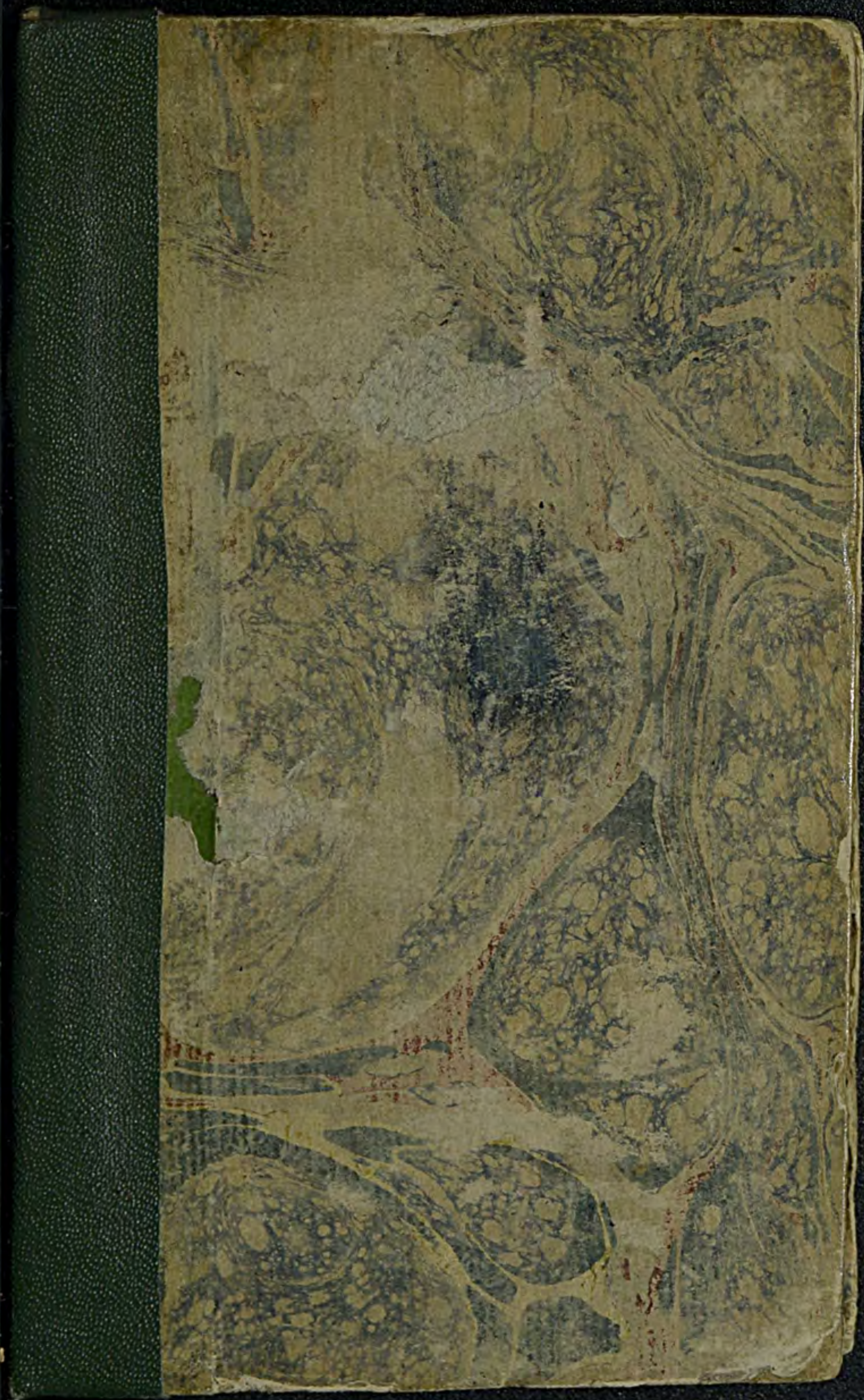

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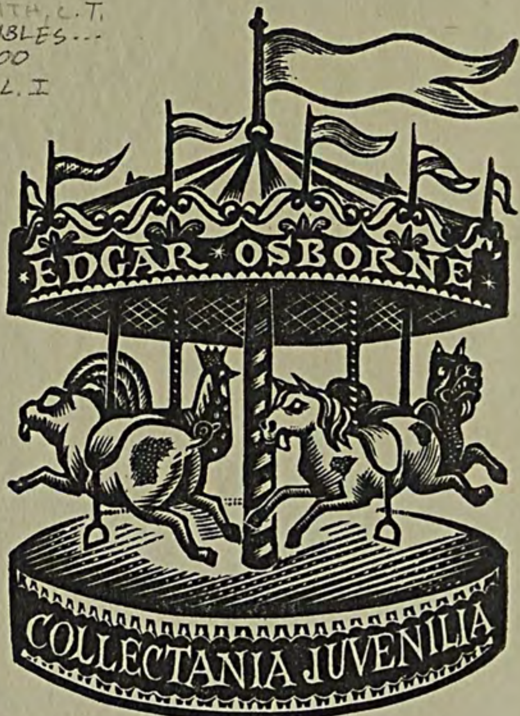

