

THE HAPPY RETURN.



See Page 143

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MORE TRIFLES !
FOR
THE BENEFIT OF
THE
RISING GENERATION.

BY
THE AUTHOR OF
"JULIANA."—"TRIFLES, or, FRIENDLY MITES."—
"EASON HOUSE."—"ADDRESSES OF AN
AFFECTIONATE MOTHER," &c. &c.



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OF THE
WORKS OF
MRS. MARY MONTAGU

A Cure for Vanity
The Whiter's Will
On Friendship
On Looking Glass
The Fan
On the Provocive
Family Affection
The Happy Marriage
A Poem on Obedience
A Walk in Spring

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MORE TRIFLES !

&c.

A CURE FOR VANITY.

The mien delights that has a native grace,
But affectation ill supplies its place.

HARRIOT NEWFIELD was a very beautiful child, her hair was of the finest auburn, and her bright blue eyes spread a lustre over a complexion of the most dazzling whiteness. Too many people admire the outward form, without attending to

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the mind; such was the case of Harriot's mother: her child was the object of her pride, and was never allowed time to receive a proper education, lest she should lose the opportunity of being admired. At a very early age she was introduced to all her mother's company, and as naturally expected admiration, as to be noticed. With such an education it is not to be wondered at, that Harriot grew vain, arrogant, and insensible to every thing but flattery.

Her father had been abroad from the time she was two years old, so that she could have but little recollection of him; had he been at home her education would have been attended to, for he loved her too well to keep
her

her in ignorance of any thing that might tend to her advantage. Her mother's opinion was very different, "There's time enough," said she, "for my daughter to learn; when she is older she will know the necessity of learning, at present it would not be worth while to teaze the dear child about it." Alas! she did not consider she was all that time instructing her daughter in follies, it was probable she would never lose. The first years of our lives are the most valuable, but if bad impressions are then given, it is seldom they can be erased.

When Harriot was about ten years old, some of Mrs. Newfield's friends persuaded her it was time her daughter's education should begin, and a French

governess was recommended, who had been in that capacity with some of the first young ladies in the kingdom. This account gratified the vanity of the mother, and she immediately fixed on her coming, though it raised Harriot's curiosity to know what she was to do, for had it not been for a favorite nurse-maid, who had taught her the alphabet, and to read a little in a spelling book, poor Harriot would scarcely have known the use of a book, much less that of a governess.

When Mademoiselle Villetonne arrived, her appearance much pleased Mrs. Newfield, who only looked at, or thought of dress; that of Mademoiselle was exactly suited to her taste, as it was in the very
height

height of the fashion ; and when Harriot was introduced, her admiration of her lovely face, expressed in broken English, still increased the fond mother's approbation.

Next day Mademoiselle was too much fatigued to attend to business ; besides, some time was necessary for her charming pupil to get acquainted with her, and this was spent in looking over her clothes, and displaying them to Harriot, who, in her turn, brought all her best frocks to shew her governess ! “ I like Ma'amselle Villetonne very much,” said she to her maid ; “ she does not make me read at all, and she talks so drolly that I can hardly understand her ; then she has got so many fine clothes you cannot think, and such

pretty flowers ! see, she has given me these two bunches already ; I am to wear them in my head."

"Ah! Miss," interrupted the maid, "I thought she was come for some other purpose than to dress you, I was in hopes you would begin learning something. This governess is not at all like the one who lived with my former young ladies, there they used to be in a room by themselves with books and copy-books, and great round things upon frames, all painted green and red, and figures upon them, and the names of all the countries in heaven and earth, and they used to read for hours together, and say lessons out of book."

"What use was all that?" enquired the silly girl, who probably would not
have

have attended to Nanny's long account, had she not been before the glass, trying the flowers upon her head; and her thoughts were much more employed in finding which would be most becoming, than upon what Nanny was saying. "I dare say they were not half so handsome as me," added she, and went hastily out of the room to ask her governess' opinion of the head dress she had formed.

In this way passed the time for the first fortnight. Neither Harriot nor her governess thought of any improvement, except that of dress; at length Mademoiselle thought it necessary to produce a book, and calling Harriot to her, she asked her to read,

"Dear!" said Harriot, "I cannot

read this—I can only read in the Universal Spelling Book.”—“And have you never been taught any thing of *French?*” asked the astonished governess; “No,” answered the little girl, equally surprised at the question; “Nanny could not teach me that.” Some company coming in, an end was put to their studies that morning, and the next week Mrs. Newfield could not go to visit her sister, who lived some miles distant, without taking Harriot with her; so that Mademoiselle was left without a companion or employment; for as Mrs. Newfield intended to return in a week, she did not think it necessary to take her with them.

Mrs. Villers lived in the country, and with the assistance of an affectionate

fectionate husband, educated a large family of girls under her own eye: she had three older than Harriot, one of the same age, and two younger, but all knew more than poor Harriot had been taught; even little Ellen, who was but five years old, could read better than her cousin, and had already begun to write. Every morning their amiable mother assigned them all their tasks, and they were fully grounded in geography, grammar, and arithmetic, before she thought of giving them any accomplishment; but as the late troubles in France had obliged so many distressed people to emigrate, who were desirous of obtaining some support in England, she, with a view of assisting one she knew to be worthy, allowed

her children to learn French and drawing, under his tuition.

Mrs. Newfield was surprised at their improvement, and began to feel the want of it in her daughter, yet when she looked in her face, and remembered how much she was admired, she began to think an education, more than what tended to the improvement of the person, was unnecessary. Harriot also thought there was a material difference between herself and cousins, but it was not such as she regretted. "What dowdies they are," said she, when alone with her mother, "and how they put on their clothes! I am sure my governess would be shocked to see them; I am glad she did not come with us." "They are just what we may expect," answered

answered Mrs. Newfield, "living so immured in the country. It must be owned they are fine looking girls, but they want that air, and those graceful manners, which can only be gained by an early introduction to company."

The next day Mrs. Villers asked her sister "What governess she had provided for Harriot?" and could not help expressing her astonishment, when she heard she was a foreigner. "Do not you think one of our country women would be preferable, for the present?" said she, "that Harriot might at first be fully instructed in her own language?" — "I like Ma'amselle very well," answered Mrs. Newfield, rather gravely; "I have been always told, if you wish children to speak French well, it should

should be one of the first things they are taught; I am determined she shall learn to write, as soon as we get home, and no doubt Ma'amselle can instruct her in drawing and music.

In two or three days after, the mother and daughter parted from their friends, neither of them sorry to leave a house, where each saw a reproach to her own conduct. Mrs. Newfield could not help feeling that her sister was acting like a wiser woman, in the care she took of her daughter, though she would not acknowledge, even to herself, that she had been a less kind parent; and Harriot, though she saw the contrast between her cousins and herself with envy, endeavoured to ridicule their dress,

dress, and laugh at the perfection she could not imitate.

On their arrival at home, they were surprised to find Mademoiselle not in the house to receive them; but the maid delivered her mistress a letter, which though it increased her surprise, accounted for her absence, yet not quite to Mrs. Newfield's satisfaction, or the honour of Mademoiselle: it expressed, that as she had on consideration, found Miss Newfield too ignorant to improve from her instruction, she had accepted the liberal offer of a lady, from whom she should receive double the salary Mrs. Newfield was to allow her; and as her new patroness was leaving the town the day before Mrs. Newfield was expected, she hoped she would excuse

her

her abrupt departure, as the distance she was going was so great, she did not like the thoughts of travelling alone.

“Very pretty conduct, indeed!” exclaimed Mrs. Newfield, “I could not have thought Ma’amselle would have treated me so; but I find my sister is right: when we take strangers into the house, we cannot tell what their conduct will be.” Harriot stood amazed; “What, mamma, my governess gone!” exclaimed she; “I hope she made me those two pretty caps she talked of, before she went; she told me they were the height of the fashion,” and she ran up stairs to see, but no caps were there, and Harriot regretted the departure of Mademoiselle more on this account, than any other, “Well,” said

said she, "I shall now have my time to myself again, and may go out when I please; no more stupid French lessons." "You are much mistaken, Harriot," said her mother; "I must have another governess for you; but as my sister advises an English one, I will write to her to recommend one; for my part, I am glad I kept off so long, from having any, for I can easily perceive they are a continual trouble."—"So they are, indeed, mamma," answered Harriot, whose spirits returned on hearing her mother express herself so dissatisfied with governesses in general. "I cannot think why you have any; I am sure it will make us both sick."

Though her mother was inclined to agree in her opinion, she thought it
could

could not be a right one. "Besides," said she, "you know all your acquaintances have had a governess long before; it is only my kindness to you, which prevented your having one till now—it must be so, and therefore say no more about it."

Mrs. Newfield, indeed, seemed now determined to exert herself; she wrote that very day to Mrs. Villers, and soon received an answer, which recommended a young lady then in their neighbourhood. Without hesitation, she engaged her directly, and at the same time made enquiries for a writing-master, who was to attend every day.

In the course of the next week, Miss Arnott, the young lady Mrs. Villers recommended, arrived; Har-
riot

riot was surprised to find her so different from Mademoiselle : instead of a variety of smart dresses, she seemed to have none but of the plainest kind. Her manners and appearance were indeed highly prepossessing ; yet Harriot did not like her, for although she behaved with the utmost attention and good nature towards her, she had not in the course of a fortnight paid her a single compliment, though she failed not frequently to give her an opportunity of saying something flattering to her vanity.

It had often been Harriot's custom, when any company was with her mamma, to leave the room, under pretence of fetching something she wanted, and then to listen at the door,
where

where she waited with impatience, till she heard the praises, which these flatterers, of her mother would liberally bestow on her beauty and elegance, knowing that was the easiest way of gaining the favour of Mrs. Newfield. She now determined to put the same plan in execution; and therefore leaving her mother and Miss Arnott alone, she quitted the room, and with anxious eagerness, took her station on the outside of the door; but how was she mortified to hear Miss Arnott introduce a subject of conversation in which not a word was mentioned of herself.

Against she sought her old friend Nanny, and bitterly complained of the hard task this new governess had given her.

her. "I do not like her half so well as Ma'amselle," added she; "I cannot bear her, and I never shall be able to learn all she has given me; only look here, Nanny," shewing her twelve words she was to learn out of the dictionary.

"I can't say but I am glad you have got something to learn, Miss," answered Nanny, "for now you will begin to know something, of what I think you ought to have been taught long ago; besides, this cannot be half so bad as those French lessons you used to shew me, which you had to learn."—"Ah, but then," replied Harriot, "if I could not say them perfectly, it did not signify, for Ma'amselle was so good natured she used to say them for me, or tell me what to say, but Miss

Arnott

Arnott is so strict, she says I must learn my task, and if I cannot say it at first, I must learn it again."

Here she was interrupted in her complaint by being called to her writing master, with whom she was not much better pleased than with her governess: the attention required by each, was much more than she had been accustomed to pay to any employment, and it was a long time before she could be reconciled to the confinement they required.

We will not follow her through the first rudiments of her education, but proceed to inform our readers, that when she had been nearly three years under Miss Arnott's care, her mother thought of asking her cousin, Anne Villers, who was of her own age, to come and stay
some

some time with her. "She will be a nice companion for Harriot," said she to Miss Arnott, "and it may produce a little emulation in her; for though I own, she is much improved under your tuition, yet she does not seem to know so much as other girls of her age."—

"You forget, ma'am," said Miss Arnott, "that she did not begin so early as most children do, but I think it will be much to her advantage to have so amiable a companion as Miss Anne Villers, and I shall be very happy in having such a pupil."

To hear her niece spoken of so highly was rather grating to Mrs. Newfield, and she almost determined not to admit such a contrast to her daughter, till she recollected, though Anne was something
like

like her cousin, she was not near so handsome, and therefore Harriot would still be the reigning beauty of the place.

When Anne arrived, she was agreeably surprised to find her cousin so much improved in knowledge : she now knew something of music, had begun to learn French again, and understood geography perfectly. Miss Arnott had taken great pains with her pupil, and by her pleasing manners had induced her to learn, and she now found the occupations of the morning not quite so irksome as at first, yet her heart was entirely bent on admiration, nor was she perfectly happy, but at a ball, or large party, where she was sure to hear herself either openly admired, or whispered of, as the prettiest

prettiest girl in the room. Miss Arnott in vain endeavoured to check the vanity which was so conspicuous; even the commendations she bestowed on her for learning her tasks perfectly, or practising her lesson of music attentively, seemed not to give half the pleasure which she felt when the beauty of her face was admired; and her principal reason for wishing to excel in music and drawing, was, that she might exhibit her performances in company.

Anne Villers, though far beyond her in every part of her education, forbore to notice her own superiority. Her attention to the business of the morning was uniform and silent, and the time she passed with Miss Arnott, or her music master, was what she
most

most enjoyed ; as when liberty was given them to do what they liked, she found her cousin a companion ill suited to her taste : instead of running or walking in the garden, Harriot's pleasure was, as usual, to display her finery to her cousin ; nor was she at all hurt by the little interest she took in the exhibition, for she concluded that such indifference must arise from envy, and was more gratified by that thought, than if her cousin had bestowed the praises she thought they deserved.

