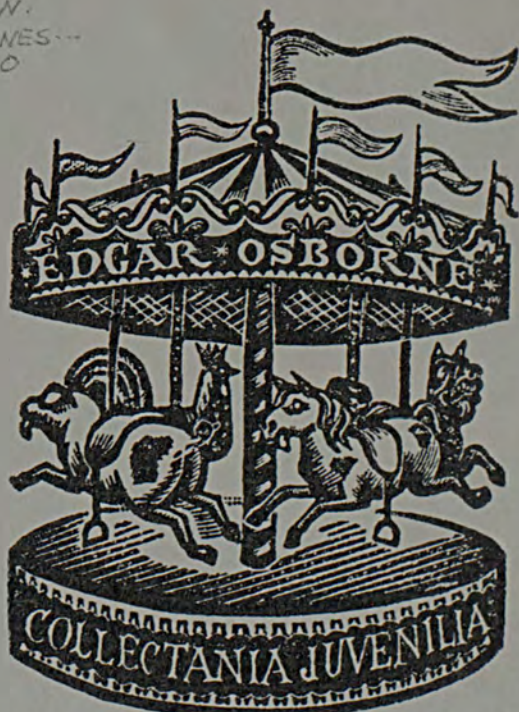


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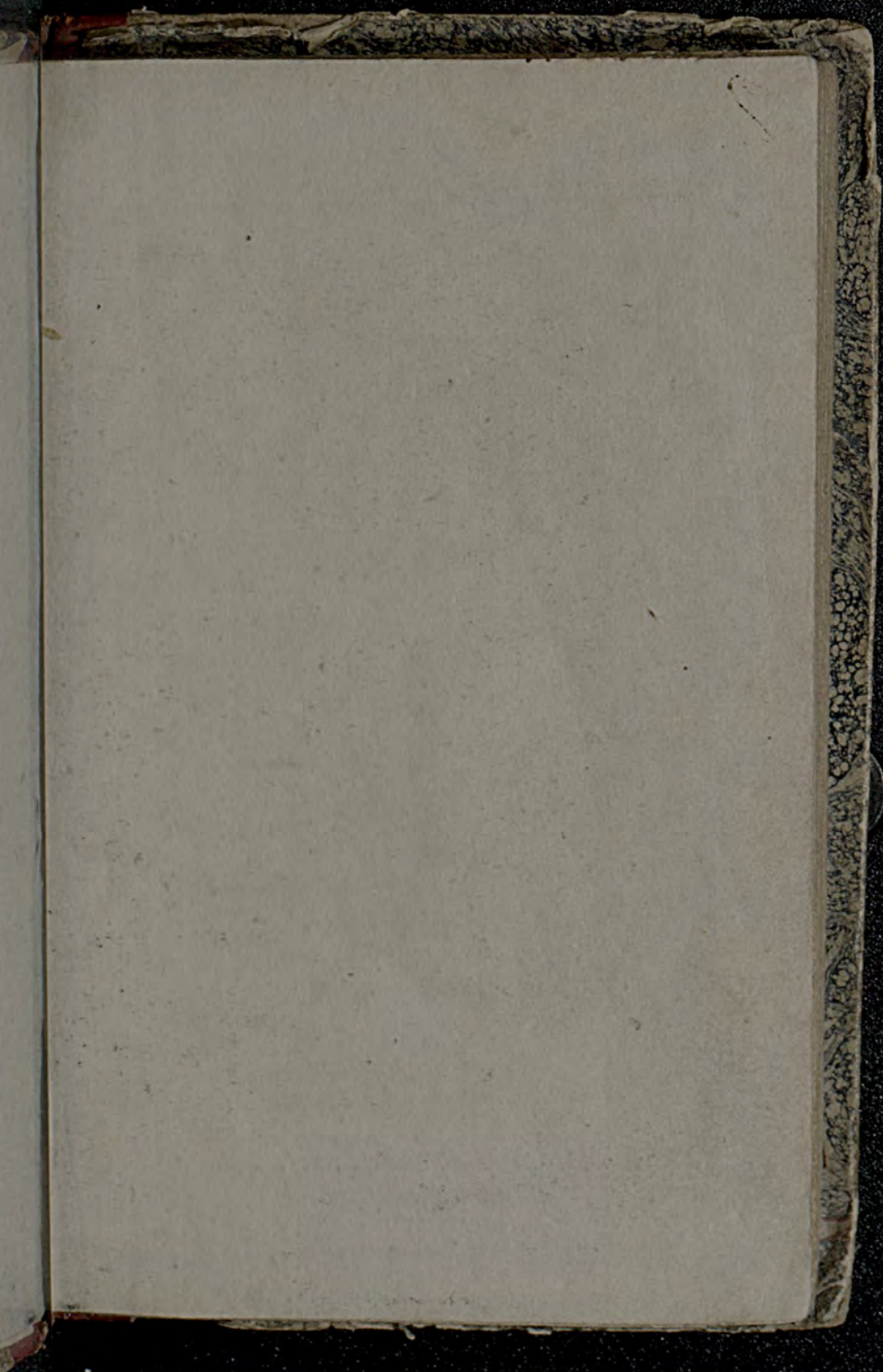
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Susan Linnis

to Mary Ladd

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*Lucy's distress at discovering the mischief of
her little brother Tom.*

Pub. Feb. 1811, by F. Tabart & Co. Clifford Street, Bond Street.

SCENES AT HOME,

OR

A SKETCH

OF

A PLAIN FAMILY.

By S. W.

AUTHOR OF A PUZZLE FOR A CURIOUS GIRL,
A VISIT TO A FARM HOUSE, &c.

LONDON:

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1810.

SCENES AT HOME

IN THE

A PLAIN FAMILY

AUTHOR OF A FAREWELL TO A CURVING DIME
AND A VISIT TO A TOWN HOUSE, &c.

LONDON

PRINTED BY E. HEMSTED, NEW STREET, FETTER-LANE

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SCENES AT HOME.

CHAPTER I.

A Plan suggested.

IN a small house at Pentonville there lived a family of the name of Warren. The father was clerk to a banker in London, and as the pay he received was scarcely sufficient to support his family, which consisted of a wife and seven children, when his business was over at the banking house, he used to attend several pu-

pils at their own houses, to teach them writing and arithmetic. Mrs. Warren was an excellent manager, and God had given a blessing to their honest endeavours ; so that from the industry of the father, and the prudent economy of the mother, they had never yet been in want of necessities.

It was the desire of these worthy parents to bring up their children in habits of industry and good order. They themselves set an example of constant chearfulness, and a contented temper ; and it might be truly said, that there was more real happiness to be met with in the humble dwelling of the Warrens, than in

many a splendid mansion, where pride, envy, and ill-nature, are suffered to prevail.

It happened that when Charlotte and Lucy, the two eldest girls, were about twelve and fourteen years of age, they went to spend a few days with an aunt, who was lately gone to live in the country. Mrs. Martin was not thoroughly settled in her new house at the time of her nieces' visit, as there were carpenters, painters, and other workmen employed in putting it into order. This circumstance was a source of pleasure to the two girls, who found much amusement in watching the men, and seeing in what manner they did their

work. Amongst other improvements a small parlour, the walls of which were very dirty, was new papered during the time of their stay, and the great alteration for the better that it made in the appearance of the room, seemed to strike them more than any thing else.

“ How much I wish,” said Charlotte to her sister Lucy, “ that we could paper our own little bed-room at home. The walls are in such a shabby state ! and I remember that when the house was white-washed last year, the man told mama, that nothing would make it look well but papering, because that would hide the cracks.

"If we had but the paper," said Lucy, "I think we could put it up ourselves. We have seen how the men do it, and I am sure it looks very easy. We should only want some good paste, and I dare say mama would make that for us."

Mrs. Martin, who was present, approved of her nieces' desire to make their room as neat as they could; and she kindly promised that if their mama agreed to it, and they would take great pains to put it up nicely, she herself would pay for the paper. She advised them, however, to be contented with a plain blue, which would not only come cheaper, but as they could have it in sheets of

a moderate size, would be much easier for them to manage, than paper printed on purpose for hanging rooms, which was all in one length.

As soon as the girls returned home, they began to be very impatient to set about their *pretty plan*, as they called it; and having obtained their mama's consent, (on condition that they did it all themselves, as she had no time to help them,) they got their papa to bring the paper from London.

Charlotte and Lucy were always up by six o'clock, and regularly spent two hours before breakfast in study with their father, who heard their lessons, taught them to write

and cipher, and read with them and explained the bible and other books. These early lessons were usually much prized by the two girls; for Mr. Warren was a very kind father, and had a pleasant way of teaching, so that his children were very fond of him, and listened with delight to his instructions. But when the paper was in the house, the paste in readiness, and the morning arrived when they were to begin their work, their impatience to set about it was so great, that they did not like the thoughts of two hours delay; and as they were dressing, Lucy proposed that they should entreat their father to excuse their morning studies till

the room was done. Charlotte was at first pleased with the idea; but after a moment's reflection she reminded her sister, that their papa never liked they should miss the time when he was able to attend to them. "I am sure," added she, "he would be sorry to refuse us, and yet if he did consent I do not think he would be pleased. You know mama has promised we shall have all the time after breakfast, and I am afraid they will think us encroaching if we are not contented with that.

