had been privy to this transaction, sent me a letter full of invectives; upon the receipt of which, I not only explained my total ignorance of the affair, but promised to make such an establishment for my son, as should enable him to support his wife in perfect gentility. Softened by my conciliating letter, and convinced he was unable to give his daughter any fortune, his Lordship called to apologize for his petulance.

In a few days the young people returned, and Lady Lucy was introduced as the wife of my beloved William. I forgot to mention, that a few years after the death of my Emily, the banker, who had been in possession of so large a share of my property, was, by the death of a

distant

distant relation, heir to an estate of a vast amount, and had justice and generosity enough to vest ten thousand pounds in the funds in my name, by way of compensation for the losses I had sustained.

This sum I settled immediately upon my son, with permission to consider my house entirely as his own, reserving to myself two separate apartments, and retaining my old servants, chusing still to be considered as *their* master.

My daughter-in-law soon proved that she thought me rather an intruder in my own family; and as to my son, I never saw him but at the hour of dining. Pleasure, gaiety, and dissipation, occupied the time of both; and the little affection he once felt for his father, was converted into neglect, indifference, and scorn!

Several

Several months paſſed tediouſly away, whilſt grief and age ſeemed jointly to haſten the approach of that period which was to end my ſorrows—when a ſudden tranſition took place in the conduct of my ſon and daughter; indifference was converted into kindneſs, and neglect into zeal and attention. The ſatisfaction which this altered mode of conduct conveyed to my mind produced a viſible effect upon my health, and I ſeemed to have taken a new leaſe of life.

In one of thoſe confidential converſations which filled my breaſt with gladneſs, my ſon expreſſed a deſire of making ſome alteration in the houſe, and, after a little embarraſſment, intreated me to let him be conſidered as the maſter of it, as it would ſave me the trouble of looking into the domeſtic concerns.

Unable to refuſe a requeſt of one I

loved so tenderly, I put him in possession of what he required, and in an evil hour rendered myself dependant upon him for the means of existence. Whilst the deeds were drawing up for this fatal purpose, both Lady Lucy and himself doubled their attentions; but no sooner were they completed, and they were in full possession of my estate and property, than the mask dropped, and I awoke to wretchedness. The first step of filial authority which my ungrateful son took upon himself, was to discharge my faithful Trincard, a fellow whom I had brought from India, under pretence that he was too old to render me any service, and too bigotted to *my interest*, to wish well to his present master's.

To describe the various methods that were adopted to degrade and humble me,

is

is impoſſible! at length, worn with grief, a prey to miſery, and the victim of miſguided affection, I reſolved to quit an abode which was rendered the ſeat of wretchedneſs, and endeavour to trace out the connexions of my long-loſt Emily. For this purpoſe I ſet out on Friday morning, intending, if poſſible, to walk to London: (for ſince the unfortunate day that I gave my property out of my own hands, I have never received a ſixpence from my worthleſs ſon, and half a guinea is the amount of my purſe)—I had imagined I could reach the neighbouring town, when night overtook me, and Providence directed me to this hoſpitable abode.—"And now, young gentleman," ſaid Mr. Middleton, turning to Edward, "you have heard a leſſon to caution you againſt *diſobedience*; and if ever you

feel a repugnance to fulfil the injunctions of your amiable parents, think of my misfortunes, and the misery I have endured, and check the impulse of disrespect and disobedience. Vice is a plant of a regular and progressive growth, and never rises by sudden transitions—stop it as it first appears, or the pestilential weed corrupts the soil, and totally destroys the tender bud of *virtue*."—Here his emotions checked his proceeding, and he burst into a flood of tears.

"I have to thank you, my dear Sir," said Sir George, "for a tale which has both roused my indignation, and called forth my compassion; but if the soothings of friendship can in any measure compensate for the loss of filial affection, that consolation you may fully claim; my house, my purse, and my servants, are at your command; and

here

here you muſt ſpend the reſidue of your days: conſider me as your ſon, your brother, or your friend, and in all thoſe capacities you will find me ready to prove my ſincerity, and evince my eſteem.

THE

AMIABLE BROTHERS;

OR, THE

INHABITANTS of the TOWER.

FORSAKEN by her friends, neglected by her family, and loſt to every ſocial enjoyment, the Hon. Mrs. Montgomery, at the age of eight-and-twenty, retired from the world with two lovely boys, and became the inhabitants of a ſolitary tower, which was ſituated in one of the moſt romantic parts of Scotland. This tower, which for years had been falling into decay, had often attracted her obſervation

ſervation and attention, when parties of pleaſure had been formed from Lord Macdonald's ſeat, to view the wonderful waterfall of Coralin, which, daſhing over precipices more than an hundred feet high, was at once an object of wonder and ſublimity.

Lord Macdonald was one of thoſe rigid fathers who falſely imagine that to obtain *reſpect* they muſt practiſe *auſterity*, and who, ſelf-convinced of his own ſupremacy, would not ſuffer any part of his family to diſpute it. The unfortunate Lady Macdonald had too often felt the inutility of attempting to oppoſe his will, to perſevere in a mode of conduct which was always attended with heart-felt miſery, and at length patiently ſubmitted to her Lord's caprices, without preſuming either to repine at their injuſtice, or murmur at their ſeverity.—

In

In the ſociety of her loved Louiſa ſhe found an antidote for her diſtreſſes, and a balm for her ſorrows; and when encircling her lovely form within her maternal arms, would totally forget her own misfortunes. Beauty, which ought always to be conſidered as a *ſecondary charm*, Louiſa poſſeſſed in an eminent degree; but the perfections of her mind infinitely tranſcended thoſe of her perſon; for ſhe was gentle, humane, liberal, and benevolent. The accompliſhments ſhe had acquired were equal to the virtues ſhe poſſeſſed, and Glaſgow reſounded with the praiſes of her perfections. Lady Macdonald, proud of poſſeſſing a daughter ſo deſervedly admired, anticipated the hope of ſeeing her united to a man who would value her for her merits, and love her for her virtue.

Far

Far different were the hopes and expectations of her Lord, who, disappointed in not having an heir to his estate, resolved to marry his daughter to some man of high birth, and remote pedigree; that if he could not perpetuate his name, he might exalt his nobility; and the Marquis of Clyde, a nobleman of immense possessions and high honours, was the man destined to become the husband of his beauteous daughter.

Had the Marquis possessed *one virtue*, or acquired *one accomplishment*, the gentle Louisa might not have shrunk with such an excess of horror from her father's proposal; but when she compared the disgusting manners of her future husband, with the insinuating elegance of her cousin Montgomery, her heart sickened at the comparison, and she, who had never in the *slightest* instance *presumed*

ſumed to *diſpute* her *father's authority*, ventured to inform him that ſhe could *never become Marchioneſs of Clyde*.

At this intelligence his rage and indignation were unbounded; and Lady Macdonald, perceiving that it could never be appeaſed but by her daughter's ſacrificing her preſent and future happineſs, by an union with a man ſhe deſpiſed, at length gave her conſent to a private marriage with the object of her affection, with whom ſhe immediately quitted the kingdom, and embarked for America, where he flattered himſelf he could live much cheaper than in England.

Ten years of perfect bliſs flew rapidly away, in which time the amiable Mrs. Montgomery became the mother of two lovely boys, and was indulging the hope of returning to England and obtaining the pardon of her enraged father, when ſhe

ſhe was deſtined to ſuſtain the moſt heart-rending misfortune; for the object of her increaſing tenderneſs was ſuddenly ſnatched from her by the violence of an epidemic diſeaſe; and it was with the utmoſt difficulty the lives of her children were prevented falling a ſacrifice to the ſame fatal diſorder.

Two years previous to this unfortunate event, Mrs. Montgomery received the melancholy intelligence of her beloved mother's death, by a letter from a houſekeeper who had reſided in the family five-and-twenty years; and at the ſame time ſhe learned that her father was going to leave Scotland, though none of the ſervants knew where he intended to reſide.

As ſoon at Mrs. Montgomery had diſpoſed of her effects at Charleſtown, herſelf, two children, and a female ſervant, embarked

embarked in the firſt ſhip that was bound for Scotland, where ſhe arrived without the occurrence of any particular circumſtance during the voyage. All her endeavours to trace her father's reſidence, or find out his abode, were fruitleſs; her mind, naturally inclined to the *penſive caſt*, became habitually melancholy; and the very cool reception ſhe met with from thoſe perſons who had once been proud of her acquaintance, at length induced her to fix her abode in the romantic ſituation I have before deſcribed.

Mrs. Montgomery was too tenderly attached to her children to ſupport the idea of a ſeparation; yet ſhe was convinced that they required more inſtruction than ſhe was capable of affording them, (as Malcolm had juſt entered his eighth, and Duncan his ſeventh year) and ſhe, therefore, engaged a young man, who had

had been uſher in a capital ſchool, as preceptor to them, and had the gratification of perceiving that both their minds and manners were improved by his tuition.

As Mr. Maclean's father and mother reſided within twelve miles of the tower, he always paſſed Saturday and Sunday in their ſociety, and returned to his pupils on the Monday morning; and during his abſence Malcolm and his brother uſed to amuſe themſelves by fiſhing in the Clyde, and in viſiting the little hovels of the Scotch peaſantry within the vicinity of their mother's dwelling, to diſtribute to each ſome proof of her liberality and ſome mark of her benevolence.

Although nothing could be more oppoſite than the diſpoſition of the boys, yet there never were two brothers who

lived in greater harmony, or more readily ſacrificed their own inclinations for the ſake of promoting each other's happineſs. Malcolm was grave, ſtudious, and fond of ſolitude; whilſt Duncan was volatile, inattentive, and delighted in variety; yet as both poſſeſſed an uncommon ſhare of good nature, they had more ſatisfaction in promoting each other's pleaſures than in the gratification of their own. Duncan would frequently lament the retired life his mother had made choice of, and anticipate the happineſs he ſhould enjoy when old enough to be ſent to the univerſity of Glaſgow, of which his tutor informed him he was intended to become a member—whilſt Malcolm would declare he had no greater idea of happineſs than what he derived from the ſociety of two perſons ſo tenderly beloved, in relieving the diſtreſſes of his fellow-

crea-

creatures, and in admiring the ſtupendous works of Nature, which were ſo wonderfully diſplayed around their dwelling.