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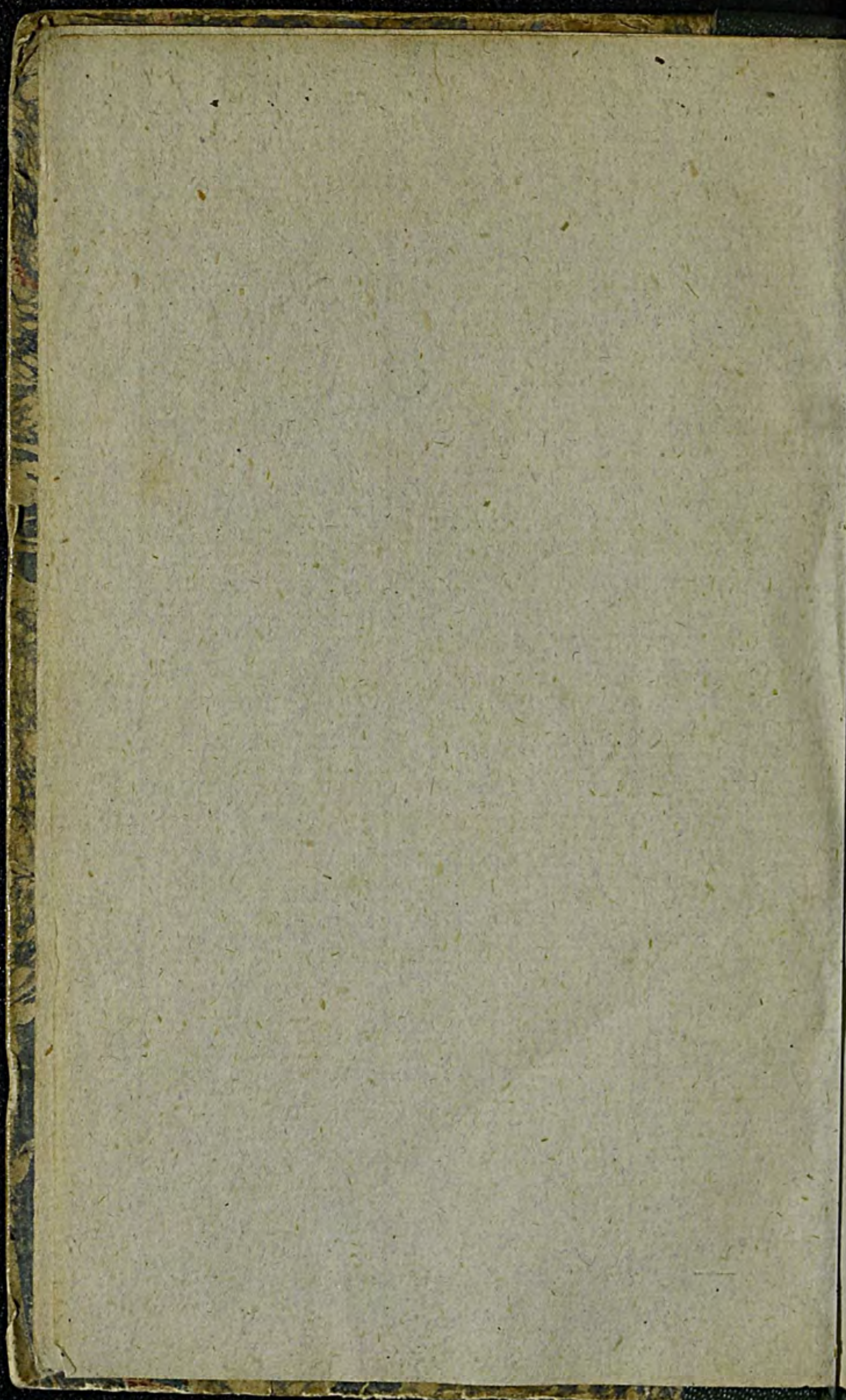

Eliz^th A Bennet

RAMBLES FARTHER:

A CONTINUATION OF

RURAL WALKS:

IN DIALOGUES.

INTENDED FOR THE USE OF YOUNG PERSONS.

By CHARLOTTE SMITH.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

THE SECOND EDITION.

LONDON:
Printed by A. Straban, Printers-Street,
FOR T. CADELL JUN. AND W. DAVIES, STRAND.
1800.

TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

Lady GEORGIANA CAVENDISH.

MADAM,

THE favorable opinion expreſſed by the Ducheſs of Devonſhire, of the little Work to which this is a Sequel, induced me to ſolicit permiſſion to dedicate theſe Volumes to your Ladyſhip.

While I recollect all the acts of kindneſs I have experienced from her Grace, I can find no terms to

expreſs my ſenſe of them, that do not ſeem to border too much on thoſe of the (frequently inſincere) adulation uſed in common Dedications.

But I certainly advance no more than I believe to be exactly true, when I ſay, that in enjoying that internal ſatisfaction which ariſes from the conſciouſneſs of good and benevolent deeds, the Ducheſs of Devonſhire has alſo the happineſs of ſeeing in her daughter thoſe amiable qualities that have rendered her Grace ſo greatly beloved by her friends, as well as the boaſt and ornament of her country.

May

May it be your felicity, Madam, to emulate and to reward the tenderneſs of ſuch a mother!

I have the honor to be

Your Ladyship's
most obliged and
devoted Servant,

CHARLOTTE SMITH.

May 16, 1796.

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DIALOGUE I.

THE LITTLE WEST INDIAN.

COLONEL CECIL and his Caroline were ſettled at a ſmall but beautiful houſe, ſituated near the foot of a woody hill, which ſheltered it from the unfriendly North Eaſt. In front, over a ſmall lawn fringed with ſhrubs, and ſhaded by a few venerable beeches, appeared the Channel, and behind were a lofty ridge of chalky downs, enlivened by innumerable flocks of ſheep, and in ſome places varied with woods of aſh and beech.