To this reasoning Lucy with some little reluctance assented; but she, as well as her sister, studied cheerfully till eight o'clock, when they

joined the rest of the party at breakfast ; happy in having by their diligence obtained the approbation of their father, and in having sacrificed their own inclinations to his.

CHAPTER II.

The Room new papered.

BREAKFAST WAS soon over, and the young Warrens lost no time in beginning their job.

For some time they found rather more difficulty than they had expected. Lucy, who was apt to be too eager in any thing she undertook, pasted with great vehemence, but she only did it in parts, and left the edges of the paper untouched; and then when she found they did not stick, she was

obliged to take her brush to do them over again, and run the risk of smearing the outside of the paper. Owing likewise to the hurry she was in, she handled it so roughly, as to tear several of the sheets, whilst damp with the paste: nor did she succeed at all, till she resolved to follow the example of Charlotte, who being more calm, had already fallen into the method.

On the second day they compleated the work, and when their father returned in the evening, they took him up into their room, joy sparkling in their eyes, and pointed out to him the neatness with which it was done. They then enlarged on the many dif-

ficulties they had met with, and how by care and patience they had overcome them all; they boasted of the diligence, with which they had worked, and admired their performance again and again. "You said, papa," said Lucy, "we should do no good, and should only waste the paper; but see now, see now, have we done no good? Does not the room look better than it used to do?"

"Upon my word," replied Mr. Warren, "it does you great credit, and you have succeeded much better than I expected; but what effect do you think *this* would have?" continued he, taking from his pocket, and holding against the wall, a piece of a very pretty border.

“ Oh that would look very beautiful indeed,” exclaimed both the girls. “ Thank you, my dear father. Have you bought that for us ?”

“ It certainly sets it off,” resumed their father with a good-humoured smile, as he held a slip against the side of the door.

“ Oh prodigiously,” cried Charlotte. “ Prodigiously,” repeated Lucy.

“ Well,” said Mr. Warren, “ there is a border for you then. You have gone on very well lately, and I wished to give you some encouragement ; and I have besides been particularly pleased to find, that notwithstanding your minds have been so full of this

plan, you have not been less attentive to your studies the two last mornings."

"Ah Papa," said Lucy, "I did indeed wish that we might have had a holiday till our room was finished; and I spoke to Charlotte about asking you for it, but she thought you would not like it."

"She judged very rightly," returned the father; "your wish to improve your room was both innocent and proper; but you should not suffer one object to engross your whole attention. As you grow up, my good girl, you will have many duties, and many employments to attend to; and if you are in the habit of only consulting your own inclina-

tions, and doing what you like best, other things, though equally important, must be neglected."

It was the middle of Summer when the mornings were long, and the next day Mr. Warren and his daughters rose by agreement an hour sooner than usual, that he might have time before their lessons began to assist them in putting up the border round the cieling, which they could not well reach to do by themselves.

As soon as possible after breakfast they returned to their employment, and as the upper part was already finished, they hoped to see their work compleated in the course of the morning.

They had not however been long engaged before Mrs. Warren came to them, and said, she was sorry to interrupt their business, but she wanted them both to go down stairs to nurse the baby, and take care of the younger children; for that she was obliged to go into the city upon business, and Sarah (the maid) was too busy to attend to them.

“ Oh dear,” said Charlotte, “ this is a sad interruption to us indeed. And are you obliged to go, mama ?”

“ Yes,” returned her mother, “ I have received a letter from your aunt Martin, to ask me to send her some things by to-day’s coach, and I must therefore purchase them immediately and see them packed up.”

“ Well, I am sure I am very, very sorry for it,” said Lucy with a sigh, “ for we had set our minds upon finishing before dinner, and now that will be impossible.”

“ Ah Lucy,” replied her mother, “ how often have I laughed at you for *setting your mind* upon trifles. Believe me, as long as you do so, your mind will be frequently decomposed.” “ Do you like to go out this morning ?” asked Lucy. “ Not at all. My mind was bent upon staying at home, where I have many things to do. But when we cannot make circumstances suit our will, we must suit our will to our circumstances.”

In this cheerful way did Mrs. Warren constantly meet those little events that fell out contrary to her wishes. With a small income, a large family, and only one servant to attend upon them, a thousand trifling matters would every day occur, that to a mind disposed to find difficulties, would have produced real unhappiness, by being made a constant source of vexation and discontent. But Mrs. Warren had learnt the useful lesson she endeavoured to teach her daughters, that of submitting to circumstances. If interrupted in one employment, she would fly to another. If disappointed in what she had proposed and expected, she was

ready to make the best of things as they actually fell out, and even if she could, to find some advantage in them. And she cultivated this disposition with a view to promote the happiness of her family, and above all to render herself acceptable to her Maker ; for she thought it ill became one, surrounded with blessings, which demanded continual gratitude, to repine and be dissatisfied at the little inconveniences of life.

Poor Lucy was very far from having attained to this happy state of mind. She was a good hearted girl, and very generous, and willing to oblige ; and she was so fond of her parents, and brothers, and sisters, that

she would have done any thing to give them pleasure; but she was extremely hasty, and her temper was instantly ruffled by any cross accident. An instance of this nature occurred in the afternoon of the same day.

CHAPTER III.

What's amiss I'll strive to mend.

AFTER dinner, their mother no longer requiring their assistance, she and her sister returned to the employment that had been broken off in the morning. They compleated it without further interruption; and the pleasure, with which they had gazed on their work on the preceding day, was now greatly heightened by the pleasing contrast, that was made by the border. They stood in the mid-

dle of the room and turned round every way, that they might have a full view of its beauties. Mrs. Warren, Sarah, and all the children, were called up to admire it; and Lucy repeated again and again, that "it was now the prettiest room in the house; and though a sloping roof was no advantage, yet from being at top of the house had a much finer prospect over the fields."

When every corner and every nook had been examined and approved of, the little party went down stairs; but Lucy could not long be easy away from her room, and in the course of five minutes, she returned to take another look at it; when,

oh sight of distress! she found her little brother Thomas crawling upon the floor, and amusing himself by pulling down a great part of the border, that went along the skirting board. Lucy gave a shriek, and catching hold of the little boy, began scolding and shaking him so violently, that Thomas, unused to this rough treatment, set up a scream, which reached the ears of his mother, who went up stairs to see what was the matter. On sight of her, Lucy let go her brother, and pointing to the torn paper, burst into tears.

Mrs. Warren instantly perceiving what had happened, was very angry with Tom; for though he was not

quite four years of age, he was old enough to know that he ought not to do mischief. She then turned to Lucy, who was still crying with vexation, and advised her to be more composed, and not to afflict herself so much about a trifle.

“ Oh, mama,” she exclaimed, “ indeed it is no trifle. Our room is quite spoilt. Our pretty, pretty room.”

“ When you are more calm, Lucy,” said her mother leaving her, “ I will talk to you upon the subject; but while your emotions are so violent, it is vain to expect you would listen to reason.”

Lucy saw her mother was dis-

pleased. She therefore made an effort to conquer her feelings, and when tea was ready presently after, she went down into the parlour with tolerable composure, though she still looked vexed and unhappy.

Soon after they were assembled, Mrs. Warren began the conversation by enquiring of Charlotte if she had seen the mischief her brother had done them?

"Yes," returned Charlotte, "and I am very sorry for it; but I hope some how or other by joining the paper, and putting up a little bit that we have left, we shall be able to set it to rights again."

"I do not doubt that you will,"

said Mrs. Warren. "Patience and perseverance, you know, will succeed in most things. But my poor little Lucy here puts herself into such a fuss when any thing is amiss, that she does not consider how it may be rectified."

"No but, mama," said Lucy, "I do not want to make you angry with Tom, but you know he has torn the border into so many pieces, that *I feel sure* it will be impossible to put it up again. So I do not know what we can do ; but that side of the room must go without, I suppose."

Mrs. Warren. Nay, my dear, it is foolish to give up in despair. How I wish I could impress upon your

mind the lesson Dr. Watts teaches in those two excellent lines, "What's amiss I'll strive to mend; and endure what can't be mended." Let us all try to adopt them for our motto, and constantly to act upon them. Whatever we meet with *amiss*, our first endeavour shall be to mend it if we can; but if it *can't* be mended, then we will strive to *endure* it with patience. What say you, Lucy? Shall we all make this good resolution?"