It was Mrs. Montgomery's conſtant practice to enumerate the qualities of her lamented huſband in the preſence of the children, and to inſpire them with a wiſh of emulating his virtues; but their grandfather's name was never mentioned, neither had they an idea of his exalted rank. They were early taught to deſpiſe *that greatneſs* which could only boaſt of hereditary diſtinction, and to conſider *ſuperiority of birth* as only entitled to reſpect when it was attended with *ſuperior merit*. "The benefit of ſociety," ſhe would often ſay, "demanded the introduction of ſubordination; but the human mind, feeling the influence of its own independence, ſpurned the bond-

age of *oppreſſive greatneſs*—it may eaſily be LED to *bend to power*, my beloved boys," ſaid that intelligent woman; "but it rebels at the bare idea of *compunction*. If you would be loved and reſpected by your dependants, let your conduct prove to them that you deſerve it; and inſtead of *forcing* them to the performance of their duty, convince them that you are ſenſible of the ſervices they do you, and in return endeavour to promote their happineſs: by that mode of behaviour you will find their zeal ſtrengthen, their affection increaſe, and their reſpect amount nearly to veneration."

Theſe precepts of kindneſs and benevolence were made doubly impreſſive by the force of example; and nothing but a naturally corrupted mind could have rendered the two Montgomerys unamiable. Every thing they ſaw, every thing

thing they heard, was ultimately calculated to promote the love of virtue; and though their mother thought it neceſſary to convince them that there was ſuch a thing as *vice in the world*, yet they would liſten to her accounts of its practice, with an incredulity of countenance that ſeemed abſolutely to indicate a doubt of its exiſtence.

As his pupils advanced in years, Mr. Maclean ſaw the neceſſity of introducing them into that world of which they muſt ſhortly become members, and pointed out to Mrs. Montgomery the hazard they would run in being placed at College before they had acquired ſome knowledge of mankind. "There is as much difference between books and men, my dear Madam," he would ſay, "as there is between the inhabitants of one

country, and thoſe of another; and it is abſolutely neceſſary that your ſons ſhould become acquainted with both."

Convinced of the propriety of theſe ſentiments, Mrs. Montgomery was reſolved to be guided by them, and taking a ſmall houſe near the cathedral in Glaſgow, removed thither on the day Malcolm entered his fourteenth year.

Although the boys had accompanied their tutor to Glaſgow in two or three viſits which he had paid his brother, (who was one of the canons of that ancient cathedral) yet their time was ſo ſhort, that they were unable to gratify their curioſity by a ſurvey of a place that appeared to abound with wonders; every thing, therefore, was new; every thing was aſtoniſhing; and the variety of queſtions which were put to their mother and tutor, proved at once the

ſimpli-

ſimplicity of their minds, and that thirſt for information which Nature has implanted for the wiſeſt purpoſe.

Although it was contrary to Mr. Maclean's intereſt that his pupils ſhould be ſent to ſchool, yet he ſtrenuouſly adviſed Mrs. Montgomery to that mode of conduct; and at length it was agreed that they ſhould paſs their mornings with Mr. Macnamara, who kept an eminent academy, and the afternoons ſhould be devoted to receiving the private inſtruction of Mr. Maclean, whom Mrs. Montgomery perſuaded to remain as part of her family.

Upon entering the ſchool, where not leſs than ninety boys were aſſembled, Malcolm at firſt felt rather embarraſſed; but the natural freedom of Duncan's manners made him perfectly eaſy upon the occaſion. They were ſoon called up

to

to be examined by Mr. Macnamara, that he might judge in what claſs they ought to be placed, and the perfect eaſe with which they anſwered his interrogations, and their very great forwardneſs both in the Greek and Latin languages, procured them not only an eminent ſituation, but immediate attention from many boys much bigger than themſelves. The facility with which they performed their exerciſes, and the eaſe with which they learned their taſks, frequently induced the other boys to apply to their aſſiſtance, and the Montgomerys became univerſal favorites.

The firſt thing that called forth Malcolm's aſtoniſhment, and rouſed his indignation, was the ſeeing a boy go to his ſchoolfellow's deſk, and ſcribble an exerciſe all over, which he had juſt completed, whilſt he went to the other end

of

of the ſchool to deliver a meſſage Mr. Macnamara had ſent to one of the uſhers.

"Why have you done that?" ſaid Malcolm to the boy, whoſe name was Campbell; "for ſurely it is a very ill-natured trick."—"He deſerves ten times worſe," replied the boy; "for he's what we call a *Larum*, and is hated by the whole ſchool."

"A Larum!" ſaid Malcolm, "I don't underſtand the meaning of the word; but if he has done you an injury, why don't you reſent it *openly?* ſurely that would be more manly."

"More manly, perhaps;" replied the boy, "but *leſs prudent*; for he would certainly tell the uſhers of me, and is too great a coward to fight his own battles—and *Larum's* a nick-name for *tell-tale*, and he's the greateſt in the ſchool."

The truth of this account was inſtantly

ſtantly authenticated by the boy's returning to the deſk, perceiving the miſchief that had been done during his abſence, and taking the paper up to his favourite champion the uſher, who bluſtered violently about the ſchool, and declared he would puniſh every boy in it, rather than not diſcover the author of ſo malicious a contrivance.

As ſoon as ſchool was ended, the boys always retired to the play-ground, and the Montgomerys generally accompanied them; and one morning, after they had been about ten days members of the ſociety, they were invited by Campbell, to join him in a ſcheme of robbing the hot-houſe of their next door neighbour, who, though it was only the latter end of ſpring, they were informed had *plenty of ripe fruit*.

"*Rob* his hot-houſe!" exclaimed Mal-

Malcolm, ſcarcely crediting what he heard.—" What! *Steal the fruit!*" ſaid Duncan, in equal amazement: " why, do you know you run the hazard of *being hanged*; and beſides, that it is breaking the *eighth commandment*."

" Breaking the eighth fiddleſtick," replied Campbell; " I tell ye what; when you have known old Sanderſon as long as I have, you'll not think of the *eighth* or the *ninth commandment* either; for he's always telling our maſter ſome tale about the boys, and has had five or ſix ſeverely flogged; it is not that we want the fruit, only we know the old dog *prides* himſelf upon it, and has ſaved it all for a grand feaſt which he is going to give the heads of the College to-morrow—ſo come, and be *enliſted*, and make one of our party."

'Twas in vain for Malcolm or Dun-

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can to remonſtrate; for the plan was arranged in ſpite of all the arguments that either their fears or their *principles* ſuggeſted, and they went home to dinner, ſhocked at ſuch an inſtance of early depravity. Malcolm was peculiarly grave, and Duncan ſeemed to have loſt his wonted ſpirits. Pained at obſerving this ſudden change, Mrs. Montgomery tenderly inquired into the cauſe, but could not obtain any ſatisfactory reply; at length being earneſtly preſſed by their indulgent mother they revealed it, declaring they could never be happy at ſchool if the boys were in the habit of acting with ſo *little principle*.

Mrs. Montgomery applauded their ſentiments, but gave them to underſtand, that the wanton pranks of an unthinking boy deſerved not the ſevere epithet of *want of principle*; and at the ſame time told

told them, that *retaliation* ought to be a *ſchool boy's* motto, for that they made it a rule never to ſuffer an injury without returning it with four-fold intereſt.

"But pray, Mamma," ſaid Duncan, "is not that very *wicked?*"—"I ſhould for their ſakes, my love," replied Mrs. Montgomery, "hope it is *not very wicked*, though it certainly muſt be allowed to be *very wrong*; but a ſchool boy's vices generally proceed from *want of reflection*, and are therefore much more excuſable than a *premeditated crime.*"

The boys had arranged their plan with ſo much method, and executed it with ſo much ſkill, that the whole hot-houſe was ſtripped of its contents, and two of the fineſt apricots were next day preſented to the Montgomerys, who ſtrenuouſly refuſed the offer, alleging,

that as they were not ſharers in the danger, they had no reaſon to be partakers of its reward—though in fact their real reaſon was, that they conſidered them as *ſtolen goods*, and were reſolved *not* to ſhare them.

Juſt as ſchool was ended, and the boys had entered the play-ground, Mr. Macnamara's ſervant paſſed, "Well! what's the beſt news with you, Thomas?" ſaid one of them.—"I know of none that's *good*;" replied the fellow.—"Do you know of any that's *bad?*" ſaid the ſame boy.—"Yes, bad enough, Sir; for poor Ben, Doctor Sanderſon's gardener has been taken up on ſuſpicion of having robbed his maſter's hot-houſe, and ſold the fruit."

Campbell, who had juſt joined them as this intelligence was communicated, turned as pale as death, and catching

Mal-

Malcolm by the arm, led him away to another part of the play-ground, and asked his advice how he ought to act. Thomas's intelligence soon spread, and before Malcolm could give his opinion, the three other boys who had been concerned in the theft joined Campbell in equal trepidation.

One was for sending by a porter a sufficient sum of money to pay for the fruit, with a letter to the old doctor, assuring him of his servant's innocence. Another was for soliciting a friend to go to the justice who had committed the gardener, and get him on their side; and a third was of opinion that his father would take the man to live with him as soon as he was out of confinement, and that they might easily make up money enough between them for the purpose of supporting him comfortably

whilſt he was in priſon—but all theſe plans Malcolm diſapproved, and adviſed them to wait upon the old man, acknowledge the crime, and intreat the poor gardener might immediately be liberated. This was at firſt oppoſed, and all declared they would as ſoon *face a tyger*.

At length it was agreed that Mr. Macnamara ſhould be made acquainted with the whole affair, and Malcolm was intreated to undertake the office. Every thing that could be ſaid in mitigation of the crime he thought of ſaying, and Mr. Macnamara heard him with much more calmneſs than had been expected. He ordered the boys into cloſe confinement, and then waited immediately upon his crabbed neighbour, who inſiſted that all the boys that had been concerned in the theft ſhould immediately be expelled.—That demand Mr. Macnamara informed him

him could not be complied with, but he promiſed they ſhould all be *ſeverely puniſhed*.—Upon finding he could not have the ſatisfaction he *demanded*, the old man began abuſing the ſchoolmaſter, declaring he was an incendiary, and had actually been at the bottom of the plan.