Within an eaſy morning's ride of his ſiſter, and happy in the improving graces of his daughter, Colonel Cecil ſeemed to be a man whoſe ſituation was to be envied—but his tranquillity was

 diſturbed

difturbed by hearing, that Captain Sedley, his moft intimate friend, was dead in Jamaica, where he had fome years before married and fettled; and that to Colonel Cecil he had committed the management of his fortune and that of his three children, two of whom he had ordered to be immediately fent to England, and placed there, as his executor fhould direct; the other was yet an infant. The letter which contained this intelligence was brought by a negro fervant, who informed the Colonel, that he had attended his "young Maffa and "little Mifs" to London from Portfmouth, where they landed; and that, at the houfe of the merchant with whom Captain Sedley correfponded, they awaited the Colonel's orders.

However unwilling he was to leave his retirement, this obliged Mr. Cecil to go to London, which, after a fhort confultation with Mrs. Woodfield, he deter-

mined

mined to do immediately, in order to acquit himſelf towards the memory of his friend, who had entruſted him with ſo ſacred a charge.—Caroline in the mean time remained with her aunt, who in a few days received from Colonel Cecil the following letter:

"You muſt adviſe me, my dear "ſiſter, how to act in regard to my "little wards, for whom I already feel "great anxiety. The boy, a fine little "fellow almoſt nine years old, has been "ſo ſpoiled on one hand and neglected "on the other, that he muſt be placed "immediately at ſome proper ſchool, "and I have choſen that where your "younger boys have done ſo well—but "the little girl is the moſt intereſting "little creature I have ever ſeen, and I "cannot diſpoſe of her, without having "your opinion—I almoſt fancy you "would be better pleaſed, if I were to "bring her down with me, and I know

" you would take the trouble to in-
" ſtruct my Caroline in the little pre-
" parations it will be neceſſary to make
" for her, if we indeed determine to
" ſend her to ſchool. I find that miſ-
" truſt of the conduct of his wife, which
" embittered the life of my poor friend,
" and, I fear, haſtened its cloſe, was the
" reaſon of the dying charge he gave to
" his executor in Jamaica, to ſend over
" the two elder children to me imme-
" diately.—And his correſpondent hints
" to me, that it is highly probable the
" lady is by this time married again.
" Adviſe me, whether to ſend my little
" charge to ſchool, or bring her down
" to Weſt Hill? There is one awkward
" circumſtance attending this latter plan;
" a black female ſervant, who brought
" her up, and from whom it will be
" very painful to wean her. I ſhould be
" ſorry to undertake this ſeparation
" myſelf, and therefore, I fear, Mimbah
" muſt

" muft accompany us. I expect to hear
" from you by the return of the poft,
" and with moft affectionate love to all
" the dear girls, I am yours moft
" truly,

" G. C——."

Mrs. Woodfield plainly perceived from the purport of his letter, that her brother wifhed to take into his own houfe, or that fhe fhould receive into hers, the infant daughter of his friend. Ever defirous to gratify him, fhe anfwered his letter in fuch a way as determined him; and in a few days, having firft fettled her brother at the fchool, where his younger nephews were, he arrived with his Weft Indian ward and her black attendant. The beauty and engaging fimplicity of the little orphan, Ella Sedley, interefted the whole party in her favour, while the affectionate heart of Mrs. Woodfield felt that tender com-

 paffion,

paſſion, which diſpoſed her to ſupply to her the place of the mother, who appeared to have abandoned her. She foreſaw alſo much advantage that might accrue to Caroline, from her being entruſted with the care of the little girl, of which ſhe found her extremely deſirous. In attending to the œconomy of her dreſs, to making and repairing the cloaths of her ward, ſhe would learn what would hereafter be ſolidly uſeful; and would herſelf acquire habits of patience and attention, by inſtructing her in ſuch things as ſhe was capable of learning.

The arrangement then was made, that little Ella ſhould be received into the Colonel's houſe, and be brought up under the care of Caroline, ſuperintended by her aunt. The two families, though inhabiting different houſes, lived almoſt continually together, and the

daughters

daughters of Mrs. Woodfield were as much pleaſed as their couſin with this little acquiſition to their ſociety.

Ella was now of their morning parties, while they ſat round the work-table; ſhe had never been taught to work, and Henrietta undertook to be her inſtructreſs; but her patience was put to very ſevere trials, and little Ella was often contriving how to eſcape from her aſſiduous teacher, to ſlide off to Mimbah, her dear Mimbah, who was ſo glad to ſet her upon her knee, and talk to her about "dere own dear country," or when the weather was not cold, ſaunter with her round the garden, then come ſhuddering in, and ſay, which Ella failed not to repeat, "Oh! dis England, col' col place!" One morning in early ſpring, Ella who had been for a walk with her ſable nurſe, entered with this exclamation, and went trembling to the fire.

Mrs. Woodfield. Does my little Ella

 then

then wiſh to leave this cold cold place, and go back to Jamaica?

Ella (ſighing). Oh no! not if I was to ſay "good bye" to you, my good Engliſh mamma!

Elizabeth. But you have another mamma, your own mamma there, Ella; and beſides, you think it a pleaſanter place than this.

Ella. When papa was alive; but Mimbah ſay now, that poor papa is gone beyond, beyond blue mountains; and Ella never ſee him no more!

Mrs. Woodfield. And does Mimbah then wiſh to go back?

Ella. Mimbah love her own country beſt.

Mrs. Woodfield. You ſee now, my dear girls, how ſtrong is that habit which attaches even ſlaves to their native country, and that our ideas of the horrors of that ſtate we call ſlavery, cannot all be well founded, ſince this negro woman,

man, who knows that ſhe is free here, who is miſtreſs of her time, and has every thing found for her, without any other work than the little attendance ſuch a child requires, prefers her own country where ſhe was a ſlave, and liable to be beaten or turned into the field on the caprice of her miſtreſs.

Caroline. How turned into the field?