Lucy. Ah, it is easy for you, mama, to make it, because you are older, and do not mind things so much. But I am afraid if I make it, I shall never be able to keep it.

Mrs. Warren. Well, I will allow that for the present you will find more difficulty than I shall ; because I have all my life endeavoured to be chearful in spite of little vexations. But you must not be discouraged, my Lucy. There is something *amiss* you find in your temper ; and your motto will teach you to strive to mend it.

Charlotte. And if she can't mend it, mama, then she must learn to endure it, I suppose ?

Mrs. Warren. No, Charlotte, we must not allow ourselves to suppose that our tempers and dispositions can't be mended, because by care and watchfulness we know that they may.

However, it is a work of labour and time ; and therefore I would advise Lucy to prepare herself to *endure* with patience, and without being too much discouraged, the difficulties she may meet with in the task. But to the end of our lives we must go on striving to mend ourselves, and never indulge the thought that we can't be mended.

Lucy. But, my dear mother, *how* am I to mend my temper ? When you are talking to me, I always think I won't be hasty and out of humour again ; and yet when the time comes I can't help it.

Mrs. Warren. Why, my dear girl before you give way to petulance,

endeavour if you can to take time for a moment's reflection. Had you done so just now, for instance, you would have recollected that Tom was but an infant, who had not had any design to *injure* you, and then you would not, I think, have put yourself in such a passion with him. You must likewise arm yourself with fortitude to meet every day disasters, by considering that it is the common lot of life, from which no mortal can be exempt, and that therefore the only way to be happy is to dwell upon them as little as possible; besides that a greater degree of composure would often enable you to mend

what is amiss, as well as to endure what can't be mended.

But it is religion, my children that offers the most powerful motive for conquering our faulty dispositions. In the bible we have an example set us by the blessed Jesus, that every christian is required to imitate, of meekness that no provocation could ruffle, no injury subdue. We are told too that a meek and quiet spirit will appear, even in the sight of God, as an ornament of great price. And we learn the encouraging truth, that the Holy Spirit is ever ready to assist our endeavours after improvement, and that if we earnestly strive to conquer every

wrong passion, our God will mercifully accept the sincerity of our hearts, notwithstanding our many failures, and many imperfections.

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CHAPTER IV.

A Lesson on Economy.

THE border being set to rights without much difficulty, the girls were as highly pleased as before with the improved appearance of their room; but still one thing seemed wanting to make the apartment complete. There happened to be no furniture to the little tent bed they slept in; and though the want of curtains had never distressed them before, yet now that their attention

was more turned to the appearance of things, they thought the naked bed-posts looked very ugly; and after some consultation, they determined to speak to their mother about buying them some curtains, and to urge her own motto of "mending what was amiss," as an argument, they thought it impossible she could resist. Mrs. Warren smiled when they proposed it to her, and told them it was a fair application, "though in this instance," continued she, "I must refer you to the second part of our motto, "I'll endure what can't be mended."

"Then do you think, mama," said Charlotte, "that you shall not be able to let us have curtains?"

"No, my dear, it is quite out of my power to afford it at present."

"*Out of your power!*" repeated Lucy, "I know you always say you have no money to throw away. But if you chose it, do you mean that you could not *afford* to buy them?"

"I mean," returned her mother, "that I should not think it prudent, in my present circumstances, to lay out money in that way. I could not indulge you without inconvenience, which there is no occasion to incur, because your bed will do just as well now as it has done hitherto."

Charlotte. But is not calico very cheap now?

Mrs. Warren. Very cheap com-

pared to what it used to be, and therefore if it were necessary you should have furniture to your bed, I should be glad to take advantage of the present time. But nothing comes cheap, Charlotte, that we purchase unnecessarily.

Charlotte. I do not think it would take up much, mama. Do you?

Mrs. Warren. I cannot say without measuring, but I should suppose between 20 and 30 yards; and then there must be some binding, so that if you were to make it of the cheapest materials, of plain white calico I will say, only one shilling a yard, the whole would not cost less than thirty shillings; a very trifling sum I know

to many people, but to me it is certainly an object.

Charlotte. But then could not you contrive to save in something else?

Mrs. Warren. That way of talking, Charlotte, will do very well for those, who are in easy circumstances, and can therefore afford to lay out money sometimes in little indulgencies. But our income, as I believe I have told you before, is so small compared with the size of our family, that we could not indulge in any superfluous expence, without running the risk of being immediately straitened for necessaries.

Charlotte. Now my dear mother, do not suppose that I mean to blame

you, because I dare say you have good reasons for what you do. But it does sometimes appear to me, as if you were rather too particular about saving every penny. When you were buying Tom's cart the other day, there was a larger one you know for eight pence, but you took the small one, and said, "He will be quite happy with this, and two pence need not be thrown away." And when you bought our coloured frocks, the pattern that we thought so pretty was but three pence a yard more, and as the man said, it would only have made the difference of a shilling, or fifteen pence in each frock, and yet you took the one you owned you did

not like so well, because it came a trifle cheaper.

Mrs. Warren. When you have to provide for a family, my dear Charlotte, and very little money to do it with, you will find that those trifles must constantly be attended to. I do not speak up for saving a shilling or two in one particular instance, so much as for making strict economy a general principle of action. It might be very agreeable to indulge our tastes and our fancies in a variety of ways, but if I every day lay out a few shillings beyond what I can afford, because it is only a trifle in this case, and three pence a yard is not much in another, and 'tis but a shilling that

could be saved in something else, I surely make a great difference in the whole amount of my expences; and if I go on so for any considerable time, what can I look forward to at last but distress and ruin.

Lucy. I have only one more proposal to make, mama, and if you do not approve of that we will say no more about the matter. But as you buy so many things of Mr. Simmons, do not you think he would let you have the calico for curtains *now*, and you might pay him for it some time hence when you happened to be richer.

Mrs. Warren. Oh, Lucy, you have now proposed the very worst plan in the world. I would any day part

with the curtains from my own bed, almost with the bed itself, before I would run in debt for a shilling. I have no reason to expect to be richer *some time hence* than I am now, and therefore what we cannot pay for, we must learn to do without. It is unknown, my dear, how many families are continually brought to ruin, by incurring debts, which they have not the power to discharge. One instance I will mention to you, which happened within my own knowledge when I was about Charlotte's age, and made an impression on my mind that I trust I shall never forget.

Lucy. Pray what was that, mama?

Mrs. Warren. There were a Mr.

and Mrs. Herbert, who were at that time intimate with my mother, and good sort of people I believe they were on the whole. But they liked shew and finery, and by degrees they got into a more expensive stile of living than they could properly afford. When they bought any thing it was not their way to pay for it at the time, but they had it set down in a bill, and the bills were sent in at Christmas.

Charlotte. And could not they pay them then, with the money they had been saving all the year?

Mrs. Warren. Why the worst of it is, my dear, as the Herberts themselves afterwards acknowledged, that

people do not keep saving the money, for not feeling the want of cash at the time, they are tempted to lay it out in amusements, and things that they might do without. This at least was the way with our poor friends, till nobody would trust them any longer; and at last after many difficulties, Mr. Herbert was seized by the creditors, taken away from his family, and cast into prison.

Charlotte. Dear, that was a shocking thing indeed!

Mrs. Warren. I remember seeing Mrs. Herbert soon after. She was in a state of agony that I will not attempt to describe, and the poor children were crying about, because

their dear papa was taken away from them.

Lucy. And pray, mama, what became of them all?

Mrs. Warren. Oh I could not tell you half the distresses they went through, but at the end of about nine months, some kind friends interfered, and got Mr. Herbert out of prison, and set him up in trade; and I believe from that time they went on very prudently, and made shift to live with tolerable comfort.

Lucy. Well I am glad of that. And I am sure from this time, I never will propose to go in debt for any thing. I would not have my father sent to prison, for all the beds in the world.

CHAPTER V.

A charitable Action.

AFTER this conversation the bed furniture was not thought of till the week following, when Mrs. Martin sent her nieces a guinea to pay for the paper of the room; and as that had only cost seven shillings, they had fourteen shillings left. This sum added to the pocket money which they already possessed, (Charlotte having nine shillings and four pence, and Lucy eight shillings and

seven pence halfpenny), they found to their great joy amounted to thirty-two shillings all but an halfpenny, which was something more than their mother had computed to be the price of the bed.

They therefore agreed to purchase the materials with their own money, and Mrs. Warren, having given her consent, promised to assist them in cutting out, and preparing the work, which was all to be done by themselves.

The plan was thus settled, and they only waited for an opportunity to buy the calico, when Charlotte one day went down into the kitchen, and found their maid Sarah

crying sadly, and apparently in great distress. She eagerly enquired what was the matter, but the only answer she could get for some time was, "Oh my poor mother, she is going away, and I am sure I shall never see her again." "Pray, Sarah," said Charlotte tenderly, "tell me what you mean. Where can your mother be going to?" Sarah now informed her that her mother, who had been laid up with a rheumatic fever for many weeks, and was but just getting about again, owed a great deal of money for her lodging, and that the people declared unless they were paid she should not stay a night longer in the house. "And so," continued

she, " she says she must go down to her parish to-night by the waggon; but I know she will die before she gets there."