This unmerited impertinence provoked Mr. Macnamara ſo completely, that he proteſted he would not puniſh a ſingle boy in the ſchool, and, returning home, gave them immediate liberty, but deſired them all to aſſemble in the ſchool. He there entered into a long diſſertation, firſt upon the *crime*, and next upon the *meanneſs* of robbing gardens and orchards; and after expatiating near half an hour upon the ſubject, he promiſed to forgive the recent outrage that had been committed, on condition that every boy in the ſchool would make

a ſolemn promiſe never to be guilty of ſuch a thing again.

"I promiſe!—I promiſe!—I promiſe!"—was vociferated from every part of the room, and three cheers were given to the liberal-minded Superior as he roſe to quit it.

Time rolled rapidly away, and each day Mrs. Montgomery had the happineſs of obſerving that her ſons acquired freſh knowledge. They had been at the ſchool upwards of a twelvemonth, when their mother determined to paſs the ſummer vacation in her favourite tower, as ſhe had left ſome furniture in it, and an old woman, whom her benevolence ſupported, to take care of it.

The boys were delighted to retrace the haunts of their early days, and even Mr. Maclean was pleaſed at the new arrangement. He ſtill adopted his former

mer plan of ſpending Sunday with his parents; and as Saturday was fixed for Mrs. Montgomery's departure from Glaſgow, it was determined that he ſhould follow on the Monday morning.

When Mrs. Montgomery firſt returned from America, her liberal mind endured ſeveral ſevere mortifications from the cool indifference with which ſhe was received by the very people who courted her acquaintance when ſhe appeared as the heireſs of a nobleman of diſtinction; but when that nobleman had publicly declared his intention of leaving every ſixpence of his fortune to a diſtant relation who was to inherit his title, his daughter was then conſidered as a weak, infatuated young woman, who had juſtly exaſperated her father by an alliance every way degrading to a girl of high rank; and the reception they gave her

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at once proved their disapprobation of her conduct, and their wish of dropping all farther acquaintance. This illiberal mode of behaviour was Mrs. Montgomery's first inducement to make choice of a solitude where she would neither be subject to the coldness of the interested, or the impertinence of the arrogant; and though she had never visited any of the families during the twelve months she had resided at Glasgow, yet she returned to her favourite spot with sensations of joy, pleasure, and tranquillity.

Lord Macdonald, who after the death of his amiable wife found the family mansion gloomy, dreary, and uncomfortable, resolved to endeavour amusing his mind by variety of scenes, and change of place; but, still preserving an inveterate hatred against his daughter,

resolved

reſolved to keep his intention ſecret from every creature except his banker, who, true to the truſt repoſed in him, proteſted ignorance of his Lordſhip's motions whenever he was applied to by his anxious and ſtill affectionate daughter.

This banker, upon Lord Macdonald's return, informed him of the inquiries which had been made, and alſo of Mrs. Montgomery's preſent abode, and ſaid every thing in his power to promote a reconciliation, though without effect.

As there was a great quantity of timber upon his Lordſhip's eſtate which he wiſhed to diſpoſe of, it was neceſſary for him perſonally to give directions; and to prevent the poſſibility of his daughter's knowing he was in that part of the world, he reſolved to travel unattended in a hired carriage, and quit Scotland as ſoon as he had given the neceſſary orders.

ders. This resolution he put in practice a few days before Mrs. Montgomery removed to her favourite tower; and as the two boys had rambled a great distance from it, and were climbing a barren rock for the purpose of beholding distant objects, they plainly discovered, by the help of a telescope, (which they always carried in their pocket) a postchaise lying broken in the high road, from which they were about a mile distant.

Curiosity, or perhaps a better motive, induced them immediately to descend, and make the best of their way to the spot where the accident had happened; but no person was remaining near it to give them the information they were so anxious to obtain. A quantity of blood was lying in the road, and by that they traced the unfortunate person who had

met

met with the accident, to a miſerable hovel about two hundred yards diſtant.

As ſoon as they entered this wretched hut, which was merely compoſed of ſtones and dirt, they beheld a venerable looking man, about ſixty, ſupported in the arms of a forlorn female, whilſt the blood was faſt iſſuing from a wound he had received in the temple.

" Ye be comed in gued time, my bonny lods," cried the woman; " for my hart ſeeken at the ſeete of blude, and Sandy be gune to feetch the doctor." So ſaying, ſhe laid the apparently dying man upon the earth floor, and walked into the air to recover her ſickneſs.

Malcolm took the handkerchief out of his pocket and bound it tight round the ſtranger's head, whilſt Duncan ſnatched up a wooden bowl, and drew ſome water from a neighbouring well, with which

which they plentifully ſprinkled the poor man's face, who in a few moments opened his eyes, and in a tone of faintneſs and aſtoniſhment, exclaimed,—"Where am I!" What has been the matter? and why am I reduced to this forlorn ſituation?"—The two boys ſoon explained every thing, and expreſſed a deſire that he could be removed to their mamma's abode.

"*Removed!*" ſaid the ſtranger, "Oh, that I ſhall never be! I feel—I feel," he continued, "that this will be my death ſtroke; but I deſerve it. Oh, my child! could you know the ſituation of your wretched father, you would think him puniſhed for all his ſeverity!"

"*Child!*" repeated Malcolm; "Oh, Sir! do tell us where to find any of your connexions, and I'd run twenty miles to bring them to you."—"We had bet-

ter

ter run home and tell mamma," ſaid Duncan; "for you know ſhe always keeps medicines by her for the poor people, and I dare ſay ſhe can do the gentleman a great deal of good."

"Do ſomething, for Heaven's ſake!" replied the unfortunate man, "or I ſhall die; for I am incapable of moving any part of my body, and believe every bone in my ſkin is broken."—Duncan did not require *twice telling*, but flew out of the houſe directly, leaving his brother to watch by the ſtranger's ſide. As his ſenſes returned his agony increaſed, and his groans and complainings drew tears of ſympathy from his humane companion.

In leſs than an hour Duncan returned, followed by Mrs. Montgomery, and a female attendant laden with cordials, medicines, and embrocations.

The ſuffering ſtranger was ſtill lying upon the floor, with his head raiſed by a bundle of coarſe rags, when Mrs. Montgomery entered, and caught a glance of his pallid countenance. "My father!" ſhe exclaimed, "my beloved father! and is it *thus* we *meet!*"

Rouſed by the ſound of her well-known voice, he faintly articulated, "*Oh, my child!*"—At this intereſting moment the doctor appeared, whom Jenny's huſband had been to fetch, and examining his patient, ſaid, the ſhoulder was diſlocated, and two ribs broken; but that when thoſe were ſet, he might ſafely be removed to Mrs. Montgomery's dwelling; a litter was accordingly prepared, and his Lordſhip placed carefully upon it, and in about three hours the cavalcade arrived at the Tower. The exceſs of agony was ſo great, that a violent

lent fever was the conſequence, and his Lordſhip's life was abſolutely deſpaired of.

During that period his daughter watched him with unwearied attention and filial tenderneſs, and never left his bedſide for a moment but to obtain that repoſe which wearied nature abſolutely required.

Lord Macdonald, at length ſenſible of his daughter's merits, and ſhocked at reflecting upon his own ſeverity, ſent for an attorney, and made every reparation in his power by leaving her heireſs to his immenſe property, imagining it impoſſible he could ever recover. In that, however, he was miſtaken; for his fever ſuddenly abated, the wound on his temple healed, and the diſſevered bones perfectly united.

As ſoon as his Lordſhip was able to bear company, his grandſons were introduced

troduced into his presence; and whilst he bestowed upon them the fondest caresses, he could not help regretting his inability to give them his name and title.

At the moment when his feelings were softened by disease, and his mind subdued by tenderness, intelligence arrived of the death of that relation who must have inherited the estate and title, and he resolved to solicit his sovereign to permit it to descend to his eldest grandson.

The boon was immediately granted, and a patent rapidly made out for Malcolm Montgomery to take the name of Macdonald.

That amiable and deserving boy, instead of being elated by this prospect of *future greatness*, thought himself called upon to set a *pattern of virtue*, and was

ten

ten times more circumſpect in his conduct than when he thought himſelf a mere private gentleman.

His attentions were equally divided between his mother and grandfather, who reſided together at the family ſeat. Once a year they conſtantly reviſited the Tower, and wandered over ſcenes which recollection made dear to them. The neighbouring poor were cheriſhed and ſupported, and the gratification the boys experienced in being enabled to extend their charity, was of that heart-cheering kind which is only to be conceived by the truly benevolent.

THE

FRUITS OF DISOBEDIENCE;

OR, THE

KIDNAPPED CHILD.

IN a beautiful villa on the banks of the Medway, reſided a gentleman whoſe name was Darnley, who had, during the early part of life, filled a poſt of ſome importance about the Court, and even in its decline, preſerved that elegance of manner which ſo peculiarly marks a finiſhed gentleman. The loſs of a beloved wife had given a penſive caſt to his features, and a ſerioufneſs to his

his deportment, which many people imagined proceeded from a haughtineſs of diſpoſition; yet nothing could be farther from Mr. Darnley's character; for he was affable, gentle, benevolent, and humane.

His family conſiſted of an only ſiſter, who, like himſelf, had loſt the object of her tendereſt affection; but who, in dividing her attention between her brother and his amiable children, endeavoured to forget her own misfortunes.

Mr. Darnley's fortune was ſufficiently great to have enabled him to place his daughters in the firſt ſchool in London, but he preferred having them under his immediate inſtruction; and as Mrs. Collier offered to aſſiſt him in their education, he reſolved for ſome years not to engage a governeſs, as Nurſe Chapman was one of thoſe worthy creatures

to

to whose care he could securely trust them.

An old friend of Mr. Darnley's had recently bought a house at Rochester, and that gentleman and his sister were invited to pass a few days there; and as Emily grew rather too big for the nurse's management, Mrs. Collier resolved to make her of the party, leaving Sophia, Amanda, and Eliza, under that good woman's protection.

It was Mrs. Darnley's wish that the young folks should rise early, and take a long walk every morning before breakfast; but they were strictly ordered never to go beyond their own grounds, unless their aunt or father accompanied them. This order they had frequently endeavoured to persuade Nurse Chapman to disregard; but faithful to the trust

truſt repoſed in her, ſhe always reſiſted their urgent entreaties.

The morning after Mr. Darnley went to Rocheſter, the poor woman found herſelf thoroughly indiſpoſed, and wholly incapable of riſing at the accuſtomed hour. The children, however, were dreſſed for walking, and the nurſe-maid charged not to go beyond the ſhrubbery, and they all ſallied out in high good humour.