Mrs. Woodfield. There are different ſets of ſlaves—ſome are employed, as we employ our ſervants, for domeſtic purpoſes, and are called houſe negroes; another ſet are occupied, I am ſorry to ſay, as we employ our horſes and oxen; while others are directed, like our carters and plowmen to drive them. When an houſe ſervant miſbehaves, it is a frequent puniſhment to ſend them into the field, a circumſtance ſo mortifying to their pride, that it has been often known to drive them to deſpair and death.

Elizabeth. Poor creatures! I am per-

ſuaded, my dear mamma, that I ſhould be unhappy in that country; I could not bear to ſee my fellow-creature in ſuch a ſtate.

Mrs. Woodfield. A perſon brought up there, and accuſtomed to it, has not the leaſt idea that theſe unhappy men are of the ſame ſpecies; they no more feel hurt at ſeeing them compelled to labour or ſuffering puniſhment, than perſons in this, not accuſtomed to *think*, do, when they ſee a team of horſes, or a yoke of oxen, and the driver exerciſing his whip.

Caroline. And beſides the diſtreſs it would be to me to ſee theſe poor people, I ſhould be overcome with heat, and haraſſed with the inſects.

Mrs. Woodfield. Thoſe are undoubtedly inconveniences; but there are people who prefer, notwithſtanding, the luxuries and conſequence they can enjoy in the colonies, to being confounded among

among the crouds of opulent people in England, where they muſt pay very dear for the neceſſaries of life, which thoſe who have eſtates enjoy there in profuſion: as to the heat, their houſes are calculated to mitigate that inconvenience, and they have contrivances againſt being annoyed by the reptiles and inſects with which all hot countries are infeſted:—The ſcenery in many parts of the iſlands, is extremely beautiful.—In Jamaica there are trees, not only larger and more magnificent than the fineſt timber in England, but of perpetual verdure; and the forms of the palmeto, the cabbage-tree, and many others, are ſo unlike what Europeans are accuſtomed to ſee, that they give an air of grandeur and novelty to the landſcape not eaſy to deſcribe.—The ſea-ſhore abounds with ſhells of the greateſt variety and beauty, and what, perhaps, would be a much

greater recommendation to ſome perſons, with excellent turtle.

Elizabeth. That could be only to epicures, mamma; for they are moſt diſguſting animals to look at. Is it of their ſhells, that combs and other things of that ſort are made?

Mrs. Woodfield. I underſtand, that the ſhell of the land tortoiſe is harder, and takes a much finer poliſh, but that it is more rare; and the combs, tooth-picks, and other things, we generally uſe, are made of the upper ſhell of the amphibious tortoiſe, or turtle.—Theſe frequent the ſandy beach of the ſea in the Weſt Indies, where they conceal their eggs; and thoſe which eſcape the various animals that live upon them, are hatched by the heat of the ſun.—The eggs reſemble a ſtring of little balls, covered with ſomething like leather; and the inſtant the young turtles eſcape from

from their confinement, they ufe their fins to run into the fea; where other enemies, as fifh and birds, wait to devour them; fo that out of the great number of eggs, which fometimes amount to many hundreds, depofited by a fingle turtle, not one in ten attains the fize which renders them an object to an epicure.

Henrietta. And how are they caught, mamma?

Mrs. Woodfield. When they go on fhore to lay their eggs, the negroes, who know the places they frequent, go down to the fhore, and, intercepting their flight to the fea, turn them, after which they have no power to ufe their fins, but remain a defencelefs prey, till the perfons have collected as many as they can.—Another way of taking them, is by ftriking them with an inftrument called a harpoon, as they float on the water. The air in thefe tropical regions

gions is ſo much clearer than in Europe, at leaſt ſo much more ſo than the air of England, that objects at a great diſtance are ſeen more diſtinctly than here; and the ſame difference is obſerved in regard to the ſea—objects are ſeen many fathom under water with a clearneſs, ſuch as moſt limpid ſtreams hardly allow us.

Caroline. Yes, and ſo thoſe ſharks are ſeen, of which one has heard ſuch frightful ſtories, particularly one recited in a poem I was reading this morning.

Mrs. Woodfield. You mean that of Bryan and Pereene, by a Doctor Grainger.—It is not in my mind an happy ſubject for a poem; it is too horrible and diſguſting.

Henrietta. What are ſharks?

Mrs. Woodfield. Very large and frightful fiſh, which devour not only other fiſh, but men.—They are moſt frequent in the tropical ſeas, but are ſometimes

ſeen

feen in the Bay of Bifcay; and fmall ones have been taken even in the Channel.—Thefe hideous monfters follow the fhips which we fend to Guinea to convey flaves to our colonies; for of thefe unhappy men, women, and children, a great number die on their paffage, and are thrown into the fea.

Caroline. And what right have we to do this? It is fhocking even to think of it.

Mrs. Woodfield. To your young and generous nature it appears fo, as it muft indeed to every unadulterated mind—but there are perfons who undertake to plead for it, on various grounds—firft, on that of cuftom; which is an argument that might equally be brought forward to fupport any abufe or wickednefs: then on neceffity; as if God had created one race of men, with neceffities which could not be relieved but by the blood and tears of another.—Then,

Then, it is ſaid, that the negroes are happier, as ſlaves to Europeans, than they are in their own country.—This remains to be proved; and we can certainly never prove it.—I have converſed with perſons who have been preſent at negro ſales, and they have aſſured me, that ſo far from feeling themſelves happier, theſe miſerable victims of commercial avarice exhibit the moſt affecting ſymptoms of deſpondence and anguiſh.

Henrietta. But, mamma, why are they black?