" And where is her parish?" asked Charlotte. " Not far from Cambridge," returned Sarah, " but she does not know a soul there, for she never was there in her life; for my father belonged to it, and not my mother."

" How unlucky," said Charlotte, " how very unlucky, that mama should happen to be out to-day, because I am sure she would be willing to do something if she was in the way; but she will not be back before ten o'clock."

“ Oh that is of no consequence,” said Sarah, “ for my mother charged me not to tell my mistress ; for she says she won’t take another farthing from her, because she is sure she has helped her already as much as she can afford, and more too. “ And so,” says she, “ I’ll no longer be a burden to her, nor to you neither, Sarah ; but I will sell my little things this blessed day, to pay my rent, and carry me down to Cambridge, and the sooner it please God I die when I get there, the better.”

The tears came into Charlotte’s eyes as she listened to this melancholy recital, and she went up stairs to tell her sister Lucy. They were both of

them very fond of Sarah, who had lived in the family for several years, and was a faithful and good-tempered girl. Her mother too was a favourite with all the children, for she had often been at the house to wash and iron, to scour the rooms, and to assist in many other ways. They therefore joined in lamenting her present distress, and again regretted that their mama was not at home. "If it were not for the bed," said Charlotte, "we might help her out of this difficulty *ourselves*. I think Sarah said the debt was not more than nineteen shillings."

"Oh, but we cannot give up our bed," said Lucy.

"I think not," returned Charlotte, casting her eye upon the naked bars.

They sat down upon the foot of the bed and were both silent. Charlotte was the first to speak.

"Lucy," said she, "I am not easy in what we are doing. To be sure it would be a very very great sacrifice to give up the curtains, but yet I almost think—" "No," interrupted Lucy, "we cannot do that."

Another pause succeeded.

"But, my dear sister," said Charlotte, and there she broke off, not determined what to say. "Remember we shall never collect money enough again," said Lucy.

“ That is very true,” returned her sister, “ and yet I was thinking, whether it would not be better that we should do without curtains, as we have done hitherto, than that that poor old soul should have her bed taken from her, and be carried away nobody knows where. And then, Lucy,” continued the good girl after a moment’s pause, “ consider poor Sarah too. How miserable she will be when her mother is gone! She has always been so fond of her; and you know *we* should find it a hard parting if our mother was obliged to go so far off.”

“ Don’t you think,” enquired Lucy, “ that if we gave our money

to-day, when papa and mama come home they would pay us again?"

"No," answered Charlotte, "I would not have a thought of that. After what my mother said the other day I would not hint at such a thing. If we make the sacrifice at all, it must be our own, and we must do it completely."

"Very true. I see you are right," said Lucy, convinced by her sister's argument. "And that we may not change our minds, let us go at once to Mrs. Spence, and carry her the money; and when we come back, what pleasure it will be to tell Sarah, that the business is all over."

Charlotte agreed, and they set off

directly ; for Mrs. Spence lived near, and their mother had often given them leave to call upon her by themselves.

The first person they saw was Mrs. Perkins, the mistress of the house, and Charlotte asked her how she could be so cruel as to turn away poor Mrs. Spence. " Why indeed miss," returned she, " I can't help it. I know nothing against the old woman, for she is as good a creature as ever lived ; but if my lodgers don't pay me, how am I to pay my landlord ? So if she don't give me the money this afternoon, go she must."

The two girls then said they were come to settle with her, and having

paid the nineteen shillings, and taken the receipt that Mrs. Perkins offered, (for they never thought of asking for one) with the glow of benevolence on their countenances, they went up stairs into Mrs. Spence's room. The poor old woman was quite overcome when she heard of their kindness, but it was a long while before she could be prevailed on to accept the money. It was too much, she said, and without their mama's knowledge she could not think of it. Their goodness was more than she could bear.

“ Oh do not talk so,” said Charlotte. “ Who was it pray that sat up with us for a week together, last winter when we had the measles ?

“ And who,” said Lucy, “ nursed mama so nicely when she was ill, and comforted us because we thought she was going to die? And who has bought us toys and oranges time out of mind? So pray say no more about not being able to bear that we should help you in our turn.”

Much more of this kind of dialogue passed, till Mrs. Spence, overpowered by their generous manner, ceased to oppose them; and then she wept like a child, embraced them again and again, and could only express her gratitude, by her fervent prayers that God Almighty would bless and reward them for being so kind to her. The girls too cried with joy at having

had it in their power to relieve her ;
and they went to sleep at night with
more pleasure in their little un-
furnished bed, than if they had pur-
chased the handsomest curtains in
the world.

CHAPTER VI.

The White Bed obtained.

MR. WARREN had a sister of the name of Matlock, who having been left a widow early in life with very small means of support, was obliged to take in needle-work to assist in maintaining herself and daughter. Maria, which was the name of this daughter, was at this time nearly grown up, and as she was both industrious and clever at work, she contributed very much by her ex-

ertions towards earning their little income. It happened that she spent the evening at her uncle Warrens, a few days after the girls had so kindly given their money to poor Mrs. Spence; and in the course of conversation she chanced to mention, that she had then more work on her hands than she knew how to get through, "for," said she, "my mother and I were very busy before, and as I was coming out a lady sent us in half a dozen shirts to make for her little boy, and she will not be pleased if we send them back again."

"Then what do you mean to do," enquired Mrs. Warren?

"We must put them out, I be-

lieve," returned Maria, "to a woman, who sometimes works for us. She will have a guinea for the set, as they are to be three shillings and six pence a piece."

"Oh mama," exclaimed Lucy, "an excellent thought has just struck me. If you like it, Charlotte and I might make those shirts, and then we might still be able to buy our curtains."

"You make me smile," returned Mrs. Warren, "by your eagerness for curtains. See how one expence brings on another. But I have no objection to your undertaking the work, if you think you shall have time to do it well. For myself I have

so many things to do, that I am afraid I shall not be able to assist you ; and you, my dears, must not neglect your office of teaching the little ones, and doing the other necessary business that falls to your lot."

The girls however thought they should be able by a little contrivance to manage it all, and they laid awake some time after they went to bed, to settle their plans.

Of a morning they knew that their time must be spent as usual in attending to their own lessons, and instructing their brother and sister, but in the afternoon their mother generally allowed them two hours to spend as they pleased, and took care,

if she could, to keep the younger children away from them, that they might not then be interrupted. Many girls, who are accustomed to have the chief part of the day at their own disposal, and have acquired habits of sauntering away their time, would have been surprised to have seen how much these two hours, that they thought their *own*, were valued and improved by the young Warrens. Sometimes they attempted to draw landscapes, an employment which they were both fond of; or one would draw, whilst the other read an entertaining book. Sometimes they had a letter to write to an aunt, or a cousin at a distance; and some days

they amused themselves with doing fancy work, or making boxes, card-racks, &c. in a neat manner, as presents for some of their friends. But the limited two hours was rarely exceeded, as their mother wished them afterwards to play in the garden, or walk out with their brothers and sisters, or, if the weather was bad, to skip, or take some exercise in the house.

Now it was immediately determined to devote these two hours a day to the shirts, until they should be quite finished; and they likewise agreed that they never would be idle; but would keep some part of the work always at hand, to take up at odd

times, such as when waiting for dinner, breakfast, &c.

By following these last resolutions they made great progress with comparatively but little leisure; and it so happened that they afterwards received an assistance, they had little expected. Lucy had got rather the start of her sister, and was engaged in her second shirt, when Charlotte, having finished her first, went to the drawer for another. How great was her surprise to find that all the others were compleatly made. She ran to her mama, and supposing that she had been at work for them, began thanking her very warmly. But Mrs. Warren declared that she had not

done a stitch for them, which made the circumstance appear more wonderful than before; till on questioning Sarah, they found that her mother, having heard of the task they were engaged in, and being very desirous to shew her gratitude for their generosity towards her, had prevailed on her daughter with the consent of her mistress to take her a shirt at a time to make, and she had actually finished three of them, before they were found out. It may easily be imagined what pleasure this unlooked for discovery occasioned the two girls. The last shirt was soon finished between them, and not long after, with their mother's assistance, they compleated

the furniture for their bed in a very tidy way. Never did the possession of white curtains produce a more lively satisfaction.

CHAPTER VII.

The Invitation.

"CHARLOTTE," said Mrs. Warren one day to her daughter, "I have received an invitation for you, which I think it will give you pleasure to accept."

"Who from pray, mama?"

