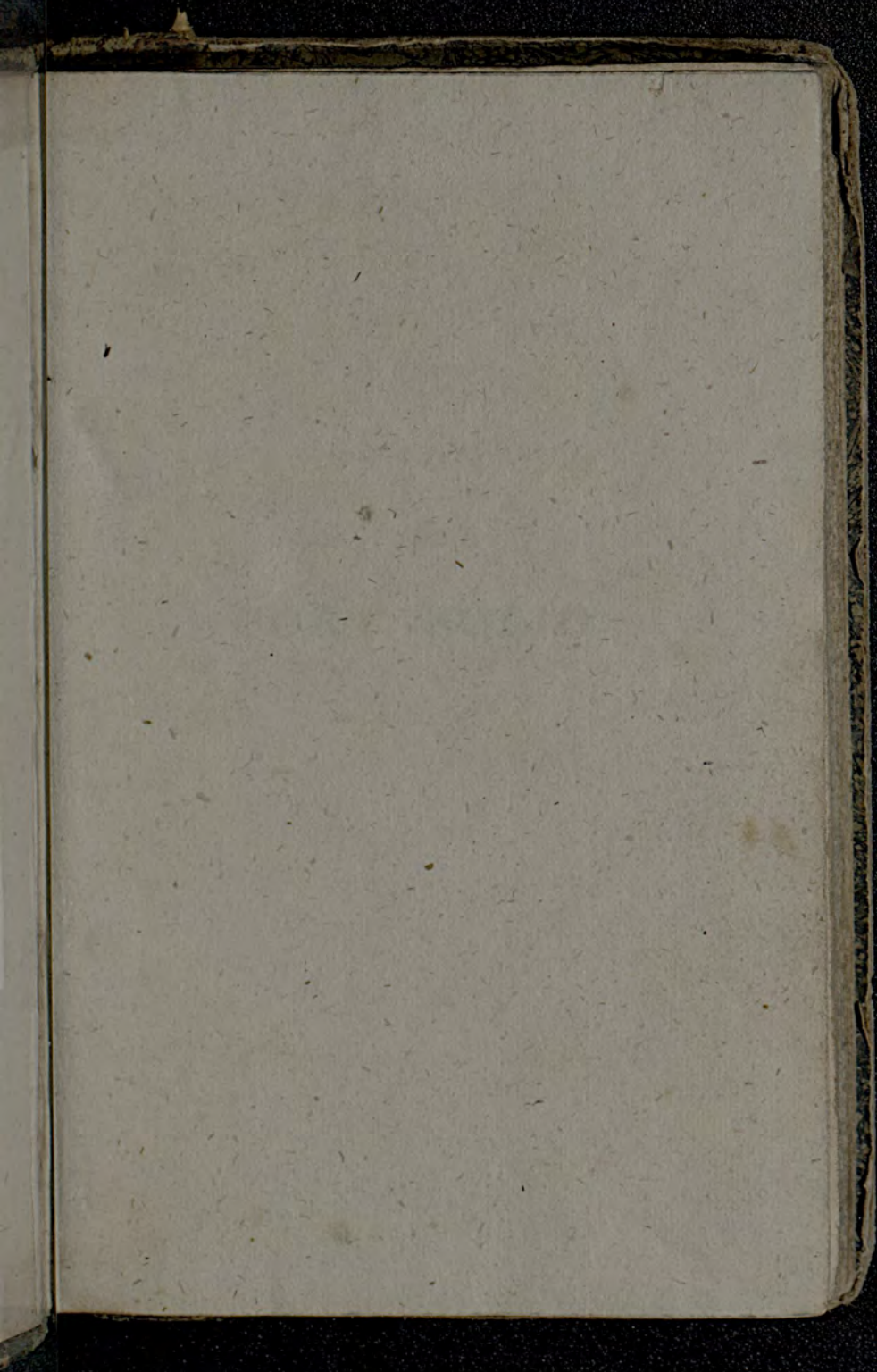


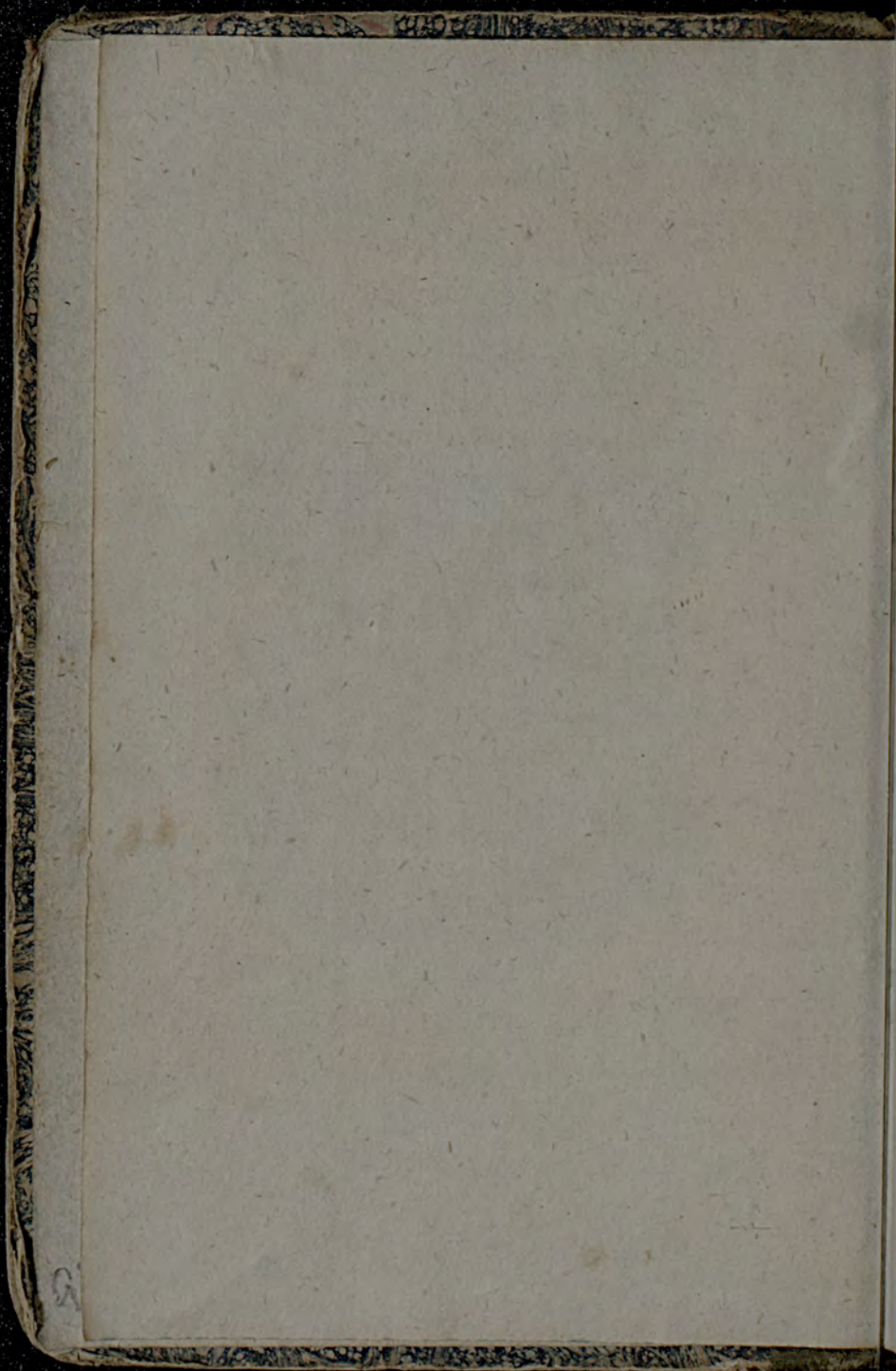
TBC (58)
PORT FOLIO
1817



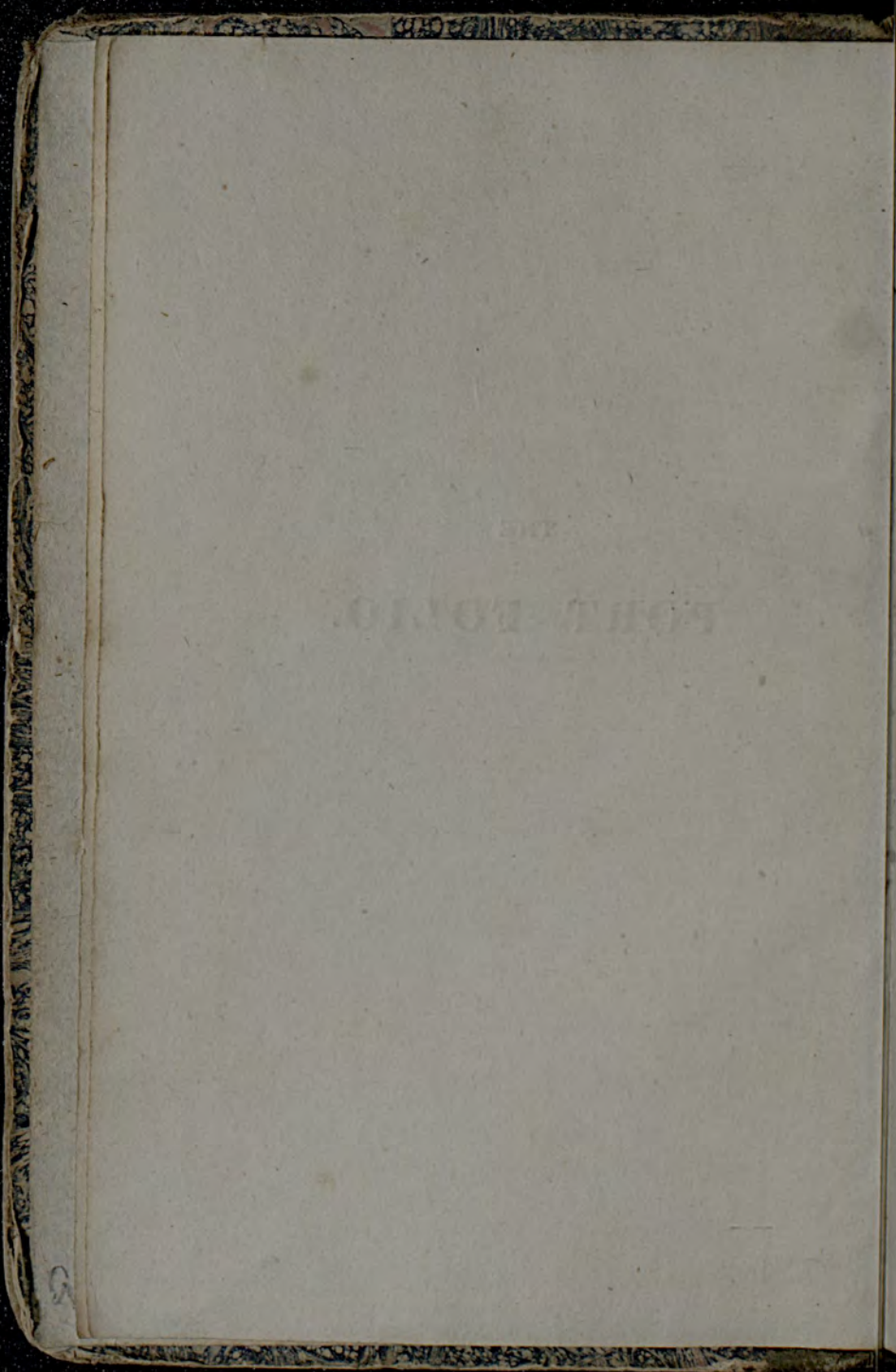
37131054869755

92

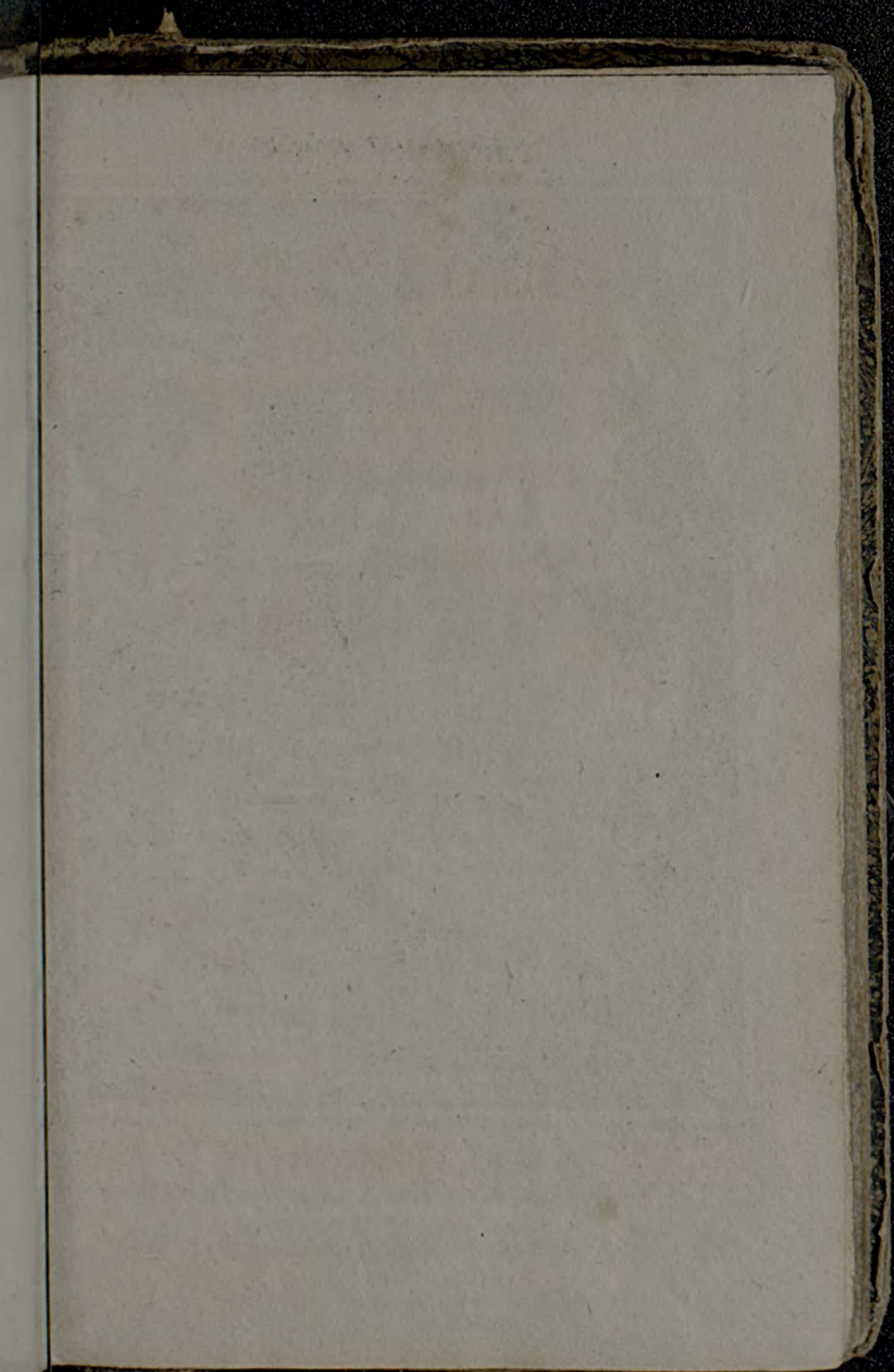




THE
PORT FOLIO.



THE
FORT TOWN



THE PORT FOLIO



*The Princess slumber'd; near her shrill, yet faint,
Rose the sad tones of suppliant sorrow's plaint.*

Published Dec: 1. 1817, by J. Harris, corner of St. Pauls.

page 71.

THE
PORT FOLIO;
OR,
A SCHOOL GIRL'S SELECTION.

BY
A LADY.