Mrs. Woodfield. I can give you no other reaſon, than that it has pleaſed God to make them ſo; as it was his pleaſure to make us white.—Another race of men in North America are of a copper colour; and the Aſiatics, within certain degrees of the line, are of another ſhade of yellow.

Caroline. Pedro, my couſin Rivers's ſervant, whom he brought with him from

from the Eaſt Indies, is an Aſiatic, is he not?

Mrs. Woodfield. Yes, you remember he is not black like Mimbah, nor fair like Engliſh people, but of a tawny complexion, with ſtrait coarſe black hair; he came from Bengal: but in the northern parts of the Continent of Aſia, which is a part of China, the Chineſe and Tartars become fair, yet ſtill with a particular caſt of countenance.

Elizabeth. But Hottentots are black.

Mrs. Woodfield. Hottentots are Africans. The Cape of Good Hope is in Africa—and the natives differ little from the negroes we are accuſtomed to ſee.

Elizabeth. Some of the flowers I have ſeen in hot-houſes, come from theſe places; that delicious Cape Jaſmine, and many others.—How charming the country muſt be, where ſuch lovely plants grow wild!

Mrs.

Mrs. Woodfield. We are apt to fancy ſo, becauſe we cultivate theſe plants here with difficulty, and value them in proportion to the trouble they give us—but the Hottentot, who perhaps paſſes by them as frequently as we do by the blackberry and the briar, has not, I believe, the reputation of loving perfumes, and undoubtedly, with the moſt perfect indifference, makes the little fire he has occaſion for, with the wood of plants, which we purchaſe here at a great expence, and hardly contrive to preſerve in a languid exiſtence by the help of artificial heat.

Henrietta. But we, mamma, who love plants, ſhould have pleaſure in ſeeing thoſe, which we admire here in an imperfect ſtate, grow in the perfection which they have in their native climate.

Mrs. Woodfield. I am not ſure of that, Henrietta.—I have heard perſons who

who have travelled in the South of Europe, and whoſe turn of mind led them to ſuch obſervations, ſay, that coppices of myrtle, which are frequent there, are by no means beautiful, and that they felt no regret at ſeeing the peaſants of the Mediterranean Iſlands carrying from theſe myrtle ſhades bundles of ſmall faggots, ſuch as we call bavins in England, to light their fires. The ideas we gather, while we are very young, from poetry or romance, which, like all other ideas acquired at an early period we ſeldom think of inveſtigating afterwards, make us take it for granted, that myrtle bowers and orange groves are extremely delightful; whereas, by the natives of countries where they are found, they are not valued more than we value our orchards, or our underwood of aſh, oak, and hazle.

Caroline.

Caroline. If then the African or Afiatic fee no particular charm in thefe fpicy flowers and rich fruits, what attaches them fo much to their country, where they are liable to become the prey of wild beafts, and where, from the accounts I have read, famine often reduces them to the neceffity of eating infects and other things, from which one's mind recoils with horror; whence arifes that attachment, which, it is faid, thefe favage nations feel, each to their own foil?

Mrs. Woodfield. It feems to be by a wife difpenfation of Providence, that this love of our native country is implanted in the human breaft.—Were it not fo, the moment a better climate and country were known, thofe who were the worft off, would come in crouds and overrun the more fortunate countries, which would thence be ever the prey of ftrength

ſtrength and of neceſſity—juſt as the Danes and Norwegians once haraſſed England with continual incurſions, as ſoon they found that (barbarous and uncultivated as it then was) it was a better land than the more northern regions, where their lot had fallen.

Caroline. I have often thought, in reading the Hiſtory of England, how ſtrange it is, that the country, which is now ſuperior at ſea to all Europe, and ſafe from the moſt powerful armies that any other power can raiſe, ſhould once have been the prey of ſo inconſiderable a people as the Danes, and have been obliged even to accept kings from that petty nation.

Mrs. Woodfield. The fortunate change is the effect of civilization and of commerce, in which our inſular ſituation, as well as the genius of our people, gives us particular advantages. The prejudices of other European nations have

operated

operated as checks to induftry and to the fpirit of trade. In France, formerly, and ftill in Germany, Spain, and Italy, a noble family was degraded by any of its branches entering into commerce; and, however rich an individual not born noble, might have become by refpectable induftry, he was held down by the contemptuous pride of nobility, who ftill refufed alliance with him as a roturier*.—But, in England, we difdain thofe narrow prejudices, and perhaps go almoft into the contrary extreme, by attaching too much veneration to the poffeffion of mere wealth. However, this capability of afpiring to become members of the legiflature, and even to nobility, which is given to our merchants and tradefmen, is one great caufe of our commercial profperity and riches, and forms one among many other reafons why an Englifhman is, and ought to be

* Roturier—Breaker of the ground.

attached

attached to his country.—With him it is not only natural, but acquired, by the reflections he is continually able to make on the advantages he enjoys; but with the ignorant and unlettered ſavage it ſeems to be inſtinct. The Laplander, who, in his own miſerable climate, lives half the year in a ſubterraneous cave, to ſhelter himſelf from its rigour, and paſſes that period in darkneſs as well as cold; who ſupports his ſqualid frame by the ſmoked fleſh of rein deer; drinks train oil; and whoſe ſummer travels are over deſarts, which afford little elſe but a particular kind of leathery moſs; this wretched being, to whom, in our opinion, nature ſeems to have behaved like a cruel ſtep-mother, is yet ſo unhappy in being removed from his inhoſpitable country, that he ſickens and pines to death amidſt the comforts and plenty of England.—The ſame predilection acts on the Hottentot native of the Cape: there have

have been many inftances of thefe people having been taken when very young by the European fettlers on their coaft, taught to read and write, and inftructed in fuch other arts as contribute to the comforts of life; yet, after all this pains beftowed upon them, they have feized the firft opportunity to efcape, and returned to the fociety of their Hottentot relations.—It is this inftinct which makes poor Mimbah languifh for her yams and plantains, even in a country where fhe was a flave. To us, who look upon thefe people as favages, it feems ftrange; but without a more deep invef-tigation, we may account for it by recollecting how natural it is for the mind to look back with complacency on thofe fcenes where we firft became fenfible of our exiftence—where that exiftence was unclouded by the cares and folicitudes of our more advanced years; while the opening world feemed to fmile upon us,

 and,

and, if we were ſenſible of ſorrow, it was only of that ſort which produces

"The tear forgot as ſoon as ſhed."