Anne was sometimes taken to the routes her aunt and cousins frequented, though she would have greatly preferred staying at home with Miss Arnott, who though often invited, constantly refused, but Anne had been told she
must

must do whatever her aunt required, and therefore went, but she found very little pleasure in these parties. Her cousin was the chief object of admiration, nor had she sufficient knowledge of the world, to make much figure in company; the conversation she had been used to, was little suited to a party of fine ladies and gentlemen, who thought beauty, dress, and cards, the only things necessary to make them agreeable. Harriot was affected in company, proud and arrogant at home, and never failed reminding her cousin the next morning, of something which was said in praise of herself, or remarking the difference of dress there was between them. She would often mistake irony for praise, and repeat it

to her mother or cousin, as another proof of the admiration she excited: but to Miss Arnott she was silent on the subject, as she had always forbade such conversation.

When Anne had been almost three years with her aunt and cousin, it was reported that Mr. Newfield was coming home. After an absence of fourteen years, it may be supposed his family were all anxiety for his arrival; but Mrs. Newfield had received no letter from him that mentioned it, and she almost feared to credit the report; at length, however, the wished-for letter arrived, which announced his intention of being with them the next week. "I flatter myself," said he, "that I shall find our dear Harriot every
every

every thing I can wish ; I hope no expence has been spared to render her education complete ; for to see her an amiable and accomplished woman, is the first wish of my heart, and to contemplate her fancied excellences the constant amusement of my leisure hours."

Alas ! how must a father, who could write thus, be disappointed on beholding his daughter so unlike the picture he had formed ; yet there was no one who read or heard the letter, except Miss Arnott, (and she was too well acquainted with the mind of Harriot, so to flatter her mother) who did not tell her, that her daughter was just what her father wished.

Harriot for the first time, felt a

doubt, when Miss Arnott repeated the sentence we have copied. "My father," said she, "has been so long out of the world, that I dare say he does not know what good breeding is—he probably expects to see me always sitting, with a needle or a book in my hand."—"I think not;" answered Miss Arnott, with seriousness; "he said not a word about your being notable, but amiable and unaffected. You seem not to feel the pleasure I should expect, at the thought of seeing a father, who has been so many years absent."—"I am afraid," answered Harriot. Miss Arnott looked delighted: "That short sentence," said she, "gives me hope, if you feel diffident, and fear you shall not please him,

him, that you will alter your conduct, and let it be such as he wishes; let me again repeat it to you, my dear Harriot, you have too much vanity: you are looking for admiration from others, while the approbation of your own heart, should be your unerring aim."

Such language was far beyond Harriot's comprehension, nor had she a wish to understand it; she knew herself pleased, when she received the incense of praise, or rather flattery, for such should praise be called, when undeserved; but she forbore to answer her governess, lest it should bring on another lecture, as she thoughtlessly called the good advice Miss Arnott gave her; and therefore seeking her

cousin, she began to talk to her of her father's arrival: "How shall I receive him?" said she; "on my knees? or shall I run into the room where he is, and, falling at his feet, burst into tears?"

Anne had never studied the pathetics, and therefore could give her no advice on that head. She feared to irritate a temper so proud as her cousin's, or she could have recommended a behaviour quite contrary to her present conduct.

The week passed away, and Mr. Newfield did not come. His wife and daughter were quite disappointed; they had been at home every evening, in expectation of seeing him, and on that account lost many pleasant parties.

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In the next week there was a concert and ball, to which Harriot and Anne were invited. Mrs. Newfield would not go; but Harriot seemed so desirous of being there, that as it was to a very intimate friend's, she consented to their going without her. "Why should my father come this evening more than any other?" said Harriot; "It will be very hard to be deprived of all pleasure, and continually disappointed of seeing him also."

This evening she dressed herself with more than usual care; for not having been out so long, she seemed quite happy to be again at the glass. Her mother looked at her with pleasure; and after they had been gone

some time, could not help expressing her admiration to Miss Arnott; "I wish her father could first see her in that dress," said she; "I am sure he would be perfectly satisfied with her. Did you ever see a more lovely girl?" Miss Arnott smiled, but was prevented answering, by a loud knock at the door, and presently a gentleman entered, whom Mrs. Newfield knew to be her husband. After a few minutes had been devoted to mutual congratulations, in consequence of this happy meeting, Mr. Newfield eagerly enquired for his daughter; and on being told where she was, he would not let her be sent for, but proposed going to the house, as a visitor, and seeing her, without its being known he

he was there. "I wish to see our friend, at whose house she is;" said he, "relating to some business I have been transacting in London, and which prevented my coming down so soon as I intended, and I shall then see my daughter as she really is."

Mrs. Newfield knew not how to consent or to refuse: she was desirous Harriot should be seen as she thought in the height of her glory, yet if she accompanied him, which she would gladly have done, he would be discovered immediately.

About ten o'clock Mr. Newfield rapped at Mr. Brown's door, and, on telling the servant he wished to speak with his master alone, was shewn into

another room, where he was soon welcomed by his friend, with unfeigned satisfaction. After talking a little while on business, he told him his scheme, and desired him to acquaint Mrs. Brown, that she also might keep the secret. He added, "I do not wish you to tell me which is my daughter; let a father's feelings make the discovery."

The company were not out of the music room, when Mr. Newfield made his appearance. Harriot was at the upper part of the room, looking with great attention at the cap of the young lady who sat next her; for it was just come from the most fashionable milliner's in town, and she was determined to have one like it; at the same time endeavouring

endeavouring to conceal her mortification at not having been the first to wear it.

Anne Villers had, after much intreaty, been persuaded to sit down to the harpsichord, and perform a piece of music she particularly excelled in. Though her diffidence made her fearful of playing before company, she had made great improvement under the master who attended her since she had been with her aunt. Her face, however, was covered with blushes, and her heart full of apprehension; till after playing a little, and entering into the piece, she became animated by the music, and her eyes and face expressed all she felt.

Mr. Newfield had gone through the

room, and with scrutinizing looks examined all the young people of the party. He stopped at Harriot a little while, but on observing how her thoughts appeared to be directed, and the vexation visible in her face, he passed her without farther attention; though her first appearance made him think, he should be happy to find her his daughter. When he came among those who were gathered round the instrument, he looked at Anne with pleasure, and particularly observed the modesty of her countenance; she seemed not to expect admiration, and to be insensible to the flattering praises of those around her. It was a long piece, and he watched her through all the performance: "Should this be my daughter,"

ter," thought he, "she would indeed be the amiable girl I wished. Surely she is like my wife!—It must be Harriot!" And he could scarcely forbear asking Mr. Brown to fulfil his hopes immediately.

When Anne had finished the piece, she returned to her seat, quite distressed at the applause she met with. She sat next her cousin, who looked more mortified than before, at hearing her praised by Mrs. Brown, for her ready compliance with her request. Mr. Newfield observed them both, but Anne continued to keep the preference she had gained in his heart; for though she did not talk so much as Harriot, there was a sensibility in her look,

which

which shewed she was not silent through ignorance.

At length Harriot was led a second time to the instrument. She had before her father entered, attempted playing what was far beyond her abilities; but Mrs. Brown, willing he should see her to the best advantage, persuaded her to sing a song, which she had often practised, and succeeded in tolerably well; yet her manners were so affected, and she seemed so little to understand the words she repeated, that Mr. Newfield returned to his favourite Anne, even before the song was finished.

He was surprised to see her anxious attention to the performance; and she appeared so highly gratified with the applause

plause bestowed on the performer, that he was more than ever desirous of knowing who she was. He was at last observed by some other ladies, and they immediately asked, who the gentleman was, that seemed so particularly struck with Miss Newfield, for when they saw his attention to that party, they could suppose none but Harriot the object of his notice. Mrs. Brown smiled, and said, "He was a particular friend of theirs." But there was something in her manner, which induced them to think he was of more consequence to some one in the room. "Suppose it should be her father." said one. This idea was caught at by all; and it presently reached Harriot's ears: "Where is Mrs. Brown?" said she;

she ; " I must see her directly." And on hearing she was in the room for refreshments, she hurried to her.

The door was a little way open, and she observed Mrs. Brown talking very earnestly with the gentleman, who had so much excited her curiosity. They were the only people in the room, and their faces were turned from her, as they stood by the fire. Her old habit of listening prevailed ; and she resolved to hear their conversation, particularly as she caught enough of it, to guess the subject was herself.

" Who are those two young ladies ?" enquired Mr. Newfield : " One was playing when I came into the room, and the other sang the last song ; are they sisters ?"

Mrs.

Mrs. Brown answered with a smile, "They are cousins: do you admire them?" continued she.

"I think the first a charming girl," replied Mr. Newfield; "there is something so amiable and unassuming in her manners. All the rest seemed to be on the look-out for admiration; while she does not seem to know there is any thing attractive about her. Oh! Mrs. Brown, if you could tell me she is my daughter, I should rejoice."

"But what do you think of her cousin?" repeated Mrs. Brown, with an air of anxiety she could not suppress, and which convinced Harriot, this gentleman could be no other than her father. She felt obliged to Mrs.

Brown,

Brown, as she added, "I assure you she is thought very handsome;" and waited his answer with emotion.

"Yes, yes," said he, "I perceive she thinks herself so; but she is so affected, and appears so wrapped up in herself, that I should be miserable were she my child."

Harriot could conceal herself no longer, but bursting into tears, hid her face in Mrs. Brown's bosom, while she confessed she had over-heard all they said; and implored her to intercede with her father, for his favour.

Mr. Newfield was all astonishment; but when he beheld his daughter's tears, he almost blamed himself for the judgment he had passed. "Is this my daughter?" exclaimed he, "I will receive

ceive her to my heart ; I have been unjust in my opinion."

" Now my dear father," cried Harriot, as she received his affectionate embrace, " You have drawn what *was* my character. I own, with shame, I have been every thing you described ; but never, till this moment have I been sensible of my errors. Pray, pray, forgive them, and they shall never be repeated. I will try to imitate my cousin ; and never again may I hear you wish any other person to be your daughter, than your own Harriot, of whom you were once so fond."

Mr. Newfield was much affected by these marks of penitence, and again assured her of his fondest love ; while Mrs. Brown rejoiced to find she possessed

essed so much sensibility. It had never before been so powerfully called forth; and she hoped her good resolutions, so ardently made, would be as sincerely practised."

"Let us now go home;" said Mr. Newfield, "your mother is anxious for our return, and I as much so, to enjoy the company of my family alone."

"Mrs. Brown called Anne from the party, and she was introduced to her uncle. The reception she met with was equally kind and sincere; he had before been prejudiced in her favour, but he was particularly pleased to observe, that Harriot appeared to think her cousin merited his affection; as she again repeated before Anne, her conduct

duct should be an example to herself."

Mrs. Newfield received them on their return, with pleasure, and earnestly examined the countenance of her husband, as he entered the room, that she might discover his opinion of their daughter.

Miss Arnott met the young folks in the passage; but Harriot, on getting out of the chair, looked so very pale and dejected, that she feared she was ill, and taking her into another room, she enquired the cause of her agitation. "You have been introduced to your father;" said she, "I do not wonder at your emotion." Harriot's tears again flowed; and folding her arms around Miss Arnott, she repeatedly begged

begged her pardon, for not attending to the advice she had so often given her. "Alas!" continued she, "I have had the severest lesson which could have been given;" and she recounted the conversation she had over-heard, between Mrs. Brown and her father. Miss Arnott gave her every encouragement to proceed in her endeavours to improve, and with an affectionate kiss, told her, "she had never appeared so amiable in her eyes, as now." They passed the evening with delight; and from that time, Harriot exerted all her powers, to secure her father's approbation; and with Miss Arnott's kind encouragement, and her cousin's excellent example, she became quite another being. Mr. Newfield

field had the satisfaction of seeing her all he wished: and his wife acknowledged she was much more amiable, than when the object of admiration at a ball, or public place. Harriot herself also felt more satisfaction from the merited praises of such as were her real friends, than from all the flattery she had been accustomed to receive from an ill-judging world.

THE WINTER'S WALK.

How gloomy 'tis to cast the eye around,
And view the trees disrob'd of every leaf;
The velvet path grown rough with clotted flow'rs,
And every field depriv'd of every sheaf.

IN a former publication, for the instruction and amusement of young people, I have mentioned Charlotte Merton, as an admirer of nature in all her forms; and shall now intrude another of her walks on the attention of my juvenile readers, though not in a season which could be productive of the satisfaction she had at other times experienced.

“I do

“I do not think that even your own warm imagination,” said her sister Mary, “can now discover any thing worthy of attention; particularly as our walk must be confined to the road. It is not now, as in the delightful months of summer, when we could wander over fields, heaths, or commons, or trace the almost trackless paths of the wood. Do you not remember our ramble which afforded us so much pleasure? How different is the face of the country at present!”

“We will not,” answered Charlotte, “look back to past times with regret; they will again return; but even now the country has charms for me, and I will exert all my eloquence, to render them observable. I do not forget

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that

that in the walk we took together early last summer, you owned yourself a convert to my taste. What will you say, if I should again discover beauties before unobserved by you?"

"You can find but little, I am afraid," replied Mary, "to exercise the powers you are boasting of. Where are now the daisy-covered grass, the cowslips, and anemones, and the trees that then looked so green?"