“ Ye courtesies of life, all hail;
“ You give to joy an added charm,
“ And woe of half its pangs disarm;
“ How much in every state he owes
“ To what kind courtesy bestows,
“ To that benign, engaging art,
“ Which decorates the human heart;
“ To every act it gives a grace,
“ It adds a smile to every face,
“ And goodness' self we better see,
“ When dress'd by gentle courtesy.”

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR J. HARRIS,
CORNER OF ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD.

1817.

THE
PORT FOLIO

A MONTHLY GEMS COLLECTION

BY
A PARTY

E. Hemsted, Printer, Great New Street,
Gough Square, London.

THE
PORT FOLIO.

CHAPTER I.

“ I THINK, Leonora,” said General Ormsby, “ that to-morrow morning we will go to town, and pay a visit to my worthy friend Colonel Freemantle. I am anxious to become acquainted with his family, and to introduce you to their notice. The Colonel has two daughters, who, though younger than yourself, may, nevertheless, be fully capable of affording you the gratification of rational conversation and pleasurable amusements.”

“ But, my dearest father,” replied Miss Ormsby, “ will not the ride to town and back again fatigue you too much? Although I long to see the daughters of Colonel Freemantle, because you have already taught me to love and venerate their father, yet I would not purchase my own happiness, at the expence of your ease and comfort. Are you sure that you feel strong enough to bear the motion of the carriage, without your sustaining any serious inconvenience?”

The General said, that he found his health and spirits so much mended by the dutiful affection of his Leonora, and the watchful attentions of her aunt, that he should not scruple to undertake the long wished for visit to his friend, though in compliment to the kindness of his sister, he would consult her upon the subject.

Mrs. Markham now entered, and on being informed of the wishes of her brother, and the fears of her niece, smilingly assured

them that she saw no just reason for withholding her consent to the journey, especially as the General could doubtless be accommodated at the house of the Colonel, should he feel himself indisposed by the ride. Her approbation being thus obtained, it was settled that the carriage should be in readiness next morning, immediately after breakfast, to convey them to the town mansion of Colonel Freemantle.

The affectionate heart of Leonora, thus relieved of its fears for the health of a beloved parent, gave way to the sanguine expectations of youth's delightful feelings, and she pictured to herself the variety of pleasures she should now enjoy in the occasional society of the Miss Freemantles, who, if like their father, could not fail of being equally dear to her aunt as to herself.

Leonora Ormsby was now turned of fifteen, her features were not such as might be termed handsome, but they possessed a charm

more powerful than mere beauty, a charm that found its way to every heart, and called forth the warmest affections. Her countenance, which was extremely pleasing from the gentleness and sweetness of its expression, was a faithful index of her pure and delicate mind; and her mild blue eyes, shaded by ringlets of light flaxen hair, which fell in profusion over her fair forehead, betrayed all the tenderness of filial affection, all the charities of female excellence.

Leonora had the misfortune early to lose her mother, but this loss was in part supplied by the paternal care of her father, and the tenderness of his sister, Mrs. Markham, who, being herself a widow and childless, readily undertook the charge of his domestic concerns, and faithfully devoted her time and thoughts to the welfare and happiness of the General and his little girl.

In the village in which they resided, which was about eight miles from town, a lady of

great respectability had established a school purposely for the daughters of gentlemen of large fortune. Her number was limited to twelve, and though their education was in the first style of fashionable accomplishments, yet their morals were the principal subject of her attention and care. Fully competent to undertake the sacred trust of female tuition, both from her religious habits, and easy elegance of manners, Mrs. Rogers was so highly esteemed by the old, and so warmly beloved by the young, that she seldom or ever had a vacancy, and Mrs. Markham, who felt particularly anxious to have her niece under her protection, was placed on her list two years before she had the gratification of seeing her niece become the pupil of this excellent woman.

Leonora soon became the favorite of her governess, and of her schoolfellows; the former loved her with maternal solicitude, while the latter, wondering at the secret power

she had over their wishes and inclinations, nevertheless regarded her with affection, and yielded to her mild and sensible advice, though it frequently interfered with some of their long cherished plans, and darling schemes of school girl mischief.

In the warmth of their feelings they sometimes determined to pursue the bent of their own inclinations, and to gratify the wildness of their mirthful propensities, at the expence of good breeding, and good nature; but an affectionate remonstrance from Leonora, a well timed appeal to their pride, or to their humanity, never failed to convince them that she was their *real friend*, since for their good she fearlessly ran the risk of their displeasure, and of becoming also the object of their ridicule and spleen.

Some of the young ladies were much older than Miss Ormsby, yet even these could not resist the gentle eloquence of her opinions, delivered as they always were in

the voice of kindness and sisterly regard. They yielded to her entreaties, and, blushing at their own inferiority, could not refrain from wondering at the cause which gave the young moralist so much power over them.

- “ Was it the expression, calm and even,
- “ Which tells of blest inhabitants within,
- “ A look as tranquil as the summer Heaven ;
- “ A smile that cannot light the face of sin ;
- “ A sweetness so compos'd that passion's din
- “ Its fair unruffled brow has never mov'd ?
- “ Beauty, not of the features nor the skin,
- “ But of the soul ; and loveliness best prov'd
- “ By one unerring test—no sooner seen than lov'd.”

Whatever might be the cause, it is certain that Miss Ormsby possessed unbounded influence over the minds of her schoolfellows, who loved her with a sincerity of attachment, which made them listen to her counsels, and be guided by her advice.

Leonora, during the vacations, employed

some of her leisure hours in transcribing for the amusement of her schoolfellows, extracts from those books which her aunt gave her permission to read; these she placed in a port folio, and was rewarded for her trouble by the grateful thanks of her young companions.

General Ormsby, who was compelled to take a distinguished part in the campaign, which terminated so gloriously for the honor of his country, had been absent several years, during which time he received the highest consolation which he could derive, while separated from his daughter, in her letters, which gradually unfolded to him the powers of her mind, and the filial tenderness of her heart. The correspondence also of his sister gave him the most delightful assurances of his Leonora's amiable disposition and endearing qualities, and he longed for the moment, when the cessation

of hostilities would enable him to fold to his bosom a justly beloved child.

The long expected hour at length arrived, the most brilliant victory terminated the war, and General Ormsby, though wounded, and seriously indisposed, from the constant and heavy duties of his profession, hastened his return to England, in company with Colonel Freemantle, a brother officer, whose friendship he had gained during his residence with the army. This gentleman was equally anxious to revisit his native land, and to gladden by his presence the hearts of his wife and children.

General Ormsby found his Leonora all that his fancy had pictured her. Her smiles, her caresses, her filial tenderness, rewarded him for all that he had endured during his absence from home, and he resolved not to part with her again, since her presence was now become absolutely necessary to his health and repose.

Leonora, therefore, quitted school at fifteen, accompanied by the tears and regrets of Mrs. Rogers and her pupils, who were almost inconsolable for the loss they should sustain; but Leonora affectionately assured them that she would take every opportunity of calling on Mrs. Rogers, and enquiring after their welfare, which assurance afforded them some relief for the deprivation of her loved society.

General Ormsby was in habits of strict friendship with Colonel Freemantle, and for this reason he felt impatient to become acquainted with his wife and family, as well as anxious to introduce his Leonora to their intimacy. From what he had gathered from the discourse of the Colonel, he expected to meet with two spoiled girls; but they might, nevertheless, be amiable, and possessed of all their father's good qualities; and he was not inclined to find fault with the blind partiality of Mrs. Freemantle for

her children, since her excessive love for them originated from that which she felt for their father, and which was increased by his absence, and the dangers to which he was necessarily exposed by the duties of his profession.

CHAPTER II.

THE morning was clear and beautiful, when the General and his smiling daughter left Ormsby House in an open carriage for town. The fleetness of the horses soon brought them to May Fair, where they were received by the Colonel and Mrs. Freemantle with every demonstration of affection and esteem, while their daughters, Caroline and Isabella, each took a hand of Leonora, and leading her to a couch, placed themselves by her side.

“How glad I am to see you, dear Miss Ormsby,” said Caroline, kissing her cheek.

“ I loved you before I saw you ; for my dear Papa, who used to read all your letters to the General, spoke of you in such warm terms of approbation, that Isabella and I longed to be acquainted with you.”

“ And if you had not come to town this morning,” said Isabella, “ we should have paid you a visit to-morrow ; for Papa and Mamma were anxious to see the General, and to introduce us to his young favorite, as he calls you.”

“ I am greatly obliged to the Colonel for his good opinion,” replied Leonora modestly, “ and will study to deserve it, as well as to secure your friendship and affection.”

“ You possess that already,” said Miss Freemantle. “ I told Mamma that I was certain that I should love you far better than either of my cousins ; and Papa looked so delighted, saying, that nothing would

conduce more to his happiness than seeing us become your friends."

Leonora blushed at her own praise, while her heart warmed towards the children of her father's brave companion in arms. The Colonel's eyes seemed to watch with pleasure the growing intimacy of his daughters, and Mrs. Freemantle spoke and looked so sweetly, that Leonora felt as if she had known her from her childhood, and rejoiced that her father's health had permitted him to pay a visit to a family, every member of which he was disposed to regard with affection.

"My dear General," said the Colonel, "I should have called on you but for the indisposition of Mrs. Freemantle. She has been unwell with a nervous disorder ever since my return, and as I knew how anxiously she wished to be introduced to you and to Miss Ormsby, I was unwilling to enjoy the pleasures of your society without her sharing

them with me. We had, however, fixed on to-morrow for that purpose."

"I shall regret my visit," exclaimed the General, "unless you put your intention in force. Let me persuade you, my dear Madam, to honor me with your company for a week or ten days; the air will be of service to you; my sister, who is one of the best creatures in the world, shall nurse you, Leonora will play and sing to you, and I will do just what you please. Only come for a week, and if at the end of that time you do not say that we all love you as dearly as your own family, why you shall return to town; but if, as I expect and hope, you acknowledge yourself better in health and spirits, and satisfied with our attentions, and our mode of living—why then I shall petition that you and my worthy friend will extend your visit to a much longer time, and thus enable my Leonora to cultivate the good opinion of your lovely daughters, who

I flatter myself seem already disposed to love her."

"You will go, Mamma, will you not?" cried Caroline and her sister in one breath, and flying to where Mrs. Freemantle sat.

The General embraced them with delight. The warmth of their feelings, genuine and uncontroled, was congenial to his own; he loved them for the kindness they had evinced for his Leonora, and for their being the children of the man he valued most in the world.

Mrs. Freemantle kissed the blooming cheeks of her fair daughters, and turning towards their father, enquired if his concerns would admit of her availing herself of the friendly invitation of the General. The Colonel replied in the affirmative, and it was settled that the General and Leonora should remain with them until the next day, when the Colonel and his family would return with them to Ormsby House.

Caroline, and Isabella, now conducted their new friend to the apartments allotted for their use. Every thing was in the utmost disorder, their books and music were scattered on the chairs, or on the floor; on the table lay some unfinished drawings of flowers and landscapes, an Italian grammar, and some French exercises mingled together with their work boxes, and some fine maps of Spain and Portugal. From this scene of confusion, Leonora passed into her bed chamber, which exhibited equal marks of carelessness and extravagance. Here the chairs and window seats were filled with different articles of attire, silk slippers were thrown in every direction about the room, their lace frocks, which they had worn the preceding evening, were cast on the back of a chair, while their toilet was covered with ribbands, bracelets, and chains, the springs of their gold repeaters were broken, and Leonora stooped to pick up from beneath the table a

valuable ring which Miss Freemantle had dropped from her finger the day before.

They apologized to Miss Ormsby for the litter of the apartments; placing it to the account of their maid, who, they told her, was an elderly woman, and had bad health, and as she had lived with their mother before her marriage they did not like to controul her as they would any other servant. Leonora accepted this apology for the disorder of their apartments, but the same excuse would not serve for the carelessness they displayed in the arrangement of those articles which were under their own immediate care, and she could not help fearing that the Miss Freemantles were themselves the primary cause of the want of neatness and order of which they complained.

This was in fact the case. They were the only surviving children out of eight, and consequently they became in a peculiar degree the objects of their parents' fond

adoration. Highly gifted by nature, they soon perceived the unbounded affection with which they were beheld by the authors of their being, and failed not to turn this tenderness to their own advantage. School was objected to by the Colonel and Mrs. Freemantle, for various reasons, and the latter determined to have them educated under her own eye. A governess was procured of first rate abilities, but she shortly resigned her trust, from a conscientious feeling that it would be impossible for her to perform her duties, while her pupils were so immediately under the influence of their parents' doating indulgence.

When the Colonel was ordered abroad, Mrs. Freemantle, in order to rouse her languid spirits, and beguile the heavy hours of separation, resolved to undertake the task of educating her daughters herself. For this laudable purpose, she gave up many of her fashionable acquaintance, frequented but

few public parties, and devoted herself to the instruction and welfare of her children.

Mrs. Freemantle was too fond a mother, and of too yielding a disposition to govern the buoyant and wild spirits of Caroline and Isabella. They loved her tenderly, but they also loved their own ease and habitual indolence of constitution. Day after day passed over, without their studies being seriously thought of. To oblige their mother they practised a short time on the piano, sketched a landscape, or painted a flower on velvet, for some trifling ornament to decorate their chambers. But they had no steadiness, no stability of mind, to avail themselves of the lessons which their mother was fully capable of giving them; they soon grew weary of what compelled them to exert their powers, and by degrees they acquired such an ascendancy over their mother, that they only learnt when they pleased, and what they pleased. Yet, to a superficial

observer, the Miss Freemantles appeared to be what is generally termed accomplished girls, for they knew a *little* of every thing, were extremely good tempered, very handsome, and very affectionate—to those whom they liked, but it was not every body that suited their tastes.

The same indolence which pervaded their actions, affected their dress. They were careless in their attire, and slovenly in their appearance; and, though habited in the first style of fashion, yet their clothes hung about them in so untidy a manner, that they frequently seemed falling off their backs. If they tore their frocks they were either pinned up, or run together with coarse thread, and their drawers were no sooner arranged by their maid, than every thing was restored to its original confusion the moment they went to them.

Their ornaments, which were numerous and expensive, were frequently broken, and

often lost. Their fond mother chided them occasionally for their want of care and want of thought, but they soon made their peace with her, and a kiss reconciled her to their unsteadiness, while she weakly looked forward to a change in their conduct, when age and experience should have taught them the value of misspent time, and misspent fortune.

The return of the Colonel, though looked forward to with hope and delight by their mother, was almost too much for her delicate constitution. The excess of her rapture, the extreme of her gratitude to Providence, who had preserved him unhurt amidst the horrors of war, these, with the joyous feelings of a proud and admiring mother, threw Mrs. Freemantle into a low fever, from which she was slowly recovering when the General and his daughter paid them his introductory visit.

The Colonel had prepared his family to

venerate and esteem the General, and though himself a stranger to Leonora, yet he had conceived so high an opinion of her from the letters shewn him by her father, that he felt authorized to secure to her the love and friendship of Mrs. Freemantle and his daughters; and so warm had been his encomiums, that they loved her, even before they had seen her.

Mrs. Freemantle, in the course of the day, had frequent opportunities of discovering the amiable propensities of Leonora Ormsby, and her own good sense suggested to her that this young lady was the being of all others, to become the friend and companion of her volatile and giddy daughters. She was, therefore, doubly gratified by the invitation of the General, as it would enable the young people to become perfectly acquainted with each other.

In the evening General Ormsby, who wished to shew his friend the amazing pro-

gress Leonora had made in his favorite science, enquired if the Miss Freemantles were fond of music; to which their father replied, that he believed they were as partial to that as to any other accomplishment, but they were sad wild girls, completely spoiled by their mother, who had suffered them to have too much of their own way.