Such ſcenes always recur to us with delight, and we often fancy that in returning to them, we ſhould again be happy. Alas! it is not always ſo—Experience breaks this charm as well as many others; I will one day or other relate to you ſome paſſages in the life of a perſon with whom I am well acquainted, that will, perhaps, put this truth in a very ſtriking light.

In the mean time, as little Ella has been the occaſion of our carrying our converſation to ſo many quarters of the world, I beg, that before we go for our morning's walk, you will find on the globe the different countries of which we have been ſpeaking. And let us from this leſſon reflect, that what we call happineſs depends, after all, leſs on local

circumſtances than on the habits of our minds.

" For where to find the happieſt ſpot below
" Who can direct, when all pretend to know?
" The ſhuddering tenant of the frigid zone
" Boldly proclaims the happieſt ſpot his own—
" Extols the treaſures of his ſtormy ſeas,
" And his long night of revelry and eaſe.—
" The naked Indian panting at the line,
" Boaſts of his golden ſands and palmy wine;
" Baſks in the glare, or ſtems the tepid wave,
" And thanks the gods for all the good they gave;
" Such is the patriot's boaſt: where'er we roam,
" His firſt beſt country ever is at home."

DIALOGUE II.

FLORA MACCARRYL.

MRS. WOODFIELD. I promifed, my dear girls, a few days fince, to tell you what it was that made me uneafy —I will now keep my word: but it was not till this morning that a letter by the poft fo far appeafed my anxiety, that I could venture to communicate to you the fubject of my pain, without communicating alfo a portion of the pain itfelf.

You recollect that, towards the end of the winter, bufinefs carried me and your uncle Cecil for a few days to London. I was one morning fitting in the parlour, at the houfe of my friend Mrs. Berkley, having fome letters to write which prevented my going out with

her, when I heard a ſingle rap at the door, given with a timidity which made me believe it was ſome humble ſolicitor for charity. Mrs. Berkley, whoſe purſe is ever open to the plea of diſtreſs, has, of courſe, many of theſe petitioners, and having but little time for diſcrimination, ſhe is ſometimes miſtaken in the objects of her bounty. I have on other occaſions remarked, that her ſervants, and particularly an old butler who has lived above thirty years in the family, are not unfrequently rude and inſulting to theſe candidates for the bounty of their miſtreſs; not only, perhaps, becauſe they give them trouble, but becauſe they intercept part of that generoſity which would otherwiſe be enjoyed excluſively by themſelves.

As I make it a rule never to interfere with the domeſtic arrangements of my friends, I forebore to remark to Mrs. Berkley what I had obſerved; though, as I went

I went to London merely on bufinefs, and was often at the houfe of my friend alone, when fhe was engaged abroad, I had feen inftances of this unfeeling conduct in feveral of her fervants, particularly this maitre d'hotel, which occafioned me to attend with earneftnefs to the following dialogue; after a very humble rap at the door, and a furly inquiry from the porter as to what the perfon wanted, who appeared at it, and who afked if Mrs. Berkley was at home—

Porter. No, fhe is not at home.

Young Woman. Pray, Sir, do not fhut the door, but be fo humane as to tell me when I can fpeak to her?

Porter. Not to-day, miftrefs; for fhe won't be at home till five o'clock—and fhe won't fee nobody of an afternoon.

Young Woman (with a deep figh). Pray, Sir, give me leave to afk if there is

not a gentlewoman within that I could ſpeak to?

Porter. No, my pretty dear; the gentlewoman is gone to market, and won't be within theſe two hours.

Young Woman. A gentleman, perhaps, who ſpoke to me the laſt time I called: a Mr. Higgs—

The Porter now, laughing aloud, called to Higgs, who coming up, I heard the other tell him there was a pretty girl waiting for him in the hall.

His anſwer was not articulate, but when he ſpoke to the poor petitioner, I ſoon heard enough of his rude and brutal manner of treating her, to induce me to interfere. She was going from the door in tears, when I haſtily followed her, and, without attending to the account by which Higgs would have directed my inquiry, I deſired her to accompany me into the parlour.

The

The poor girl trembled ſo much that ſhe could hardly ſtand; and her tears ſeemed to be checked by fear and agitation. I enquired whether I could not act for Mrs. Berkley in her abſence, and how I could render her ſervice?

She anſwered, with great modeſty, that Mrs. Berkley had been repeatedly very good to her, and had been pleaſed to promiſe that ſhe would ſtill befriend her in the diſpoſal of ſome trifles of her own work, by making which ſhe endeavoured to ſupport her brothers and an infant ſiſter; "for we are, madam," ſaid ſhe, "a family of orphans."

Tears, which ſhe had reſtrained while I talked to her, now ſtreamed from her eyes; I bade her be comforted, with the aſſurance, that not only Mrs. Berkley would befriend her, but that I alſo, though my power was leſs, ſhould have great ſatisfaction in aſſiſting the ſucceſs of her virtuous induſtry for ſo pious a

 purpoſe.

purpofe. The poor young girl feemed greatly re-affured by what I faid, and attempted to regain compofure enough to relate to me the particulars I required of her, but fhe failed; and it was only by repeated queftions that I learned all the circumftances of her melancholy hiftory.