"From a person you have not often seen, my old friend Mrs. Marsden, with whom you know I occasionally correspond. I have just received a letter from her to say

that she thinks it a pity all intercourse between our families should cease, and as she and I are so circumstanced as not to be able to meet, she should be glad if I would spare my eldest daughter to spend a week with her girls."

"Do you think I should find it an agreeable visit," enquired Charlotte?

"Very much so. Mrs. Marsden is a remarkably good tempered woman, and has daughters about your age; and they live at a very pretty place, near Sutton, in Surry."

"May not I go too," said Lucy with great eagerness?

"No, my love," answered her

mother, " unfortunately the invitation does not extend to you. My *eldest* daughter is particularly mentioned.

Lucy. I wonder why she says so, for she knows no more of Charlotte than she does of me.

Mrs. Warren. Therefore in this case Mrs. Marsden has not invited Charlotte out of preference to her, but I suppose she only wished for one of you, and therefore asked the eldest as a matter of course. It would have been more strange to have sent the invitation to my *second* daughter, surely.

Lucy. But don't you often say,

that you do not like to make any distinctions between us ?

Mrs. Warren. I love you all alike, and I think you cannot say that I ever make a favourite, or shew partiality to any one of my children in particular, but I do, and must make distinctions according to your ages. Would it be possible to put you and this baby on the same footing ?

Lucy. Oh, that is a very different matter. But Charlotte and I are so near of an age.

Mrs. Warren. And for that reason the distinction between you is very trifling. But if a case occurs where some little advantage can only fall to one, other reasons being equal, surely the eldest has the first claim.

Lucy. Then that falls very hard upon us younger ones.

Mrs. Warren. You should not, my dear, consider it in that light. There are disadvantages, as well as advantages, belonging to the elder ones in a family; as for instance, I should always expect them to set a better example, and should be more displeased with any impropriety in their conduct. But after all, supposing the eldest is the best off—What then? No two people can stand on precisely the same ground. You cannot all be eldest, and the younger ones, if they are wise, will be satisfied with their own situation, and not fret and grudge, because the others may

in some few instances obtain an advantage.

"I am sure, mama," said Lucy with tears in her eyes, "I don't grudge my sister any pleasure, though I should like to share it too. And what shall I do without her when she is gone?"

"Oh! my poor Lucy," said her mother, pressing her to her bosom, "that is your distress, is it? I should hope with your father, and mother, and all your other brothers, and sisters, you would not be very badly off. But have you forgotten our motto?"

"What's amiss I'll strive to mend,
And endure what can't be mended."

“ That is a very good saying,” exclaimed Charlotte, “ and I see it may often help us out of difficulties, We are to mend what is amiss; so could not you write to Mrs. Marsden, and ask her to let Lucy go as well as me. And then all will be right, you know.”

“ Oh my motto,” said Mrs. Warren laughing, “ how it is tortured and twisted by you clever girls. No, dear Charlotte, when I tell you to mend what is amiss, I only mean when you can do so with propriety. Every thing else will come under the second head, and must be cheerfully *endured*.”

Charlotte. Would there be any

impropriety, do you think, in doing as I say?

Mrs. Warren. Certainly there would. It is kind of Mrs. Marsden to invite *you*, and I cannot say to her, because you have done me one favour do me a second. Besides, it would appear ridiculous to say, that you cannot bear to be parted for a week. I always endeavour to encourage your affections for each other, but it would be going too far to suppose that you cannot be happy unless when together.

The conversation now took a different turn, and Charlotte made many enquiries respecting the friends she was going to see. But during the

whole evening Lucy continued either in tears, or in sullen silence. She was much mortified at not being included in the invitation; and as she and her sister generally shared alike, she felt a little envious that the latter should have more pleasure than herself, and form acquaintance without her; and see places, of which she was ignorant. This selfish feeling she endeavoured to persuade both others and herself wholly proceeded from the idea of being parted from Charlotte, which, though it undoubtedly gave her some concern, was by no means the sole cause of her sorrow.

When she embraced her mother before going to bed, Mrs. Warren

said very seriously, " I shall pass over your conduct this evening, Lucy, though I have been by no means pleased with it ; but to-morrow I shall expect you to exert more resolution. You must not allow yourself to make an affliction, because your sister is going to have a week's holiday." This reproof had the desired effect. She forgot all her sorrow on her pillow, and when she rose in the morning endeavoured to recover her usual playfulness and good humour.

CHAPTER VIII.

A Conversation on Kindness at home.

AT length the morning arrived when Charlotte was to begin her visit. She went into the city with her father, where she was to meet Mr. Marsden, who took her home with him in his single horse chaise. A ride into the country was delightful to her, and when she arrived at the end of the journey, she was received with so much kindness by Mrs. Marsden and her family, that she soon felt sociable with them, and enjoyed her

visit accordingly. Lucy in the mean time was very comfortable at home with her own friends. She often missed Charlotte, it is true, and counted the hours till she would return; but she had many a good game of play with the other children, and many a nice chat with her mama, who kindly gave up more time to her than common, as she had lost her usual companion. At the end of the week Charlotte returned, and was greeted with pleasure by all her friends. It was upon a Saturday afternoon, which was generally considered by the family as a kind of weekly holiday; for Mr. Warren on that day was able to leave business sooner

than usual ; and he was so much beloved, that his presence always contributed to the happiness of his family. On Saturday afternoon therefore the parlour was particularly set to rights, and every thing put in nice order, to promote the general comfort. No naughty child was allowed to come into the room ; but not to drink tea in the parlour on a Saturday evening, was deemed by all the household a punishment of the most disgraceful nature. It may well be supposed that the return of Charlotte gave additional pleasure to the little party ; for *they* had so many questions to ask, and *she* had so much to relate, that the conversation was more than

commonly animated. After various general enquiries, of whether she had been well, and whether she had been pleased? how she liked her new acquaintance, and how she liked the country? Mr. Warren said, "And now Charlotte let us have a few particulars about these friends of yours, that I have never seen. In the first place how many children are there?"

"Five," returned Charlotte, "Sam is the eldest. Then come Sophia, and Bell, one rather younger than I, and one rather older than Lucy. Then Henry, and lastly Stephen, a little fellow about six years old."

"How did you like Sophia, and Bell," said Lucy?

Charlotte. I like them very much. I think them very agreeable girls indeed. And I am sure I ought to say so, for they were ready to do any thing to amuse me.

Mrs. Warren. Have you reason to think them *good* girls, as well as agreeable, my dear?

Charlotte. Yes, mama, very much so. They are very fond of their mother, and I think they seem as if they would always act honourably. But they have one fault that I was sorry to see.

“What was that,” was enquired by several at once?

Charlotte. Why I don't think they have a pretty manner of be-

having to each other, for they contradict one another, and dispute about trifles from morning till night. For instance, they are frequently saying "It is not," and "It is." And "La, Sophia, how can you say so?" And "I am sure I know best, Bell;" and such kind of speeches, in an ugly mouthing manner.

Mr. Warren. That is a very disagreeable habit, that many children, I know, are very apt to acquire. But I will do my family the justice to say, that it is a fault they are peculiarly free from; and this visit to Miss Marsdens, my dear Charlotte, will I hope be a warning to you on no account to fall into it.

"Did not their mama ever tell them of it," said Lucy?

"Yes," answered Charlotte. "She often said, 'I wish, girls, you would be more good humoured to one another, I can't bear to see you always quarrelling.'" And last Thursday their father was very angry, and they got into great trouble by means of it."

"How was that," said little Bessy?

"Pray Charlotte tell us about it?"

Charlotte. Why you must know that whenever they are told to fetch any thing, or to go of an errand, it is a constant debate which ought to do it. Now as Thursday morning was very fine, we had been sitting out in the garden; and had had a

book of their father's with some prints in it to amuse ourselves. When we came in doors, we forgot to bring it in with us; but soon after Mrs. Marsden called from up stairs, "Sophia, or Bell, it begins to rain, so one of you run directly and fetch in your papa's book." However, instead of going they began a long argument to decide which *ought* to go. "I am sure," said Sophia, "you ought to fetch it, Bell; for you were the person who took it down the garden." "A fine thing indeed," said Bell. "Did not I fetch it because you told me? I'll take care how I oblige you another time, Miss." "Well," said Sophia, "I am the

eldest, and so I have a right to say that you *shall* go." "You a right indeed! You have no right over me. Mama said *Sophia*, or *Bell*, and she put you first, which shews she meant you should be the one." "No," said *Sophia*, "she put me first out of respect, and not that I should be made your drudge." In this way, continued *Charlotte*, they went on quarrelling, till the shower came on so very heavy, that they must have been wet to the skin if they had attempted to go out of doors; and then the book was given up, and it got so wet as to be totally spoilt. When *Mrs. Marsden* came to hear of it, she seemed very much vexed

indeed ; and declared she would tell their father how it had happened. And so she did, and he was violently angry, for he is a passionate man, and he scolded and made such a noise about it, that I was quite frightened. He said several times, that they deserved to be beat, and a great deal more that I cannot recollect ; and he made them give him the value of the book, which was nine shillings, out of their own pocket money.