"I own," returned her sister, "there are none of these things to assist my genius; but do not say I boast of it, my dear sister, for *you* first drew it forth, by listening with kind partiality, to my humble descriptions of beauties, which might inspire the most inattentive observer."

"Indeed,

“ Indeed, Charlotte, I meant not to check those attempts ;” said Mary, nor to blame you for making them ; I wish you to continue what does so much credit to your head and heart, as it shews you need not the assistance of art, to render life agreeable. I own I was wrong in using such an expression, particularly, as I knew it to be without foundation ; yet I hope you have that confidence in me, my beloved girl, as to believe your kind intention of pleasing is not lost upon me.”

“ Every thing,” said Charlotte, “ now looks dead and insensible to the cheering influence of the sun ; but our hearts must still be open to the presence of the Almighty, whose providential care, is as clearly seen, during this

dreary season, as in the midst of summer. When we recollect that every plant is, as it were, retired within itself, to gain fresh vigour, and that each fruit of the earth, while it lays concealed from our view, is also sheltered from the rigour of the winter, that it may at the time appointed spring forth for our use, we ought not to complain. Nothing now looks green but the bramble, whose rugged sprays still retain some leaves, but from being so near the dirty road, its verdure is scarcely perceptible. This humble plant is never seen in its native beauty; for in the summer it is, from its situation, covered with dust; and in winter, spattered with the dirt; yet the blackberries which it bears in the beginning
of

of winter, makes it a favourite bush, to every little bird ; even now the gentle robin sits on its trailing branches, regardless of our approach."

"And how prettily it sings;" observed Mary. "Its note is now the only music we hear, except the chirping sparrow."

"The bramble," rejoined Charlotte, "also offers another inducement to these little visitors. We are apt to condemn its rugged sides for robbing the sheep of their warm clothing, while they are tempted to encounter its thorns, that they may crop the few remains of grass, which are still to be met with under the hedges. We are at first inclined to think this a hardship; but on consideration, it appears,

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that,

that, "nature, kindly bounteous, cares for all," as these petty thefts, scarcely felt by the sheep, who are covered with a quantity, far superior, are to these little birds, their greatest comfort, as they take it from the bushes, to add to the warmth of their nests. Observe that beautiful holly," continued she; "the glossy hue of its prickly leaves, now the sun is shining full upon it, almost prevents my looking at it. The frost has had no power over this hardy tree; it is an evergreen, and its bright red berries, give it the most lively appearance. This is, I suppose, the reason that we adorn our houses with it at Christmas; which is the season of mirth and festivity. I must repeat to you, Dr. Darwin's description of Winter; in

in which he gives so beautiful an account of the holly:—

“ Thus when white winter o’er the shiv’ring clime
 “ Drives the still snow, or showers the silver rime,
 “ As the lone shepherd o’er the dazzling rocks
 “ Points his steep step, and guides his vagrant flocks,
 “ Views the green holly, veil’d in net-work nice,
 “ Her vermeil clusters twinkling in the ice,
 “ Admires the lucid vales, and slumb’ring floods,
 “ Fantastic cataracts, and crystal woods,
 “ Transparent towns, with seas of milk between,
 “ And eyes with transport the refulgent scene;
 “ If breaks the sunshine o’er the spangled trees,
 “ Or flits on torpid wings the western breeze,
 “ In liquid dews descends the transient glare,
 “ And all the glittering pageant melts in air.”

“ You are, I know,” continued Charlotte, “ very well acquainted with Philip’s letter from Copenhagen, and this is I think very similar to the description he there gives, of the appearance of winter, in those northern climes. But let me draw your at-

tention to the misletoe, which is hanging to that tree, a plant, if it may be called so, held sacred among the ancient Druids, who looked upon it, as an emblem of God, having, as they said, neither beginning nor end. Look at the ivy, with which the stems of the naked trees are covered, and now and then a dark and gloomy fir appears, to give us an opportunity of exercising our fancy, in the recollection of more light and airy trees, which adorn the country in summer, and which in imagination only, we can now contrast with these, from which when the first buds of spring appear, we ungratefully turn. Though they have, through the winter, offered us all the charms they possess, yet such is
our

our love of variety, that we turn with pleasure to any thing new, and overlook beauties more valuable, only because they are uncommon."

"In that field," said Mary, "we see what more forcibly reminds us of summer, as it raises our hopes of the harvest we are to expect—I mean the plough. Look at the boy who carelessly whistles by the side of his plodding horses, while the man, more steady, guides the share, to turn up the earth, from whence he is to reap his future livelihood. Perhaps it recalls to his mind, the time last year, when he was engaged in the same employment, and his heart sinks within him, on reflecting how little he has profited by it. Yet he continues his work, and let us

not fear, but that the Almighty will bless his labour; and as ten righteous people would have saved the devoted cities we have read of in the Bible, we will hope this nation has still a sufficient number, to avert the dreadful evils we have been threatened with."

"Ah! my dear sister," said Charlotte; "we may be happy in having so good a mother, who has taught us to look on God, as the author of all good, even though it may be sent in the form of evil, and you have profited by her instruction. Had our poor cousin Hartley had such a parent, do you think she would have been so miserable as she is? Instead of teaching her to place her dependance on God, she said her mother had told her, He
was

was much too great to attend to the petitions of a mortal. I endeavoured to draw her attention to those parts of the Bible, where we are commanded to pray; and our Saviour has promised, if we ask with humility, that our prayers shall be heard; or if denied, we are taught to think it for our advantage they should be so. My uncle and aunt are desirous their children should practise morality; but if a thorough knowledge of religion was given them, they would be enabled to suffer patiently the ills they are now complaining of. I mean the ill fortune my uncle has met with, in trade. They attribute all their misfortunes to the hand of man, we to that of God; and it is certain our conclusions are more

consoling, as no one can place so entire a confidence in any man, as we have been taught to feel in our Creator."

"Our conversation is grown quite serious;" said Mary. "And see we are getting into the dirt. The subject has so engrossed our attention, that we have exceeded the limits of our walk. Let us go across this high turnip field, it will bring us nearer home, and by the time we reach it, I think dinner will be ready."

"I believe so too," answered Charlotte, "for we set out rather late."

"But I could talk with you on a subject, on which we so entirely agree, much longer," continued Mary, "did I not fear an interruption; for I think

I see

I see Miss Arnold coming, and she will probably join us; and though with our friends we might converse in this way, without being ridiculed for affecting superior wisdom, to our common acquaintance, such conversation would appear like pretended goodness."

Miss Arnold now joined them; and after the usual salutations of the morning, their conversation turned on the prospect before them. All was barren and naked, and the tops of the hills were still covered with snow, which had fallen some weeks before.

"There is little pleasure in walking at this time of the year," said Mary; "for when vegetation is dead, and the work of husbandry not going on, few things

things appear to attract our attention."

"No," said Miss Arnold; "we do not meet half the people we do in summer; I assure you till I met you I have not seen a living creature, except two or three children with bundles of wood upon their heads."

"How fortunate it is," observed Charlotte, "that the winter has hitherto been so mild. The poor who have found it hardly possible to get bread, would otherwise have found it still more difficult to purchase fuel; and with little food, and little fire, their situation must have been terrible."

"Why, now, upon my word," interrupted Miss Arnold, "I do not think they

they are so badly off, as you imagine. Only recollect the many subscriptions, which are continually raised for them ! I know I wanted a new ball dress last week, and papa told me he could not give me the money to buy it, because another subscription was coming round, and he must contribute towards that. I am going next Tuesday, to visit my uncle, and I shall be obliged to have no variety in my dresses at all the assemblies to which I am to go, while I am there."

"But the cause, I should think," returned Mary, "would be a sufficient satisfaction for the want of variety in your clothes."

"Cause!" repeated Miss Arnold.

"Who will know that ? if I could tell
 them,

them, the money which should have bought me another gown was given to the poor, it would not so much signify ; but only myself will know it, and what comfort will that afford."

" A great deal, in my opinion ;" Charlotte would have answered, but their talkative companion continued thus : " or if I were a lady with a title, it would then be put in the newspaper, in some such paragraph as this : " The beautiful lady Caroline Arnold, has appeared at every public place, for the last month, in the simplest dress. The benevolent motive for such an appearance, does honour to her Ladyship's feeling heart, who has, we are informed, bestowed the money which a variety of dresses would have cost, on the dis-
tresses

tresses of the poor, to whom she has been a liberal benefactress." But now every one will think it is because my father could not afford to give me better; and I shall be the shabbiest dressed girl in the room."

Charlotte and her sister could not help smiling at the fancied distress of this acquaintance, which seemed to give her more trouble than all the real misery which occasioned it; but concluding it would be no consolation to her, to be reminded of the comforts it might bestow on many a poor family, if not known to the world, she had helped to contribute towards them, they forbore to express the pleasure such an opportunity of doing good would afford them; and Charlotte contrived to draw her

her attention to the field of turnips they were passing. "Nothing," said she, "looks more lively than the bright hue of their leaves; they have not yet been injured by any severe frost, and the sheep find them a very nourishing food."

They were now near the town, and Miss Arnold, seeing another of her acquaintance, to whom she said, she wished to speak, bade the amiable sisters good morning; and tripped after a companion better suited to her taste, while Mary and Charlotte returned home, not dissatisfied with their walk, though they pitied Miss Arnold, who could receive no pleasure, but from the gratification of her vanity.

ON FRIENDSHIP.

“When once you profess yourself a friend, endeavour to be always such. He can never have a true friend, who will be often changing them.”

Charlotte, reading.

“THERE cannot be a greater treachery than first to raise a confidence, and then deceive it.” What can be the meaning of this sentence, mamma? sure no one would wish to deceive those who had placed a confidence in them?”

Mrs.

Mrs. Beauchamp. “ That is a question every ingenuous heart would ask ; and long may it admit of one from you, my dear child ; for nothing can be so great a proof of the depravity of our nature as such treachery.”

Charlotte. “ But for what reason would they do it, mamma ? To place a confidence is to entrust our secrets with one another ; is it not ? and can there be any advantage in behaving so as to lose the esteem of a friend ?”

Mrs. Beauchamp. “ One would think there could not. Your heart is too good, to allow its admitting of a doubt ; and in reality nothing can compensate for the uneasiness the consciousness of deserving such alienation occasions. The person who had
fondly

fondly hoped, that another to whom he had given his friendship, as ardently returned it, is to be pitied, when he finds his affections were misplaced; that the friend he had trusted, had deceived him; and received his confidence, merely to abuse it. But, on reflection, this man's state of mind, is far preferable to his, who had so basely treated him. The first may, after a time, bear to see him with unconcern, whilst the other will blush to observe the man who once called him friend, looking on him with indifference, and all the world marking him with contempt."

Charlotte. "I should think every body must despise such a person,

and

and none more so than the friend he had so basely treated."

Mrs. Beauchamp. "I do not know whether we can bring ourselves to despise those we have once sincerely loved. Indifference is often more than we can really feel, though I would try to assume it; as such behaviour, would, I think, be more likely to convince a false friend, that his conduct had lost the impression he wished it to make on my mind."

Charlotte. "Real friendship, I believe, is seldom met with, mamma. Certainly all that call themselves friends, are not so, or you, I am sure, must have more than your share, as almost every body who writes to you, end
their

their letters, with "your real," or "your affectionate friend."

Mrs. Beauchamp. "Friendship, I think, may be reduced under two heads; obligatory, and confidential. According to the former, almost all my correspondents may be called my real friends, for to each I am obliged. Mr. Manly, you know, has settled a very difficult lawsuit for me. Mr. Danton remits me my income, and by his means I am saved the trouble of going every year to town. His uncle is also very friendly, in assisting your brother in the business he is engaged in."

Charlotte. "These are, indeed, very good friends, and for no other motive than to be serviceable to you.

None

None of these gentlemen would raise a confidence, and then deceive it."

I *Mrs. Beauchamp*. "I believe not; but it is necessary to know a person a great while before you place such an implicit confidence in him. People are not at all times alike; I do not mean that they do not always carry the same appearance, but their sentiments change. Mr. Danton I have known a great while; his probity is too well grounded, and his opinion too firmly fixed to suppose he would injure me; but a younger man setting out in life, with every good intention, might, for want of experience, be led into errors, perhaps, from the very treachery we are speaking of, that of a false friend. Therefore though I have at present an
high

high opinion of him, I would not place the confidence in any one else, that I do in Mr. Danton, whom I have known so long, as by keeping the money he receives for me, or making an improper use of it, he might ruin me and my family for ever."

Charlotte. "But your confidential friend, mamma, must be one of your own sex and age, must it not? and one you have known from childhood; I can guess who that is—Miss Millan."

Mrs. Beauchamp. "It does not require much discernment to discover that. May you, my dear child, meet with such another! I cannot wish you a greater happiness. But we were talking of the sentence you read just now. "The treachery of raising con-
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fidence,

fidence, and then betraying it." We are always inclined to think well of those we call our friends, and nothing but experience can teach us they are false. Were we told so by other people, we should rather think them mistaken, than ourselves deceived; but if such a proof is given us, that we cannot disbelieve, resentment may for a very little while, prevent our feeling it; but anger is of short duration, except with those of a revengeful temper, and when that has subsided, we feel hurt at such a disappointment."