“ However,” said he, looking towards his blushing daughters, “ they are good girls, notwithstanding their over indulgence, and are capable, I believe, of improvement; they are kind hearted and affectionate, and now that I am returned once more to my home, they will, I am sure, to please me, pay more attention to their studies. Come, Caroline, let us hear the song you were singing to your cousin yesterday. You need not fear, my dear child, there is no harsh judging critic here, the General will make every allowance for a spoiled girl.”

Miss Freemantle coloured as she sat

down to the instrument; her fingers ran over the keys in a feeble and imperfect manner, while Leonora kindly endeavoured to encourage her, by saying that her father, who was one of the most considerate and best of men, would readily make every excuse for her timidity in being called on to perform before strangers.

Caroline tried to recover her composure, and at length gained courage to play and sing an easy air with tolerable execution; but it was evident that her knowledge was very confined, nor was that of her sister more extensive. Their voices, however, were pleasing, and the good-natured General encouraged them to prosecute their studies, by his well meant praise of their performance.

Leonora, at the earnest request of Mrs. Freemantle, now took the vacant seat. She felt conscious of her own superior skill, both in the theory and practice of music,

yet she did not exult over the ignorance of her new friends; on the contrary, the sweetness of her disposition led her to feel for their embarrassment, and in proportion as she found her affection for them increase, she generously wished to see them endowed with all those mental perfections, which must render them estimable in the eyes of the world.

“What shall I play, my dear father?” said Miss Ormsby, modestly referring to the judgment of her parent.

The General selected the Portuguese Hymn to the Virgin Mary, and Leonora immediately began to sing the following stanzas in a strain of soft, sweet harmony, that her attentive listeners scarce dared to breathe, lest a note should escape their hearing.

“Star of the wide and pathless sea,

“Who lov’st on mariners to shine,

“Those votive garments wet to thee,

“ We hang within thy holy shrine.

“ When o'er us flush'd the surging brine,

“ Amid the warring waters tost,

“ We call'd no other name but thine,

“ And hop'd, when other hope was lost,

“ Ave Maris Stella!

“ Star of the desert waters wild,

“ Who pitying hear'st the seaman's cry,

“ The God of Mercy, as a child,

“ On that chaste bosom lov'd to lie,

“ While soft the chorus of the sky

“ Their hymns of tender mercy sing,

“ And angel voices name on high,

“ The Mother of the heav'nly King,

“ Ave Maris Stella!

“ Star of the deep, when angel lyres

“ To hymn thy holy name essay,

“ In vain a mortal harp aspires

“ To mingle in the mighty lay!

“ Mother of God! one living ray

“ Of hope our grateful bosoms fires

“ When storms and tempests pass away,

“ To join the bright immortal quires,

“ Ave Maris Stella!”

Colonel and Mrs. Freemantle were en-

chanted by the performance of Leonora, and though inwardly mortified at the want of skill displayed by their own children, yet this did not prevent them from bestowing on their new friend the praises which were so justly due to her talents and persevering attention. Caroline and Isabella were perfectly sensible of their own inferiority, but they were totally free from the baneful effects of envy, and most readily joined in the encomiums which were lavished on Miss Ormsby by their parents.

“ I think, my dear Caroline,” said the Colonel, “ that after listening to the charming performance of Miss Ormsby, you will in future exert all the talent you possess, that you may be enabled to accompany her in some of my favorite duets.”

Caroline blushed, and hung down her head abashed. “ They shall practise together when we return to Ormsby House,” cried the General, good-naturedly wishing

to relieve the awkward feelings of Miss Freemantle. "We will have plenty of music, and of every thing else, that can make us chearful and happy." He then changed the discourse, to the great relief of the young people, who retired to the farthest end of the drawing-room, that they might enjoy undisturbed the pleasures of each other's conversation.

CHAPTER III.

If Leonora was surprized at the disorder and irregularity so visible in the house of Colonel Freemantle, her new friends were equally so, when they beheld the neatness and elegant simplicity which every room displayed in the mansion of General Ormsby. That of the Colonel was furnished with every article of fashionable luxury; the eye became weary with gazing on the glitter of its costly ornaments, its expensive mirrors, and richly painted draperies. All conspired to impress the beholder with an idea of the

wealth and magnificent taste of the owners, while the abode of the General inspired far different feelings.

Mrs. Freemantle and her daughters were not a little amazed at the *plainness* of every thing around them. The former was well acquainted with the ample fortune of the General, and therefore could not avoid wondering that his house should so ill accord with his circumstances. Still she was obliged to acknowledge, that, notwithstanding the simple neatness of the decorations, Ormsby House possessed every comfort, every accommodation, to render life agreeable.

The dress and appearance of Mrs. Markham corresponded with her dwelling. It was elegantly neat, without being fashionably extravagant. The gay good humour of her ever chearful face, the benevolent sweetness of her voice, and her eagerness to oblige and to conciliate those with whom

she associated, soon gained the esteem of the Colonel and Mrs. Freemantle, who felt as perfectly at home in the course of an hour spent at Ormsby House, as if they had resided there for months.

Leonora, after they had taken some refreshment, led her young companions to her chamber. What a contrast it presented to that belonging to the Miss Freemantles! Here every thing was in its proper place. Her books were carefully arranged in a small book-case, placed in a recess between the windows, which were full of her favorite flowers. A goldfinch, a linnet, and two bullfinches, were enjoying the warm rays of the sun, and, though imprisoned in their golden lattice work, they yet sung merrily to welcome the return of their kind and attentive mistress.

The wardrobe of Leonora displayed equal order. Every article had its separate place, not a torn or neglected thing was to

be seen belonging to Miss Ormsby. Her clothes were such as befitted her station, of the best quality, but no tawdry finery, no wanton extravagance, no FOREIGN *manufacture*, met the enquiring gaze of the Miss Freemantles. On her toilet was a handsome dressing-case, a present from her grandfather, the boxes were silver, and the bottles, full of the choicest perfume, which remained untouched, were of fine cut glass. This she exposed to the view of her friends, who admiringly extolled its beauty, and scented with delight the variety of its odours.

“ I never use any thing but lavender water,” said Leonora, “ but you are extremely welcome to as much as you like of them.”

They thanked her, and immediately availed themselves of her kind permission, by sprinkling their handkerchiefs with the delicious perfume.

“ Oh what a beautiful watch !” cried Isabella, “ what fine pearls, and what a lovely little cherub is painted on the back, with his golden hair, and dark blue eyes ! Look, Caroline ! how admirably the basket of fruit is done, which he holds in his hand !”

“ My dear father gave it me, since I left school,” said Miss Ormsby. “ I value it exceedingly, as being his gift.”

“ I dare say you do,” replied Caroline. “ Does it go ? Ours are always out of repair, and Mamma declares that she is almost weary of having them sent to be mended. I verily believe that within this last year I have broken the main spring of mine four times, and Isabella has even been more unfortunate than I.”

“ You wind it up too rapidly,” said Leonora ; “ the movements of a watch are soon injured, unless treated with great care.”

“Mamma tells me the same,” cried Miss Freemantle, “but I always forget to wind up my watch until I am nearly asleep, and then I suppose I turn the key too violently. Last year I entered my teens, and Mamma very indulgently made me a present of a new watch, as a birth-day gift, telling me, at the same time, that I might give my gold repeater to Isabella if I pleased, although, as she was then only eleven years old, she could do very well without one. I however gave it to my sister, who prudently allowed Mamma to keep it for her, which she did until her next birth-day, when Mamma resigned it to her own discretion. But Isabella is a sad careless girl as well as myself.”

“Such a candid confession of a fault, my dear Miss Freemantle,” replied Leonora, “speaks highly for your good-nature. You will be more careful as you grow older, because you will be more sensible of the

value of many things which you at present neglect. Are you fond of poetry?"

"Very fond indeed," exclaimed Caroline, "I love reading dearly, except out of school books, and poetry in particular. A friend of Mamma's writes beautiful verses, which she reads whenever she spends the day at our house, and I could listen to her for ever."

A port folio now attracted the attention of Isabella. "Dear Miss Ormsby," said she, casting a look of enquiring curiosity towards it, "will you have the goodness to shew us some of your drawings?"

"With pleasure, replied Leonora; "but my dear Isabella, that port folio contains other matter than my drawings. When I used to return home for the holidays, one of my employments was to transcribe from different books whatever I thought worthy of preservation. These I selected principally for the entertainment of my school-

fellows, to whom I read them occasionally, when I returned."

"How kind of you," said Caroline, "I dare say that they were much obliged to you. Perhaps you will have the goodness to read some to us. We shall thank you very much?"

"I hope you will not think us troublesome, my dear Miss Ormsby," cried Isabella.

"No, my sweet girl," replied Leonora, kissing her fair cheek affectionately, "I shall be too happy in affording you any gratification that lies within my power."

The sisters embraced their amiable friend, who immediately untied the strings of her "Port folio," and taking from thence a piece of paper, asked if she should read to them a description of a Gnome's Palace.

The delighted girls replied in the affirmative, and seating themselves on each side of Miss Ormsby, passed their arms round her waist, while their eyes were fixed in-

tently on her pleasing countenance, as she read to them the following poem.

THE GNOME'S PALACE.

“ Fashion'd by no mortal hands,
“ Th' imperial Gnome's bright palace stands ;
“ And, casting forth its rainbow rays,
“ Where high the opal portals blaze,
“ Gleams across the glitt'ring plain,
“ Gay centre of her wide domain.
“ There the powers that rule the mine,
“ While rubied wreaths their temples twine,
“ Borne on flaming cars resort,
“ To grace their Queen's imperial court.
“ T'illum the varied, vast profound,
“ Phosphoric splendor reigns around,
“ Casting beams of brightest day
“ Where sun-beam never found its way.
“ There earth within her cavern'd deeps
“ Her richest proudest treasures keeps,
“ And spreads to please her elfin hosts
“ More than her varied surface boasts :
“ For wooded hills and verdant meads,
“ Gay smiling emerald plains she spreads ;
“ And rising far in mountain rows,
“ Bright gold its fretted foliage shews :

“ Expanded sapphire arch’d on high,
“ Affords a still unclouded sky ;
“ While stars of topaz gaily glow,
“ Reflected from the plain below ;
“ And rang’d in many a waving line
“ Translucent crystal columns shine.
“ Here gems that shed eternal day
“ Their ever-changing beams display ;
“ There, purling soft, with gentle tide,
“ Fair streams of living silver glide ;
“ And seas that dash the favour’d isle,
“ With lucid waves for ever smile,
“ And roll around the proud domain,
“ That boasts our virgin Monarch’s reign.”

“ Thank you, thank you,” cried both the Miss Freemantles in a breath. “ How much we are obliged to you, dear Miss Ormsby.”—“ Call me Leonora,” said their young friend in a voice of kindness. “ I dislike the word MISS from the lips of those I love.”

“ And do you indeed love us ?” enquired Caroline. “ Then I am happy, quite happy.”—“ Say that you love us again,

dear Leonora," said Isabella fondly, "for next to Papa and Mamma, we love you."

Miss Ormsby again repeated the pleasing sounds, and again was embraced by the enraptured girls. "To-morrow," said Leonora, "I will read you something else out of my Port folio, but now we will change our dress against the hour of dinner. If the evening is fine, we will walk in the garden; I long to shew you all my favorite shrubs, my green-house, and my bower, where I frequently sit and read to Papa, or work with dear, kind Mrs. Markham."

Leonora now conducted the Miss Freemantles to their apartment, where their maid was waiting to attire them for the evening; she then returned to her own, and in a few minutes was ready to accompany them to the dining parlour, where they were joined by the rest of the family.

CHAPTER IV.

“ I HOPE, my dear Miss Ormsby,” said the Colonel taking her hand, “ that my wild girls have not wearied you with their exuberant spirits. They are so accustomed to do just as they please at home, that I fear they will overpower you with their chit-chat and noise.”

“ We have been very happy, my dear Sir,” replied Miss Ormsby, and her countenance confirmed the assertion. “ Have we not, my dear friends?”

“ Oh Papa! so happy, that I know not when I have been so delighted, so enter-

tained. Miss Ormsby, Leonora I mean, has been reading to us such a beautiful description of a Gnome's Palace, and she was kind enough to promise that she would let us hear more from her "Port folio," said Caroline.

"I am glad, my sweet girls, that you have been amused," replied the General. "Leonora has selected some very pretty things, and I am certain will be glad to make them known to you, or any thing else that can give you pleasure."

"You must shew your young friends round the grounds this evening, my dear niece," said Mrs. Markham. "If they are fond of flowers, they will find an abundance to delight them of various kinds."

Leonora replied, that with her father's permission such was her intention after dinner. The servant now informed them that it was ready, to the great joy of the young people, who longed to take their agreeable

ramble, and to enjoy in perfection the beauties of the country.

The repast concluded, they flew to procure their bonnets, and each sister taking an arm of Leonora, they strolled into the gardens of Ormsby House, which were laid out with great skill, taste, and beauty. Here was to be seen a smooth and verdant lawn, screened on one side by a variety of fine and lofty trees, beneath whose widely expanded foliage blossomed many a beautiful flower, whose fragrance scented the air with a mixture of delicious perfumes.

Leonora led her companions through a serpentine walk, shaded from the warm and scorching rays of the sun by the branches of innumerable shrubs. This was also the favorite retreat of the feathered songsters. Here undisturbed they built their downy nests, and reared their tender young; and here they poured forth their song of gratitude, in many a wild and thrilling note.

At the end of this walk, and facing another of equal beauty, stood the bower of Leonora. It was formed of trellis work, covered with honeysuckle, white jessamine, and the purple clematis, while in front beautiful moss roses grew on each side the entrance, mingling their delicious odours with those of the plants. Here also Leonora had conveyed a few of her choicest green-house flowers, thus adding to the loveliness of the scene.

“ Oh what a sweet place!” exclaimed Isabella. “ What a charming retreat! And shall we sit here, dear Miss Ormsby, while you read to us the contents of your Port folio?”

“ Yes, my dear girl, to-morrow we will bring our work boxes, and the Port folio, and then Caroline shall read, while you and I finish some baby linen, which I am making for a poor woman in our village,

who is left a widow with seven young children."

"Poor creature!" said Miss Freemantle feelingly. "With your permission I had rather help you to work for her babies, if you will have the goodness to read to us."

"As you please, my dear Caroline, and if you have no objection, we will take a walk to her cottage when we have finished them. Although she is very poor, yet she is perfectly clean and tidy, and her little dwelling is the picture of neatness and of industry."

"We shall be happy to accompany you," said Caroline, "and to assist you in your charitable amusements. But are you really fond of needle-work? for my part, I like it well enough for about half an hour, and then I grow weary of sitting still. But I shall never grow weary of sitting to hear you read."

“ Nor I neither,” cried Isabella gaily ; I am not a very capital work-woman, but I will do my best for the poor woman.”

Miss Ormsby kissed her new friends with increased affection, since they were so ready to assist her for the good of a poor person, who was a total stranger to them. This evinced more than any thing the innate goodness of their hearts, which still remained unspoiled by the excessive indulgence of their doating mother.

She now conducted them over the extensive grounds belonging to her father, and was much gratified by the pleasure they seemed to feel in surveying the beauties of nature. They examined the fine productions of the hot-house, enquired the names of the different plants, all of which were known to Leonora, who had studied botany under her amiable governess, for a short time, but had discontinued it by the desire

of her father, who thought that she was too young to enter into the science. Leonora was, however, enabled to satisfy the curiosity of her companions, as she had carefully gathered from the head gardener, who had the care of the hot-house and greenhouse, the names of the various flowers which they contained.

On one side of the hot-house was trained a beautiful Passion flower, which soon became the object of the sisters' admiration. Leonora enquired if they had ever read a description of that curious flower, and on their replying in the negative, "then," said she, "I believe I have one in my pocket-book, which I copied out the other day, and which I will read to you."

THE PASSION FLOWER.