Mrs. Warren. I cannot deny that they were rightly served ; but do not you think, Charlotte, that it would have been more good-natured of you, if you had stept out during the dispute, and had rescued the

poor book from its watery grave?
And it would have given an example
of compliance that possibly would
have had some effect upon them.

“Indeed,” said Charlotte blushing,
“when I saw how serious the case
became, I was quite angry with
myself for not having done so, but at
the time I waited to see how they
would go on, and then when it
poured so fast, I was not able to go
out any more than Miss Marsdens.”

Here the conversation was inter-
rupted by the entrance of William,
Mr. Warren’s eldest son, a fine lad
of eleven years old. He went to a
school about two miles off, but came
home of a Saturday evening to stay

till Monday morning. After having affectionately shaken hands all round, and kissed his sisters, he enquired how long Charlotte had been returned. "Oh," said Lucy, "she is but just come home; and now she is telling us about her visit. So take your chair, and don't interrupt us, but first I must tell you what we were talking of." She then related all the story of the book.

"Pretty behaved young ladies, truly," said William. "But now let us hear about the *boys*, I dare say they are not so bad."

"I did not see much of the boys," said Charlotte, "for they were only at home Tuesday, which was Mi-

chaelmas day ; but from what I could perceive, they were just the same as their sisters. In the morning when they first came in, they all appeared glad to see them, but they soon began to try to teaze them sadly. Bell has got a pretty little kitten, that she is very fond of ; but Henry almost as soon as he was in the house snatched it away from her, and ran with it down the garden, playing with it all the time in a very rough manner ; on purpose, as it seemed to me, to vex her. Sam, though so much older, was just as bad, for in the course of the day he happened to find a picture of Sutton Church, that Sophia had drawn very nicely ;

and what must that mischievous fellow do, but scratch faces all over the paper with red ink, and write under it, that he had added the congregation going to church, and that they were in such a hurry they were obliged to jump over one another's heads.

William. Oh that was very droll indeed. And did not you laugh at that Charlotte? I am sure I should.

Charlotte. Yes, I did laugh to be sure, because I could not help it. But I felt very angry too. For it was such a pity, you know, Sir, continued she turning to her father, to spoil a nice picture that so much pains had been taken with, for nothing but a frolic.

Mr. Warren. It was indeed, my dear. I cannot bear those frolics, that consist in mischief, and trying to teaze others; and perhaps Sam Marsden would not like to be served so himself, though he does not care whom he injures for his own fun.

Charlotte. Indeed, papa, you are right; for Sophia to be even with him took his trap-bat and threw it into the middle of the pond. And I assure you he did not take it very quietly; for he did nothing but quarrel with her about it all the rest of the day. In short, the time passed very uncomfortably as long as the boys staid, and I was quite rejoiced when evening came, and they went back again to school.

Mr. Warren. What a picture have you given us, of a set of unruly quarrelsome children. And how great a pity it is that the members of one family, who ought to be the first to promote each other's comfort, should thus throw it away by strife and ill temper.

"But did not their father and mother tell them of their faults, and endeavour to set them to rights," asked Lucy?

"Oh," returned Charlotte, "their father is not much at home; and as he is rather strict they do not talk much before him. As for Mrs. Marsden, she often spoke to them about it, and said they worried her

out of her life by their disputes ; but though all the family are doatingly fond of her, I do not think they mind her so much as they ought to do."

" I am afraid," said Mrs. Warren, " that the fault must arise in some degree from the mismanagement of my friend, Mrs. Marsden. Her disposition I know to be one of the most amiable in the world ; but I fear she has not had sufficient resolution, to establish good order in her family. This example I hope will be sufficient to convince all my dear children, how much it is for their interest to submit to the direction of their parents. You, William, have of late given frequent hints, that now

you were grown so much of a man, that you could act for yourself, and did not stand in need of our controul.

“Do you think now,” continued she, turning to her son, “that you would all be happier if we permitted you to go on like the young Marsdens?”

“No, mother,” returned William.

“But even if we were left quite to ourselves, I hope we should have too much good sense to think of behaving in that shameful, ridiculous, abominable way.”

Mr. Warren. I should indeed hope that the instructions you have already received would not be wholly lost, even supposing that from this time you were unfortunately

obliged to be left to your own guidance. But my dear boy, a little more humility would give a better proof of that good sense you are boasting of. Why should you suppose that, if placed in the same situation, *you* should behave so much better than the young Marsdens. You have naturally the same propensity to fall into error, and if you were to recollect, you would not be long at a loss to find many instances, in which your own pride, and hasty temper, have led you very much astray. Whenever therefore you hear of bad behaviour in others, instead of condemning them unmercifully, and calling it shameful, ridi-

culous, and abominable, you should remember how often you have yourself done what was very wrong; and even if you have not fallen into the same faults, you ought not on that account to take any pride to yourself; for God has either not suffered the same temptations to fall in your way, or has given you more strength to resist them.

“Miss Marsdens,” said Charlotte, “behaved at all times very obligingly to *me*. I am sure I have no complaint against them, for they did all in their power to make me comfortable.”

“Well,” said Mrs. Warren, “so far then they have great merit; and

they are in some degree recompensed for it, by having conciliated your good will and affection. What a pity then that they do not exercise the same good temper towards each other, where it is of so much greater consequence to maintain harmony and peace!"

"Certainly," replied Lucy. "But yet, mama, you must allow that it would be a much more difficult thing; because Charlotte was only with them for a short time as a visitor, and they are together every day of their lives."

Mrs. Warren. You have hit upon the real cause, Lucy. Every day duties, though the most important, are

by no means the most easy to perform. 'Tis a trifling matter to give up one's inclinations to a stranger, when by so doing, one may make a pleasing impression on the mind, and obtain the character of being civil and obliging. But it is a hard task to root out selfishness from the heart, and to subdue that pride, that will bear so little from others, and requires itself so much forbearance.

"But then," said William, "if you allow it to be so hard a task, perhaps we had better not give ourselves any trouble about it?"

"No," answered his father, who took up the question. "There you are quite mistaken, for it is a task that

must be performed, if we would wish for happiness either in this life, or the next. What would the good opinion of the world avail to our comfort, if we are always wrangling at home. At home, where we associate with our nearest connexions, and where we pass the chief of our time? And how can we expect to be admitted into the society of saints and angels in a future world, if we neglect at present to cultivate kindness, and brotherly love, which are qualities so essential to a christian?"

"I would not have you suppose," said Charlotte, "that Miss Marsdens have no love for each

other. I once asked Bell, if she was fond of her sister, and she answered, 'to be sure I am. What should make you doubt it?' And one day she fell down, and hurt herself a good deal, and then Sophia was very affectionate towards her. And notwithstanding their little quarrels, they never seem easy asunder."

"I should hope then," said Mrs. Warren, "that they have only fallen into a childish folly, which their better judgment will teach them to correct. However while it continues, it causes great vexation to themselves, and their friends; and they run a great hazard, to say the least of it, of spoiling their tempers, and

weakening their affection for each other. For all these reasons therefore you may easily perceive, why your father and I have always so much insisted on your behaving with kindness and affection among yourselves. Heaven be praised that our endeavours have succeeded, and that we have now a family, who generally speaking live in peace and love."

A blush tinged the cheeks of Lucy, on being included in this general commendation. She knew that when away from her mother she did not always behave with the courtesy she wished. But she resolved for the future, if possible, to avoid the faults

that had appeared so odious in the Miss Marsdens, and to render herself more worthy the approbation of her parents.

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CHAPTER IX.

The Young Governesses.

ON the following Monday, affairs in the school room were restored to their usual course, for they had been rather interrupted by the absence of Charlotte, who was chief teacher. Bessy and Frank, one nine, and the other seven years of age, were the pupils who had most to learn; but even Tom could say his letters, and every day had his little lesson to get, in words of one syllable. The

other two besides their reading lessons, and learning by heart, and spelling, had begun to write copies, and to do easy sums in arithmetic, and they likewise every day looked on the maps, for the places that were mentioned in their geography lesson. Bessy too had some time allotted for needle-work, in which she was principally instructed by Lucy, who was an excellent work-woman for her age. Mrs. Warren was present as much as she was able, that she might superintend the whole, and lend her assistance to the young governesses, who without her directions would often have been at a loss for the best method of proceeding. But as she had

many other things to attend to, and was often called away when any body came to the house, she was glad to avail herself of the help of her elder daughters, that the education of the young ones might go on more regularly than if all had depended upon her. The desire of setting a good example to their scholars, was a strong motive, both with Charlotte and Lucy, to be watchful over their own conduct; and in order to avoid the evil that might have arisen, from entrusting power to such young hands, their mother always required them to apply to her, when the children were obstinate, or idle, and not to undertake the punishment them-

selves; and she frequently reminded them, that if she ever found they made an improper use of their authority, they would no longer be permitted to act as her deputies. Little Frank, though a well disposed boy, sometimes gave his sisters a great deal of trouble, for he had such high spirits that it was difficult to fix his attention, and he would often begin to play, when he ought to have been minding his book. On these occasions, Charlotte, though much averse to telling tales, was under the necessity of having recourse to her mother, who always obliged him to do what was required; and when the quarrel was over, Frank became

very penitent, and could not rest till he had obtained her forgiveness, as also that of his sister. A contest of this kind happened to arise on the morning above mentioned, and Charlotte had been rather more discomposed by it than was usual with her, which induced Mrs. Warren to make a few remarks upon the subject to her two eldest daughters, the first time she was alone with them. Frank's behaviour became naturally the topic of conversation, and Mrs. Warren, after joining in blaming him for what had passed, added, "but I was sorry, my dear Charlotte, to see that *you* were not quite mistress of yourself

this morning. You certainly were too hasty."