Charlotte. "What is to be done? Can you ever see that friend again?"

Mrs. Beauchamp. "It requires some resolution, to admit of it, and not to notice his behaviour; but it is certainly

tainly more noble minded, to behave to one who has injured you, with more attention, than his conduct deserves. If he has any feeling, the consciousness he must experience of not deserving such attention from you, will more than revenge your cause: I am very happy in never having had a trial of this sort. All my friends are real ones. To the first I have mentioned, I am obliged; but to Miss Millan I am attached by the strongest ties of friendship, and I firmly believe, our attachment is mutual. Indeed, I ought not to doubt it, for it would shew a want of that confidence I ought to place in one who has given me so many proofs of her regard."

ON LOOKING GLASSES.

“When thou hast admired the fabric, enquire into its use.”

Julia.

“DEAR, mamma, what beautiful looking glasses Lady Holt has in her drawing room! Surely they must cost a good deal of money. I like to go and see her, that I may look at them.”

Mrs. Dennis. “I dare say they are expensive; and they certainly are an ornament to the room: but if to look at them is the only reason you like to go to Lady Holt’s, her ladyship is

not

not much obliged to you for your visit."

Julia. "I do'nt exactly mean that, mamma, but you can see yourself from top to bottom in them, and they set you off to the best advantage ; besides, I could see all the company in them as well as myself."

Mrs. Dennis. "But from your manner, I am afraid yourself was the person, who engaged most of your attention ; indeed I shall not take you there again, if to admire yourself in the looking glasses is the only object of your visit."

Julia. "Dear, mamma ! I am sure I saw you looking at them very often, and with great attention."

Mrs. Dennis. "Yes, I was endeavouring

youring to recollect how they were made: don't you remember what you read to me a little while ago, about glass?"

Julia. "Yes, mamma."

Mrs. Dennis. "Can you repeat it now?"

Julia. "I don't think there was any thing about looking glasses in it, it was only an account of what makes glass?"

Mrs. Dennis. "And what does make it?"

Julia. "I believe, a kind of salt, extracted from wood, sea-weed, and all sorts of plants, which, when burnt to ashes, being mixed with sand, and melted over the fire, makes a liquid, which, as soon as it cools, hardens and becomes glass."

Mrs.

Mrs. Dennis. "So far you are right; but how can this become, like what we have seen to day, or even like what our windows are made of? You know it is said, the glass-maker taking a little of this burning liquid on the end of a hollow tube, blows through it, and it becomes a bottle, a ball, or any thing he pleases; but this is not the way they make glass flat. Can you tell me therefore how that is done?"

Julia. "No, I don't think I can."

Mrs. Dennis. "They do not blow them, but run them on a table of brass, or other cast metal. For the best sort of glass, they use the finest sand, and the salt which is extracted from a plant called salt-wort, or glass-wort, and the furnaces in which they melt it, are made

of a peculiar sort of earth, that will bear the heat of the fire, but even then they want repairing very often, and must be entirely rebuilt every three years. Only think what a dangerous business it must be for the workmen who are employed about so immense a fire; besides, the place itself is so very close, that it makes them very unhealthy."

Julia. "I cannot think how they bear it; but how they can, as you say they do, mamma, pour the melted glass upon these tables, without burning themselves, is still more wonderful!"

Mrs. Dennis. "It is indeed; and nothing but constant use could make them so dexterous. They take hold of the vessel which contains it, so cautiously, and yet so steadily, that not a drop

drop is spilled, and thus they pour it upon the brazen tables I have told you of, where there are little iron rods laid along and across the table, which may be moved at pleasure; and accordingly as they are placed, the breadth and size of the glass is determined. Do you understand me?"

Julia. "Oh, yes, mamma; and now I remember all I read about it; particularly how much care must be taken to keep it free from dust, for even the smallest grain is sufficient to spoil the look of the glass, and to form those little bubbles, we so often see in it."

Mrs. Dennis. "And do you recollect how they make it of an equal thickness!"

Julia. “ Not very well. Is it not by a brass roller?”

Mrs. Dennis. “ Yes; when the melted matter is poured upon the mould, and spread equally between these iron rods or rulers, they press it with this roller, and thus the glass is made equally thick in every part; but the chief thing is the care necessary to be taken that it does not cool too soon, for if the outer part is suffered to get cold before the inside, it will break as soon as it is brought to the air. For this reason they neal, (as it is called) all their glasses; and this is done by keeping them in a furnace many days, the heat of which they gradually assuage. The brass table being made to run upon wheels,

wheels, fastened to the frame which supports it, they can easily move it to the mouth of the nealing furnace, where they gently slide the mould with the glass, still in its liquid state, on the sand, with which the bottom of the furnace is covered. After remaining there till it is sufficiently nealed and hardened, it is fit for use, and becomes transparent."

Julia. " This is the way all the large panes of glass we see in gentlemen's carriages are made, I suppose ; but you have not yet told me, mamma, how a looking glass is made."

Mrs. Dennis. " That is what I should suppose, you know already. It is done by applying a layer of quicksilver and a leaf of tin on one side of

the glass, which makes it so exactly reflect whatever is placed before it."

Julia. "Is not quicksilver a mineral, mamma?"

Mrs. Dennis. "Yes; it is also called Mercury, and, except gold, it is the heaviest of all metals. It cannot be drawn out in lengths, or spread in breadths, but consists of a fluid matter which looks like melted silver."

Julia. "What is the meaning of fluid?"

Mrs. Dennis. "It is like water; that is, its parts adhere the least to each other, and are the most easily separated, and it may be evaporated by a very gentle heat. Quicksilver adheres very closely to gold; for which

reason

reason it is always used to separate the gold dust, which is sometimes found on the banks of rivers, from the sand with which it is always mixed. To silver it will also adhere, but with great difficulty to copper, and to iron not at all. Tin is, you know, a mineral, but still much preparation is necessary before it becomes fit to use. When we consider this, and the many hands which must be employed, before these ornaments for our drawing rooms are made, they seem to be worth our admiration; but glass itself, is, in my opinion, much more valuable, as it conveys to us one of the greatest blessings, the Almighty has bestowed on us; and at the same time keeps out the wind and rain from our habitation.

Let

Let us consider what it was supplied its place before the art of making it was discovered. We are told, in some of the superior houses, it was a white stone cut into thin plates, so as to be in a manner transparent. In those of a meaner sort, canvass, or linen cloth was used, and sometimes lattices of wood or wire; neither of which could secure them from the inclemency of the weather, or admit the light so freely as the glass we now enjoy the benefit of."

Julia. "It is indeed of much more service, without the quicksilver and tin, than with it; yet I never considered it so attentively before. What we see every day we are apt to overlook; indeed I can scarcely allow myself

self to believe, that a mass of ashes and sand, by the help of fire, should become any thing so beautiful and so useful."

Mrs Dennis. "When we consider also the various kinds of instruments which are made from the same materials, some to bring objects nearer to us, and others to assist us in discovering, what to the naked eye, would be imperceptible, our admiration is still farther excited. Think of the telescope, and the microscope, with the numberless variety of spectacles which are made to suit every age, and the slight wonder raised in your mind at the sight of a looking glass, will be lost in the contemplation of the inestimable advantages derived from these. Our ideas of the Creator are considerably

considerably enlarged ; the motions of the heavenly bodies are laid open to our view by the former, and the microscope convinces us, that the Almighty has, even in the smallest of his works, equally shewn his power and perfection, as in the arrangement of the planets, and that bright luminary, which affords us light to examine into them. Do not then, my beloved child, be ever satisfied with the mere surface of what pleases you, but endeavour to employ your mind in reflecting on its use ; and let every thing you see like our present conversation, more and more convince you of the goodness of God, which no object, however remote it may at first appear, from so charming a reflection, when properly considered,

considered, will fail of doing; for,
“to him, whom the science of nature
delighteth, every object bringeth a
proof of his God, and every thing that
proveth this, giveth cause of adora-
tion.”

THE FAIR.

“ Each bliss unshar’d is unenjoy’d;
Each power is weak, unless employ’d
Some social good to gain.”

THREE little girls, who were sisters, had long looked forward with anticipated pleasure, to the day of the fair, as they were then promised half-a-crown each, to do with as they liked.

“ When will Thursday come, mamma?” said Henrietta, the youngest.

“ This week does seem so long! And when will you give us our money?”

It

“It is time enough for that,” said her mother, “when you know what to do with it.”

“Oh dear, mamma! I shall not be at a loss about that;” answered the little girl. “I shall buy so many things; first of all I shall have a doll, then a set of tea things and some gingerbread, and if my money will hold out, I intend to buy a book.”

“Suppose you were to buy a new thimble,” interrupted her sister Caroline, who was anticipating the time almost as earnestly as Henrietta, though for a different reason, as she then expected to see an old and favorite servant, who had nursed her, and married from the family. She now lived some miles in the country, and
this

this was the day she paid her annual visit to her mistress, bringing with her all her children, three boys and a girl.

“A *thimble!*” repeated the talkative little girl; “I dare say I should lay my money out so, ’tis true this is almost worn out, but I am sure mamma will give me another, when I cannot work any more with it; for you know she does not like to see me idle. “No, no,” added she, laughing, “I know better what to do with my half crown; but what shall *you* buy, sister!”

“I cannot tell, exactly,” answered Caroline; “but not a doll, nor tea things, I am sure. I must have a ribband for Molly, and something I must give to my dear Nanny Cole.”

“A ribband

“ A riband for Molly ?” said Henrietta ; “ that is what I thought of buying, but I forgot it again, till you mentioned it.”

Their sister, Mary Anne, now entered the room, with an account of a caravan of wild beasts, which was just come into town, to be in readiness for the fair.

“ We must all go and see that,” said Henrietta. “ I am sure I will save a little of my money on purpose ; I dare say there are lions and elephants : oh ! how I shall like to see them ! yet I don’t know whether I shall not be afraid ; who knows, if they are properly confined ?”

In this way did the little chatterer continue to talk, till she was called with her sisters to take a walk.

At

At length the wished-for day arrived, and these young people were not more anxious for fine weather than Mrs. Cole and her children. As soon as it was light, they jumped out of bed, to observe the clouds; the boys, though young, had been accustomed to work with their father, but this day they were to have a holiday, and never were they so soon awakened, for without being called, they were up and dressed in their Sunday's clothes before their father was gone to his daily labour.

"Ah, boys," said the good humoured man, "I see how it is. When you are going out for pleasure, you don't want to be called, but when I want you to help me, 'tis a hard matter to get you up."

up." The children returned the smile they observed on their father's countenance, and promised that the next morning they would be up as early."

"But I wish you was going too, father," cried Dick, who was the eldest; "sure for one day you might have had a holiday."

"Oh, yes, I might, if I asked for it," returned his father; "master would not deny me, any more than the rest; but I shall leave off an hour sooner, and then I shall have time enough to see as much of the fair, as I want to see. It is not now as it was twenty years ago; then I used to enjoy such a day as well as any body in the parish, but now I had rather earn a shilling

shilling than spend it. That's the difference you see," added he, throwing his spade and hoe over his shoulder, and after wishing them great pleasure, he promised to be with them in the afternoon, and went whistling away.

Jenny, their eldest sister, now came down, and with chearful looks, assisted her mother in putting all the things in order, that when they came back, they might find the house fit for their reception, and after eating a little breakfast, (for the boys, and Jenny also, were too full of expectation to allow themselves time to eat much,) they returned the loaf to the cupboard, and Jenny ran up stairs to put on her clean gown, and in a minute was without the door

door of the cottage, with her brothers, all ready to depart, and while waiting for their mother, who thought it necessary to pay more attention to her dress, as she was going to see her kind mistress, and her dear Miss Caroline, she told her brother William, who had never been to a fair, what he was to expect.

The boys skipped on before, and their eyes danced with joy, when they beheld the town they were approaching. Their mother repeated her instructions, telling them how they were to behave, to take off their hats as soon as they got within the door; if any body spoke to them they were to make a bow; and not to sit down till they were bid.

They promised to remember all she said, but their mind ran more upon the pleasure they expected.

When they reached the house they were going to, Charlotte, who had been watching their arrival at the window, ran to open the door for them. "Oh, my dear Nanny," said she, "I am so glad you are come! I was afraid it would rain, and keep you all at home—pray come in?" She then led her delighted guests into the kitchen, where presently her sisters also came to welcome their humble visitors.

Mrs. Cole kissed 'her darling child,' as she had always called Caroline, and then begged her pardon for being so free; "but, indeed, Miss," added she, "though

“though you are so much grown, I cannot help thinking of the time you used to sit in my lap.”

Caroline wanted no apology for what afforded her so much pleasure; “And though I am almost twelve years old,” said she, “I do not forget that you was my own good Nanny, and took so much care of me, when poor mamma was so ill that she could hardly take any notice of me at all.”

The children, who had stood silently together, now attracted Caroline’s attention, and she spoke to each with kindness. William, however, had quite forgot his mother’s instructions, and with his hat on his head, and a face covered with blushes, continued silent to all her enquiries.

“He is so shamefaced, Miss,” said his mother, “that he wont say a word. Why don’t you speak to the lady, Will? And there, now, you have got your hat on too. Did not I tell you to take it off?”