"This flower cannot be esteemed less than a miracle, since God has thought pro-

per to describe on it the principal emblems of the death and passion of our Saviour. The leaves are pointed like a crown of thorns; the whiteness of the leaves represents the innocence of Christ; the red strings are emblems of his being scourged; and the little column, in the middle of the flower, is thought by divines to be the figure of the pillar to which our Saviour was bound: another part represents the sponge; and the stamina, growing over the pillar, remind us of the three nails with which he was nailed to the cross; and, in a word, the pointed leaves raise a perfect idea of the spear with which his sacred side was pierced."

"How wonderful! how strange!" exclaimed Caroline, reviewing the flower with mingled sensations of awe and reverence. "I shall never look on the Passion flower without feeling for it the highest veneration."

Leonora gave to each of the Miss Freemantles one of these sacred flowers, and fearing lest the damp of the evening might injure the health of her friends, she reconducted them to the house, where they failed not to repeat to their parents the description of the Passion flower, which had filled them with so much wonder and amaze.

“ I think, Leonora,” said the General, that you copied out at the same time, the description of the *Dermestis Violaceus*, or Violet Beetle; if so, read it to us, for that also is one of the wonders of nature.”

Leonora cheerfully referred to her pocket-book, where she quickly found the following account of the Violet Beetle, which she read to the attentive guests of her beloved father.

DERMESTIS VIOLACEUS, or *VIOLET
BEETLE.*

“ This insect is exceedingly beautiful,

and is much smaller than, though nearly resembling, the Stag Beetle. The elytra are of a deep violet; the thorax, or breast, is covered with green hairs, and the legs are black. The whole creature, glittering with its brilliancy, charms the observer. The larva and the perfect insect being found in dead bodies, evince that the Creator has power to produce the most beautiful effects from the most disagreeable of mediums. Man is not able to imitate the splendour of this insect, which is produced by the Almighty from a dead and putrid body."

"Thank you, my dear Miss Ormsby," said Mrs. Freemantle when Leonora had concluded. "It is the first time that I have ever heard either the description of the Passion flower, or the Violet Beetle. They are both very curious and worthy of preservation. I wish Caroline would follow your example, and transcribe, as you have done,

whatever she may deem worthy of remembrance.

“Have you any thing more that you could entertain us with,” enquired Colonel Freemantle.

“Not any thing that will be new to you, Sir,” replied Leonora; “but perhaps my dear Caroline and Isabella may not have heard of the Pea Crab, which is frequently found in the muscle.”

On their answering in the negative, Leonora immediately read as follows.

The *MYTILUS EDULIS*, or eatable muscle, is found in many parts of the island shores. On opening it, there is generally discovered a small crab, called *Pisum*, or pea crab, who seems to be the voluntary inhabitant of this bivalve. The ancients fancifully imagined, that this minute insect was purposely placed in the shell of the muscle, and other fish of the same class,

to assist by its sagacity the stupidity of its host, in acquiring food and avoiding danger. When the friendly pair feel inclined to eat, the muscle opens its shells, and permits the little lodger to travel forth in quest of provender. As soon as he has procured a supply, he returns to the sluggish muscle, enters the shell, and divides the plunder with him. But should he, on going out, perceive any of the polypus race, (the sworn enemy of the mytilus tribe) in the neighbourhood, he instantly hurries to his testaceous house, communicates the alarm, and all danger is immediately prevented by the muscle firmly closing his impenetrable shell.

There is another, and a larger species of this insect, called the Bernard, or hermit crab, which inhabits the mouth or opening of shells. As the hinder parts of the hermit's body are tender and naked, unpro-

tected by that shelly covering which its testaceous brethren possess, perpetual injuries would happen to it, had not nature provided it with a foresight which serves to guard it from external accident. Taught by this, the hermit crab seeks for the mossy cavity of some forsaken whelk, into which it riggles itself, and there continues till its increased size obliges it to look out for a habitation of greater dimensions. It then leaves its temporary protector, and traverses the coast with patient assiduity in search of another abode, to which when found it attaches itself as to the former one, by means of a strong hook placed at the extremity of its tail. So kindly has Providence bestowed, even on the most minute and contemptible animals, the means of comfort and self-preservation."

Miss Ormsby again received the thanks of her father's guests for her readiness to

amuse them. Tea was now ordered by Mrs. Markham, and when that was concluded, the young people by the desire of the General sat down at the piano, to entertain him by a display of their musical talents.

CHAPTER V.

THE next morning after the breakfast things were removed, Caroline and Isabella, impatient to get another sight of the "Port folio," followed Miss Ormsby to her chamber.

"Now, dear Leonora," cried Caroline, "we are ready to work as long, and as much as you please, if you will but have the goodness to read to us some of your extracts."

Miss Ormsby was not long in sorting

out the articles which were a part of what she intended to present to the poor widow, and giving them to her impatient companions, she took from a cabinet the much wished for treasure, and then conducted them to her fragrant bower, where seating herself between them she opened her Port folio, and began to examine its contents.

“I hope you will not be offended,” said Isabella in a timid voice, “but, dear Leonora, I should so like to hear some fairy tale, if you have one.”

“So should I,” exclaimed Caroline eagerly, “I dearly love every thing which relates to the marvellous.”

“I believe, then, my dear girls, that I can gratify your tastes,” replied Leonora kindly. “There is an anecdote, which will give you some idea of the people who inhabit the Tonga Islands. I hope it will afford you as much pleasure, as I felt in transcribing it.”

“ In former times there lived a tooi (governor) of Vavaoo, who exercised a very tyrannical deportment towards his people ; at length, when it was no longer to be borne, a certain chief meditated a plan of insurrection, and was resolved to free his countrymen from such odious slavery, or to be sacrificed himself in the attempt: being however treacherously deceived by one of his own party, the tyrant became acquainted with his plan, and immediately had him arrested. He was condemned to be taken out to sea and drowned, and all his family and relations were ordered to be massacred, that none of his race might remain. One of his daughters, a beautiful girl, young and interesting, had been reserved to be the wife of a chief of considerable rank, and she too would have sunk, the victim of the merciless destroyer, had it not been for the generous exertions of another young chief,

who a short time before had discovered the Hoonga. This discovery he had kept within his breast a profound secret, reserving it as a place of retreat for himself, in case he should be unsuccessful in a plan of revolt which he also had in view.

“ He had long been enamoured of this beautiful young maiden, but had never dared to make her acquainted with the soft emotions of his heart, knowing that she was betrothed to a chief of higher rank and greater power. But now the dreadful moment arrived when she was about to be cruelly sacrificed to the rancour of a man, to whom he was a most deadly enemy. No time was to be lost, he flew to her abode, communicated in a few short words the decree of the tyrant, declared himself her deliverer if she would trust to his honor, and, with eyes speaking the most tender affections, he waited with breathless ex-

pectation for an answer. Soon her consenting hand was clasped in his: the shades of evening favoured their escape, whilst the wood, the covert, or the grove, afforded her concealment, till her friend had brought a small canoe to a lonely part of the beach. In this they speedily embarked, and as he paddled her across the smooth wave, he related his discovery of the cavern destined to be her asylum till an opportunity offered of conveying her to the Fiji Islands. She, who had entrusted her personal safety entirely to his care, hesitated not to consent to whatever plan he might think promotive of their ultimate escape; her heart being full of gratitude, love and confidence found an easy access. They soon arrived at the rock, he leaped into the water, and she, instructed by him, followed close after. They rose into the cavern, and rested from their fears and their fatigue, partaking of

some refreshment which he had brought there for himself, little thinking, at the time, of the happiness that was in store for him. Early in the morning he returned to Vavaoo to avoid suspicion; but did not fail, in the course of the day, to repair again to the place which held all that was dear to him: he brought her mats to lie on, the finest gnattoo for a change of dress, the best of food for her support, sandal wood, oil, cocoa nuts, and every thing he could think of to render her life as comfortable as possible. He gave her as much of his company as prudence would allow, and at the most appropriate times, lest the prying eye of curiosity should find out his retreat. He pleaded his passion with the most delicate eloquence, half of which would have been sufficient to have won her affections, for she owed her life to his prompt and generous exertions, at the risk of his own:

and how was he delighted when he heard the confession from her own lips, that she had long regarded him with a favorable eye, but a sense of duty had caused her to smother the growing fondness, till the late sad misfortune of her family, and the circumstances attending her escape, had revived all her latent affections, to bestow them wholly upon a man to whom they were so justly due. How happy were they in this solitary retreat! tyrannic power now no longer reached them: shut out from the world and all its cares and perplexities;—secure from all the eventful changes attending upon greatness, cruelty, and ambition,—themselves were the only powers they served, and they were infinitely delighted with this simple form of government. But although this asylum was their great security in their happiest moments, they could not always enjoy each other's company; it

was equally necessary to their safety that he should be often absent from her, and frequently for a length of time together, lest his conduct should be watched. The young chief therefore panted for an opportunity to convey her to happier scenes, where his ardent imagination pictured to him the means of procuring for her every enjoyment and comfort, which her amiable qualifications so well entitled her to: nor was it a great while before, an opportunity offering, he devised the means of restoring her with safety to the chearful light of day. He signified to his inferior chiefs and mata-booles, that it was his intention to go to the Fiji islands, and he wished them to accompany him with their wives and female attendants, but he desired them on no account to mention to the latter the place of their destination, lest they should inadvertently betray their intention, and the go-

verning chief prevent their departure. A large canoe was soon got ready, and every necessary preparation made for their voyage.

As they were on the point of their departure, they asked him if he would not take a Tonga wife with him. He replied, no! but he should probably find one by the way: this they thought a joke, but in obedience to his orders they said no more, and, every body being on board, they put to sea. As they approached the shores of Hoonga, he directed them to steer to such a point, and having approached close to a rock, according to his orders, he got up, and desired them to wait there while he went into the sea to fetch his wife; and without staying to be asked any questions, he sprang into the water from that side of the canoe farthest from the rock, swam under the canoe, and proceeded forward into the sanctuary which had so well con-

cealed his greatest and dearest treasure. Every body on board was greatly surprized at this strange conduct, and began to think him insane: and after a little lapse of time not seeing him come up, they were greatly alarmed for his safety, imagining a shark must have seized him. Whilst they were all in the greatest concern, debating what was best to be done, whether they ought to dive down after him, or wait according to his orders, for that perhaps he had only swam round and was come up in some niche of the rock, intending to surprize them,—their wonder was increased beyond all powers of expression, when they saw him rise to the surface of the water, and come into the canoe with a beautiful female. At first they mistook her for a goddess, and their astonishment was not lessened when they recognized her countenance, and found her to be a person, who

they had no doubt was killed in the general massacre of her family: and this they thought must be her apparition. But how agreeably was their wonder softened down into the most interesting feelings, when the young chief related to them the discovery of the cavern and the whole circumstance of her escape. They arrived safe at one of the Fiji islands, and resided with a certain chief for two years: at the end of which time, hearing of the death of the tyrant of Vavaoo, the young chief returned with his wife to the last mentioned island, and lived long in peace and happiness."

When Leonora had concluded, she received the thanks of her attentive listeners, who were highly delighted by the generous conduct of the young chief, who had risked so much to preserve the life of an innocent and amiable girl. They were now interrupted by one of the servants, who came to

inform Miss Ormsby that his master wished to speak to her; the young ladies, therefore, folded up their work and hastened to the drawing-room, where Leonora was agreeably surprized by the presence of Mrs. Rogers, and two of her pupils, who were the daughters of Lord Berwick.

Mrs. Rogers had called to invite Miss Ormsby and her young friends to a dance, which she intended to give her pupils the next evening, as a reward for their good conduct; and as she knew that Leonora was particularly fond of dancing, she wished her to partake of her favorite amusement. Mrs. Rogers was one of those delightful characters that create an immediate interest in all who behold them, and so highly was this interest felt by Colonel and Mrs. Freemantle, that they gladly consented to accompany the General and the young people the next evening to the house

of Mrs. Rogers, who on her part was equally pleased with the affability and rival attentions which she received from the guests of General Ormsby.

CHAPTER VI.

ALTHOUGH the youthful minds of Caroline and Isabella were full of the anticipated pleasure which they expected to receive at the ball, yet they did not forget either the poor widow and her children, or the delightful contents of the Port folio. Accordingly the next morning, after some of the necessary preparations were made, they offered to finish the work they had began the preceding day, that the poor woman might not suffer any deprivation on their

account; and Leonora, ever willing to oblige, as well as charmed by their genuine goodness of heart, agreed to their wishes, saying that she would read to them while they were thus charitably employed.

“ Shall we have a poem this morning, my dear Caroline?” said Miss Ormsby.

“ Yes, if you please,” replied Caroline, “ I love poetry dearly, and you read it so well that it is music to hear you.”

Leonora smiled at this compliment, which affection had induced Caroline to pay to her style of reading. In fact she read better than most girls of her age, her voice was uncommonly sweet, her taste pure, and her ear critically nice; Mrs. Rogers had, therefore taken every pains to improve these advantages of nature, and Leonora was a credit to her teacher. The following poem she had copied expressly for one of her schoolfellows, a girl of large

fortune, but whose humanity was the offspring of *example*. She gave, because others did so, and because she would have felt her *pride* wounded had any one supposed that she was less willing to part with her money than they were; but her voice and manner too strongly resembled those of the PRINCESS, to pour the balm of comfort and consolation on the bosom of the afflicted. To this young lady, Leonora read the following poem, and she had the satisfaction of seeing that it produced in some measure the effect she wished.

THE PRINCESS AND THE SLAVE.

“ Where fragrant breezes sigh’d thro’ orange bowers,
“ And springing fountains cool’d the air with showers,
“ From pomp retir’d, and noon-tide’s burning ray,
“ The fair, the royal Nouronihar lay.
“ The cups of roses, newly cropp’d, were spread
“ Her lovely limbs beneath, and o’er her head

“ Imprison'd nightingales attun'd their throats,
“ And lull'd the Princess with melodious notes.
“ Here roll'd a lucid stream, its gentle wave
“ With scarce heard murmur ; while a Georgian slave
“ Plac'd near the couch with feathers in her hand,
“ The lady's panting breast in silence fann'd,
“ And chas'd the insects who presumed to seek
“ Their banquet on the beauty's glowing cheek.
“ This slave, a mild and simple maid was she,
“ Of common form, and born of low degree,
“ Whose only charms were smiles, devoid of art,
“ Whose only wealth, a gentle feeling heart.

“ While thus within her secret lov'd retreat,
“ Half sleeping, half awake, oppress'd with heat,
“ The Princess slumber'd ; near her, shrill, yet faint,
“ Rose the sad tones of suppliant sorrow's plaint.
“ She starts, and angry gazes round : when lo !
“ A wretched female, bent with age and woe,
“ Drags her unsteady feet, the arbour nigh,
“ While every step is number'd with a sigh.
“ Meagre and wan her form, her cheek is pale,
“ Her tatter'd garments scarce her limbs can veil ;
“ Yet still, thro' want and grief, her air betrays
“ Grandeur's remains, and gleams of better days.
“ Soon as to Nouronihar's couch she came,

“ Low on the ground her weak and trembling frame
“ Exhausted sank ; and then, with gasping breast;
“ She thus in plaintive tones the fair address'd :—

“ If e'er compassion's tear your cheek could stain,
“ If e'er you languish'd in disease and pain,
“ If e'er you sympathiz'd with age's groan,
“ Hear, noble lady, hear a suppliant's moan !
“ Broken by days of want, and nights of tears,
“ By sickness wasted, and oppress'd by years,
“ Beneath our sacred Mithra's scorching fire
“ I sink enfeebled, and with thirst expire.
“ Yon stream is near : oh ! list a sufferer's cry,
“ And reach one draught of water, lest I die !”