"Indeed," said Charlotte, blushing, "you don't know how much I had to provoke me. Frank would not mind at all, and all the time I wanted him to read, he only chattered and made faces at me."

"Well," said Mrs. Warren, "I am not going to defend Frank. He has been a naughty boy, and you know I have punished him for it. But, my dear, you are not fit for a governess, if you cannot command your temper, when your little pupil is tiresome. Those who have to do with children, should have a large stock of patience, because the little

creatures not having attained the full use of their reason, will often be wayward and capricious ; and their spirits are so high, that it is difficult to keep them within bounds. You yourself, a few years ago, gave me a great deal of trouble, and often put my patience to the test."

" I do not think, mama," replied Charlotte, " that I am often hasty with the children. Do you think I am ?"

Mrs. Warren. No, I will acknowledge that you commonly have a good deal of temper, otherwise I should not think you qualified to instruct them. To-day, I am sorry to say, I likewise remarked another

fault in your conduct, that you ought to be on your guard against. Frank's perverseness had put you out of harmony, and a part of your ill-humour was vented on poor Bessy, who had done nothing wrong. How crossly, my dear, you spoke to her at dinner time! I was quite sorry to observe it.

"I did not mean to be cross," said Charlotte."

Mrs. Warren. Another time then you must be more careful, for nothing can be more unjust than to quarrel with one pupil, for the faults of another. But come," continued she, observing her daughter's eyes to be filled with tears, "I do not wish to

distress you. You are yet very young, and I cannot expect to find you a perfect governess. All I require is, that you should do the best you can, and cheerfully follow the advice that I give you from time to time."

"My aunt Martin," observed Lucy, "does not like to hear of young governesses. I remember she said, they were always conceited animals, and overbearing towards younger children."

"If they are much left to themselves," replied Mrs. Warren, "I must confess I should be afraid of their falling into those faults. I have seen some girls so puffed up with the

idea of their own consequence, when they were allowed to be teachers, that they would not submit to the smallest rebuke from their parents; and I have known others acquire a dictatorial manner, which was highly disgusting, from having authority entrusted to them before they were of an age to bear it. Hitherto I have not perceived either of you to be much addicted to these failings, but it is the fear of your acquiring them, that makes me particularly watchful over your manner, when you are with your scholars; and if I thought you shewed a tendency that way, I should at once put a stop to our present plan of tuition, for I would

not run the risk of spoiling your characters, for any convenience to myself, or lesser advantage to the young ones."

"You know, mama," said Lucy, "that Mary White has the entire care of two of her sisters. Her mama has given them quite up to her; and she told me one day, that she finds out such droll punishments for them, if they don't please her. If they can't say their lessons, sometimes she squirts water in their faces; and one word that they could not spell for a great while together, she tried to write with a pin upon their necks."

"I hope, my dear Lucy," an-

swered Mrs. Warren with a smile, "that neither you, nor Charlotte, will ever think of inventing these *droll punishments*, as you call them. They would have no effect in making you minded, and certainly they would not gain you the respect of your scholars."

"I do not quite understand, ma'am," said Charlotte, "how you would have us act. You partly entrust the children to us, and expect that we should take care of them, and make them learn; but you do not like that we should scold, or punish them at all; and yet they will not be always good."

Mrs. Warren. If you would ob-

tain an influence over the minds of your brothers and sisters, you must begin by being very careful at all times to set a good example, and to let them see, that you pay quite as much attention to the wishes and desires of your superiors, as you expect them to shew to you. In the next place, do not wear out their obedience, by giving any capricious and unnecessary orders; if you do, they will mind you less in things that are of consequence. You must likewise endeavour as much as possible to avoid coming to quarrels; but if ever you contest a point, be very sure that you are on the right side, and that you carry it on with temper and

gentleness ; for should I be obliged to interfere, and have to condemn you, you must be sensible, how much it would tend to weaken your authority. Even if I knew nothing of the matter, the consciousness that you had acted wrong, and that they had a tale against you, which they might relate to your disadvantage, would of itself be a restraint that you would not easily get over. Then, you know, if they will not attend to their tasks without, you have the power of confining them so much the longer, and of keeping them out of the parlour on Saturday afternoon, and you have tickets to give them for good behaviour. Should these gentle mea-

asures fail, both your father and I, as the children well know, are always ready to support you on proper occasions, and if we are appealed to, we shall easily make them obey.

CHAPTER X.

The Love of Dress discouraged.

A FEW days after, the weather being extremely pleasant, Mrs. Warren proposed to her children to take a walk with them. Charlotte was eager to know, if they might not put on their best bonnets, and clean white frocks ; but her mother said there was no occasion for that ; they were already very tidy, and their cambric muslin bonnets would do just as well as the straw ones. As they walked



*Charlotte reproved by her Mother for
her love of dress.*

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along the road that leads to Highbury, Charlotte made many remarks on the appearance of the people they met. "What genteel looking women those are," exclaimed she, alluding to two ladies, who were walking before them. "There is a smart party. Is it not, mama?" she observed soon after. And a little further on she pointed out a young lady who had *a most beautiful bonnet*, and concluded by saying, how glad she should be to have one just like it. Lucy now began to laugh at her. "Charlotte," said she, "how you are altered lately. You never used to think about dress, but since you came from Miss Marsdens, you

have talked of nothing else. Do you know, mama," continued she, " that whenever we are alone, she is always telling me how nice and genteel Mrs. Marsden dresses, and how prettily her children's things are made; and now she does not seem to like to wear our common things."

" I am sure I don't object to it," said Charlotte rather gravely.

" Yes but you do, Charlotte," cried Bessy, " for I heard you say myself, before we came out, that you hoped mama would take us the most private way she could, for we were such a *shabby party* you were ashamed of being seen by any body."

" I heard that too," said Frank.

Mrs. Warren. There are a great many witnesses against you, Charlotte. What can you say for yourself. Did you make the speech in question?

“Why indeed,” said Charlotte, who wished to avoid giving a direct answer, “I think it is better, when we happen to be rather shabby, to go where there is least chance of being seen.

Mrs. Warren. But my dear, I do not know that we are particularly shabby this afternoon. Our clothes are the same as we usually wear, and in my opinion not unfit for our stations.

Charlotte. Nay, mama, but you

must allow that they do not look like other people's. How differently were those ladies drest, that we saw just now.

Mrs. Warren, Oh, I do not pretend that we can vie with ladies of fashion. We are ourselves in humble life, and must therefore be contented to make an humble appearance in the world.

Charlotte. Well but if you heard what people think of it, that is, I mean what Miss Marsdens say about the manner of dressing, I am sure you would think that we ought to try to be more fashionable.

Mrs. Warren. I am very willing to hear any thing they may have said

to you, though I doubt if it bring about such a wonderful alteration in my sentiments.

Charlotte. You know then that before I went to Sutton, you tried to rig me out as well as you could; and that I had one frock quite new, and another was new made on purpose, and my coloured frock had only been washed twice, and my bonnet had new ribbons, and so I was very well satisfied, and fancied myself very smart. But when I got there, I soon found that all my things were despised, and that made me feel uncomfortable.

I was putting on my bonnet to go out the next morning, and Bell said,

“ Dear, do you wear such a bonnet as that? It is not at all the shape they make them now. They were worn so last summer, but now it is quite out of fashion.” And then she fetched me hers to see, and I tried it on, and mine looked so shabby by the side of it, I felt quite mortified.

Mrs. Warren smiled, and Charlotte proceeded.

The first day after I got there, as my gingham frock was quite clean, I thought it would do to wear all day, but Sophia told me they always drest before dinner, and she was sure her mama would not like I should go such a *figure*, as she called it, in the afternoon. So I wore white as well as

they, of an afternoon, all the rest of the time I was there; and I must confess, mama, that I thought it seemed very pretty, and very genteel.