Will, now more confused than ever, took off his hat, and running to his mother, hid his face in her lap. Caroline begged her not to be angry, and turning to Jenny, quite won her heart, by the kindness with which she talked to her.

Her mamma now came into the kitchen, and again the little boys had to stand up, and make their bows, as their mother directed. The good lady ordered some refreshments for them, and, bidding her daughter follow her, she

she left the room, that the children might a little recover the fright the seeing so many strangers had given them.

Henrietta was anxious for the meal to be over, that she might talk to Jenny, who was but a little older than herself, and shew her all her playthings, She meant also to give her those she was tired of, but her sister Mary told her, "such little girls as Jenny, at ten years old, had something else to do than play with toys. "I dare say," said she, "Jenny helps her mother wash and iron, and clean the house; she would not thank you for such things. I intend," continued she, "to give her a little of my money; I dare say she would like to have something to spend at the fair."

Henrietta considered a moment.—
“If I had not so many things to buy,”
said she, “I should like to give her
some money too, but I cannot afford
that,” added she; and tripped thought-
lessly away, to call her young compa-
nion to come and see all the fine
things she had got to shew her, in the
afternoon.

Their mother distributed to her
children the half-crown a piece, which
they had been promised; but telling
them it was much more than she
thought they could spend properly, she
left it for their own judgment to dis-
pose of it, as they thought best.

Charlotte and Mary agreed to give
a small part of theirs to each of the
children, and this with a riband they
were

were to buy for both the servants, would leave them but a shilling each to spend on themselves.

Henrietta looked at her money again and again, and in imagination, purchased every thing she wanted, or thought she wanted, every time she took it out of her pocket.

Mrs. Cole and her family left the house as soon as they had eaten their dinner, and after repeated enquiries from Henrietta, of, "when they were to go?" her mother accompanied her and her sisters to the fair.

No sooner were they entered into the bustle of the "mixt multitude," than they were eagerly called upon by all who had any thing to dispose of, to come and buy. "What d'ye

choose, ladies?" was the general cry; and poor Henrietta, who carried her money in her hand, found it difficult to make a choice among so many things. At length the stall of a neat looking woman, attracted her eye, and she begged her mother to go nearer, that she might buy a doll. Several were accordingly produced, and she was again at a loss which to take. The ribands which hung from the top of the stand, were equally puzzling to her sisters; they debated some time which the maids would like best, and at last fixed on what the woman told them was most fashionable. Henrietta purchased her doll, and they proceeded to another stall, where the bright oranges were temptingly displayed to view.

view. She meant to buy only one, but when so many other nice things appeared, she spent the remainder of her money in buying part of all the man had got to sell. Her mother saw her purse nearly emptied, without noticing it; for, knowing that experience was the best instructor, she determined to observe in silence, what guard Henrietta had over her money, and hoped from this afternoon she would learn the caution necessary to be used in spending it.

Presently Henrietta recollected the wild beasts her sister had told her of, and eagerly shook her purse to find sixpence which would admit her. But, alas! she had not one left. "I have lost some of my money, mamma," said

she; "look here, my purse is quite empty! What shall I do? I am sure I must have dropped it."

"You mean you have spent it all," answered her mother; "consider what you have bought, and you will not wonder at your money being gone."

"Why I have only bought a doll, and some oranges, and plumbs, and two cakes, mamma," replied Henrietta, astonished that her mother should think that so much. "The doll cost but one shilling and fourpence; and it is impossible I can have spent all the rest."

"This is not the place to reckon your expences," answered her mother; "but when you return home, which I suppose you will now be willing

ling to do, as you have no more money to spend, you will be soon convinced. Your pockets also, are so stuffed that I should think you would be glad to get rid of your load."

"But I meant to buy some tea things," interrupted the little girl; "and above all things, I wanted to go to the show. How could I be so foolish? I still think I must have lost the six-pence I intended for that purpose."

"You have certainly spent it," replied her mother, "and therefore make yourself easy on that head, and return home; your sisters are ready; they have had more care over their money, and have still enough left to go to the show, but your papa will be

so kind as to accompany us there, as I should not like to go without him, we must go home to call him, where we can then leave you."

Henrietta looked very grave at this intelligence, yet she acknowledged it was but right, and willingly left the fair, where she had so thoughtlessly thrown away her money.

Their father was in the parlour expecting their summons, when they reached home. "What!" said he, "you are come to deposit your purchases. I hope you have spent your money to your satisfaction. Henrietta appears to have made good use of hers," observing the oranges and cakes, she drew from her pocket. Poor Henrietta did not think so, and answered

answered in a melancholly tone, to her father's enquiries of what she had bought, while her sisters displayed with pleasure, the ribands they intended as a present for the servants, and each a nice leather purse for themselves.

“We have still money left to pay our admittance to the show, papa,” added they, “if you will be so good as to go with us.” To this he readily consented; but was surprised to see Henrietta taking off her bonnet and gloves, instead of preparing, like her sisters, to accompany him. “Does not Henrietta go?” said he. “Sure my little girl is not afraid!” “No, papa, I am not afraid,” answered she; “but I am ashamed to tell you I have spent all my money, and so foolishly

ishly too! My sisters have done some good with theirs, but I have obliged nobody, only bought this foolish doll, and some cakes and oranges."

The sorrow expressed in the poor girl's countenance, as she spoke, pleaded so effectually with her father, that he said, as she seemed so sensible of her folly, he hoped she would act more wisely another time, and offered to treat her to this much-wished-for show.

"I don't think I deserve to go; do I, mamma?" asked the conscious girl, with a sigh. Her mother could not say no, but repeating her father's observation, she told her to put on her bonnet again; Henrietta obeyed, yet without the pleasure her sisters expressed at the thought

thought of what they should see. "Your sister," said their mother to the eldest daughter, on fearing she saw a look something like jealousy spreading over their countenances, "cannot, like you, enjoy what you are going to see, for you have added to the pleasure of others; but poor Henrietta is too conscious of not deserving her father's kindness to receive it with satisfaction. Had she bestowed part of her money as you have done, she might have received this as a reward for her generosity, but now it is more a proof of her father's good nature, than her own."

This remark made Caroline and Mary Anne quite satisfied with their own conduct, and they could willingly rejoice

rejoice that their sister was allowed to accompany them. Thus does praise, which we are conscious of deserving, put us in good humour with ourselves and others; while an act of kindness we know we do not merit, brings with it a mortification, which all the attention of our friends can seldom eradicate.

ON THE PROVERB,

“He who envies another, is not himself at ease.”

NO passion is more tormenting to the mind than Envy. From the indulgence of others we may gain a momentary satisfaction, and, though, when reflected on, they are attended with our own displeasure, this displeasure, if properly considered, may tend to make us better in the end. But “envy is the canker of the heart:” it allows us not to think ourselves in the
wrong.

wrong, yet sickens at the praise of others; and instead of being raised to emulation by the example of another, the envious man endeavours to throw a veil over the merits of his competitor, by either seeking to place them in an improper light, or by drawing the attention of his admirers to a trifling fault, of which, *one* in a deserving man, generally meets with more reproaches, than all his good actions praise. Such is the force of ill nature!

When we reflect on the noble spirit of emulation, can it be ever supposed it could ever degenerate to so mean a passion as envy, yet such is too often the case, the praise we hear bestowed on those who excel, instead of stimulating

lating the endeavours of the envious man, to equal them in virtue, causes his jealousy. He despairs of reaching the excellence he at first admired, and therefore fails to imitate it."

Were these, however, all its ill effects, it might be overlooked, his friends might wish him more application, but the slothful man, too often becomes an envious one, the mind of man is never inactive, and therefore when not employed in the pursuit of virtue, we ought to fear lest our thoughts should seek to render others unworthy of the commendation we cannot obtain. Envy hates the excellence it cannot reach, and therefore endeavours to depreciate its value, but

such

such a man is ill at ease. The very character of envy shews we are not satisfied with ourselves. Who would envy another, for a situation he thought inferior to his own? If we wish to gain the good opinion of others, we must really deserve it, nor need we lay before them the errors of our neighbours, to convince them, *we have none*; for while speaking of their faults, we shew a much greater one in ourselves, that of slander, and amongst our hearers, there may not be wanting some, who will attribute all we say, (and perhaps not unjustly), to envy. The truly good man, if he cannot speak favourably of another, will forbear to speak at all; and in
bestowing

bestowing praises where he can, and few there are, whose conduct does not in some instance more than another, deserve it, the worth of his own heart will be clearly discovered.

FAMILY AFFECTION.

“ Heaven doth with us as we with torches do—
Not light them for themselves ; for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, ’twere all alike
As if we had them not.”

MR^S. Spencer was a widow with five children, and her chief care was to educate them properly. She had endeavoured to teach them, that without affection for each other, their lives could not be happy ; and her precepts were

were so closely drawn from nature, that they could not be disregarded. She taught them that each could assist the other, and that there could not be a greater pleasure, than in alleviating the distress of those we love, or in perceiving our attempts to soften the miseries of life succeed.

For this reason she would scarcely ever let her children be separated, and where each loved the other so affectionately, no one wished to enjoy a pleasure the rest could not partake of. This was amply verified in the account I am going to give, of this amiable family.

Poor Selina was confined three months to the house with a broken leg, which accident happened as she
was

was playing with her sisters in the garden; one of them ran against her, and beat her down. They at first laughed at her fall, but were much frightened, when she told them she had hurt herself very much, and, calling for assistance, she was carried to her chamber, and a surgeon sent for, who pronounced it a very dangerous fracture.

Her affectionate mother sat up with her that night, and till the fever, which is always attendant on such an accident, was somewhat abated, nothing could induce her to suffer her child to be under the care of any other nurse than herself. Her brothers and sisters were not allowed to be in the room long together, while her disorder was
at

at the height, but they seldom left the outside of the door, nor were they comfortable any where else.

In a fortnight or three weeks her health was restored, but she had recovered very little use of her leg, and though she was every day brought into the sitting room, she could not move it from the stool which supported it, without help.

Her brother John was nearly sixteen, and instead of joining his companions or schoolfellows, whenever he had leisure, he employed it in reading to her, or in examining the maps, and in improving her in geography, of which she was extremely fond.

Charles, the youngest, then little more than seven, did all he could to

amuse her. He read all his little books to her; brought her the first violet and primrose he had found blown; and in every instance evinced his attention to the lessons of affection their mother had taught them.

Clara and Emily were equally attentive, and when their brothers were otherwise employed, vied with each other in finding entertainment for their sister, who, with such affectionate nurses, scarcely felt her confinement, except when she found they deprived themselves of any amusement on her account. "Why," she would say, "do you not go out as you used to do?" You seldom walk at all now, and never work in your gardens. I am sure they must begin to want your
care,

care, and mamma may, with truth, say, she has given us too large a share of the ground, if we do not endeavour to improve it. As for my part," added she, "it is now out of the question, I shall not be able to plant any flowers, or have any thing worth seeing all the summer."

Her sisters smiled at each other, for they had made a point of keeping her garden in as exact order as their own, and had put as many seeds and plants in it as the ground would hold, but they wished to surprise her with its appearance, when she should once more be able to get out. Clara therefore answered, by assuring her they had lost no time, as whenever John was

reading to her, they were busily employed in their gardens.

Next day Miss Medwyn, whose mother was the intimate friend of Mrs. Spencer, called to ask them to drink tea. She had often been there during Selina's confinement, but could not now prevail on them to return her visits, as they did not like to leave Selina. "Indeed," said Clara, "we have a book that we very much wish to finish reading to my sister, and I am sure both Emily and myself had rather visit you, when she can accompany us."

"This is the third invitation you have refused," said Selina. "Had I been well, you would have gone."

"Yes,"

"Yes," answered Clara, "for then you would have been of the party. Don't you know we have often said, we don't enjoy any amusement half so much as when we are all together? therefore no force is put upon our inclinations, to stay at home with you. If Dorinda could stay with us, we should be quite happy, but that she cannot do, as she has other company, yet I know she will excuse us, and not be angry at our refusal."

Miss Medwyn was too much their friend to feel affronted at their preferring the amusement of their sister to their own, and left them with a promise of spending the next day with them.

A few days after this, Clara and

Emily received an invitation from the governess of a boarding school, in the town, to be present at the representation of a play, which was to be performed by her young ladies.

Selina herself much wished to go, and insisted that her sisters should not be deprived of this pleasure on her account. "I am now very well able to amuse myself," said she; "and besides, it will be a great entertainment to me to hear your account of it when you return." This was on such a particular occasion, that her sisters knew not how to refuse, but first they asked the surgeon, who still attended Selina, if she might not accompany them? Mr. Atkinson said it would be very improper, but gave some hopes that if

the

the weather continued mild, she might be carried into the garden, in a day or two.

With this information all were equally delighted, and Charles ran to tell his sister the good news he had heard. As Mrs. Spencer made no objection to their accepting the invitation, Clara and Emily, for the first time of an evening, left Selina, promising to bring her home a true and full account of the entertainment.

Both the play, and the after-piece, were the production of M. Berquin, and they were so much pleased with the performance, that could Selina have been there they declared, "they never should have spent a pleasanter evening in their whole lives."