"Now, Suſan," ſaid Sophia (as ſoon as they entered the garden), "is the only opportunity you may ever have of obliging us; do let us walk to the village, and then you know you can call and ſee your father and mother."

"Law, Miſs!" replied the girl, "why you know 'tis as much as my place is worth if Nurſe Chapman ſhould find it out."

"*Find*

"*Find it out, indeed!*" ſaid Amanda; "how do you think ſhe is to find it out? Come do let us go, there's a dear, good creature."—"Yes, dear, dear Suſan, do let us go," ſaid Eliza (ſkipping on before them), "and I'll ſhow you the way; for I walked there laſt ſummer with papa."

Whether it was the wiſh of obliging the young ladies, or the deſire of ſeeing her parents, I cannot pretend to ſay; but in a luckleſs hour Suſan yielded, and the party ſoon reached the village.

Suſan's mother was delighted at ſeeing her, and highly honoured by the young ladies' preſence. "Oh ſweet, dear creatures!" ſaid the old woman, "I muſt get ſomething for them to eat after their long walk, and my oven's quite hot, and I can bake them a little cake in a quarter of an hour, and I'll milk

Jenny

Jenny in ten minutes."—The temptation of hot cake and *new milk* was not to be withſtood; and Suſan began taking down ſome ſmart china cups, which were arranged in form upon the mantlepiece, and carefully duſted them for the young ladies' uſe.

Eliza followed the old woman into the cow-houſe, and began aſking a thouſand queſtions, when her attention was ſuddenly attracted by the appearance of a tame lamb, who went bleating up to its miſtreſs, with a view of aſking its accuſtomed breakfaſt.

"You muſt wait a little, Billy," ſaid the woman, "and let your *betters* be ſarved before you—don't you ſee that we have got *gentlefolks* to breakfaſt with us this morning?"

Eliza was ſo delighted with the beauty of the little animal, that ſhe wanted to

kiſs it, and attempted to reſtrain it for that purpoſe, whilſt Billy, ungrateful for her intended kindneſs, gave a ſudden ſpring and friſked away. Eliza followed, in hopes of being able to catch him, but he ran baaing along into the high road.

A woman, whoſe appearance was deſcriptive of poverty, but whoſe ſmiling countenance indicated good nature, at that moment happened to paſs, and accoſting Eliza in a tone of familiarity, ſaid, "That's not half ſuch a pretty lamb, Miſs, as I have got at home, and not a quarter ſo tame; for if you did but ſay *Bob*, he'd follow you from one end of the town to the other; and then he'll fetch and carry like a dog, ſtand up on his hind legs, when my huſband ſays Up for the thing, and play more tricks than a young kitten."

"Oh, the pretty creature!" replied Eliza, "how I ſhould like to ſee it!"—"Well, come along with me, Miſs," ſaid the woman, "for I only lives juſt acroſs he next field; but you muſt run as hard as you can, becauſe my huſband is going to work, and he generally takes Bob with him."

"Well, make haſte then," ſaid Eliza; "for I muſt not ſtay half a minute."—"Give me your hand, Miſs," replied the woman; "for we can run faſter together; but there goes my huſband, I declare; and there's Bob as uſual ſkipping on before."

"Where? where?" exclaimed Eliza, ſtretching out her little neck as far as ſhe poſſibly could, to ſee if ſhe could diſcern the lamb. "You are not tall enough," ſaid the artful creature; "but let me lift you up, Miſs, and then I

dare ſay you'll ſee them;" and inſtantly catching her up, ſhe cried out, "Look directly towards the ſteeple, Miſs; but I'll run with you in my arms, and I warrant we'll ſoon overtake them."

Eliza looked, but looked in vain; and perceiving the woman had ſoon carried her out of ſight of the cottage, begged ſhe would ſet her down, as ſhe dare not go any farther.

The vile creature was abſolutely incapable of replying, for her breath was nearly exhauſted by the rapidity of the motion, and Eliza continued entreating her to ſtop, and ſtruggled violently to elude her graſp. At length, after a quarter of an hour's exertion, the woman found herſelf incapable of proceeding, and ſtopping ſuddenly, ſat down on a bank, keeping tight hold of Eliza's arm,

who

who cried dreadfully, and beſought her to let her go.

"*Let you go!*" ſhe replied; "what, after all the plague I've had to knab you? No, no, you don't catch me at that, I promiſe you; but be a good girl, and don't cry, and then you may ſee Bob by and by, perhaps."

"Oh, my ſiſters! my ſiſters! let me go to my ſiſters!" cried the child.—"I'll find plenty of ſiſters for you, in a few days," ſaid the vile creature; "but they won't know you in them there fine clothes, ſo let's pull them off in a minute, and then we'll have another race after Bob."—So ſaying, ſhe ſtripped off the white frock, hat, and tippet; the reſt of the things ſhared the ſame fate, and ſhe was compelled to put on ſome old rags which the inhuman creature took out of a bag ſhe carried under

her petticoat; then taking a bottle of liquid from the ſame place, ſhe inſtantly began waſhing poor Eliza's face with it, and notwithſtanding all her remonſtrances, cut her beautiful hair cloſe to her head. Thus metamorphoſed, it would have been impoſſible even for Mr. Darnley to have known his child, and they proceeded onwards until her little legs would carry her no farther.

At this period they were overtaken by the Canterbury waggon, and for a mere trifle the driver conſented to let them ride to London. Eliza's tears continued to flow, but ſhe dare not utter a complaint, as her inhuman companion proteſted ſhe would break every bone in her ſkin if ſhe ventured to make the leaſt noiſe.

When they arrived in town ſhe was dragged (for walk ſhe was unable) to a miſe-

miſerable hole down ſeveral ſteps, where they gave her ſome bread and butter to eat, and then deſired her to go to bed. The bed, if ſuch it might be called, was little elſe but a bundle of rags thrown into a corner of the room with a dirty blanket ſpread acroſs it, and there ſhe was left by her inhuman ſeducer to mourn her misfortune, and lament having diſregarded her papa's injunctions. The next morning ſhe was forced to riſe the moment it was light, and to walk as far as her little legs would carry her before they ſtopped any where to take refreſhment. The ſecond night was paſſed in a barn, and about five o'clock the third afternoon they knocked at the door of a neat-looking cottage, where nine or ten children were ſitting in a little room making lace.

"Why, Peggy," ſaid the woman, as

ſhe opened the door, " I thought you never would have comed again! however, I ſee you have got me a hand at laſt, and God knows I'm enough in wants of her; for two of my brats have thought proper to fall ſick, and I've more to do than ever I had in my life."— On the following day Eliza's filthy rags were all taken off, and ſhe was dreſſed in a tidy brown ſtuff gown, a nice clean round-eared cap, and a little coloured bib and apron; and ſhe was ordered, if any perſon aſked her name, to ſay it was *Biddy Bullen*, and that ſhe was niece to the woman who employed her. The ſeverity with which all this wretch's commands were enforced, wholly prevented any of the helpleſs victims who were under her protection from daring to diſobey them; and though moſt of them were placed under her care by the

ſame

ſame vile agent who had decoyed Eliza, yet they all were tutored to relate ſimilar untruths.

But I now think it is high time to carry my little readers back to the cottage ſcene, where Suſan was arranging things in order for breakfaſt, and Sophia and her ſiſter were anxiouſly watching the moment when the cake was pronounced completely ready.

The old woman ſoon returned with the milk-pail on her arm, and Suſan eagerly demanded, "Where's Miſs Eliza?"—"Oh, the pretty creature," replied her mother, "ſhe'll be here in a minute, I warrant her; but ſhe's gone ſkipping after our Billy, and two ſweet innocents they are together."—She then went to the oven, produced the cake, and began buttering it with all expedition, whilſt Sophia joyouſly ran to the door

door of the cow-houſe, and began loudly calling her ſiſter Eliza. No anſwer being returned, Suſan began to feel alarmed, but the young ladies told her not to be frightened, as they knew it was only *one of Eliza's pranks*. But, alas! too ſoon were they convinced it was no joke, and that ſome dreadful misfortune muſt have happened.

"Miſs Eliza! Miſs Eliza!" was vociferated through the village, not only by Suſan and her mother, but by all the neighbours who had heard of the calamity, whilſt her ſiſters ran about frantic with grief, crying, "Eliza, my love! my darling! Oh! if you are hid, for *pity's ſake ſpeak!*"

Nurſe Chapman got up about half paſt nine, and hearing the children were not returned from their walk, ſent the houſemaid directly after them.

The

The garden, the ſhrubbery, and the lawn, were all ſearched without ſucceſs; and juſt as Betty was returning to inform the nurſe they were not to be found, ſhe perceived Suſan and the two children enter a little green gate at the bottom of the ſhrubbery.

"Where's Miſs Eliza?" called Betty, in a voice as loud as ſhe could articulate.

"God knows! God knows!" replied the careleſs girl, ſobbing ſo loud ſhe could ſcarcely ſpeak.—"How! Where! When!" ſaid the other—"Why poor nurſe will go quite ſtark, ſtaring mad!" By that time the poor woman had quitted her room, and walked into the garden to ſee what had become of her little charges; and not directly miſſing Eliza from the group which were then faſt approaching towards the houſe, ſhe called out, "Come, my dear children, come along; for

for I thought you would never have returned again:"—and obſerving Eliza was not with them, ſhe continued; "But, Suſan, what's become of my ſweet bird? Where's my little darling, Miſs Eliza?"

"Oh, nurſe! nurſe!" ſaid Sophia, "my ſiſter's loſt! indeed ſhe's loſt!"

"Loſt!" exclaimed the poor old woman; "loſt! what do you tell me? What do I hear? Oh, my maſter! my dear maſter! never ſhall I bear to ſee his face again!"

Suſan then repeated every circumſtance juſt as has been related, and with ſighs and tears bewailed her own folly, in ſuffering herſelf to be *over-perſuaded*. And the children declared they dare not encounter their papa's diſpleaſure!

The men ſervants were inſtantly ſummoned, and ſent on horſeback different ways,

ways. That she had been stolen, admitted of no doubt, as there was no water near the cottage, and had any accident happened, they must have found her, as they had searched every part of the village before they ventured to return home.