“ What means this bold intrusion ?” cried the fair,
“ With peevish tone, and discontented air :
“ What daring voice, with wearying plaint, infests
“ The sacred grove where Persia's Princess rests !
“ Beggar be gone, and let these clamours cease !
“ This buys at once your absence, and my peace,”

“ Thus said the Princess, and indignant frown'd
“ Then cast her precious bracelet on the ground,
“ And turn'd again to sleep, With joyless eye
“ The fainting stranger saw the jewel lie :

“ When lo! kind Selima (the Georgian’s name)
“ Softly with water from the fountain came ;
“ And while, with gentle grace, she gave the bowl,
“ Thus sweetly sad her feeling accents stole.
“ —“ Humble and poor, I nothing can bestow,
“ Except these tears of pity for your woe :
“ ’Tis all I have, but yet that all receive
“ From one who fain your sorrows would relieve ;
“ From one who weeps to view such mournful scenes,
“ And would give more, but that her hand lacks means.
“ Drink, mother! drink! the wave is cool and clear,
“ But drink in silence, lest the Princess hear!”

“ Scarce are these words pronounc’d, when, bless’d
surprize,

“ The stranger’s age-bow’d figure swells its size!
“ No more the stamp of years deforms her face ;
“ Her tatter’d shreds to sparkling robes give place ;
“ Her breath perfumes the air, with odours sweet ;
“ Fresh roses spring wherever tread her feet,
“ And from her eyes, where reign delight and love,
“ Unusual splendor glitters through the grove !
“ Her silver wand, her form of heavenly mould,
“ Her white and shining robes, her wings of gold,
“ Her port majestic, and superior height,
“ Announce a daughter of the world of light!

“ The Princess, whom her slave’s delighted cries
“ Compell’d once more to ope her sleep-bound eyes,
“ With wonder mix’d with awe the scene survey’d,
“ While thus the Peri chear’d the captive maid.
“ Look up, sweet girl, and cast all fears aside !
“ I seek my darling son’s predestin’d bride,
“ And here I find her : here are found alone,
“ Feelings as kind, as gracious as his own.
“ For you, fair Princess, in whose eyes of blue,
“ The strife of envy, shame, and grief, I view,
“ Observe, and profit by this scene ! you gave,
“ But oh ! how far less nobly than your slave !
“ Your bitter speech, proud glance, and peevish tone,
“ Too plain declar’d, your gift was meant alone
“ Your own repose and silence to secure,
“ And hush the beggar, not relieve the poor !
“ Oh ! royal lady, let this lesson prove,
“ Smiles, more than presents, win a suppliant’s love ;
“ And when your mandates rule some distant land,
“ Where all expect their blessings from your hand,
“ Remember, with ill-will and frowns bestow’d,
“ Favours offend, and gifts become a load !”
“ She ceas’d, and touching with her silver wand
“ Her destin’d daughter, straight two wings expand
“ Their purple plumes, and wave o’er either arm ;
“ Next to her person spreads the powerful charm ;

“ And soon th’ enraptur’d, wondering maid combin’d
“ A faultless person with a faultless mind.
“ Then, while with joy divine their hearts beat high,
“ Swift as the lightning of a jealous eye
“ The Peries spread their wings, and soar away
“ To the bless’d regions of eternal day.

“ Stung with regret, the Princess saw too plain,
“ Lost by her fault what tears could ne’er regain!
“ Long on the tablets of her humbled breast
“ The Peri’s parting words remain’d impress’d.
“ E’er when her hand Golconda’s sceptre sway’d,
“ And subject realms her mild behests obey’d,
“ The just reproof her conscious ear still heard ;
“ Still she remember’d, with ill grace conferr’d,
“ Crowns to a feeling mind less joy impart,
“ Than trifles offer’d with a willing heart.”

“ Oh! what a sweet poem,” cried Isabella, “ and what a charming character is that of Selima! How glad I am that her virtues met with their just reward! I dare say the Princess did not easily forget either the reproof of the Peri, or the fatal consequence of her own selfish behaviour.”

“She was justly served,” said Caroline warmly. I should have been sadly disappointed if she had not been punished for her want of common humanity. Of what use was the jewel to one, who, fainting from heat and fatigue, only craved a draught of water to revive her drooping frame. The gift of the Princess was more an insult than any thing else; was it not, my dear Leonora?”

“Certainly, my dear Caroline; but there are, I fear, but too many who give from feelings similar to those which actuated the fair Princess of Persia. Not so my dear aunt Markham; she not only listens with unwearied attention to the tale of misfortune, but to the utmost of her power relieves the sufferer, and always requests that her name may be kept secret. She has her regular list of pensioners, whom she visits; but her charities are not confined to our

village, they are extended to all those whose miseries have a claim to her compassion, and I am perfectly sensible that she debars herself of many little luxuries, that she may have the more to bestow on the unfortunate."

"Excellent creature!" exclaimed Miss Freemantle; "no wonder, my dear Leonora, that you should love her so dearly. But we have still half an hour before dinner, can you find any little thing to read to us while I run the tape into the frocks?"

Leonora looked over her papers, and at length came to an account of the Death's Head, or hawk-moth, with which, as her young companions expressed a desire to hear a description of it, she instantly gratified their praise-worthy curiosity.

"The Atropos is a species of sphinx, with yellow posterior wings, fasciated with brown, and yellow abdomen with black

wings. Varieties of this species, differing in size, colour, and some peculiarities of the marks on the anterior wings, are found in Egypt, India, the Cape of Good Hope, America and Europe. It is the largest of the European insects of the lepidopterous tribe, and is certainly a beautiful creature. In England this kind is rare, and is called the death's head hawk-moth, from certain characteristic and very singular marks on the thorax, by which the figure of a human skull is strongly depicted. These insects for this reason have generally been regarded as an ominous presage of some approaching calamity by the peasantry, in most countries where they have appeared by chance; and Linnæus has himself named it after one of the three Fates of the heathen mythology."

"I should like extremely to see one of those insects," said Caroline, "and yet I

think they must have rather a terrific appearance from the figure of a human skull being depicted on them."

"Pray is not the thorax, the chest?" enquired Isabella. "I believe Mamma told me that it was."

"Yes, my love," replied Miss Ormsby, "it is. To-morrow I will read you an account of the Mole Cricket, but now we will prepare for dinner."

"And to-morrow we shall accompany you to the poor widow's cottage, shall we not?" said Miss Freemantle. "All the things are now finished, I believe."

Leonora replied that such was her intention, and that with her father's permission she meant to walk there the next morning, as she wished her to have the clothes, which they had so kindly assisted to make, as soon as possible.

Already had the example of Miss Ormsby

produced some effect on the ductile minds of her new friends. They loved her with all their heart and soul, and felt anxious to be beloved by her in return. Instead of lying in bed until nine or ten o'clock, as they were used to do in town, they now rose at the same hour as Leonora, and either walked with her before breakfast, or practised their music. They were also more attentive to their dress, which was now always as near alike as possible to that of Miss Ormsby's. In short, every thing belonging to them betrayed a change which gave infinite delight to their fond parents, as well as to the friend for whose good opinion and love they endeavoured to lay aside all their bad habits.

As soon as they knew that they were to accompany Leonora to the ball, the sisters enquired what would be the dress of their favorite, that they might arrange their own

like hers, and though much attached to their blossom coloured slips, they cheerfully relinquished them for white, which was what Leonora wore under her lace frock. In compliment to her they also put on necklace and bracelets of pearls, as the General thought that his daughter was yet too young to wear the jewels which belonged to her deceased mother, and Leonora herself gave the preference to pearls, of which she had a very fine set. Some of them had belonged to her mother, and some had been bought for her by her father.

Mrs. Rogers received her visitors with all the ease and politeness of a well bred woman; and if the Colonel and Mrs. Freemantle were charmed by the first view of this amiable being, they were still more so, when they saw her surrounded by her pupils, who evidently looked up to her as to a parent whom they loved and revered.

It was now that the Miss Freemantles beheld the universal esteem with which Leonora was treated by her schoolfellows. They all flocked round her, anxious to testify their pleasure at her presence, and to impart to her several circumstances that had occurred since their separation. Some of them enquired eagerly whether the Miss Freemantles were intended to become their companions, and seemed disappointed upon Leonora's replying in the negative; while, as if to allure them, others described to the sisters the various amusements of their leisure hours, the indulgence of their governess, and the harmony and affection which reigned within their little circle.

Mrs. Rogers had invited all the neighbouring families, some of whose daughters had formerly been her pupils; she had likewise procured a good band of music, and the floor of her ball-room, which was very

handsomely lighted up, was tastefully chalked out in festoons of flowers by the two Miss Berwicks. A room was also appropriated for refreshments, and the dancing-master, who was one of the first of his profession, attended, that nothing might be wanting to shew off to advantage the skill and grace of his pupils. As most of the young ladies had brothers, they accompanied their parents at the desire of Mrs. Rogers, who never appeared so truly happy as upon these occasions, when she saw herself surrounded by the relations and friends of her scholars, and read in their smiling, satisfied countenances, their entire approbation of her conduct towards them. The dancing commenced at nine, and was kept up with great spirit until twelve, when Mrs. Rogers signified her wish that they should retire to another chamber, and partake of a light supper which had been got ready for them.

Nothing could more strongly prove their affection for their governess, than the readiness with which they obeyed her desires, although, had they followed the bent of their own inclinations, they would all have preferred continuing the dance.

Colonel and Mrs. Freemantle were so perfectly charmed with every thing that they saw and heard during their stay at Mrs. Rogers's, that they determined upon placing their daughters under her care, if she would consent to undertake the charge of two spoiled girls. They accordingly imparted to the General, the next morning at breakfast, their wishes, which met with his entire approbation; nor did either Caroline or Isabella raise one objection to this sudden proposal of their parents. The flattering description given to them by the young ladies, joined to the affectionate manners of Mrs. Rogers towards her pupils, had made

a deep impression on their minds; they longed to participate in the amusements which had been pourtrayed to them, and to partake of her maternal kindness; but the chief object of allurements, was the certainty of being near to their beloved Leonora, and of seeing her frequently, as the General promised to send for them every Sunday after church time. The only obstacle which appeared to damp their hopes, was the difficulty of being admitted on the establishment.

The carriage of the Colonel was ordered to convey him and Mrs. Freemantle to the house of Mrs. Rogers, that they might make an immediate application to that lady; their daughters, however, declined accompanying them, as they preferred attending Leonora and her aunt to the poor widow's cottage.

CHAPTER VII.

“AND so, my sweet girls,” said Mrs. Markham, smiling benevolently on the lovely sisters, “you have chosen to visit with me and Leonora the abode of virtuous poverty, instead of following your parents to that of gaiety and independence. My niece tells me that you have also assisted her considerably in making up some linen which she has bought for the children out of her own pocket money. Has she told you the story of Mrs. Dixon’s misfortunes?”

“ No, Madam, replied Caroline, “ and we have been so highly entertained by the contents of Leonora’s Port folio, that we forgot to enquire into them, although we were both anxious to get done the clothes, lest the poor woman should want them.”

“ You are good girls, and worthy to be the chosen friends of my Leonora,” said Mrs. Markham, kissing alternately the blooming cheeks of Caroline and Isabella. We will now proceed on our morning walk, and if you have no objection, I will repeat to you the heavy calamity which has occasioned poor Mrs. Dixon to become an object of charity.”

Upon the Miss Freemantles’ replying, that they should esteem such a communication a great favour from Mrs. Markham, that lady immediately began.

“ The poor woman in whose welfare we all take so warm an interest, resided with

her husband in the next town, until within the last two months. They kept a small grocer's shop, and were doing pretty well, although the weak state of Dixon's health threw the chief of the business upon his wife. They had retired to bed one night earlier than usual; Dixon had been extremely unwell all day, and had taken laudanum to allay the force of a distracting head-ache. His wife, worn out with fatigue and want of rest, had just lulled her youngest infant to sleep, and had herself fallen into a heavy slumber, when she was aroused by the dreadful cry of fire. She started up, the room was full of smoke, the cries of her children, who were in the next chamber, awakened her to a sense of their danger. In vain she called upon her husband to follow her; she shook him violently, but still he slept. Again the screams of her children were heard; they

called upon their mother's name. She rushed into the passage with her infant in her arms; the flames were ascending the stairs, and the increasing smoke nearly suffocated her. Bursting into the room which contained her children, she found them enveloped in smoke; scarcely could she discern their beloved features, as they clung round her, terrified and trembling at their situation. She flung open the windows; her distracted cries soon brought some people to her assistance, and by the help of a ladder all the children were taken down in safety. The agitated mother was on the point of descending, when recollecting her husband, she in spite of every friendly remonstrance returned, and rushing through the flames, which by this time had gained the landing-place, she succeeded in rousing him from his deep sleep, just as the

floor of the children's room fell in with a terrible crash."

"Poor, poor woman!" said both the Miss Freemantles, at the same time bursting into tears.

"With difficulty," continued Mrs. Markham, "was the life of Dixon preserved. Terror took from him all power of exertion, and had not his wife dragged him to the window, and assisted in placing him on the ladder, which was now fixed to receive him, he must have perished in the flames, as did the whole of their little property. Not a thing was saved, not even their clothes; and they were indebted to the kindness of their neighbours for the necessary articles to cover them."

"How dreadful!" exclaimed Caroline, "to be reduced in one night to actual poverty. I hope, my dear Madam, that they found friends in their distress?"

“ Yes, my sweet girl, they found friends for the moment, but their neighbours were not rich enough to be of any essential service to them. Poor Dixon never recovered from the effects of his alarm, and he died in six weeks after the destruction of his property, leaving his wife with seven children, the eldest of whom is not yet nine years old, and the youngest was then only three months old. Unable to support her family in the decent comfort to which they had been accustomed, and broken in health and in spirits, Mrs. Dixon quitted ———, where she had lived several years, and took a small cottage in our village, bringing with her all her family, and a few articles of furniture, which the humanity of her neighbours had got together as a parting present. She had not been here more than three days when I fortunately passed her door, and, struck by the appearance of

herself and children, I made some trifling excuse to enter her cottage, and soon learnt from herself the sad story of her misfortunes."

"Oh, thank God that you saw her!" cried Isabella fervently; "I dare say, poor creature, that she prays for you night and day, for she must look upon you and Leonora as her guardian angels."

Mrs. Markham smiled benevolently upon Isabella. "We have done our best to console her under her afflictions, my love," said she. "She is a good woman, and has taught her little ones to look up to God as their Father and Protector, and has endeavoured to make them all useful in some way or other. The General has taken for her a more comfortable habitation, to which in a few days she will remove. We have all contributed towards furnishing it in a plain, decent manner, and Leonora and

I have been busily engaged in making up clothes for the children, in which you have kindly assisted us. It is our wish that Mrs. Dixon should open a school for the village children, as she is fully capable of giving them a good plain education; this, and taking in needle-work, will enable her to bring up her own children, and if they prove as deserving as they now promise to do, they shall not want either encouragement or assistance towards their earning a respectable livelihood."

They now entered a small cottage, in which Mrs. Dixon was sitting, surrounded by her little family. Three of the girls were working, the eldest boy was reading to his mother, the second was learning to spell, and the youngest was rocking the cradle, in which lay his infant sister. Young as the Miss Freemantles were, they could not help feeling a more than common in-

terest in the scene before them, while the warm gratitude of Mrs. Dixon and her children, which could not be restrained on beholding Mrs. Markham and her niece, made a deep and lasting impression on their minds.

They kissed alternately the clean and rosy cheeks of the fatherless children, put into each infant hand a generous token of their kind-hearted benevolence, and then trod softly towards the cradle of the slumbering babe, who waking smiled upon the admiring girls, as they hung over its humble bed with looks of affectionate regard.

Caroline venturing to raise it from its recumbent posture, the good-tempered baby stretched out its little arms, and Miss Freemantle, half afraid, yet longing to take it up, enquired of its mother if she might have the baby. No sooner was the word of grateful assent given, than Caroline press-

ed to her bosom the laughing infant, and seating herself upon a deal box which stood near the cradle, she began to examine more attentively the innocent features of her little nursling.