Next morning they recounted the amusement they had partaken of, to their sister, and described the dresses of the various performers so accurately, that though she could not help wishing she had been there, she heard their account with pleasure.

A few days after this, Mr. Atkinson gave his consent for Selina to be carried into the garden at twelve o'clock. She received his permission with many thanks, and continued to watch the clouds she saw in the sky, lest any one should overshadow the sun, and put an end to her expected pleasure, but all proved favorable to her wishes. No "envious cloud intervened," and no one called to prevent her going at the time appointed.

Her

Her brothers were both at home, and all the family appeared as anxious for the hour as herself. I have before said that Clara and Emily were as attentive to their sister's garden, as their own, during her confinement, yet they were particularly pleased to observe, that she would find more flowers there, than in any other part. The moment their morning tasks were over, they ran to tie up the daffodils which were now in full bloom, and again they searched for the smallest weed that might before have escaped their notice. The periwinkles, crocuses, and every spring flower, made this little piece of ground look quite gay, and they congratulated each other on its beautiful appearance. "It will be a long

a long time," said Emily, "before poor Selina will be able to amuse herself in it, as we do, yet it will be a delight to her, to see it in such order. How long it is since she has been here! Don't you think she has borne her confinement with uncommon patience? Not once have I heard her wish she could get out! Have you thought of the plan I proposed to you the other night, for her amusement?"

"I am really ashamed to say I have forgot it;" answered Clara. "What was it?"

"I was thinking of acting a play among ourselves;" replied her sister, "she seemed so pleased with our account of the young ladies' performance, that I am sure it would please her; there

there is the little drama my aunt wrote for us, it only wants five performers, and with the help of Dorinda Medwyn, we could perform it very well."

"Very well!" repeated Clara, laughing, "I believe not. There must be no spectators I am sure, or I could not speak a word, I only wonder how the young ladies we saw the other night could go through their parts, before so many people! I think I should have been frightened to death. I wish Selina could have been there," added she, "she might then have been entertained."

"But as she could not," answered Emily, "we ought to entertain her at home, as far as is in our power, and we

shall only have mamma, and Mrs. Medwyn, as our audience."

Clara again laughed at her sister's earnestness. "You mean to take the principal character yourself then, I hope;" said she, "but let us hear what mamma says about it, before we talk any more of the plan."

Whilst they were thus talking, the garden door opened, and Selina appeared, carried in an arm chair, between her brother John, and the man servant, followed by her mother, while Charles ran before, crying with all his might, "Make way for Selina; make way for the lady in the chair!"

Her sisters received her with unfeigned pleasure, and she was placed

on

on the grass plat, just opposite her own garden. The pleasure she received at again being out of doors, and in such a lovely morning as the spring produces, can be more easily imagined than described, even by those who have, like her, felt the pain and lassitude of a long confinement. I shall therefore pass over in silence, the joy she expressed, though I cannot omit, that her secret thanks were offered to the Almighty, who thus continued to dress the face of nature in smiles, at the return of spring, and had again allowed her to enjoy his beneficence. "My garden, too, looks extremely beautiful," said she. "Who has taken so much pains with it? Was it you, Philip?" enquired she, turning to the
servant,

servant, who still continued near her, pretending to be at work, but in reality listening with heartfelt pleasure to her expressions of joy.

“No, Miss,” answered he; “I have never been allowed so much as to touch it; your sisters have done all, and you will see more and more every day, as the flowers come up, which they have sown.”

“I might have known it to be their work,” said Selina, “if I had thought a little, for they are always endeavouring to give me pleasure;” and she thought she could not thank them enough, for this mark of their attention.

Meanwhile Clara gathered her all the flowers she wished, and each of the
servants,

servants, came out to congratulate their young lady, on her once more being able to enjoy the air. "You will soon be able to walk here, Miss," said they, and at this idea, Selina was quite happy, till her fond mother began to talk of her returning to the house."

"What harm can this sweet air do me, mamma?" enquired her delighted daughter. "Only think how long it is since I have been able to enjoy it." "For that very reason, my love," answered her mother, "I fear your remaining too long in it, lest you should take cold."

Selina submitted to this opinion, without another word, and with the promise of being allowed to sit longer
the

the next day, she was contented to be carried back. Her brother Charles was again her running footman, repeating his cry of, "Clear the way," and Clara and Emily accompanied her in doors.

The latter embraced the first opportunity of consulting her mother, on the plan she had proposed in the morning, and Mrs. Spencer made no objection to the scheme, though she did not suppose it would ever be put in execution.

"Where will you get a stage and scenes," said she, "with all the paraphernalia of the theatre? Without this I fear your drama will be scarcely worth seeing."

Emily promised to remove all these
difficulties,

difficulties, if one large room in the house, which was seldom made use of, could be given up for the purpose; "We will ornament it ourselves," continued she, "and I know our drawing master has got some scenes by him, which he will lend us."

Mrs. Spencer listened to this imaginary plan, (for so she still continued to think it,) without interruption, and told her, the room was at their service, to do what they liked with. This permission was sufficient for Emily, who ran to her sister, and told her she had obtained their mother's consent. Their brothers were now admitted to the counsel, and testified their approbation, by readily promising

to do all in their power to forward the undertaking.

In the afternoon Miss Medwyn was informed of their intention, and after a little persuasion, she also consented to take a part. The drama was accordingly produced, which may be read at the conclusion of this tale, and their different parts assigned to each; they all promised to learn what was given them as fast as possible, and in little more than a week, the room was ready to be opened as a theatre. Their drawing master had supplied them with two scenes, so that their stage was by no means despicable. Clara and Emily painted some festoons of flowers to ornament the upper part of the room; and

room; and Charles, willing to add something to the preparations, wrote the play bill, as follows:

On Thursday evening, will be performed, (for the first time, at the opening of Mrs. Spencer's Private Theatre), an entire new drama, entitled,

THE HAPPY RETURN;

OR,

THE FORTUNATE DISCOVERY.

Leon,———Mr. J. SPENCER.

Jasper,———Master C. SPENCER.

Mrs. Fielding,———Miss MEDWYN.

Celia,———Miss SPENCER.

Isabel,———Miss E. SPENCER.

Selina was much delighted when she was presented with one of the bills, in due form, which was the first intimation she had received of it. "This then," said she, "is what you have been so busy about the last week, and
whispering

whispering so often together? It is another proof of your affection, my dear sisters, and as such I receive it."

Mrs. Spencer was much surprised to find they had got every thing in such order, and could not help being pleased with their motive, which was entirely Selina's amusement.

Mrs. Medwyn, and a few other friends, agreed to be present at the performance, so that when the party was assembled, the room appeared quite full, and Clara almost began to repent that she had ever consented to be one of the performers; yet Selina appeared so pleased, and thanked them so repeatedly for thinking of such an entertainment, that she resolved to exert herself to the utmost. The piece

was

was not long, and the audience seemed so willing to approve of all they saw, that the spirits of the young actors and actresses were raised, and they went through the performance with universal applause.

In a few weeks the effects of Selina's accident were entirely removed, and the next winter it was one of their chief amusements to perform several of M. Berquin's pieces, in which Selina could then take a part; in a little time their company of performers was enlarged, by many of their juvenile acquaintance, so that, what at first was merely proposed for the amusement of one person, came in the end to afford entertainment, and an agreeable method of instruction to many.

THE HAPPY RETURN ;
OR, THE
FORTUNATE DISCOVERY.

—
A DRAMA, IN ONE ACT.
—

LEON.

JASPER.

CELIA.

ISABEL.

MRS. FIELDING, (THEIR MOTHER).

—
SCENE I.

A road, with a river at a little distance, which appears to have overflowed its banks.

Enter

Enter Leon, a young man with one arm.

Leon, (looking around him) " Now I think, I may congratulate myself on being near home. I begin to know every part of the road. How long I have been absent from this spot, and yet how familiar it is to my mind! Methinks the years I have been away, appear as nothing to me. The scenes of my childhood return to my memory, and I am a child again while thinking of them. Ah! there is the very tree, I have so often stopped under in my road to school, to scan my lesson over, and be sure I had got it perfect. This too is the field, where I used to meet the boys of the village to play at cricket. Where are now
my

my old companions? Perhaps, like me, they have been sent into foreign countries, though not like me to return again. But where is the bridge I used to cross? When once over that, I shall, indeed, feel myself at home. Every tree in the wood, at the skirts of which, our dear little cottage stands, will be an old acquaintance! How shall I rejoice, once more to see its dear inhabitants, and to say, the money I have so dearly earned, is at the service of my beloved father and mother; yet why do I say *dearly* earned, when it is for such parents? I could have undergone much greater hardships than the loss of a limb, or remaining three years in a Moorish prison, to have given them a comfortable

comfortable subsistence in their old age !
 No doubt, they have long since
 thought me dead, nor will they know
 this poor wounded soldier for their son,
 yet I do not fear a denial, their cot-
 tage was always opened to a distressed
 traveller, and as such I shall at first
 appear. Oh ! how will their hearts re-
 joice, in finding me, their long-lost
 Leon ! But it is getting dark, and I
 am deferring the meeting, let me hasten
 on." [*He goes a little way, and then
 returns.*] " I see how it is. The quan-
 tity of rain we have had to day, has so
 swelled the river, that it has overflowed
 its banks, and even made the bridge
 impassable, but such difficulties shall
 not deter me. A little lower down it
 may

may be fordable, at least I'll try. Hark! what noise is that? It is a child's voice."

Enter Jasper, rubbing his eyes.

Jasper. "Oh, where am I? What will become of me? It is almost dark."
[*He sees Leon, and appears frightened.*]

Leon. "What is the matter? Have you lost your way, little boy?"

Jasper. (*Still rubbing his eyes, as if awaking from sleep*) "I don't know. I have been asleep, and I am so hungry, and so tired!"

Leon. (*taking his hand*) "Your clothes are wet likewise—where have you been? And how cold you are!—where did you come from?"

Jasper.

Jasper. “ Oh, I came from home, Sir, very early this morning, and I have had nothing to eat, all day.”

Leon. “ Poor little fellow ! nothing to eat all day, did you say ? Come with me, and I’ll give you something.”

Jasper. “ No, thank you, Sir. My mother has told me I should never go with strangers. If I could but get over the river, I should soon be at home.”

Leon. “ Ah ! where do you live then ? what is your name ? Tell me directly.”

Jasper. (*frightened*). I live at the cottage behind that wood, Sir, and my name is Jasper Fielding. But

why did you want to know in such a hurry?"

Leon. (*aside*) "It is my brother! Dear fellow! but I will not yet discover myself." (*aloud*) "Oh, nothing, nothing, child; I know your mother very well. I am sure she would have no objection to your going with me, there is a public house not far distant. We will go to that first, and dry your clothes, and you shall have some supper, and then I will shew you a way to get home."

Jasper. "But do you, indeed, know my mother? and will you go home with me, Sir? for indeed, I am so tired, I don't know what to do, I came to the foot of the bridge, and
found

found the water so high that I thought I would lay down, and wait till it was sunk, and then I fell asleep, and forgot all about it; but please, Sir, not to stay long before we go home, for I am sure my mother will be very uneasy about me." [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Enter Mrs. Fielding.

Mrs. F. "What can I do? where can I go? To return home without my child, is misery! Oh, my beloved boy! Where are you? Jasper! Jasper! But why do I call? it is too plain what is become of him, he is lost in attempting to cross the river, and I shall never behold him more!"

Re-enter Leon and Jasper.

Jasper. “Hark! I hear my mother’s voice. I am sure it is her. She is calling me! Mother, mother! where are you?”—[*He runs forward, and meets his mother, who catches him in her arms, with transport.*]

Mrs. F. “Oh, my dear Jasper! My child! are you, indeed, restored to me? And do I once more see my boy? Where have you been? Tell me, how you have escaped the inclemency of the weather?”

Jasper. “Oh, mother! do not be angry with me, and I will tell you why I went out without letting you know. Don’t you remember, you said, last night, how hard the times were,
and

and you feared you should never be able to buy victuals, and drink for us, much less firing. My sisters said, the boys in the village went out to pick up wood, and it came into my head that I could do so too, so I thought before the last load was gone, I would try, but not say any thing about it; and this morning I got up very early, and came. I soon gathered enough to make a bundle, and laid it down under the trees, and then I crossed the bridge, thinking to get some more in that wood, behind those barns, and intended to bring it home all together, before dinner; but it was farther than I thought, and the rain came on so fast, that before I could get back, the

H 4 bridge

bridge was covered with water, and as I was very tired, I thought I would lay down under a tree, and wait till it sunk a little, and then I went to sleep, and when I waked, this good stranger found me, and you don't know how kind he has been to me. He was going to take me to a house, and dry my clothes, and give me something to eat. I think I should have died if it had not been for him."

Mrs. F. "Where is he, my dear child? let me tell him myself, how much I am obliged to him." [*Jasper leads his mother towards Leon, who has been attending to his account with emotion, but remains silent.*] "Oh, Sir, I am, indeed, very much obliged to you."

you. You know not what a treasure you have saved ! A mother's grateful tears must be your reward !”

Jasper. “ But, mother, he has come a great way to day, and he is very tired, he must go home with us ?”