One servant was sent to Rochester, another towards London, and a third and fourth the cross country roads; but no intelligence could be obtained, or the slightest information gathered, by which the unfortunate child could be found, or her wicked decoyer's footsteps traced.

When Mr. Darnley was apprised of the calamitous event, the agitation of his mind may easily be conceived, but can never be described. Handbills were instantly circulated all over the country, the child's person described, and a reward

ward of five hundred guineas offered for her reſtoration.

Sophia and Amanda were inconſolable, and Suſan was ordered to be diſcharged before Mr. Darnley returned home, which he did not do for more than a month after the melancholy circumſtance happened, as he was not ſatisfied with ſending meſſengers in purſuit of his loſt treaſure, but went himſelf to all thoſe wretched parts of London where poverty and vice are known to dwell, in the hope of meeting the object of his ſolicitude; and at length gave up the intereſting purſuit becauſe he found his health rendered him incapable of continuing it.

Nine tedious months paſſed away without any intelligence of the loſt Eliza; and time, which is a general remedy

medy for all misfortunes, had not softened the severity of their affliction. Mrs. Collier had engaged a lady to be governess to her nieces, as her attention had been wholly devoted to her unfortunate brother, whose agitated state of mind had produced a bodily complaint which demanded her unremitting care and tenderness.

Although Emily loved Eliza with the fondest affection, yet her grief was much less poignant than either of her sisters, as she could not accuse herself with being accessary to her loss. "Never, never shall I forgive myself," Sophia would often say, "for having deviated from my dear papa's command! Oh, so good and indulgent as he is to us, how wicked it was to transgress his will. I was the *eldest*, and ought to have *known better*, and my poor Eliza is the sufferer

for my crime!" Thus would she bewail her folly and imprudence, until, agonized by the torture of her own reflections, she would sink down in a chair quite exhausted, and burst into a flood of tears.

Whilst the family at Darnley-hall were thus a prey to unavailing sorrow, the lovely little girl who had occasioned it was beginning to grow more reconciled to the cruelty of her destiny, and to support her different mode of life with resignation and composure. She had acquired such a degree of skill in the art of lace-making (which was the business her employer followed), as generally to be able to perform the tasks which were allotted her, and if it so happened she was incapable of doing it, Sally Butchell, a child about two years older than herself, of whom she was very fond,

fond, was always kind enough to complete it for her.

The cottage in which the vile Mrs. Bullen reſided, was ſituated about a quarter of a mile from High Wycombe; and whenever ſhe was obliged to go to that place either to purchaſe neceſſaries, or to diſpoſe of her goods, ſhe always went either before her family were up, or after they had retired to reſt, locking the door conſtantly after her, and putting the key in her pocket; ſo that the poor little ſouls had no opportunity of telling their misfortunes to any human creature.

One intenſe hot afternoon, in the month of Auguſt, as the children were ſitting hard at work with the door open for the ſake of air, an elderly lady and gentleman walked up to it, and begged to be accommodated with a ſeat, in-

forming Mrs. Bullen their carriage had broke down about a mile diſtant, and they had been obliged to walk in the heat of the ſun.

The appearance of ſo many children, all induſtriouſly employed, was a ſight peculiarly pleaſing to the liberal-minded Mrs. Montague, and ſhe immediately began aſking the woman ſeveral queſtions about them; but there was ſomething of confuſion in her manner of replying that called forth Mrs. Montague's ſurpriſe and aſtoniſhment.

"They really are *lovely children*, my dear," ſaid ſhe, turning to Mr. Montague, who had ſtood at the door watching the approach of the carriage, which he perceived coming forward: "and as to that little creature, with the mole under its left eye, I declare I think it a perfect beauty."—Mr. Montague turned his

his head, and regarded Eliza with a look that at once proved that his ſentiments correſponded with thoſe of his lady.

"What is your name, my love?" ſaid he, in a tone of kindneſs which poor Eliza had long been a ſtranger to. The child coloured like ſcarlet, and looked immediately at her inhuman employer, who catching the contagion, replied, with evident marks of confuſion, "Her name is Biddy Builen, Sir; ſhe's my niece; but 'tis a poor, timid, little fool, and is always in fright when gentlefolks happen to ſpeak to her: go, Biddy," ſhe continued, "go up into my bedroom, and wind that thread which you'll find upon the reel."

"You ſhould try to *conquer* that *timidity*," ſaid Mr. Montague, "by making her anſwer every ſtranger who ſpeaks to her; but by taking that office upon

yourſelf, you abſolutely encourage the ſhyneſs you complain of. Come hither, my little girl," continued he, obſerving ſhe was retiring up ſtairs, "and tell me *boldly* what your *name is*."

Encouraged by the kindneſs of Mr. Montague's addreſs, the agitated child obeyed the ſummons, although Mrs. Bullen attempted to *frown her into reſiſtance*. "Well," continued the old gentleman, patting her on the cheek, "and where did you get that pretty mole?"

"My mamma gave it me, Sir," replied the bluſhing child; "but I did not ſee her do it, becauſe Nurſe Chapman told me ſhe went to Heaven as ſoon as I was born."

"Your mamma! and what was your mamma's name?" ſaid Mr. Montague. "*Darnley*, Sir," ſaid the child, and

ſud-

ſuddenly recollecting the leſſon that had been taught her, "but *my name* is *Biddy Bullen*, and *that is my aunt*."

"*Darnley!*" exclaimed Mrs. Montague; "the very child that has been for theſe twelve months paſt advertiſed in all the papers;" then turning to convince herſelf of the fact, "and the *very mole* confirms it!"

Mr. Montague immediately attempted to ſecure the woman, but her activity eluded his graſp, and darting out at the back door, ſhe was out of ſight in a few moments.

"*Is ſhe really gone?* Is ſhe really gone?" all the little voices at once demanded—and upon Mr. Montague aſſuring them ſhe was really *gone for ever*, their joy broke out in a thouſand different ways—ſome cried—ſome laughed—and others jumped—in ſhort, there never

was

was a ſcene more completely calculated to intereſt the feelings of a benevolent heart.

Mr. Montague's carriage at this period arrived, and the footman was deſired to fetch a magiſtrate from Wycombe, whilſt the worthy clergyman reſolved to remain there until his arrival, and began queſtioning all the children. Two had been there from ſo early a period that they could give no account of their name or origin; but all the reſt were ſo clear in their deſcription, that the benevolent Mr. Montague had no doubt of being able to reſtore them to their afflicted parents.

The magiſtrate ſoon arrived, attended by the worthy rector of the place, who hearing from Mr. Montague's ſervant that a child had been *ſtolen*, came with an intent of offering his ſervices. All

but

but Eliza were immediately put under his protection, but Mrs. Montague was ſo anxious ſhe ſhould be their earlieſt care, that ſhe begged her huſband to order a poſt-chaiſe directly, and ſet off immediately for town. This requeſt was willingly complied with, and by three o'clock the next afternoon the party arrived at Darnley-hall.

Mrs. Collier was ſtanding at the window when the carriage ſtopped, and looking earneſtly at her niece, ſuddenly exclaimed, in a tone of rapture, "My child! My child! My loſt Eliza!"

Mr. Darnley, who was reading, ſprang from his ſeat, and flew to the door in an ecſtacy of joy; in leſs than a minute he returned, folding his Eliza to his throbbing heart!—The joyful intelligence ran through the houſe, and the

other

other children impatiently flew to this ſcene of tranſport. To deſcribe their feelings, or expreſs their felicity, would require the aid of the moſt deſcriptive pen, and even then would be but faintly told; and therefore had much better be paſſed over.

From that moment the children all unanimouſly agreed ſtrictly to attend to their father's orders, and never in the ſlighteſt inſtance act in oppoſition to his will.

Mr and Mrs. Montague were laden with careſſes, and earneſtly entreated to remain Mr. Darnley's gueſts. The hoſpitable invitation would have been gladly accepted, had not the thoughts of the poor children, who were ſtill at Wycombe, ſeemed to claim his immediate attention; and ſo great was the philanthropy

thropy of Mr. Montague's character, that he could never rest satisfied if a single duty remained unfulfilled.

A CURE

A

CURE FOR SATIRE;

OR, THE

DANGER OF RIDICULE.

PEARCY Priory, the ſeat of a worthy baronet of that name, was ſituated at a ſhort diſtance from Bath, and from its vicinity to that ſcene of gaiety, was generally crowded with a variety of gueſts, who were either attracted thither by the ties of friendſhip, or the force of hoſpitality; for as there were no children to inherit an ample fortune, Sir Edward

Edward thought himself at liberty to dispose of it in a manner best suited to his disposition and inclination.

Although he was not a *brilliant*, he was a most amiable character, and the practice of virtue more than compensated for the want of *greatness*.—His fondness for children was excessive, and his disappointment at not becoming a father was at first rather severe; but after having lamented the circumstance five and twenty years, he was unexpectedly gratified by the birth of a little girl, whose peculiar beauty was so extremely striking, that it was impossible to behold it without admiration.

The happiness which had for so many years subsisted between Sir Edward and Lady Pearcy seemed so perfect that nothing could increase it; but the appearance of the little stranger soon convinced

them it was capable of being augmented. A circumſtance which gave Sir Edward ſo much joy, he was reſolved ſhould not paſs uncommemorated; and as ſoon as her ladyſhip was recovered, an univerſal invitation was ſent to all the peaſantry round the Priory to partake a rural *fête champêtre*, prepared ſolely for themſelves, where they were regaled with an excellent dinner, a ſupper, and a dance, and at their departure each was preſented with a new half guinea.

During the period of Amanda's infancy, Lady Pearcy confined herſelf wholly to her manſion, which, as Sir Edward was fond of ſociety, was crowded with a ſucceſſion of freſh company, to all of whom the doating father preſented his little treaſure under the fictitious name of his Euphroſyne*.

* The name of one of the Graces.

The

The beauty of the child was of that ſtriking nature, that it was impoſſible to behold it without admiration; but the too partial fondneſs of its worthy parents threatened deſtruction to its future peace; for they were alike incapable of correcting or controlling, and the moſt extravagant of her wiſhes were immediately complied with. The ſervants were taught to obey her mandates with an alacrity never wiſhed for by themſelves; and a tear or a ſigh from her abſolutely ſeemed to agonize their hearts.