Mrs. Warren. I agree with you in that, Charlotte. I am myself very partial to white frocks for children, and while you were out, if you found it was the custom of the family, you did very right to wear them.

Lucy. Well, Charlotte, had they any other complaints to make?

Charlotte. Oh so many, that I cannot recollect them all. It seemed as if every thing I had was wrong. Even my shoes, they said, did not set so well as theirs. I am sure

before, I had no notion that there was so much to be attended to, in every part of dress.

“Those, whose minds are inclined to vanity,” said Mrs. Warren, “frequently make it a study that engrosses the chief of their time and attention, and trifles that would not have occurred to others appear to them affairs of importance.”

Charlotte. I think Miss Marsdens sometimes went too far; but they have certainly opened my eyes, and I now see things very differently from what I used to do; for I find that we are in common so very mean, and so very unsmart, that when I meet people, who look genteel, I long to be able to hide myself.

Mrs. Warren laughed heartily at this speech, and told her daughter, that as this new ray of light seemed to give her so much uneasiness, she would advise her for her own peace, to shut her eyes against it, and return to the darkness she had been in before.

“That,” answered Charlotte, “is impossible. I have learnt to compare my own appearance with that of others, and cannot help feeling uncomfortable to find myself so very different.”

“Surely,” said Mrs. Warren, “you are only talking nonsense to make us stare. But we must get rid of this folly by some means or other.

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Look at that group of ragged children that are at play on the grass; compare your clothes with theirs, and then say, if you have any right to feel uncomfortable at the difference."

Charlotte. No, mama, but they are only poor children.

Mrs. Warren. But would not you be inclined to censure their folly, if they allowed themselves to feel *uncomfortable*, and *be ashamed of being seen*, because they were not so well drest as you?

Charlotte. Certainly I should, because as I said before, they are quite *poor*, and cannot be expected to do as we do.

Mrs. Warren. And, my dear, we are poor compared with a great number of ladies and gentlemen; so that we must not entertain a thought of rivalling them in appearance. But God be thanked, we have never yet been in want of raiment, (as perhaps many of those poor children may), so that we have every cause to be grateful, and none to be dissatisfied.

“For my part,” said Lucy, “I despise dress. I would go out with a dishclout about my head, as soon as with a bonnet; and if ever I see ladies that are particularly smart, I always fancy that they are vain and conceited.”

Mrs. Warren. Nay now, Lucy, you

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have flown off to the other extreme, which would be a fault equally reprehensible; for our situation in life demands that we should appear with a certain degree of credit, which your dishclout would not ensure us. Besides it is a very confined idea, to suppose that all smart ladies are vain, and conceited. There are, you know, a variety of stations in life, from the king to the beggar; and all, who wish to act right, must consult their own station, and neither dress more, nor less, than that requires. If they attempt to do more, they acquire a very frivolous turn of mind, and are obliged to spend much more time and money on dress, than they can pro-

perly spare ; and after all, they often make themselves contemptible in the eyes of their superiors, whom they only imitate by halves, not having the power to do it compleatly.

“ Do you think,” asked Charlotte, “ that the Marsdens have a right to dress more than we do.”

Mrs. Warren. Certainly they have. I suppose they have a great deal more money to spend ; and they live in a better house, have more servants, keep horses, and do many things, that we cannot afford ; so that it would not be consistent in them to be as frugal in their clothes as we are.

Whilst they were conversing in this way, they happened to meet two

Miss Taylors, with whom they were slightly acquainted, as they lived only a few doors off, in the same row as the Warrens.

They were dressed very smartly, and as they stopped to speak, Charlotte took a minute survey of every article they had on, which she eagerly ran over to her mother, as soon as they had parted, and then enquired, whether she thought that *they* were so much richer, as to be able to afford to be so smart.

"It is not my business," said Mrs. Warren "to judge for my neighbours; but as you happen this time to have put the question, I will confess that I greatly blame them for their extravagance; which they are only ena-

bled to support, by means, such as I trust, my Charlotte, with all her fondness for dress, would blush to resort to."

Lucy. What means, mama?

Mrs. Warren. Don't you remember that last winter I called upon Mrs. Taylor, to speak about Susan Child, our green woman's daughter? You know, that she once lived with her as servant, and while she was there, she strained her back so bad, by moving a heavy piece of furniture, as to be obliged to leave the place; from that time she was not able to do any hard work, and it was proposed that she should keep a day school, only she wanted a little money to get

things about her tidy and clean, before she could begin. As I had always observed the Miss Taylors were very handsomely drest, I thought the family must be in circumstances that would enable them to do a common act of charity, and I called without scruple to mention the affair. Mrs. Taylor opened the door herself, but on perceiving me, she started back in confusion, for indeed she was in such a pickle, she might well be ashamed of being seen. However, she very politely asked me to walk in, and made many excuses for being so dirty, saying they had been for some time without a maid, and of course she had all the work of the house to do, which was almost too much for

her; but her daughters made all their own things themselves, so that they had no time to help her. In the parlour the two young ladies were sitting at work. They were making some very pretty sarsnet bonnets, and some pelisses of the same kind were lying on the table. When I mentioned poor Susan's sad situation, they all seemed very sorry for her, and Miss Taylor observed, that they felt it particularly, as she had met with the accident in their house. But when I went on to solicit some relief for her, the young ladies immediately held their tongues, and their mother candidly answered, with every appearance of truth, that she was so very poor, she really had it not in her

power to do what she could wish. "I assure you," said she, "it is only by saving every shilling myself, that I can enable my daughters to make a genteel appearance."

"And would they take every shilling from their mother, that they might buy smart bonnets and pelisses?" said Lucy with much indignation. "Miss Taylors must have very hard hearts."

Mrs. Warren. They have been brought up, my dear, to consider dress as the chief object of life; and their mother, with a mistaken fondness, has sacrificed every thing to their indulgence in it.

Charlotte. Did they give you any thing, pray Ma'am?

Mrs. Warren. There were a few shillings lying upon the mantelpiece, and Mrs. Taylor told me that was all the change she had received out of a ten pound note, with which she had paid for her girl's pelisses; but that she would see what she could do for me out of that. In this, however, she was prevented by both the young ladies, who whispered to her what she repeated aloud, that they could not possibly spare the money, because they had not yet bought their gold clasps. I was much shocked at this instance of selfishness in two young persons, who really looked as if they had good dispositions; and I could not help remarking, that our charity was the more meritorious,

when it cost us the sacrifice of some little personal gratification. "Very true, Ma'am," said the eldest; "but indeed we cannot do without the clasps; they set off a pelisse of this colour so very well." I thought their mother looked disappointed. However, she only made a great many apologies, and said they were such good girls, she did not like to disappoint them; and she wished the things to be finished at once, for they had nothing before proper to be seen in for the winter season, and had not been able to go to church for some weeks on that account. She then gave me two shillings out of her purse, and thus ended my visit.

"And so," said Charlotte, who

was much struck with this relation, "do they make their want of smart things an excuse for not going to church too? I hope, mama, I shall never come to be like them in that."

Mrs. Warren. I sincerely hope you will not, my dear. You have seen how the sad passion for dress has brought on an inveterate selfishness in the hearts of two young women, who otherwise appear to be amiable; and has led them to the neglect of all their duties; their duty to the poor, their duty to their mother, their duty to their God.

Oh, my Charlotte, be careful then to repress the first risings of vanity; and do not allow yourself to be envious of the smarter things of others;

for believe me, so long as you are careful to keep your appearance neat, and clean, and such as is proper for your station in life, you have no real cause to be ashamed.

“ Suppose, mama,” said Bessy, who had been running about with Frank the greatest part of the time, and had only joined them a little before, “ suppose that the Queen should happen to call upon you, when you are busy in your morning gown; don’t you think then you should feel ashamed of yourself?”

“ If I were slatternly, which I hope is not often the case,” answered Mrs. Warren, smiling at the question, “ I should indeed have cause to be ashamed of being seen by any

body. But were I drest properly for the employment I was engaged in, though I should no doubt feel awkward from so unexpected a visitor, I can only say, there would be no *occasion* for me to be uncomfortable on that head. But if her Majesty should send me word of the honour she intended me, I should then, out of respect, think it necessary to prepare myself in the best manner I could."

"Well, mama," said Charlotte, "you have convinced me that my feelings were foolish, and so I will try to get over them."

"That is very candidly spoken," returned her mother. "And you, Lucy, will I trust endeavour to get over the untidiness, to which you

are too much addicted. We will have no *dishclouts* about our heads, nor any *beautiful bonnets* that we cannot properly afford."

As she said this they reached home, and found their good father in the parlour waiting their arrival. The evening was passed in cheerful enjoyment, and the young ones made a rapid improvement, under the care of such excellent parents, who endeavoured to inculcate propriety of behaviour, and virtuous dispositions, from every circumstance that presented itself.

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