Mrs. F. “ Certainly, my child, if the homely fare our cottage affords, is acceptable to him, every thing we have, is, I am sure, at his service.”

Leon, (endeavouring to conceal his agitation.) “ You are very good ; I was coming to your house ; I think I can give you news, which will be pleasant.”

Mrs. F. “ News ! of what kind ? Ah ! it is so long since I have heard any thing pleasant, that your company will be doubly welcome.”

Jasper. “It rains again, mother! Pray let us make haste. We can talk as we are going home.”

Mrs. F. “True, my son; around the fire we will endeavour to forget the alarms of the day.” [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

A room in a cottage.

Celia and Isabel at work, with a candle burning on the table.

Celia. “Where can my mother be! Alas, the waters are out, and the evening is so dark! Good heavens! what are we to do?” [She gets up, opens the door, and looks out.] “It is quite dark! Let me see;” [turning to the clock] “it is now eight o’clock, and she went out at six! My heart will surely break!”

break ! What shall we do ?” [*She appears in great anxiety, till looking round, she observes Isabel, who has laid down her work, in tears ; Celia then shuts the door, and returning to her seat, endeavours to comfort her.*] “ Do not cry so, dear Isabel ! my mother will soon come home ; we will not fear ; it would be ungrateful to Providence, to doubt its protection !”

Isabel. “ Ah, my dear sister ! you fear yourself. I know you think our dear mother is lost to us.”

Celia, (interrupting her) “ Heaven forbid ! Did I say so ? I cannot bear to think of it. What would then become of us ? Oh, no ; we are still to be preserved from such a misfortune !”

Isabel. “Alas! what shall save us? Our father dead! our elder brother killed, or lost to us! Whom have we now to look up to, if our mother should not return?—Our little Jasper, too! we shall never see him again!”

Celia, (struggling with her emotions.)
“Indeed, my dear girl, you alarm yourself too much. How did my mother bear the losses you mention? Did she not say it was the lot of Heaven, and she would be resigned? While we were all crying around her, did she not say, My children, refuse not to be comforted? Remember you have yet a friend in heaven, who will never forsake you! Your father is gone to that friend, in whom he always trusted; and let

let us not doubt, if we follow his example, we shall also be received into the same happy eternity."

Isabel. "And yet, my dear sister, don't you remember how my mother cried, when farmer Aylward came to tell us he had seen Leon's name in the paper, among the list of the wounded? We were then *her* comforters, for she said "sure never woman had such misfortunes as herself."

Celia. "Ah! too well I recollect that time. The uncertainty of his fate, made her feel more misery, than even the death of our dear father; besides, she had scarcely reconciled herself to that event, when this account was brought her. But let us not talk of these melancholy things, they but
increase

increase our fears! Hark!. I think I heard a voice!" [*They both run to the door, and listen.*]

Isabel. "Not a sound is to be heard, except the roaring of the wind! But I think I see the moon rising over yonder trees. Oh, may it direct my dear mother's steps! for much I fear she will not be able to cross the river. The bridge must, I am sure, be covered with water! Alas! how many people have lost their lives, in attempting to pass it!" [*They return to the table, silent and dejected, till at length Celia exclaims,*

"Oh, my dear Jasper! little do you think, the affliction you may have brought upon us! I fear, I fear we shall never see you more!"

Isabel.

Isabel. "You are alarmed, then, my dear sister, and yet you wish to strengthen my mind! ah, who can doubt his fate! Has he not been out ever since it was light? Consider his age! So young, and so long absent! Is he able to contend with the tempestuous weather we have had to day? Oh! had I but called to him this morning, as he went down stairs, I might have saved his life! Little did I think that would be the last time I should hear his footstep!"

Celia. "I can wait no longer! Let us go into the wood. If our dear mother, weary of her search, is returning, we shall know our happiness sooner. We will not go far from the door, but at least it will be better to
be

be out of the house than in it. The fire burns very clearly. Oh, how I wish our little wanderer, and our dear mother, were sitting by it." [*As they are preparing to go out, Mrs. Fielding, Leon, and Jasper enter.*]

Celia. "Oh, my dear mother! Is it you? Are you returned safely to us? And Jasper too? How long you have been gone!"

Isabel. "My dear mother! my dear Jasper!" [*She runs from one to the other, kissing each with rapture, till observing Leon, she draws back.*]

Mrs. F. "Ah, my dear children! I knew not how to return to you before. But five minutes ago, and I was miserable! this little boy, how much grief has he not cost me! but he is re-
stored

stored to us, and we may thank this benevolent stranger, that we are permitted to behold him once again."

Celia, (regarding Leon with attention, who appears greatly agitated.)

"Sure, mother, we have known him before; the face is one I have seen."

Leon. "Do you think so, my dear sister?"

Mrs. F. (looking at him with surprise.) Sister! did he say? Heavens! who is it? [*She views him earnestly, and exclaims*] It is my son! my long-lost Leon!"

Leon, (throwing his arms round her.) "Yes, my dearest mother! It is your own, your fond, your affectionate, son!" [*He supports her to a chair,*

chair, while Celia, Isabel, and Jasper embrace their brother.]

Jasper. “Is it to my brother that I am so much obliged?”

Celia. “I thought I knew him again, though time has altered his features. There is the same sweet smile I ever knew.”

Mrs. F. “Am I so happy, as to once more behold you, my dear son? Can I ever be sufficiently grateful for your preservation? But what do I see! You have lost an arm!”

Leon. “Oh, never mind that, my dearest mother! It was in the service of my country! I thought nothing of the loss, and let it not trouble *you!* My life is saved, and hitherto, I hope,

it

it has not been an ill spent one, though for the last three years I have been in a prison, I have received pay sufficient to afford you assistance, and have got a discharge from future service, owing to this very loss, which you deplore; and if I can render your latter days more comfortable, by remaining with you, I will no longer complain, that I can be of no farther use as a soldier !”

Mrs. F. “ How good you are, my son ! Alas ! you find us very differently situated, than when you left us. Your father is no more !”

Jasper. “ I thought when I told him my father was dead, he seemed very sorry ; but he would not tell me his name. Why would you not say you was my brother ?”

Leon.

Leon. “ Because I wished to see my mother, unknown to her. I had planned an agreeable surprise. I thought to have met all my friends with pleasure, to have received their caresses, and to have seen my father happy at my return. Alas! this pleasure is not permitted! But he is happy! much more so than I could make him, and though a tear of regret will fall to his memory, I think it doubly fortunate it is in my power, in some measure, to supply his loss.”

Mrs. F. “ Ah, my dear son! Since I can rejoice, that no alteration has taken place in your sentiments, I will not repine at the misfortunes, which either you or myself have met with, since, if properly borne, they will ensure

sure us a happier meeting with your father, in a better world. But let us prepare our supper, after which I long to hear an account of all you have gone through. Since you are once more restored to us, I seem to feel incapable of regretting any sorrow of my own." *[The curtain drops.*

A WALK IN SPRING.

“ Amid the variegated scene
Of blossoms, flowers, and herbage green,
Where twining shrubs enamour'd grow,
And oaks adorn the mountain's brow,
Enraptur'd let me tune the lay,
And sing of nature ever gay.”

“ **W**HEN shall we go for another walk, sisters ?” said little Emma to Mary and Charlotte Merton. “ I am sure the weather is beginning to be warm,

warm, and every thing looks so beautiful, that this must be summer! Don't you remember when we were out all day last summer? Will you not go again?"

The four sisters were then walking in their garden, and the artless enquiries of Emma, brought to their minds, all the charms of nature they had formerly admired, though they were as yet but half revealed. Lucy however, thought not of this: she recollected the pleasure she then received, and with an earnest wish for such another ramble, seconded her sister Emma's request.

"It is much too early, and the weather too uncertain," answered Mary, "to be out all day, or to take our refreshment

freshment under the shade of trees. Indeed, at present, they afford no shade, nor is it yet necessary. The sun at this time of the year is desirable, and we 'court his beams,' but, if you like, you shall walk this afternoon, with Charlotte and me. We shall not go far, and perhaps some little cottage may afford us a bench to sit on, if you are tired."

"Oh, thank you! thank you! sister," exclaimed Emma. "And shall we go to such a pretty place, as we did last year? I remember that very well."

"No, my dear child," replied Charlotte, (who had observed the cheerful pleasure which glowed in her countenance, as she received permission
to

to accompany them), "you must not expect to see half the pretty flowers you gathered then. There will be no honeysuckles, nor roses, and the trees are not yet in leaf."

"Oh, never mind that," answered the happy little creature, "I am certain I shall like it very much; and as for flowers, you should not say there are none, for I am sure we can gather primroses and violets everywhere, and what can smell sweeter than those?"

Charlotte smiled, and kissing her little darling, tenderly wished, "she might always be able to reconcile herself to the changes of life, as well as those of the seasons."

In the afternoon the whole party once more left their house together. The

weather

weather was beautiful, and though they were continually told not to expect so pleasant a walk, as those of last year, Lucy and Emma thought nothing could be more delightful.

“As you have again left the walk to my choice,” said Charlotte, “we will, if you please, go by the ruins, and through the park. What an idea of ancient grandeur does this ancient pile give us,” added she, as they proceeded on the road which led to it. “Yet it makes me melancholy to look at it. But a few years ago, and it was the glory of the country. Every stranger who came into the neighbourhood, was anxious to see this house, and in ancient times it was the resort of majesty. I have read an account of a visit,
Queen

Queen Elizabeth paid to it, which is very entertaining; and to think that these old walls, should be all that remains of this once celebrated place, affords a proof of the vanity of splendor and riches, more striking than all the lessons of morality, that are so often read without being attended to."

"And when we consider, also," said Mary, who assented to this remark, "that in a moment an accidental fire may happen, which may destroy both house and furniture, as was the case here, it ought to prevent our fixing our happiness on these uncertain possessions. If properly borne, such a misfortune, like all others, secures to us the blessing of Him, without
 1 2 whose

whose permission, such an accident could not have happened. But we are talking too seriously for our young companions. See they are already run on to find amusement for themselves."

"How prettily the river winds through this mead!" said Charlotte; "and what a charming screen these trees afford, which are so thickly planted round it! That winding path up the hill, too, looks very inviting, as well as the road at the foot of it, which leads to the pretty cottage, we see on the banks of the river, and which is shaded so beautifully by the high fir trees behind it."

"I suppose by the form it is built in," observed Mary, "it was intended as an object to the house, yet the one
we

we see at a greater distance on the other side, which seems half hid among the trees, appears much prettier, it is so neatly thatched and white-washed, quite in the cottage style. The view, likewise, on the left hand beyond the park is very beautiful. But, see; the little ones are holding the gate for us, we must not keep them waiting." And hurrying on, they soon reached the lawn. "Here, also," observed Charlotte, "the trees to the right hand look extremely beautiful; their leaves are just appearing, and over them the long range of downs appear clothed in "the verdant mantle of spring." Indeed, the distant views on either side, claim our admiration, and if we look behind us, the ruins, 'sunk in the dell,'

dell,' seem to claim our attention. The walk which leads to them, and the trees I before noticed, look still more picturesque from this spot."

"What pretty little lambs are feeding here!" said Emma; "I wish they were not afraid of me. Why is it, sister?" added she, with a mortified air, on finding all her attempts to make them come to her only tended to drive them farther away.

"It is instinct," answered Mary; "planted in them by nature. They have cause to fear the approach of man, and not having reason to direct their actions, they fly from all alike, unless it be those who have been used to feed them, and in whom they find a friend. The shepherd, for instance, they

they are not afraid of, but did they know, that even he will, on some future day, become their enemy, and give them up to those who are to destroy them, they would lose their trust in him, and no longer repose under his care, with their present confidence. —“ You must not pity them,” continued she, “ for want of reason, for this it is which enables them to enjoy the present moment unallayed :

‘ Pleas’d to the last, they crop the flow’ry food,
And lick the hand just rais’d to shed their blood.’

“ We are now getting into a part of the park, I have not been in for a great while,” said Charlotte. “ How beautifully it is diversified with hill and dale, while these different plantations

of

ot trees, placed at such unequal distances, give a variety to the scene, which might otherwise be irksome to the eye. A long, flat, level green would want some object to enliven it, but here is, 'the negligence of nature wide and wild,

'Where, undisguis'd by mimic art, she spreads
Unbounded beauty to the roving eye.'

"Here is the sweetest valley!" said Lucy, who had wandered on before.

"Pray, come this way."

"This is a lovely place, indeed!" said Mary; "and what a beautiful view from the end, and the trees seem planted on each side, to draw the eye towards the prospect; how lovely every thing appears: Well may our favourite
poet

poet say, ' Fair-handed spring un-
bosoms every grace;' the very air
seems lovely; so mild, so gentle,

' Soothing every gust of passion into peace;
All but the swellings of the soften'd heart,
That waken, not disturb, the tranquil mind!'

Only listen to the blackbird, perched
on yonder tree, how loud, and yet how
sweet, are the notes which swell his
little throat! Can you fancy any
thing sweeter than they are? Very soon
each bird will join in concert, and we
shall again walk, ' amid the kind con-
tending throng.'

As they rambled on they passed se-
veral herds of deer, which stood on the
brow of the hill, as if watching their
approach, till on some slight alarm the

whole herd was put in motion, and were out of sight in an instant.