Her father was a lieutenant in an Highland regiment, and at the commencement of the war had quitted the humble retirement in which he managed to exift on his half-pay; and being foon after fent abroad, had been wounded; not fo feverely as to difable him from fervice, but fo as to oblige him to return home. A fever feized him in London; and, being at a good diftance from his native country, from his wife and children, his fpirits were fo much depreffed, that he funk into a fort of torpid melancholy, and the military furgeon who attended him declared, that

he

he muft either go to his native country, or rifk dying by the moft lingering and cruel of all diftempers. The ftate of his health, and of his finances, equally dif-abled him from undertaking fuch a journey. He knew it was altogether as much impoffible for his wife and children to come to him, and therefore he con-cealed from them the truth, and deter-mined to die in filence.

A Scotch foldier, however, who, with better fortune than his officer, had found an afylum in Chelfea Hofpital, con-trived to find him out, and as poor Maccarryl had been greatly beloved in the regiment, this honeft veteran was ftruck with horror at feeing him re-duced to fuch a condition; not having the power to affift him himfelf, the only expedient he could think of was, to write into Scotland, to inform fome of his own friends of Lieutenant Maccarryl's fituation, and defiring they would in-

form his wife how ill he was. The poor woman, with Flora, who was the eldeſt of her children, two little boys and a girl of five years old, ſet out immediately on their long and melancholy journey: with the utmoſt difficulty they reached the end of it, where they found the unhappy huſband and father in a languiſhing and almoſt hopeleſs illneſs; his pay was already mortgaged to the agent; his family had diſpoſed of every thing to procure the means of reaching him from ſo great a diſtance; and being now in a place where every neceſſary of life is ſo dear, with a family of ſix perſons and the chief ſupport of it ſuffering under a cruel illneſs, a more deplorable ſituation could hardly be imagined.

Two of Lieutenant Maccarryl's military friends, who, notwithſtanding his endeavours to ſuffer ſilently, diſcovered his wretched circumſtances, exerted themſelves to the utmoſt of their power

on

on his behalf, and the diſtreſs of the family was for a while mitigated. But the illneſs of Maccarryl had made too great a progreſs; the advice he had obtained came too late, and, within ſix weeks after the arrival of his family, he died.

His two friends were by this time retuned to the ſeat of war; ſo that the helpleſs widow was among ſtrangers, at a great diſtance from her home and country, unuſed to every kind of buſineſs, and ignorant how to proceed even in obtaining the ſmall penſion allotted for the widows of officers. This however was obtained, but how were they to live till the firſt quarter was payable? Mrs. Maccarryl, though diſpoſed to every exertion, knew nothing of thoſe arts by which in a great city a living may be obtained. The daughter of a ſoldier, ſhe had paſſed her youth in going with her parents from one place to another;

and in ſuch an itinerant courſe little can be acquired beyond reading and writing. It might however have been expected that, from her early experience of a life attended with difficulty, ſhe would have learned firmneſs of mind, to contend with it now. But unhappily the reverſe was the caſe; Mrs. Maccarryl was as helpleſs, and as much diſpirited by her preſent calamity, as if ſhe had been always accuſtomed to eaſe and proſperity. Her health ſuffered from the ſad ſtate of her mind, and Flora ſaw her declining every day without having any means to help her, or knowing one friend in London to whom ſhe could apply for advice or aſſiſtance.

In this exigence, and with the care of her two brothers and her infant ſiſter greatly depending on her, poor Flora found that ſhe muſt either exert herſelf, or ſee her mother and theſe poor little ones expoſed to the ſevereſt inconve-

niencies.

niencies. In walking about London ſhe obſerved the artificial flowers that are expoſed at the ſhop windows for ſale, and ſhe fancied ſhe could make them. But ſhe had neither inſtruction nor materials. A very few of theſe laſt ſhe purchaſed with all the money ſhe could raiſe by the ſale of a ring given her by her godmother in Scotland. The want of the former her own ingenuity ſupplied; and ſupplied ſo well, that ſhe ſold her firſt little bouquet at a warehouſe in Oxford-ſtreet for ſeven ſhillings. Inſtead however of applying her gains to any preſent purpoſe, ſhe laid out half in buying ſome faded flowers at the ſame ſhop, with a deſign to take them to pieces as a leſſon, both as to their make and the articles of which they were compoſed; and with the other half of the money ſhe purchaſed materials for the ſtock in trade.

Her

Her mother, now difcovering that fhe could be of fome ufe, tried to learn the art alfo, and, by continual practice, they acquired fuch facility and neatnefs that their work began to repay them. The firft payment of the little penfion became due, and the unfortunate mother looked round upon her children with an heart lefs defponding.

But to thofe who labour only to live, and live but while they can labour, ficknefs is doubly calamitous. It was now the middle of fummer. The boys, one of nine, the other of feven years old, went to a cheap day-fchool near the fmall lodging they inhabited in one of the new ftreets near Tottenham-court-road; here they caught the meafles, and before they recovered, it was communicated not only to their little fifter, but to poor Flora, and, what was ftill more alarming, to their mother.