Its fair skin, silken hair, and bright blue eyes, its fat dimpled hands and long taper fingers, its small mouth and pretty rosy lips, but above all, the smiling happy expression of its features, won upon the charmed heart of Caroline, while Isabella seemed equally delighted with a lovely boy, who, seated on her lap, was trying to lisp out her name and that of Leonora.

Caroline asked Mrs. Dixon if the babe was christened yet?

“No, Miss,” replied the widow, sighing deeply; “poor Dixon and I had meant to have her christened, but the sad calamity which so soon befel us after her birth, and his recent death, has prevented my little

girl from being even baptized. But now, with the blessing of God, and the kindness of these dear ladies, I hope soon to have my poor infant become a Christian."

"Then you have not even named her?"

"No, Miss. We always call her the baby, and a good-tempered little creature she is, thank God; for had she been cross and peevish, I believe she would have killed me."

Caroline looked unusually thoughtful for a few minutes; her features soon, however, brightened, and she caressed the sweet child with redoubled tenderness, resigning it with reluctance to the arms of its mother, while the infant, pleased perhaps by the handsome countenance and gentle voice of its new nurse, seemed to quit her with equal unwillingness.

During their walk home, the baby was the chief theme of Caroline's conversation.

“ I have taken such a fancy,” said she, “ to that little blue eyed girl, that if Papa and Mamma should refuse to indulge me in my wish, I shall be seriously unhappy.”

“ I am sure, Caroline,” cried her sister, “ that you have no reason to doubt Papa and Mamma’s indulgence. They will never refuse you any thing in which your happiness is concerned.”

“ Certainly not, my love, unless by yielding to any wish of your sister, her future happiness might be endangered. Her youth and inexperience may lead her to form many a wish which their maturer knowledge may deem improper: in that case I feel confident that neither of you would repine at the disappointment of your wishes, since both of you are well convinced, that to gratify all your reasonable desires has ever been the custom of your fond parents. Will my young friend favour me with her

confidence? I think I can guess that her wish is in some degree connected with the family we have just quitted."

"Indeed, my dear Madam, you are perfectly right," exclaimed Caroline. "I have set my heart upon standing godmother to Mrs. Dixon's lovely little girl. Do you think she would have any objection? I am sure that I will do all in my power to serve the child."

"Mrs. Dixon must think herself highly honored by your condescension, my sweet girl," said Mrs. Markham, "and I have no doubt but that, young as you are, you would most conscientiously perform the duties of a godmother towards her fatherless boy. But should your parents object to your request, I hope, my love, that you will not allow yourself to consider their refusal as a *serious* disappointment."

Caroline was silent, but no sooner had

they entered the house than she eagerly enquired if her Papa and Mamma were returned, and, upon learning that they were in the drawing-room, she flew to make known to them her wishes, and to solicit their leave to contribute to the welfare and comfort of Mrs. Dixon and her family, in which she was seconded by Isabella.

Neither the Colonel nor Mrs. Freemantle felt any inclination to check the warm and benevolent feelings of their daughters. Embracing them affectionately, they not only consented to Caroline's standing godmother to the infant, but promised to call themselves that evening on the poor widow, and settle with her on what day the child should be christened.

"I may give it its name, Mamma, may I not?" said Caroline anxiously. "You know not how dearly I love it already. It is so good tempered, and so lovely, and

seemed so fond of me! I should very much like to call it by my name and my sister's. Caroline Isabella would sound very well, would it not, Mamma?"

"Yes, my dear girl, but I think your own name will be quite sufficient for the poor baby; who, if it lives, may only be laughed at by its equals, for being christened with two romantic names. However, if you have fixed your mind upon the infant being named after Isabella and yourself, I will not disappoint you."

"Thank you, dearest Mamma! How happy you have made me! I know that I shall love it even more than I do, if it is called after Isabella. I wish that I could give it also the name of my beloved Leonora."

Miss Ormsby pressed the hand of her young friend. "No, dearest Caroline," said she, "that must not be done, though I

feel grateful to you for your kind wish. The baby will always be the object of my care and solicitude, from its bearing the names of two of my best loved friends."

"The poor woman will be very proud of the honor done her child," said the General, "and really I never met with a human being more truly deserving of patronage than herself. She is a worthy, industrious creature, and grateful for whatever service is done either to herself or family. I hope to see her and her children comfortably settled this week, in that neat white cottage which I pointed out to you this morning, half covered with ivy. It has a nice piece of ground behind, which my gardener shall keep in order for her, and she can have plenty of milk and butter from the dairy, which will help to feed her infants, besides some other assistance which my sister and Leonora have promised to afford her, and

when her little school is established I think she will do very well; at least I hope so."

"I remember the white cottage perfectly well," cried the Colonel, "and the calamity which befel the person for whom it is getting ready. The mother of Caroline's little favorite, and the widow Dixon are the same. As that is the case, my dear girls, you shall have the felicity of witnessing the happiness of this poor woman and her children, on the day of their removal to their new habitation, and if the General will permit you to share with him in the pleasure of doing a kind action, you shall go to-morrow and order for their use an assortment of those articles which are most needful to begin housekeeping."

"My worthy friend," cried the General, grasping the hand of his brave companion in arms, "how well do your feelings accord

with my own ! Your lovely children are rare examples of genuine feeling and benevolence, unspoiled by the effects of too much indulgence. Most willingly will we allow them to share with us in the pleasure of serving a deserving object, and, as Caroline is to stand godmother to the infant of the poor widow, we will have it christened the next day after the family have removed to their new habitation."

Caroline, overjoyed at this arrangement, now recollected that it was necessary to make some alteration in her attire; she therefore hastened to her chamber, hoping that there would still be time to hear something out of the Port folio before they were summoned to the dining parlour.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE Port folio, however, was unopened that day. Leonora was consulted upon the clothes which Caroline intended for her godchild, and the consultation lasted until the dinner bell had rang a second time; nay it was not then finished, but the young people were compelled to reserve their determinations until another opportunity, as they were all too well bred to keep their parents waiting.

When the desert was brought on table, Leonora, who was anxious to have her new

friends placed under the care of her amiable governess, modestly enquired of Mrs. Freemantle the result of her morning's application.

Caroline and Isabella, who had thought of nothing but the Dixon family since they had seen them, now turned their eyes on their indulgent mother, who smiling on them said, " I fancy, my dear girls, that until this moment you have not cast a thought towards Mrs. Rogers, or her delightful companions. I will not tantalize you for your want of memory, by withholding from you what will *now* be an additional source of gratification, since it will not only ensure to you the frequent society of your beloved Leonora, but enable you to see occasionally your humble favorites."

" Then we are to go to Mrs. Rogers, Mamma?" cried Isabella, her bright blue eyes sparkling with rapture.

“ Yes, my love,” replied her mother. “ Mrs. Rogers will be able to receive you after the ensuing vacation. I have told her exactly the routine of your education at home, and my fond indulgencies ; but she paid you the compliment of saying that, from what she had seen and heard of you, she should not hesitate to undertake the task of finishing your studies. Thus, my beloved girls, have I sacrificed my own happiness to your future good—for to part with you now, will be a severe trial to my fortitude.”

Mrs. Freemantle was visibly affected, although she strove to conceal her emotions. Her daughters rose, and flung their arms round her neck ; and she kissed them tenderly, as she wiped away the tears which dimmed the lustre of their eyes.

“ Something must be done, my dear General,” said the Colonel, in an unsteady

voice. " Although I have seen unmoved the horrors of a battle, yet I am not proof against a woman's tears. I believe I must take up my residence in your village, and then my girls can come home every Sunday, for their mother will never be able to part with them for any length of time. Is there any house that will do for us, my dear friend?"

The General, highly delighted at the prospect of having the man he esteemed most in the world become his neighbour, gladly informed him of a villa which was to let, and which he knew would be suitable for his family. Mrs. Freemantle, grateful for this fresh instance of her husband's attention to her peace and happiness, could not restrain her thanks; the young people were almost wild with pleasure, and Mrs. Markham was not backward in expressing her satisfaction at an arrangement

which would contribute to all their comforts.

As the evening was beautifully fine, the General proposed that they should all pay a visit to the intended residence of Mrs. Dixon, and from thence to her humble cottage. There was not one dissenting voice to this proposal, and Leonora, followed by the Miss Freemantles, hurried to the housekeeper's room, where she quickly obtained some nice fruit and cakes for the children of the widow.

The whole party were extremely well pleased with the white cottage, and its pretty garden, which was already well stocked with vegetables and plenty of currants and gooseberries, with some flowering shrubs, which Leonora had desired the gardener to put into the borders. The house had been newly painted and repaired at the expense of the General, and part of

the furniture had been sent in that day. It was plain and neat, and consisted of every thing that was useful for so large a family: the whole was to be got ready the next day, and on the day after, Mrs. Dixon was to be conducted by Leonora and her aunt to this comfortable dwelling. As they wished to surprize her, they had not even told her which cottage was the one destined for her to inhabit; and the Miss Freemantles, who longed to be witness to the joyous feelings of the grateful widow, begged that they might be allowed to accompany Mrs. Markham and Leonora on that happy occasion.

They now proceeded to pay a visit to Mrs. Dixon. Although taken by surprize, yet her children and every thing about her were perfectly neat and clean, and the Colonel and Mrs. Freemantle felt an immediate prepossession in her favour. After

caressing her lovely family with great tenderness, and giving to each smiling prattler still more solid proofs of regard, Mrs. Freemantle imparted to the poor grateful widow the wish of her eldest daughter, and requested that if she had not already bestowed a name on her little girl, she might be called by that of Caroline.

Mrs. Dixon, overpowered by such unexpected condescension, found it difficult to restrain her tears, and equally so to express in audible words her thanks for the honor which was intended to be conferred on her innocent baby. Most gratefully did she assent to every thing which her benefactors proposed, and it was, therefore, settled that the next evening she should accompany Mrs. Markham to view her new residence, and should take possession of it the day after.

After distributing among the children the

cakes and fruit which the young ladies had brought for them, and, after Caroline had hugged and kissed the blue-eyed baby a hundred times, they quitted the cottage and returned to Ormsby house, not, however, before they had stopped at several shops in the village to order the different articles of grocery, &c. &c. which were intended for Mrs. Dixon; and Caroline had also purchased for her little favorite its christening dress, and several other presents, which, as she had not time to make them herself against the day that they would be wanted, Mrs. Markham kindly undertook to get finished for her. She therefore ordered them to be sent to a young person, whom she occasionally employed, with strict charge to have them done by a particular hour.

The next morning, after breakfast, the young ladies retired to the beautiful bower

of Miss Ormsby. Isabella had bought a frock for William, the youngest boy, and Caroline goodnaturedly offered to assist her in making it. They then requested of Leonora to read to them, unless she had pre-disposed of her time.

Leonora remembered that she had promised to read them an account of the *GRYLLUS TALPA*, or Mole-cricket, and having now found it in her Port folio, she accordingly began.

“The character and manners of this little creature, which is perfectly inoffensive, are well deserving of notice, particularly as its homely and indeed hideous figure, are apt to excite emotions of dread and abhorrence, neither of which need be entertained against it. On examining this insect, it appeared to be of a very dark brown colour, and little more than two inches in length. Its body was scaly, furnished with two long,

pointed wings, and as many hairy tails. The most remarkable parts about it, however, were the fore feet, which have some resemblance to a human hand, and are admirably formed for making those subterraneous excavations wherein the animal resides, and deposits its eggs. Strong, webbed, and a little incurvated, the mole-cricket works with its paws at a prodigious rate, and will burrow its way through a whole ridge of leguminous plants, (of the roots of which it is very fond) in the course of a single night. With these instruments, also, its neat habitation (which is a room about the size of a hen's egg) is quickly formed, and guarded with various winding passages, and curious approaches to it. This domicilium is generally, in the summer time, placed within six inches of the surface of the ground, and herein the female lays her eggs, from one hundred to one

hundred and fifty; but towards winter, instinct, ever faithful to its office, informs the little being, that in order to secure his tender offspring he must get deeper into the soil, and retire from the influence of the frost. Again, therefore, he sets to work, and in a short time completes, with his little webbed feet, a commodious hybernaculum, about fourteen inches below the surface of the ground. Thither he retires with his family, and patiently waits for the return of genial suns, and warmer seasons, when he again takes possession of his summer abode.

“ The chief food of the mole-cricket consists of roots and vegetables, for which he sometimes travels at night, by the assistance of his wings, to a considerable distance. Before morning he generally returns to his subterraneous habitation, and, wonderful to tell! is found (by the minute investigations of naturalists and anatomists)

to be employed there during the day chiefly in ruminating or chewing the cud."

"How wonderful are the works of the Almighty!" exclaimed Miss Freemantle, gravely. "How mercifully does he provide both food and shelter for the smallest insect! Nothing appears too insignificant for his protecting hand. I think the study of natural history must be highly entertaining. Pray, my dear Leonora, have you any more extracts of the same kind to read to us?"

"No, my dear Caroline, my selection chiefly consists of poetry; but when you become a resident in our village, I will ask my father to lend me some books out of his library, which will afford us ample amusement on the subject of natural history."

"Have you got any short poem to read to us?" enquired Isabella, "for you know

that we have only four days more to stay with you, and one out of them will be taken up with the christening of Caroline's godchild."

"But I shall find time to read to you two or three more extracts," replied Miss Ormsby, "and, when you return, you shall hear the whole contents of my selection. Now, if you have no objection, my dear friends, I will help you with little William's frock, as I know that Isabella wishes to have it finished by the christening day."

Caroline was too good-tempered to object to any thing which would add to the gratification of her sister, although she could not help casting now and then a longing eye towards the Port folio: she, however, soon found her mind sufficiently amused by conversing on the pleasing topic of what would be the happiness of poor Mrs. Dixon, when she found that the white cottage was in-

tended for her residence, and when she beheld the well filled closet which contained her little store, with which she was to begin housekeeping. The morning passed away as agreeably as usual, and little William's frock was partly finished when they left the bower to dress for dinner.

CHAPTER IX.

WHILE the young people were thus innocently and usefully employed in working for Isabella's favorite, their parents were paying a visit to the mansion which General Ormsby had recommended to the Colonel. They found it such as he had described it to be, perfectly suitable to their establishment, and the grounds, which were tastefully laid out, were in high cultivation. Mrs. Freemantle approved of the whole, (as she would have done had the house

been less desirable, on account of its being close to the residence of Mrs. Rogers,) and her husband, whose principal study it was to gratify all her wishes, immediately closed with the proposals of its owner, and took it for three years, to the infinite delight of the General and Mrs. Markham.

At dinner, the young ladies were apprized of the business which had occupied the time of their parents in the morning. They were all extremely delighted, when informed that the Colonel had actually taken a house, to which he meant to remove in the course of a fortnight. This was joyful intelligence for Caroline and Isabella, who could not bear the idea of being separated from Miss Ormsby. Pleasure took away their appetites, and the dinner was removed scarcely tasted by them.

In the evening Mrs. Markham and her three youthful companions proceeded to

Mrs. Dixon's habitation, while the General and his friends walked to the white cottage, to await their coming. The poor widow, neatly attired in mourning for her husband, followed her benefactress with anxious footsteps, until they stopped at the door of the white cottage. Surely, thought she, this pretty looking house can never be the one which is intended for me. Mrs. Markham in a voice of encouraging benevolence bid her enter, and the next instant she was ushered into the parlour, where the General and his two guests were sitting. "Come in, Mrs. Dixon," said the General. "I wish to have your opinion of this cottage. Tell me how you like the furniture of this room?"