Her underſtanding was quick, and her ideas were correct; but ſhe had a natural propenſity for ridicule, which her too doating parents always encouraged rather than reproved; for her livelineſs pleaſed, her wit charmed, and her ſatire perfectly delighted them.

Mrs Ann Mordant, the only ſiſter of Lady Pearcy, arrived at the Priory on the day her niece attained her fourth year, and was abſolutely captivated with her perſonal charms; but a few ſhort hours ſoon wearied out her fondneſs, and ſhe totally forgot the child was handſome. She eaſily perceived ſhe was ruined by indulgence, and was grieved that a temper naturally *ſweet*, *frank*, and *open*, ſhould become fretful, turbulent, and untoward.

Mrs. Mordant, lamenting the error of her ſiſter's conduct, beſought her earneſtly to change it, and Lady Pearcy beginning to feel the effects of her own imprudence, promiſed to be guided by her ſiſter's counſel, and begin a reformation on the following day.

At an early hour the next morning, Mrs. Mordant was roufed by a moſt unpleaſant

pleaſant and unuſual noiſe, and ringing her bell to inquire the occaſion of it, was informed, as the morning was rainy, Miſs Pearcy had choſen to have her little chaiſe driven up and down the gallery, and that the noiſe proceeded from the footman's running with it.

"Tell my ſiſter," ſays Mrs. Mordant, "I beg the child may be immediately *taken out*, or I ſhall abſolutely be unnerved for a week. Did ever mortal hear of ſuch indulgence?"

The ſervant carried the meſſage, convinced in her own mind it would not be attended to, as ſhe had known much more extravagant things than that, not only permitted, but applauded, and was extremely aſtoniſhed at ſeeing her lady ſlip on her dreſſing-gown and go to the child.

"That noiſe, my dear Amanda,"

ſaid her mother, "affects your poor aunt's head this morning; if you'll come out, my love, for half an hour, you ſhall ride again as ſoon as ſhe is up."

"No, no," replied the child; "*I muſt ride now*; drive away, Thomas, drive away; I'm going to Bath, mamma, to buy ſome pretty things."

"You ſhall buy them preſently, my angel," continued Lady Pearcy, attempting to take her gently from the chaiſe; but a violent ſcream ſoon checked the ſudden impulſe, and brought the frightened father to the ſcene.

"What are they doing to my little angel?" he exclaimed, in a voice that proved his fears and apprehenſion.

"Mamma won't let me ride," ſaid ſhe, pouting her lip and putting on her frown.—Lady Pearcy was then under the neceſſity not only of repeating her

ſiſter's

ſiſter's meſſage, but explaining the converſation which had paſſed the preceding evening, the juſtneſs of which Sir Edward could not but allow, though he found himſelf unable to be guided by her counſel.

As there was no poſſibility of getting the child out of the carriage without her ſcreams being much more likely to diſturb than the noiſe of it, Lady Pearcy ordered the ſervants to ſtrip the beds immediately of their blankets, and ſpread them thick along the gallery; and as the novelty of the circumſtance happened to recommend it, Amanda conſented to the adoption of the plan, and ſhe had enjoyed her ride about a quarter of an hour, when the door opened, and Mrs. Mordant entered.

Both Sir Edward and Lady Pearcy were completely embarraſſed at the

proof

proof ſhe ſaw of their too partial folly, and ſtammering out ſome awkward excuſe, they declared their child too *timid* for *ſubjection*.

Mrs. Mordant, who had plainly perceived that *timidity* made no part of her niece's character, expoſtulated with them upon the error of their plan, and conjured them to permit her to try her aſcendancy upon the occaſion, and without waiting their reply, deſired the ſervant to ſtop the carriage; when going up to the child, ſhe took her tenderly by the hand, and inquired if ſhe would accompany her into her dreſſing-room.

"*No*," replied Amanda; "I can't go with you, becauſe I'm driving to Bath to buy ſome pretty things for the new doll you bought me."—"But you ſhould always do what you are aſked," ſaid Mrs. Mordant, "or you will find, when *you*

requeſt a favour, no one will be inclined to gratify it; and I could *never love a diſobliging child.*"

"*Papa* and *mamma will always love me though,* and that is beſt, and ſo I ſhall not care; but drive on, Thomas, or we ſhall not be back to breakfaſt."—Mrs. Mordant deſired the ſervant to deſiſt, and taking her forcibly from out the chaiſe, carried her into her own room, notwithſtanding her kicks, ſcreams, and violence.

Reſtriction of any kind was ſo entirely new, that it was not likely ſhe would receive it with compoſure; but as ſoon as ſhe was quiet enough to liſten to converſation, her aunt informed her ſhe would tell her a little ſtory, if ſhe would kiſs her, and acknowledge ſhe had been wrong; and the child inſtantly wiped her eyes, put up her little mouth,

and

and owned she had been a very *naughty* girl.

The liveliness of Mrs. Mordant's imagination easily supplied her with a proper subject, and she worked up a little affecting tale calculated to make an impression on her niece's heart, the heroine of which was introduced of the same age with herself, who from being indulged in all the little caprices she required, became both *turbulent* and *proud*, and made her parents so completely wretched, that they were unable to support the weight of their afflictions, and both fell victims to her violence, at a time of life when she most wanted their protection and support.

The wonderful effect which the little tale instantaneously made upon Amanda's feelings, convinced her aunt that she would become as amiable as she was lovely,

lovely, under any tuition but her parents'; and entreated them immediately to let her have a governeſs; but notwithſtanding they had both a very high opinion of Mrs. Mordant's judgment, they could not bear the idea of their child being ſubject to control at an age they thought too early to receive it, and by that miſtaken proof of fondneſs they ſuffered thoſe habits, which might then have eaſily been conquered, to obtain an aſcendancy which at a future period it was very difficult to ſurmount.

During the month Mrs. Mordant remained at the Priory, ſhe had ſeveral quarrels with her little niece; but a ſtory applicable to the ſubject which had occaſioned it, always produced a harmony between them; and though ſhe was the only perſon who oppoſed her inclination,

tion, yet the child became really attached to her.

Soon after Amanda had entered her ninth year, Sir Edward Pearcy was taken extremely ill, and even his daughter's cheerfulneſs became fatiguing; and as Lady Pearcy ſpent a great deal of time in her huſband's apartment, it was at length determined to ſend the child to ſchool, as the widow of an officer, a moſt accompliſhed woman, had juſt opened a ſeminary for young ladies at Bath.

The few reſtrictions which Amanda had met with, for ſome time rendered the diſcipline of a ſchool extremely irkſome; but as Mrs. Dawſon's manners were both ſoft and gentle, ſhe ſoon became completely reconciled, and improved daily both in mind and manners.

Amongſt the number of boarders in Mrs.

Mrs. Dawſon's ſchool was a young lady of the name of Bliſſet, whoſe father having amaſſed a large fortune by the ſlop trade in London, retired to Bath to forget his own inſignificance, and by making an oſtentatious diſplay of the greatneſs of his wealth, acquire the title of a gentleman. This girl, who happened to be about two years older than Amanda, poſſeſſed all her failings without any of her virtues; for to livelineſs and wit, were united cunning and duplicity, and to a tolerably good temper a very bad heart.

It has been before obſerved, that from her earlieſt childhood Amanda teſtified a *turn* for *ridicule*; and as Miſs Bliſſet was a profeſſed mimic, ſhe required no other recommendation to her favour; and in leſs than ſix months they were profeſſed friends. Mrs. Dawſon, the teach-

ers, the maſters, and the ſcholars, by turns afforded them amuſement; and to ſtrengthen the force of their ſatirical productions, they were generally accompanied with a caricature, and the different ſubjects of their art were handed about for the amuſement of their companions.

As Sir Edward's health was viſibly on the decline, Lady Pearcy's confinement gradually increaſed, and inſtead of viſiting Bath twice a week, ſhe at length omitted going there at all, but ſent for her daughter and her friend to the Priory regularly every Wedneſday and Saturday afternoon.

About four years after Amanda had been under the care of Mrs. Dawſon, her friend, in one of their viſits to the Priory, made a caricature ſketch of Sir Edward wheeling himſelf round the room

in

in one of Merlin's chairs, and preſerved the likeneſs ſo diſtinctly, that it was abſolutely impoſſible not to know it.

This picture, upon her return, was indiſcriminately ſhown to all the ſcholars, who naturally deſpiſed a girl that could be capable of ridiculing the father of her friend, when ſickneſs made him an object of *compaſſion*; and thoſe who were not partial to Amanda imagined ſhe was privy to the ſcheme, and longed to name it to their governeſs: but as every tale was totally prohibited, Mrs. Dawſon never heard it; and Amanda was removed from ſchool in leſs than ſix months after it happened, in conſequence of the death of her worthy father, whoſe loſs was univerſally deplored.

Lady Pearcy's diſtreſs was of the moſt poignant nature, and Amanda for a while was loſt to gaiety; but time, the

ſovereign antidote to care, at length ſoftened their afflictions, and her Ladyſhip was perſuaded to mix again in general ſociety.

As Amanda's beauty had improved with her years, and her manners had acquired a peculiar degree of gracefulneſs, Lady Pearcy was both mortified and aſtoniſhed at obſerving her attract ſo little attention; yet flattered herſelf it proceeded from envy and ill-nature, as ſhe could not imagine it had been occaſioned by any diſplay of an unamiable diſpoſition.

About twelve months after the death of Sir Edward Pearcy, Mrs. Mordant returned from the ſouth of France, where ſhe had reſided ſeveral years for the recovery of her health, and was highly delighted with the appearance of her niece, who was at her arrival making preparations

tions for a ball at Lord Darwin's, in honour of his ſon's birth-day.

As Lady Pearcy was engaged to accompany her daughter, ſhe perſuaded her ſiſter to join the party; and as Mrs. Mordant had only travelled twenty miles that morning, ſhe was eaſily prevailed upon to accompany them.

When they arrived at Darwin Hall, the greater part of the company were already aſſembled, and every eye was directed towards Amanda the moment ſhe entered the ſcene of gaiety, and her fond mother's heart beat high with exultation, when ſhe beheld the admiration that was involuntarily paid her.

As the entertainment was entirely intended for young people, the band ſtruck up ſoon after their arrival; and when the gentlemen got up to ſelect their partners,

Amanda and her friend were totally neglected.

This circumſtance, ſo unexpected and ſo aſtoniſhing, mortified her pride and tortured her feelings; and, unable to ſupport the affront ſhe had received, ſhe conjured her mother to return home.