“How fast they run!” said Emily. Are they also afraid of us? We are only come to admire them, what a pity it is, they should be so fearful!”

“Indeed,” said Mary, “their swiftness seems such as would secure them from all danger, yet they do not often find it so. When one is singled out for the chace, and a whole pack of dogs sent after him, what can he do? Though flying far before them, they never lose his track, and if he should for a little while stand at bay, which is his last resourse, so many enemies attack him, on either side, that he is soon overcome: but even then he is not

not suffered to die in peace.”—“ Poor is the triumph,” interrupted Charlotte; “ this fashionable, but barbarous, game of death, affords no joy to us. Let us not talk of it, but pursue our way over this ploughed field. The seed is by this time sown, let us beg a blessing on the future crop.”

‘ Be gracious heaven ! for now laborious man
Has done his part, ye fostering breezes blow !
Ye fostering dews, ye tender show’rs descend—
And temper all, thou world-reviving sun !
Into the perfect year !’

“ How prettily the prospect seems changed,” continued Charlotte, “ we now perceive we are beyond the boundaries of the park ; but nature has not confined her beauties to that spot alone. That pretty copse, to which the path we are in will conduct us, will

afford ample employment for the children in picking the flowers, with which the ground is so thickly strewed, nor shall we disdain, 'to gather in their prime fresh blooming flowers.'

"See here!" cried Emma, running towards them, "how many primroses I have gathered already! I mean to get as many as my frock will hold, and carry them home to mamma; I know she will be pleased with them."

Her sisters promised to assist her in the task she had undertaken, and as they wandered through the wood, Charlotte observed with pleasure, every budding leaf of the oak, and her imagination hung their branches, with the woodbine, and wild roses, with which, in a few more weeks they
would

would be adorned, yet had not her recollection aided fancy, she could not have believed any thing wanting to the charms she now saw. Through every opening the distant hills met their view, whose towering tops appeared crowned with perpetual day, for there the sun still seemed to shine in splendor, while their own shadows, lengthened by its setting beams, foretold the approach of evening, and they feared to linger long so far from home. Lucy and Emma were sorry to leave so many flowers still ungathered, till winding along the side of the wood, they re-entered the park, but not willing to return exactly by the same way, pretty as it was, they climbed the brow of the green hill, where
they

they were again delighted with the view of the varied vales, which seemed 'with nature's bounty blest.'

As they kept the path along the top of the park, they more and more admired the beautiful prospects it afforded. There they could,

'All the varied landscape view,
Till the high hills seem'd lost in blue.'

Every tree appeared so bright a green, and the turf on which they strolled, seemed to vie, in colour, with their tender leaves,—while the feet of our young ambulators, scarcely bent the tender blade, which had been left uncropped by the deer, their eyes rested on the ground and Charlotte would have stopped to pick several of the wild herbs, which had already
begun

begun to spring above the earth, had not Mary called her attention to the sun, which was then sinking in flaming majesty, beneath the western horizon. Its last glow still enlivened the hills, and they watched its departure in silence, far more expressive of their feelings than the most studied words. Their hearts were lifted up to Him, who had formed so glorious an orb, and when they considered that, not only the rising and setting of the sun, were regulated by His will, but every thing they now beheld, nay the very actions of themselves, gratitude and pleasure, on being under such a divine protector, fully possessed their minds. So true it is, that he who admires nature, must love God.

In

In a few minutes they walked on, but the attention of Charlotte was drawn from the earth to the sky, where the beautiful clouds which always attend the setting of the sun, in a clear evening, attracted her admiration: first, the purple and the violet hue, then the lightest pink, till, 'the last red radiance of declining day' appearing just over where the sun had sunk, their beautiful colours faded even while they were looking at them--and soon the soft twilight began to draw her 'gradual dusky veil,' over the landscape, which seemed to sleep beneath her shade. The shepherd was preparing to pen his fleecy charge, and the deer that before had spread over the plain, retired in herds, to the thickest part of the

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the woods, with which this verdant spot was crowned. Every little flower had folded up its silken leaves, and the whole party seemed to feel the chilling influence of night.

“The dews begin to fall,” said Mary. “We had better hasten home.” To this proposal they all agreed, and as they descended the lawn, all observed the difference of the prospect, when the sun had withdrawn its beams. The face of nature appeared changed, nor could they now think the spring so far advanced, as when with joyous steps, they first began their walk. The ruins appeared, even at this little distance, a vast and shapeless pile of mouldering stones, while the remains

of

of the towers, which were still perceptible, at each corner of the building, seemed to frown in awful solemnity, as they approached, and the imagination, if indulged, might have formed the fleeting visions of the night as their inhabitants. But such had never been the flights of fancy in our young wanderers, and without once thinking of the stories they had heard, of various ghosts and goblins, the little ones passed its mouldering walls, without a single fear, while their sisters were again contemplating on the changeableness of the scene, and the uncertainty of earthly grandeur.

On their arrival at home, they found their affectionate mother rather uneasy
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at their being out so late ; she bade them remember the observation of their favourite Thompson :

“ As yet, the trembling year is unconfirm'd,
And winter oft, at eve, resumes the breeze.”

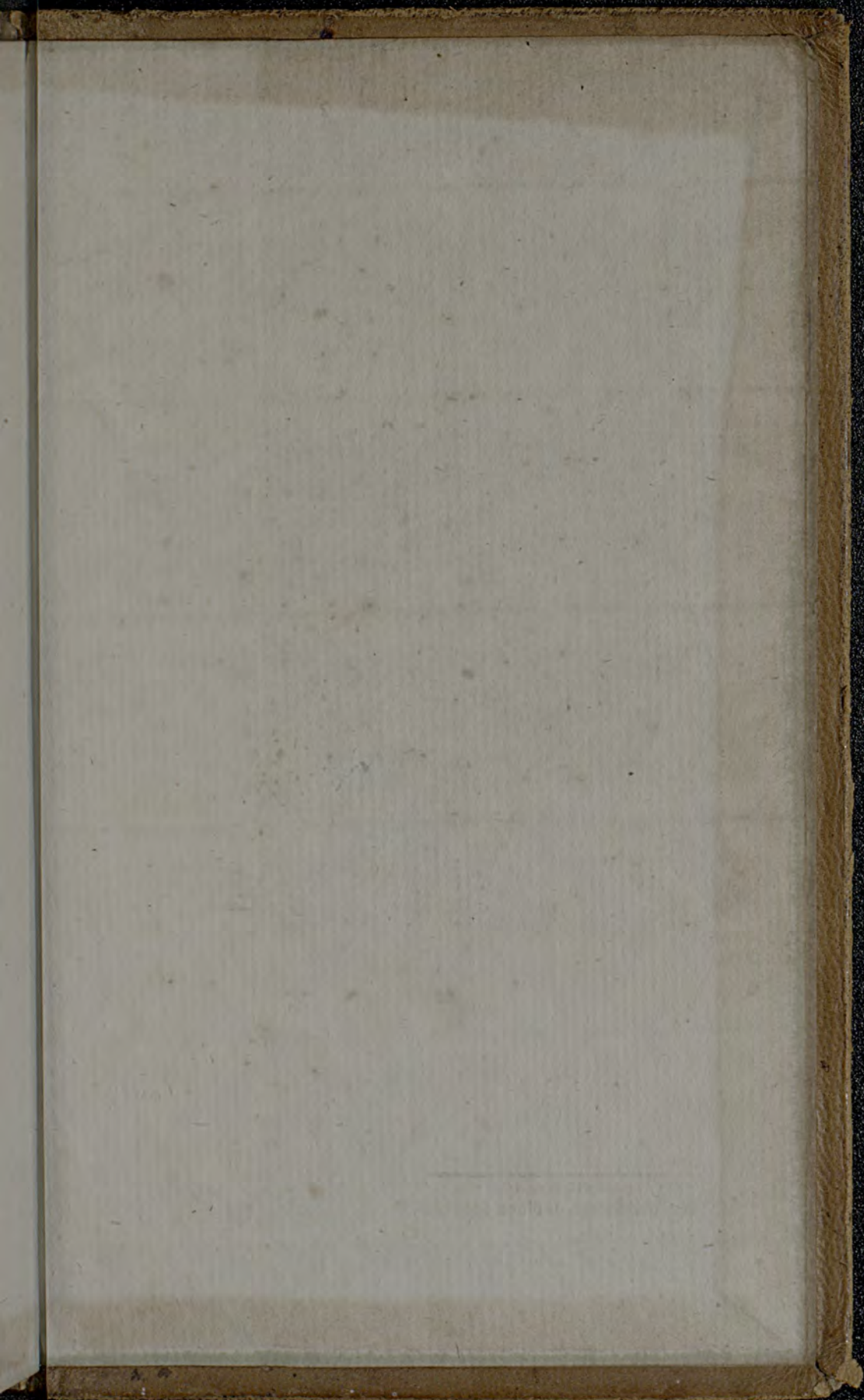
They acknowledged the truth of what she said ; yet when they told her of the beauties they had already discovered, she could not blame their stay, and joined with them in rejoicing that for some months to come, every future day would add to them.

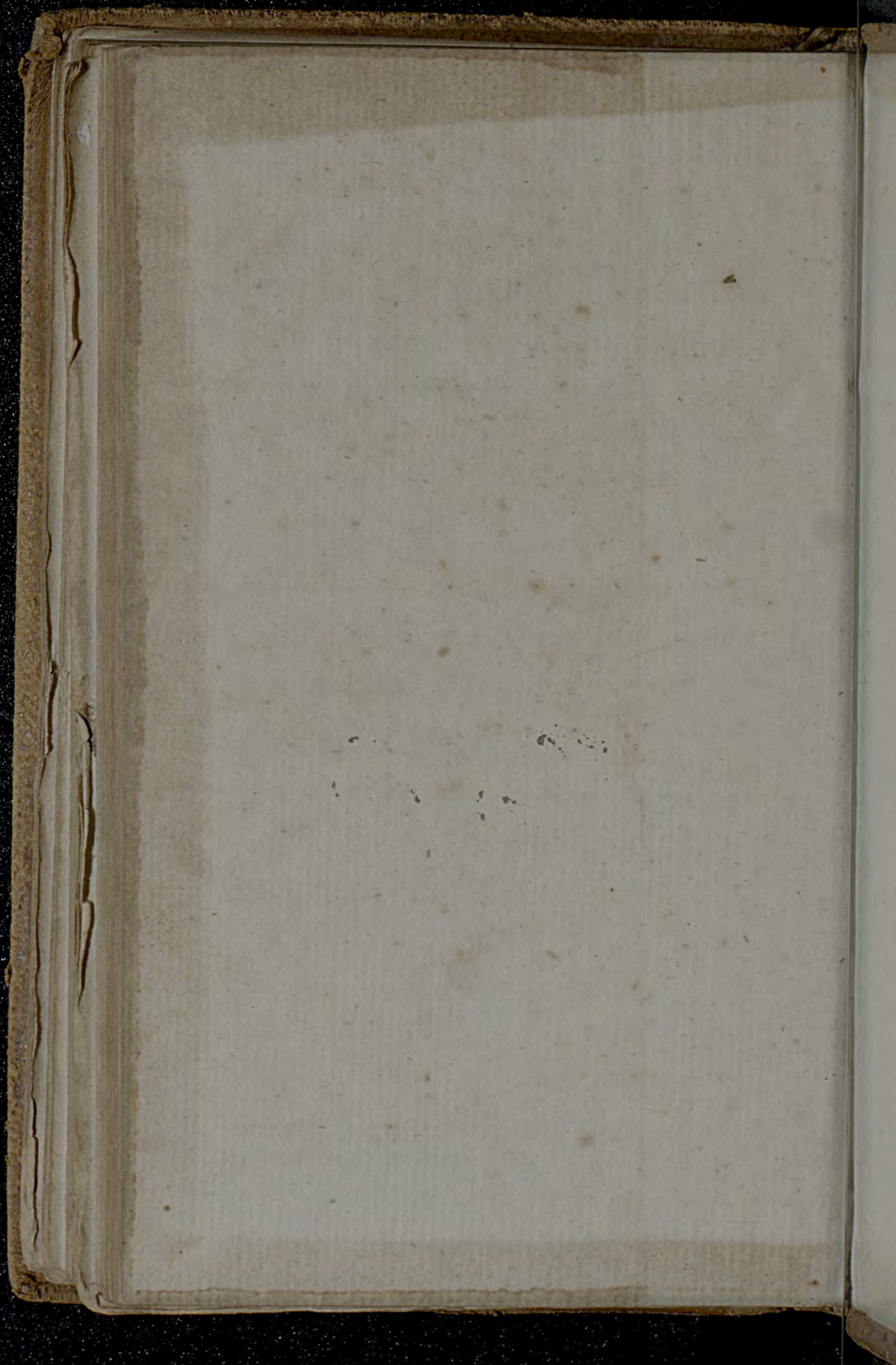
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THE END.
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at their being out so late, and the
then remember the conversation of
that evening I had from
And thus it is at every point the same.
I had acknowledged the truth of
what she said, yet when they told her
of the picture, she had already dis-
covered, she could not blame their
stay, and joined with them in rejoicing
that for some months to come every
turning day would be theirs.

THE END.

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