The poor woman, whose heart throbbed with hope and expectation, modestly cast her eyes over the little apartment, all the furniture of which was new, and perfectly

good. The window curtains were of white dimity fringed with green, to match the carpet, and the chairs were black with roses painted on the back of them. Two small mahogany tables, and a glass over the chimney piece, with a nice little grate and bright steel fender, and fire irons, took the attention of the widow, who praised every thing that she saw, in terms which gave infinite satisfaction to her worthy benefactors.

They now conducted her into the kitchen. Here was fresh subject for her admiration. The shelves were filled with plenty of plates and dishes, mugs, basons, and all the necessary articles for common use. Underneath the milk-white dresser was a set of block tin saucepans, arranged in the nicest order, while over the fire-place were placed the shining candlesticks, with various other things belonging to the kitchen. In a small wash-house behind was fixed a copper, and

here also the liberal care of her friends had furnished her with washing-tubs, pans, and whatever was requisite for the family.

The rooms up stairs consisted of two good sized apartments, which were furnished with equal care and attention to her comfort. The beds were of white dimity, and the fringe to match the curtains was brown and yellow; over these was a large airy attic, which was designed for the elder children, and in which were placed two beds with coloured furniture, three chairs and a deal table, with a chest of drawers to hold their clothes. In short, the munificence of the General and his sister had procured for Mrs. Dixon and her family every thing which they deemed necessary for their comforts, and they now felt themselves rewarded by the visible delight which her countenance displayed, when she viewed the interior of this comfortable abode.

After having led her over the garden, they returned to the parlour. "Now tell me, Mrs. Dixon," said the General, "what think you of my cottage? But first open that closet, and see if Thomas has brought the bottle of wine and cake which I ordered."

Mrs. Dixon obeyed, and on opening the closet she stood for a moment to admire its contents. The cups and saucers, the pretty black and gold tea-board, with half a dozen silver tea-spoons, and a pair of sugar tongues in a bason full of nice lump sugar, with a handsome tea caddy, which was equally full of the best tea; all these and several other articles fixed her attention: at length, recollecting herself, she begged pardon, and placed on the table the wine, cake, and glasses.

The General, after she had handed round the wine, insisted upon her taking a glass her-

self: "and now, Mrs. Dixon," said he, "tell me, do you think that any thing is wanting to make this little dwelling more comfortable than it is?"

"No, indeed, Sir," she replied in a trembling voice. "It is a charming place, and most charmingly fitted up with every thing that one could wish or desire!"

"Then, my good woman, since you are so perfectly satisfied with it, I have only to tell you, that this is the house which my sister and I have taken for you. We have furnished it with those articles which we thought would contribute to your comfort and happiness. My friends, Colonel and Mrs. Freemantle, have kindly seconded our endeavours; they have given you all that your china closet contains, except the silver spoons, which are the gift of my daughters; and in the closet underneath you will find a store of grocery and other articles, which

will be of equal service to you. To them you are also indebted for those; and that you may enjoy health and every other blessing in this your new abode is the sincere wish of us all."

"Oh! Sir," cried the grateful widow, bursting into tears, "how shall I ever be able to repay you and these dear respected friends for all their goodness towards me and my poor children? My heart is too full to allow of my expressing my gratitude, but it shall be the whole study of my future life to prove myself deserving of all your benevolence."

"We believe you, Mrs. Dixon," cried the Colonel, "words are not necessary to express the feelings of a worthy heart like yours."

"In a fortnight we shall remove to Mr. Lumley's villa," said Mrs. Freemantle; "I shall then call on you frequently, and you

may rely upon my using all my interest in your favour, towards your establishing your school."

"May Heaven bless and reward you, Madam; and may every good attend you and yours! Both my children and myself will pray night and day for the prosperity of all those, who have mercifully stretched forth their hands to preserve me and mine from ruin and misery. Oh, Sir! Oh, Madam!" she continued, turning towards the General and his sister, "you have been too liberal, too generous. A humbler dwelling, and plainer furniture, would have done for us."

"No, my good creature," replied Mrs. Markham, taking her hand, "you have been accustomed to possess the comforts of life, and you deserve them now more than ever, since you are willing to do any thing that is honest to provide for your

large family. To-morrow you will take possession of the white cottage, and the next day your little girl will be christened. Do not trouble yourself about what is necessary for the occasion. Miss Freemantle has kindly ordered clothes for the baby; I will send you some cake and wine, and in the evening we will all come and take tea in your little parlour. Say not a word, we require no other reward than that of seeing you and your children do well in the world."

Saying this, the whole party quitted the cottage, in order to give the poor widow an opportunity of relieving her overcharged bosom, which she did as soon as she was alone, by praying to God, who had thus raised her from poverty and wretchedness to a state of comparative affluence. After she was a little recovered, she once more went over her new habitation, and examined

with fresh rapture all that it contained. Again were the closets looked over, and the various parcels of goods opened for her inspection. Here was plenty of rice and currants, tea, sugar, &c. Even soap and candles had not been forgotten by her generous friends, and in a large safe in the kitchen she perceived two single Gloucester cheeses, a quantity of bacon, and several pounds of butter.

Scarce knowing whether she might believe the evidence of her senses, she once more offered up her thanks to the Almighty; and then leaving the white cottage and all its treasures to the care of the General's gardener, she hastened back to her children, to impart to them the happiness which awaited them.

CHAPTER X.

THE next morning the young ladies carried their work as usual to the bower. William's frock was nearly finished, therefore Leonora's assistance could be dispensed with, and she accordingly resorted to her Port folio for their much wished-for amusement.

"I think," said Miss Ormsby, "that I will read you the lines which were written by Miss Mitford, and sung at the Anniversary of the British and Foreign School

Society. Papa thought them so beautiful that he copied them out for me."

"Oh! then pray let us hear them," cried Caroline Freemantle.

Leonora accordingly began the following Poem, which did not lose any of its beauties by her manner of reciting it.

"THE stream, which once a slender rill
Roll'd, scarcely seen its humble way,
Now gushes freely from the hill,
And flashes into day.
O Stream of knowledge! when thy tide
Brings hope, and life, and power
To every tree that decks thy side,
Forget not then the flower!

Forget not gentle woman then,
E'en for the sex, whose mighty mind
Gave Shakespear's spells to Englishmen,
And Newton to mankind!
For their's were souls of such a frame,
As is the lightning's fire,

In darkness and from Heaven they came
To dazzle and expire.

A thousand wreaths crown Man's proud brow,
A thousand tongues his name accord ;
The marble almost living now,
Now the death-dealing sword :
His greatness lives in earth and sky,
And tracks the pathless flood :
But Woman's happier destiny
Is only to be good.

And, though no rays of genius dart,
Yet well to her the skill is given,
To write the wife's, the mother's heart,
To read the way to Heaven.
Then, stream of knowledge ! when thy tide
Brings hope, and life, and power
To every tree that decks thy side,
Oh ! bathe the lonely flower !”

“ Thank you, dearest Leonora,” exclaimed Miss Freemantle ; “ that is indeed a poem worthy of being remembered. Will you

have the goodness to write it out for me, against I see you again."

"With pleasure," replied Leonora, closing her Port folio. "I am gratified by your request, my Caroline, as well as by your selecting the poem which is so great a favorite of my dear father's. The talents and splendid abilities of man are called into action in a variety of different ways, while those of woman are best displayed at home. There all the domestic virtues, and the sweetest and dearest affections of the heart, are seen to most advantage. In educating the children of the poor, in relieving the distresses of their parents, in dispensing blessings to those whom the hand of adversity has sorely pressed, as in the case of poor Mrs. Dixon, our sex, my Caroline, can never fail to become useful to the world; and so dearly do I love you, my sweet girls, that I will now confess to you, that

nothing could have added so much to my happiness as my having witnessed the excellency of your hearts, and the tenderness of your dispositions, both of which have been fully proved by your conduct towards the widow and her fatherless children."

The sisters flung each an arm round the neck of Miss Ormsby, who kissed them affectionately. "I know that you are far our superior," said Caroline, "in every thing; but we will try to imitate so bright a pattern of female excellence. When we return to this delightful village, and become the pupils of your amiable governess, Isabella and I must do our utmost to make up for lost time. We shall be incited to persevere in our studies by the wish to become worthy of your friendship, and by our anxiety to reward our fond parents for all their many acts of indulgent kindness."

"Never, never can we repay our mo-

ther," said Isabella tenderly, "for her ceaseless affection, her mild forbearance, and her lenity towards our repeated failings."

"Yes, dear girls," exclaimed a tremulous voice, and the next instant Mrs. Freemantle appeared, and pressed to her maternal bosom the beings she adored. "Yes, my beloved children, most amply will you repay me for all my cares and anxieties on your account, if you but continue to pursue the same mode of conduct which you have adopted since you became acquainted with your dear Leonora. Make her your model. For filial affection, gentleness of manners, sweetness of temper, benevolence of heart and unaffected piety, Miss Ormsby cannot be excelled. All that I wish is to see my daughters like their lovely friend."

"Oh, Madam!" replied Leonora, blushing deeply at her own praise, and raising the offered hand of Mrs. Freemantle to her

lips; "to have gained such high applause as that which you have just passed on my simple merits will ever be my proudest boast. The friendship which is now formed between myself and my loved companions, will I trust grow with our growth, and be strengthened by each succeeding year. If they were my sisters, they could scarcely be more dear to me."

"The affection is reciprocal," said Mrs. Freemantle; "I could scarcely believe that in so short a time such a change would have taken place in two giddy girls like mine. They were always warm-hearted and good-natured, but careless and indolent in the extreme. Now they are become quite different creatures. I see no traces of their former thoughtless extravagance, no reluctance to devote the accustomed hours to studious reflection; and it is you, dearest Leonora, who have transformed them into

rational thinking beings. But come, my dear girls, lay aside your work, we are going to take a drive to the neighbouring town, and I wish you to accompany us."

The young people joyfully obeyed the pleasing summons, and, after taking a most delightful drive through a road highly picturesque, and beautifully diversified with hill and dale, wood and water, they returned home to dinner with increased appetites and buoyant spirits. In the evening they played and sung to their indulgent friends, talked over the anticipated ceremony of the ensuing day, examined with satisfaction the clothes for Caroline's god-daughter, which the young woman had brought for their inspection, and then retired to their chambers with their hearts full of gratitude to HIM, whose tender mercies had thus placed them in a situation of life which en-

abled them to gladden the abode of poverty, to comfort the afflicted, and to succour and assist the widow and the orphan, by their well-timed benevolence.

Morning came, and with it the promise of a beautiful day. The young ladies rose earlier than usual, but Mrs. Markham was up and dressed. She called to them, as they passed softly by her chamber-door, and, after embracing them affectionately, requested that they would follow her to the housekeeper's room, and assist her memory as she gave the orders for what she wished to be sent off immediately to the white cottage.

First was carefully packed up in a little box the christening present of Miss Freemantle, with the muslin frock and some other things, which Isabella had made for William. Next was a basket full of choice provision for the christening dinner, at which

the young ladies intended to preside; and lastly came another with cake and wine, and a profusion of fruits and flowers. All these were ordered to be conveyed to Mrs. Dixon, with as much cream, milk, and eggs, as could be spared from the dairy; and the servants who took them were desired to tell her, that the family would be at the cottage a little after eleven.

It would be difficult to say which felt most pleasure, the giver or the receiver of these generous donations; for never had either Leonora or her friends tasted more pure and exquisite happiness than they did at this moment, in picturing to themselves the grateful and joyous feelings of the poor widow and her children, now that they were restored to those comforts of life which they had been accustomed to enjoy, before the fatal accident which deprived them of the whole of their property, and accele-

rated the death of an amiable husband and father.

With cheeks blooming with health and pleasure, with eyes sparkling with increased vivacity, and hearts throbbing with genuine benevolence, our young heroines vaulted into the barouche of General Ormsby, which, after stopping at the parsonage house, to take up the worthy Curate of the village, proceeded to the cottage. Here, indeed, was presented to their view a scene which amply repaid the whole party for their beneficence. The grateful widow and her seven children, all arrayed in their new attire which had been given to them by their generous benefactors, now pressed anxiously forward to give way to the feelings which swelled their bosoms almost to bursting. Even the presence of the Curate could not restrain the overflowings of nature, and the General and his guests were

compelled to listen patiently to their own praise, a theme which was the only one upon which they requested Mrs. Dixon to be silent.

At length order was restored, and all the children, except little William, who clung to Isabella, modestly retired to one side of the room, to view with childish rapture the important ceremony of their sister being made a Christian. Caroline, Mrs. Markham, and General Ormsby, were sponsors for the infant, who, at the request of both its godmothers, was named Caroline Isabella. At the conclusion of the ceremony cake and wine were distributed to all present, and then, after chatting half an hour with Mrs. Dixon, and promising to interest himself in behalf of her and her family, the Curate withdrew, deeply impressed by the active benevolence of the General and of his guests.

Poor Mrs. Dixon with difficulty checked herself from again giving utterance to her grateful feelings. The General, seeing the effort which she made, rose, and after shaking hands with all the children, and reminding their mother that he meant to take tea that evening in her cottage, he left it, followed by the Colonel and Mrs. Freeman-
tle.

The young ladies, no longer restrained by the presence of their parents, now romped and played with the delighted children, teaching them a variety of games which would be a source of future amusement to them. Caroline, however, thought of little else besides her god-daughter. With proud satisfaction she beheld its beauty increased by the prettiness of its apparel, and never had she spent her money so much to her own satisfaction, as in the present instance.

Mrs. Dixon, assisted by one of General Ormsby's female domestics, now set before the young ladies a dinner, served up with the greatest nicety and care. She would then have withdrawn behind the chair of Leonora, but with one voice the friends insisted upon her taking her place at the bottom of the table, while Leonora did the honors of it, assisted by Caroline and Isabella, and surrounded by the enraptured children of the widow, who, to the credit of their mother, behaved with order and propriety during the whole of the repast, although they now partook of delicacies which they had not before tasted.

Fruits, some of which were of the choicest kind, were now placed before them, with two sorts of light wine, yet this well regulated family exhibited no signs of greediness nor impatience. They waited quietly until their turn came to be helped,

and then, after thanking their liberal donors, they silently enjoyed what to them was a treat the most new and exquisite. Such an instance of perfect regularity and good management did not escape the notice of Miss Ormsby, or her friends, and they paid a just tribute of praise, not only to the mother, but to her docile offspring.

The same good behaviour was preserved throughout the day. All the children seemed devoted to their mother, and her look had power to check the wildest sallies of their mirth. None of them presumed to dispute her orders though given in the mildest terms, and the sisters frequently had cause to blush at the recollection of their former wayward humours, as they now witnessed the willing obedience of this little family to their widowed parent.

Never had the young ladies passed so happy a day as the present one. Every

thing around them excited the most pleasing emotions, and in the evening, when they were joined by their relations, they took the first opportunity of imparting to them the happiness they had experienced, and the rare instance which they had seen of the perfect order and pleasing manners of the children, to whose comforts they had so largely and so freely contributed.

Tea and coffee was now prepared by Mrs. Dixon, who agreeably surprized the young ladies by some nice brown bread, and hot cakes of her own making; and never had the General and his guests partaken of that refreshing meal with a higher relish than at this moment. Every thing around them conspired to render it delicious. The respectful veneration of the poor widow, the happy smiling faces of her fatherless infants, whom they had restored to cheerfulness and to their accustomed

comforts, contributed to exhilarate the spirits of the whole party, and to inspire them with feelings which fully repaid them for their disinterested benevolence.

It was not until the moon had been risen some time, and illumined by its silver rays the ivy covered walls of the village church, which were visible from Mrs. Dixon's windows, that her benefactors thought of quitting her peaceful cottage for their own hospitable abode.

CHAPTER XXI.

DURING the night the weather had changed, and when the young people rose in the morning they were grieved to find that it still continued to rain, and that consequently it would be impossible for them to enjoy themselves as usual in Leonora's fragrant bower.