Mrs. Mordant, who had beheld the applauſe with which ſhe had been gazed at upon her firſt appearance at the aſſembly, could not poſſibly account for the *mortifying treatment*; but reſolving to diſcover the real cauſe, ſhe joined a lady, who ſeemed remarkably loquacious, but whoſe back was towards her when ſhe entered.

After ſome uſual obſervations upon the performance they were viewing, ſhe careleſsly inquired the name of the two young ladies who were unemployed, and expreſſed her aſtoniſhment at the blindneſs

neſs of the beaux in ſuffering the moſt beautiful girl in the room to be *without a partner*.

"She is certainly moſt uncommonly *lovely*," replied Mrs. Winter; "but I believe the boys are all afraid of her, for ſhe has ſuch a wondrous talent for the ridiculous, that even her *father*, during his fatal illneſs, became the *object* of her *ſatire*; and one of her ſchoolfellows, envious of her beauty, has circulated the ſtory round the room: and though it certainly proved a corrupted heart, I cannot help pitying the poor girl's mortification."

"Do you know the lady," replied Mrs. Mordant, "who has been illiberal enough to ſpread a report ſo completely detrimental? for I really cannot help *doubting* its *veracity*, and, like yourſelf,

ſelf, participate in the embarraſſment I perceive ſhe feels."

Mrs. Winter immediately pointed her out, and Mrs. Mordant waited until ſhe reached the bottom of the ſet, and then requeſted a few moments audience.

Miſs Collet was not much delighted with the idea of being drawn from an amuſement of which ſhe was paſſionately fond; but when Mrs. Mordant requeſted her to explain her motive for prejudicing the party againſt her niece, her confuſion was ſo great, it was with difficulty ſhe could reply; but as ſhe was rather *encouraged*, than *repreſſed*, by the gentleneſs of Mrs. Mordant's manner, ſhe candidly owned that, in conſequence of Miſs Pearcy's having *ridiculed* and *caricatured* her during the time

ſhe

ſhe was at ſchool, ſhe had always felt an unconquerable averſion to her, which had been greatly increaſed by having heard that ſhe had made a jeſt of her *papa's infirmities*.

"That you ſhould be exaſperated againſt Miſs Pearcy," ſaid Mrs. Mordant, "for indulging her vein for ridicule at *your expenſe*, Miſs Collet, I can readily forgive; but that you ſhould adopt this *paltry* method of ſhowing your reſentment, I moſt heartily deſpiſe, and am inclined to think there is more of *ill-nature* than *truth* in the report you have fabricated."

"I did not *fabricate* it, Ma'am," ſaid ſhe, colouring with reſentment; "for Miſs Bliſſet, who is her particular friend, has the caricature by her, which ſhe drew, and I am certain Miſs Pearcy aſſiſted in the performance."

"Well,"

"Well," continued Mrs. Mordant, "as it is neceſſary to inveſtigate the matter, you will do me a favour by accompanying me acroſs the room to Miſs Bliſſet; and if my niece is a ſtranger to the circumſtance, you will certainly do her the juſtice to contradict a report, ſo much to her diſcredit."

Miſs Bliſſet was much leſs wounded by the mortification ſhe had received, than the young lady, who much leſs deſerved it, and had actually propoſed that they ſhould dance together; but when Mrs. Mordant taxed her with having caricatured the father of her friend, her embarraſſment became completely diſtreſſing, and burſting into tears, ſhe acknowledged her culpability.

"What!" ſaid Amanda, teſtifying the utmoſt aſtoniſhment, "could you think of ridiculing my dear papa, who always

always was so good and kind to you? Eliza, surely you never could be so ungrateful?"

"You perceive, Miss Collet," said Mrs. Mordant, "my niece is not so *despicable* as you imagined; and though she might in the height of girlish folly have amused herself by satirizing your little imperfections, she would have shuddered at the idea of exposing her *father's infirmities*; and I must insist upon your publicly acknowledging the *injury* you have done."

"O my dear aunt," replied Amanda, "spare me the mortification, I beseech you, of becoming an object of general observation; we have already attracted the attention of the party, and I entreat you to suffer me to leave the room." Lady Pearcy, whose attention had for some time been occupied by the sight of

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an old friend, at this moment joined the party, and perceiving her daughter's bathed in tears, whilſt her ſiſter's countenance was glowing with reſentment, anxiouſly inquired into the cauſe, and finding Amanda's agitation had rendered her conſpicuous, ſhe led her to a different apartment, and tried to ſooth her into more compoſure.

Mrs. Mordant was ſo extremely hurt at the malignity of Miſs Collet's conduct, that ſhe reſolved to explain the circumſtance to Lady Darwin, who had obſerved with aſtoniſhment the pointed incivility Amanda had received, and had been extremely diſpleaſed with her ſon in conſequence of it. Her indignation was, if poſſible, ſuperior to Mrs. Mordant's, and ſhe inſiſted upon all the young gentlemen's offering an apology;

apology; and entreated Amanda to return again to the ball-room: but the mortification ſhe had received was too painful for her to be capable of ſuch an exertion, and ſhe requeſted her mamma immediately to return.

As ſoon as they were all ſeated in the carriage, Mrs. Mordant took her niece tenderly by the hand, and conjured her to let the incidents of the night make an indelible impreſſion upon her mind. "Miſs Collet" ſaid ſhe, "has certainly acted moſt deſpicably, but you provoked it by *unjuſt ſeverity*; we can moſt of us bear to be *told* of our failings, but few of us can ſubmit to having them *ridiculed*, and ſatire is certainly the moſt dangerous of weapons."

Amanda felt the truth of the obſervation, and promiſed to ſubdue the un-

amiable propenſity; and whenever, at a future period, ſhe felt inclined to be *ſevere*, the recollection of Lady Darwin's ball completely checked it.

THE

FAITHFUL SLAVE;

OR, THE

LITTLE NEGRO BOY.

"PAPA," said Julius Godfrey, addreſſing himſelf to his father, "I wiſh you would buy a little boy for me whom I ſaw begging in the ſtreet this morning; for he ſays he has neither father nor mother in this country, and that he is fearful of being ſtarved to death."

"Buy you a little boy! Julius," ſaid Mr. Godfrey; "if you had aſked me to

have bought you a little *dog*, I ſhould not have been aſtoniſhed; but boys are neither to be bought nor ſold in this happy ſpot of earth."

"O indeed, papa, they are," replied Julius; "for Charles Henley's father bought him one, and he has ſuch fun with him, you cannot imagine. Sometimes he makes a horſe of him, and ſometimes a harlequin, for his ſiſters have made him a very pretty jacket; and then if he won't jump over the places Charles wants him, he whips the wooden ſword from his ſide, and ſtraps him till he flies over like a racehorſe. Oh, it is ſuch fun, papa, you cannot conceive!"

"And ſo," ſaid Mr. Godfrey ſternly, "your only motive for wiſhing me to ſave the boy from ſtarving, was, that you might have the gratification of killing

ing him with cruelty, and purchaſe pleaſure at the expenſe of the poor creature's pain."

"No, papa," replied Julius, "I would not hurt any body for the world; but you know black people have no feeling; for Charles Henley ſays, their ſkins are as thick as a lobſter's ſhell, and if they were to be boiled, they would be as red."

"Then Charles Henley is as *weak* as he is *wicked*, and deſerves boiling himſelf," ſaid Mr. Godfrey. "But where did you ſee the unfortunate child, whoſe ſituation you have given me reaſon to imagine is ſo peculiarly diſtreſſing, and ſo very miſerable?"

Before Julius had time to reply to the interrogation, a ſervant entered, and informed Mr. Godfrey, a little negro was at the door, who requeſted to

ſpeak with maſter Julius; and who was crying and moaning in a moſt piteous manner; "And really, ſir," ſaid the man, "the poor boy ſeems almoſt ſtarved."

"Give him ſomething to eat then," ſaid the benevolent man, "and then ſend him into my ſtudy; for I flatter myſelf I ſhall have the power of relieving his wants more completely than my ſon."

As ſoon as the little fellow had ſupplied the preſſing calls of hunger, the ſervant conducted him into his maſter's ſtudy, where he related ſuch an artleſs tale of ſorrow, as inſtantly made an impreſſion upon Mr. Godfrey's feeling heart. He told him he had been purchaſed by a lieutenant in the navy, who had treated him both with affection and kindneſs; but that upon his arrival in England,

England, his maſter had been ſeized with a putrid fever, and had died in a few days; and that his mother, who was a widow, was ſcarcely able to ſupport herſelf, and therefore could not be at the expenſe of keeping a ſervant. The ſimple manner in which he deſcribed his forlorn ſituation, and the ſympathetic one, in which he lamented the death of the young man he ſerved, convinced Mr. Godfrey that his natural diſpoſition was both attached and amiable; and he reſolved immediately to become his friend; but without replying to the account which had ſo completely intereſted his humanity, he opened the door, and calling to his ſon, addreſſed him in the following language:

"As you know, my dear Julius, I have a real gratification in complying with your deſires, when they ſpring from

from benevolence, or are founded upon prudence, you will not be surprised at hearing that I intend taking this little fellow into my service, and placing him entirely about your person, on condition, that you promise to treat him rather with the good nature of a companion, than the sternness of a master, and always recollect, that there is something so peculiarly attractive in *kindness* and *affection*, that the heart which is insensible to its effects, must either be cased in coldness, corrupted by vice, or dead to the finest feelings of nature. But as this unfortunate child has proved that he is capable both of fidelity and attachment, it will be your duty to strengthen the growth of both, and by uniform civility, and uninterrupted good nature, cherish those sensations he is inclined to feel.

"The impressions you seem to have received

received from your friend Henley, are an affront to your underſtanding, and a diſgrace to your heart; for can you for a moment ſuppoſe, that the colour of a *ſkin* can alter the acuteneſs of its *feeling*; or that by being born in a fervid climate, the natural ſenſations can become condenſed? If any race of people have a *peculiar* claim upon the compaſſion of their fellow-creatures, it is thoſe who are born in a ſtate of ſlavery and ſubjection; who, torn from thoſe connexions which made that ſtate ſupportable, are doomed to drag on a miſerable exiſtence in a diſtant country, where the tender ſound of father, ſon, or brother, can never reach their afflicted hearts."

"O mine father—mine poor dear father!" ſobbed out the agitated child, "no, Yanko never ſee de more!"—"You ſhall find in me a father," ſaid Mr. Godfrey,

Godfrey, taking the little African by the hand, "and in my ſon a brother; ſo dry your eyes, my little man, and try to merit our regard."

"Yes, maſſar," ſaid the grateful child, "me try to be good boy—me vill love you all day long—and me vill die for you ven you be ſick!—O Yanko vill be de very beſt of all de boys."

Mr. Godfrey then informed his ſon, that though it was to be Yanko's buſineſs to bruſh his clothes, clean his ſhoes, attend him when he went a-fiſhing, and become the partner of his general ſports, yet he was alſo to become his daily pupil, and be taught the rudiments both of reading and writing; "For though," ſaid that benevolent man, "the intellectual and moral powers of thoſe unfortunate people are generally totally uncultivated, nature has been as

bounteous

bounteous to them as to any other of her children, and they are equally capable of becoming *great*, *noble*, and *diſintereſted*."

Julius promiſed to obey his father's precepts; and inſtead of indulging the idea of making Yanko ſubſervient to his pleaſures, he only thought of promoting his happineſs; and reflected upon Charles Henley's conduct with a mixture of diſguſt, pain, and ſympathy.

The eaſe and compoſure of Yanko's mind ſoon produced a wonderful effect upon his perſon; and thoſe features which had been ſunk by famine and dejected by misfortune, acquired ſo great a degree of livelineſs and animation, that it was impoſſible to look at him without pleaſure; and whilſt Julius received the higheſt gratification in inſtructing him, Yanko's rapid improve-

ment

ment under his tutelage proved the quickneſs of his underſtanding and the acuteneſs of his perception.

As Mr. Godfrey was one day croſſing the yard, unperceived by Yanko (who was beating one of his young maſter's coats), his attention was called forth by the harmonious ſound of his voice, and his mode of beating time upon the coat to the tune he was ſinging; and drawing near, without being diſcovered, he diſtinctly heard the following words, which at once proved the ſimplicity of his taſte, and the happineſs of his feelings.

YANKO'S SONG.

YANKO happy—Yanko bright,
Like de ſtars dat gild the night;
Yanko's boſom ever ſeem
Like the Niger's ſilver ſtream,

Ever

Ever flowing, ever free,
Ever full of joy and glee.
Yanko *love* his maſſar dear,
Love, becauſe he can no *fear*,
When no *cat-o'-nine-tails near*.

Julius, who from a window had perceived his father attentively liſtening to what was going forward, immediately joined him, and was highly amuſed at the ſpecimen he heard of his pupil's talents for poetry, and eagerly inquired of his father, if he did not think it *very pretty?*

"I think it very *gratifying*," ſaid Mr. Godfrey, "and ſeldom felt a ſenſation of pleaſure more delightful, than I experienced in hearing him repeat it; for what, my dear fellow," ſaid that amiable man, looking at his ſon with an eye of tenderneſs, "can afford the mind ſo refined a ſatisfaction, as the knowing

we have rescued a fellow-creature from distress, and filled his breast with joy and gladness? and how different must our feelings have been, had we heard the poor fellow lamenting his misfortunes, and execrating our severity!"

"O papa," replied Julius, "how I wish Charles Henley could have heard him! it is very unlucky he has been in the country ever since Yanko came; or perhaps, when he had seen how kindly he was treated, he might have behaved differently to little Peter; for I am sure he does not think he *hurts him*, or he would not use him so unkindly; and his papa is never angry with him for it."

"His papa," said Mr. Godfrey, "is much more blameable than himself. But people in general, who have been brought up in the West Indies, acquire an arrogance of mind, and a *hardness* of heart,

heart, that renders them dead to the feelings of humanity; and are apt to conſider thoſe unhappy beings, whom ſlavery has put within their power, as created merely for their pleaſures and convenience."

Mr. Godfrey was prevented from continuing the ſubject, by the entrance of the very boy of whom they had juſt been ſpeaking, who after ſhaking Julius cordially by the hand, ſaid, "So I ſee your papa has bought little Mungo for you; he looks rather different to what he did the morning he ſolicited our charity."

"Yes," replied Julius, with animated warmth, "he may well look *different*, poor unhappy fellow! for I believe he then was almoſt ſtarving, and had not a friend in the world to help him;

and now he feels the comfort of *kind treatment*."

"Is he full of *tricks?*" ſaid Charles, "or are you forced to *flog* him into *fun?* I long to have ſome ſport with him; for Peter's been ſo ill ſince we have been gone, that he has never once played harlequin; and now my father's going to ſend him to the hoſpital, for he will not be any longer plagued with him; he goes moping about the houſe like a hen turkey in a ſnowy day."

Though this converſation was ſpoken in a half whiſper, Mr. Godfrey had been ſo attentive to it, that he retained the greateſt part, and turning to Charles, he ſaid, "I am extremely ſorry, young gentleman, to hear you mention the illneſs of a *fellow-creature*, with ſo little ſympathy, and ſuch unfeeling indifference,

ference. If you were to be ſuddenly indiſpoſed, the anguiſh of pain would be *ſoftened* by the tenderneſs of your friends, and the attention of your ſervants; yet though they might adminiſter to your comforts, they could not aſſuage your feelings, and you would ſtill ſuffer from the acuteneſs of *diſeaſe*. But if you had *no one to pity* your anguiſh, adminiſter to your wants, or ſooth your affliction, how much more lamentable would your ſituation be; and how do you conceive you could ſupport ſuch an accumulation of miſery?"

"Support it, ſir!" replied Charles; "why, I am never likely to ſupport it, for I have a father who *loves*, and a mother who doats upon me; and who never leaves me one moment, if I have but a little head-ache."

"And *poor Peter*," ſaid Mr. God-

frey, in a tone of tenderneſs, "was *once*, perhaps, in that *enviable ſituation*; bleſt in the affection of a father, and cheriſhed by the fondneſs of a mother; and yet how dreadful now the alteration! This world, my dear Charles, is a ſcene of changes and viciſſitudes; the morning ſun is ſuddenly overſhadowed by clouds of darkneſs, and theſe clouds as rapidly illumined by a cheerful ſky. If, therefore, your heart is ſo completely adamantine, that you cannot feel from *nature*, endeavour to do ſo from *prudence*; and remember, that no one in this life can be exempted from misfortune, or ſhielded from tranſitions. You are too young to become callous; and I hope the unfeeling indifference with which you named the unfortunate child whoſe ſituation is ſo very pitiable, proceeded rather from *want* of *thought*, than

want

want of *humanity*; and that, when you go home, you will give proofs of that compaſſion which ought to inhabit every human breaſt." So ſaying, Mr. Godfrey left the room, whilſt Charles appeared not much flattered by the preceding converſation.

"What an *odd* man your father is, Julius!" he exclaimed; "and yet there was a great deal of truth in what he ſaid about *me* and *Peter*; for, to be ſure, if he ever had a father and mother as fond of *him*, as my parents are of *me*, he muſt be very unhappy now he has no one to take notice of him."

Julius repeated to his friend all the excellent principles his father had taken ſuch pains to inculcate; and after entreating him to conſider negroes as fellow-creatures, ſubject to the ſame paſſions, and endowed with the ſame feelings

ings as themſelves, he concluded his oration by ſaying, that he never felt half ſo much pleaſure when they amuſed themſelves by making Peter perform *harlequin*, as he had done in hearing Yanko ſing an artleſs ditty of his own compoſing, expreſſive of his own happineſs, and his attachment to himſelf.

Although Mr. Godfrey was ſo amiable a character, and delighted in promoting both the intereſt and happineſs of his dependents, yet amongſt the number of them was one, whoſe depravity of heart was artfully concealed by a ſpecious appearance, and, whilſt he appeared warmly attached to his maſter's intereſt, was inſidiouſly planning his future deſtruction.

This man, whoſe name was Robert, the faithful Yanko had long regarded with a ſuſpicious eye, in conſequence of having

having accidentally overheard a few words that paſſed between him and a pretended brother, who ſpent the greateſt part of his time in Mr. Godfrey's kitchen, and who, when they retired to their country ſeat, alſo followed them into Hampſhire.

A large party were aſſembled at the Grange, which was the name of the reſpectable manſion Mr. Godfrey inhabited, and amongſt the number, an Eaſt Indian family, juſt arrived from Bengal, laden with the treaſure of that rich ſoil: and Yanko, as he was watering ſome flowers at the extremity of the ſhrubbery, providentially heard Robert and his companion arranging their plan, not only for robbing the ſtrangers of their prize, but murdering them and his generous maſter, if they attempted to make the leaſt reſiſtance.

Shocked

Shocked at the atrocity of the inhuman deſign, and eager to fruſtrate its execution, it was with the utmoſt difficulty he could reſtrain himſelf from breaking in upon their converſation, and proving at once he was acquainted with their villany; but a few moments reflection checked his impetuoſity, and he concealed himſelf behind a tree until the intended aſſaſſins had departed. At that moment, Mr. Godfrey, Julius, and two of their friends, drew near the ſpot of his concealment, when the agitated boy ſtepped forward, and throwing himſelf on his knees before Julius, burſt into a flood of tears, exclaiming, "Oh, de vicked Robert would kill mine own dear maſſar! de vicked man, de vicked man! but no, Yanko *die for maſſar! Yanko die for maſſar!*"

Mr. Godfrey's aſtoniſhment may be eaſily

eaſily imagined, and after raiſing the faithful Yanko from the ground, and thanking him for his attachment, he deſired him to explain the cauſe of his ſuſpicions; and after hearing a circumſtantial detail of the whole affair, he immediately ſent for the officers of juſtice, who arrived at the Grange before the abandoned men had any idea of their being ſuſpected; and finding they had only to rely upon their maſter's clemency, they made a full confeſſion of their intended crimes, and earneſtly beſought that compaſſion they ſo ill deſerved.

Whilſt Mr. Godfrey was painting the heinouſneſs of their guilt in the moſt glowing colours, Julius and his friends were loading the faithful Yanko with applauſe; and Mr. Bloſſat, who conſidered him as the ſaviour both of his

life and property, teſtified his gratitude by preſenting him with a purſe containing fifty guineas, which he ſtrenuouſly refuſed, ſaying, "No, maſſar; me want no money—me want no clothes—and me no like paying when me do what's right."

THE END.

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