"Dear Mamma, how sorry I am that it rains!" said Caroline, sighing as she spoke. "We have only this day to spend with Leonora, and if it should continue to rain, we shall not be able either to visit her bower, or to call and take leave of my little god-daughter."

“ It will certainly be too damp, my dear girl, for you to sit in the bower to-day, but that disappointment you must bear patiently, since in the course of a fortnight you will return to the delightful society of your amiable friend. With respect to your little godchild, you will have an opportunity of seeing her, as we are going to call on Mrs. Rogers.”

The handsome countenance of Miss Freemantle now dimpled with smiles, and then again became suddenly thoughtful. “ Mamma,” said she, in a hesitating voice, “ Isabella and I have something to propose to you, which we hope will meet with your approbation.”

“ What is it, my love ?” enquired the ever-indulgent parent, “ you know my readiness to gratify every reasonable desire of yours. Come, do not blush, my dear girls, but let me hear what is this new wish. If it is in

my power to grant it, you need not fear a disappointment."

"Dear, kind Mamma!" exclaimed Caroline gratefully, "it is the certainty of *that* which makes us reluctant to trespass so soon again upon your goodness. However, in this instance I think our request will not be deemed an unreasonable one. You know, Mamma, that as I have stood god-mother to my dear little Caroline Dixon, it is my duty to do all that I can to provide for her future happiness. I should like to give her an education that would enable her to get a genteel living; and to do this, Mamma, I intend, with your permission, to lay up weekly a certain sum out of my pocket money, which you will have the kindness to take care of for me, until it may be useful to my little god-daughter. Isabella, who has taken an equal fancy to William, means to assign over to you part of her allowance,

which is to accumulate until he is old enough to be bound apprentice to some respectable business. This, my dearest Mamma, is what we wished to propose to you. Does it meet with your approbation?"

"Yes, my beloved child, most fully do I approve of your generous intentions, and that the benevolent feelings of your nature may not be checked by what will then become your inability to gratify them, I will myself make an addition to the quarterly allowance which you, and Isabella, have hitherto received, that you may still possess the means to relieve the afflictions of your fellow creatures."

"Thank you, dear Mamma," said the sisters, fondly kissing the cheek of their tender parent. "We will try to deserve your unbounded goodness. We will study to be all and every thing that you wish."

Mrs. Freemantle affectionately embraced her blooming children, telling them that she felt perfectly assured that she should never have cause to repent her indulgence towards them. "Go now, my sweet girls," she continued, "to your charming friend, who perhaps will find time to read you something out of her "Port folio." In an hour I shall expect you to accompany me to Mrs. Rogers. We will then pay a farewell visit to the White Cottage."

The young ladies now hastened to the chamber of Miss Ormsby, to whom they imparted the joyful intelligence of their application having been successful. They then requested that Leonora would favour them with one more extract from her Selection, to which she readily acceded, purposely making choice of the following poem, as being applicable to the state of their present feelings.

HOW D'YE DO AND GOOD-B'YE.

“ One day Good-bye met How d'ye do,
Too close to shun saluting,
But soon the rival sisters flew
From kissing to disputing.

“ Away !” says How d'ye do, “ your mien
Appals my cheerful nature :
No name so sad as your's is seen
In sorrow's nomenclature.

“ Where'er I give one sunshine hour,
Your cloud comes in to shade it ;
Where'er I plant one bosom's flower,
Your mildew drops to fade it.

“ Ere How d'ye do has tun'd each tongue
To Hope's delighted measure,
Good-bye in Friendship's ear has rung
The knell of parting pleasure !

“ From sorrows past, my chemic skill
Draws smiles of consolation ;
While you, from present joys, distill
The tears of separation.

“ Good-bye replied, “ your statement’s true,
And well your cause you’ve pleaded ;
But pray who’d think of How d’ye do,
Unless Good-bye preceded ?

“ Without my prior influence,
Could yours have ever flourish’d ;
And can your hand one flower dispense
But those my tears have nourish’d ?

“ How oft—if at the court of Love
Concealment is the fashion—
When How d’ye do has fail’d to move,
Good-bye reveals the passion ?

“ How oft, when Cupid’s fires decline,
As every heart remembers,
One sigh of mine, and only mine,
Revives the dying embers ?

“ Go, bid the timid lover chuse,
And I’ll resign my charter,
If he for ten kind How d’ye do’s,
One kind Good-bye would barter !

“ From love and Friendship’s kindest source,
We both derive existence ;
And they would both lose half their force,
Without our joint assistance.

“ ’Tis well the world our merit knows
Since time, there’s no denying,
One half in How-d’ye-doing goes,
And t’other in Good-bying.”

“ Well, to my mind,” said Isabella, “ that is the sweetest thing we have yet heard. Pray, dear Leonora, have the goodness to copy it out for me.”

To this Miss Ormsby cheerfully assented. “ And what, my Caroline, do you think of the poem ?” she enquired, turning towards Miss Freemantle, who looked unusually pensive.

“ It is an elegant little thing,” replied Caroline smiling, “ and very prettily described ; but it has brought to my mind most forcibly that to-morrow morning I

must bid adieu to my beloved Leonora. Ah! it is too true, that no sound is so appalling as that of Good-bye! All the pleasures of to-day will be damped by the idea of to-morrow's separation."

"My beloved Caroline," exclaimed Miss Ormsby, tenderly embracing her affectionate friend, "our separation will only be a short one. In a fortnight we shall meet again; and though we all feel sad at the thought of pronouncing "Good-bye," yet think of the happiness we shall experience, when at the expiration of that time we shall pronounce the delightful enquiry, "How d'ye do." No, dearest Caroline, we will not permit the melancholy "Good-bye" to rob us of our present joys, or to call forth tears for so short a separation. We will look gaily forward to the happy hours which await our re-union. It is only for those to weep

whose absence may be long, and whose return uncertain."

"You are perfectly right, my dearest friend," replied Caroline smilingly. "Nothing can possibly be more absurd, than to poison the delights of the present moment by the anticipation of future evils. However, if during the course of the day you should see my countenance overcast with sorrow, you must excuse a weakness which springs solely from my affection for yourself, and my dislike to part with your society, though only for a fortnight."

They now heard the voice of Mrs. Freemantle on the stairs, and hurried to get ready, that they might attend her in her morning's visits. After passing a most agreeable hour with Mrs. Rogers, they proceeded to the White Cottage, to enquire after the health of its worthy inmates. Caroline sprang out of the carriage as the

complaining voice of her little darling met her ear. She caught it from the arms of its eldest sister, and pressing it fondly to her bosom, immediately allayed its momentary irritation.

“ See, Leonora !” cried she exultingly, “ see how the dear baby smiles on me. Sweet angel ! she already loves her god-mother, for she was quiet the instant that I took her from Mary.”

Mrs. Dixon now appeared, and accounted for the infant’s transient ill-humour, by saying that it was not well, and had not slept during the night. Caroline now began to feel alarmed for her favorite. She carefully watched every movement of the baby’s face, and at length expressed her fears lest it should grow worse ; but these fears were partly dispelled by the assurances of its mother, who affirmed that it was simply the effect of teething, and that it was

not in any danger. Caroline, however, most earnestly besought Miss Ormsby to write to her a regular account of its welfare, during her absence, and felt consoled by her friend promising to call daily at her cottage to see the little Caroline, and to transmit to her a faithful report of its health until her return.

With extreme reluctance Miss Freemantle resigned her beloved god-daughter to the care of its mother, after bestowing on the lovely infant a multitude of kisses, and hastened after her Papa and Mamma, who with her sister and Miss Ormsby had quitted the cottage. The sky had suddenly become clear and bright, the rain had ceased for near an hour, and as the road was tolerably dry they sent the carriage on, purposing to walk the remainder of the way home. Caroline had just joined her companions, when they stopped with one accord

to enquire of a poor looking boy the cause of his tears, which were falling fast over a countenance bearing evident marks of a kind and tender disposition.

“What do you cry for, my little man?” enquired the Colonel in a soothing accent. “Are you hungry?” “No, sir, thank you kindly,” replied the boy, drawing his hand across his eyes. “I’ve had my breakfast, but Mammy tells me that if I don’t carry this poor kitten to the pond and drown it, she will beat me heartily. And Mammy must beat me, for I can’t drown it.”

The boy now opened the mouth of a bag, and displayed to their sight a beautiful little kitten, which Isabella took from his hand, and stroking its velvet fur begged of the boy to carry it back to his mother, who might have relented ere now of her cruel intention.

“Mammy is not cruel, Miss,” said the boy artlessly, “only she is a poor woman, and has got five of us to feed, and she cannot keep poor dumb brutes to starve. So she says it is better to kill them out of the way; but I cannot drown this kitten, because our poor old cat loves it so dearly, though it is not her own for all that.”

“How came you then by this pretty kitten,” said Mrs. Freemantle, “if your cat is not its mother?”

“Why you must know, madam,” replied the boy, “that our cat had three kittens last Thursday, and Mammy got Bill Jones to drown two of them. Well, what does poor Fann do, but she goes the next day to a neighbour’s house, whose cat had got young kittens, and she brings away this very one, and puts it into her bed with her own, and suckles it, and fondles over it, just for all as if it had been her own, and covered

it up with hay that it might not be seen ; so this morning, when Mammy went to the closet, what should she find but Fann and her two kittens. Well, just then who should come in but Mrs. Naylor, who lives two doors off. Mammy tells her about the strange kitten, and Mrs. Naylor cried out that it was one belonging to her cat, which poor Fann had ran away with to make up for the loss of her own. She would not take the kitten back, and Mammy said she could not keep it, and so she tied it up in this bag and bade me go and throw it into the horse pond. Poor Fann followed me to the door, crying and looking so sad for the kitten, that it cut me to the heart to take it from her, and if Mammy beats me to death I shall never be able to take away the life of this poor animal."

" You shall neither be beaten to death, my kind hearted boy, nor shall this pretty

kitten be drowned," said Mrs. Freemantle, kindly patting his cheek still moist with tears of humanity. "Take this shilling as a reward for your compassionate feelings, and now tell me where does your mother live?"

The boy pointed to a small cottage within their view, and offered to conduct her to it, while his dark eyes sparkled with the delight of having saved the life of the kitten, and of being master of a shilling.

Mrs. Freemantle now proposed calling on the boy's mother, and requesting her to keep the kitten until she returned, to which the Colonel immediately assented. The whole party now proceeded to the cottage, under the guidance of the delighted boy, followed by Isabella, who still retained the fortunate kitten.

The woman was no sooner apprized of the wish of Mrs. Freemantle, than she

readily agreed to restore the kitten to poor Fann, who came purring round the feet of her young master, and by her inquisitive looks appeared to be enquiring after her adopted child. Isabella with tearful eyes soon satisfied the fond animal's curiosity by placing the object of her solicitude before her. The cat instantly caught it up in her mouth, and carried it to her bed, where she began to caress and suckle it with every demonstration of maternal affection.*

The cottager corroborated the testimony of her son with respect to the stolen kitten, declaring that she believed that Fann was even fonder of it than of her own. She gladly promised to take care of the kitten, until Isabella returned to claim it, and as she seemed actually pleased that the poor creature had got so good a mistress, the Colonel added to the present given to her

* This story is a fact.

son, telling him that when he came to reside in the village, he should call and make some enquiries concerning him, and that if he found him to be a good boy he would do something for him.

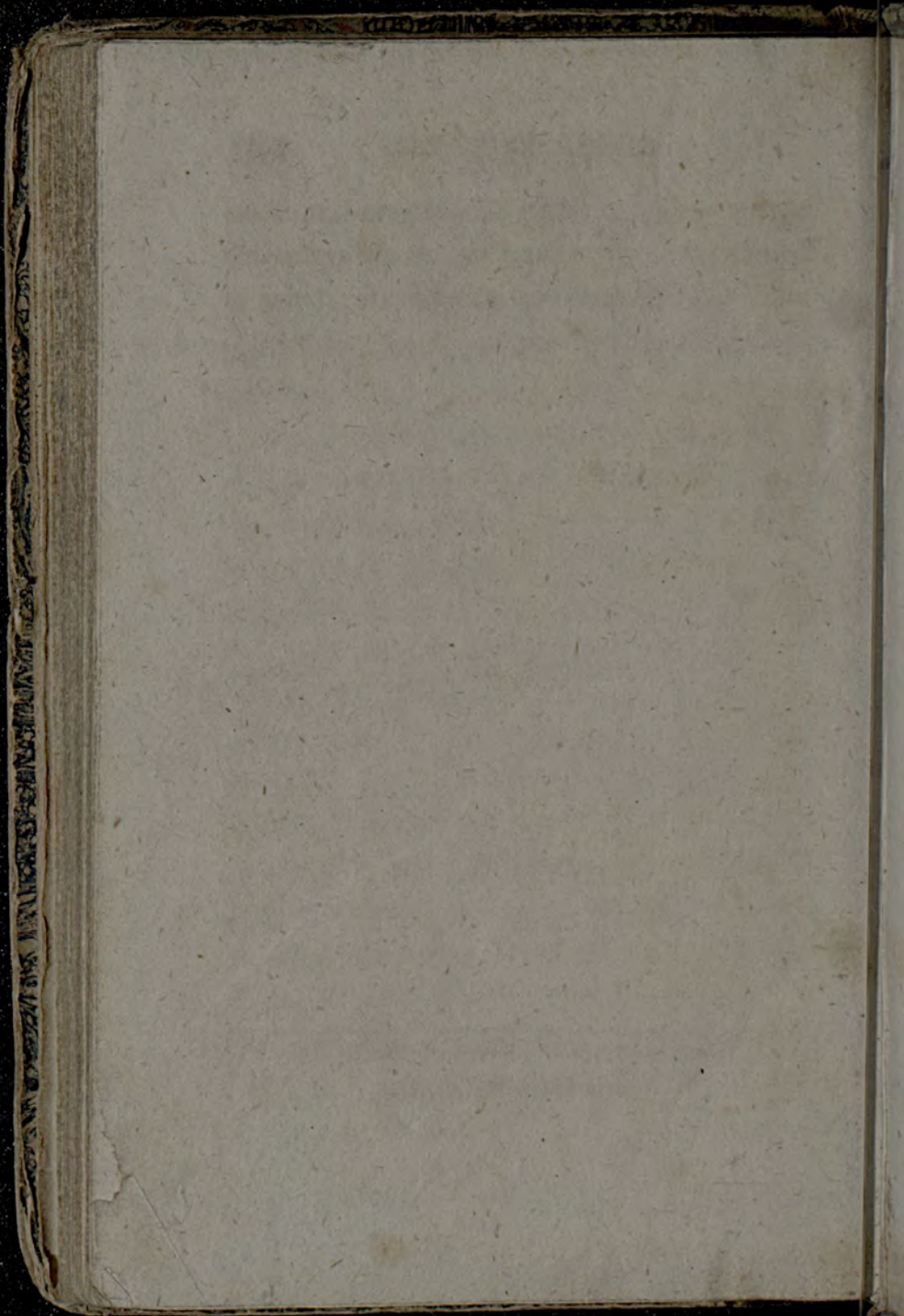
They now returned to Ormsby House, just in time to dress for dinner. In the evening a few select friends came to drink tea with the General and his guests; the young ladies were called on to entertain the company with music, which they did with credit to themselves, and great satisfaction to their attentive hearers; and, though it was the evening before their return to town, Caroline continued to pass it more pleasantly than she expected, wisely remembering, as often as the idea of the next morning's departure crossed her mind, that a fortnight would soon pass away, and that she should then return, to reside near her beloved Leonora, to enjoy the plea-

tures of her valuable society, and to inhale the fragrance of her bower, as she listened to what remained of the contents of "The PORT FOLIO, or SCHOOL GIRL'S SELECTION."

THE END.

E. Hemsted, Printer, Great New Street,
Gough Square, London.

le
ed
he
c-



17