The

The children recovered very ſlowly, but this cruel diſeaſe had entirely put a ſtop to Flora's manufacture; who, ill and enfeebled as ſhe was, had been the principal nurſe to the whole family; but fatigue and the diſtemper together had nearly overcome the ſtrength of her mind and of her frame: of herſelf however ſhe had not much time to think, whatever ſhe might ſuffer, for her mother became alarmingly ill; the remains of the diſorder ſhe had ſtruggled through, hung about her, and it was ſoon too evident that it had fixed upon her lungs. The apothecary who attended her declared, that ſhe had no chance of recovering unleſs ſhe immediately removed into the country. Flora ſtruggled very hard to obtain this. The people who had now for ſome time been in habits of purchaſing artificial flowers of her, had diſcernment enough to ſee the merit of ſo much fortitude and

and induftry in fo young a woman; and, though to beftow pecuniary affiftance is a thing feldom or never thought of by perfons in fuch a line of life, however affluent they may happen to be, the mafter of the fhop undertook to make their cafe known to a woman of great fortune in the neighbourhood, who was pleafed to have it known that fhe gave away great fums in charity to individuals as well as to public inftitutions. This lady took up the caufe of Mrs. Maccarryl and her family with fo much zeal, that the heart of Flora overflowed with gratitude; the mother and the children were removed to neat lodgings at Chelfea, and the lady came herfelf to fee her, left five guineas, and defired to hear occafionally how fhe went on, for which purpofe Flora had a direction to the country-houfe about feventy miles from London, whither their benefactrefs had retired.

But neither change of air, nor any other remedy, could conquer the fatal diſeaſe which had fixed itſelf on Mrs. Maccarryl; it gained upon her with more and more rapidity, till about two months after her removal ſhe alſo died, a few days before her penſion became due; and Flora found herſelf and the orphan children without any dependence but on the bounty of her new friend; for during the latter part of her mother's illneſs, her manufacture was neceſſarily ſuſpended.

Imagine, my children, what muſt have been the ſituation of this poor unfortunate girl. Half dead with grief, and worn down with fatigue, ſhe hung over the remains of her dead parent, for whom ſhe knew not where to find the means of performing the laſt ſad offices; and, in an agony little ſhort of deſpair, looked round on the three deſtitute children, for whoſe wants, even of the

the paffing day, fhe knew not how to provide.

In this extreme diftrefs, fhe wrote to the lady to whofe bounty fhe had already been obliged; and flattered herfelf fhe would receive from her fome alleviation of this infupportable fituation; but time paffed, and no anfwer came to her petition. I will not relate at length a feries of horrors which could not fail to give you all too much pain. Flora faw her laft parent configned to a parifh grave, and with her helplefs brothers and fifters around her, felt the want of the neceffaries of life; in vain fhe applied at the warehoufe where fhe had formerly been known, and whence fhe had been recommended to the favour of Mrs. N——. The mafter was gone on a long tour among his cuftomers, the miftrefs to Margate for her health, and the fhopman, who was left in charge of their affairs, had not a fingle

ſingle idea that did not relate to the value of pounds, ſhillings, and pence; he hardly liſtened therefore to the unhappy girl, but treated her as a common beggar, and bade her trouble him no more.

The woman of the houſe where they had lodged, thought ſhe had already done too much in permitting theſe deſolate orphans to ſtay ſo long under her roof, and being now afraid of getting, as ſhe expreſſed herſelf, "into trouble," ſhe talked of compelling them to leave her houſe. Flora, amidſt all this penury, diſtreſs, and anguiſh, had again recourſe to her little manufacture, and ſhe was going with what ſhe had thus found courage to make to diſpoſe of them at the uſual place, when ſhe paſſed the coach of Mrs. Berkley, juſt as ſhe was ſtepping into it; and from a ſudden impulſe, which has ſince appeared to her moſt providential, ſhe ventured to approach

approach and ſilently offer the flowers ſhe had in a little box to the inſpection of my friend; who, ſtruck with their ſuperiority to thoſe wares that are uſually ſold in the ſtreets, was induced to notice the unfortunate vender of them. The relief thus obtained reſcued Flora from the deſpair into which ſhe was falling, but Mrs. Berkley, who lives in a continual round of company, does not allow herſelf ſo much time to exerciſe her own judgment as ſhe certainly ought to do; and, leaving the diſpoſal of the money ſhe gives away in charity too much to her upper ſervants, I fear her benevolence is often intercepted and often miſapplied. Flora, however, had found another friend or two who occaſionally aſſiſted her, and among whom a little ſubſcription was ſet on foot, to ſend her and the innocent companions of her misfortunes back into Scotland, where they were aſſured of an aſylum among the

the relations of their parents. At this period it was that chance threw her in my way. It is unneceffary to relate what I did effectually to affift her; my late uneafinefs was occafioned by the apprehenfions I had, that I had not fucceeded altogether fo well as I hoped for; but I have now the fatisfaction of knowing, that the orphan family are all fettled among their friends, and Flora, for whom I was particularly interefted, received by a lady, whofe well-regulated benevolence leaves me nothing more to wifh for on her account.

This little melancholy narrative has, I fear, nothing uncommon in it. I have related it lefs becaufe it contains any thing extraordinary, than becaufe it gives me occafion to make fome remarks that may be ufeful to you.

The active induftry of this unfortunate girl, which was probably the means of faving her family from famine, is a

proof,

proof, that there is hardly any ſituation in which our own exertions may not be uſed with ſome effect, and that we ought never to abandon ourſelves to deſpair.

It was not merely, that by this attempt ſhe procured ſome alleviation to the diſtreſſes of her family; the advantage ſhe obtained went much farther. Her ingenuity recommended her to the notice of thoſe, who at length effectually aſſiſted her, but who would not have known her calamities but for this proof how well ſhe bore them; and here I muſt add, that in my inquiries into Flora's ſad hiſtory, I ſaw much cauſe to lament that thoſe, who have the power and the inclination to befriend the unhappy, too frequently content themſelves with affording ſome pecuniary aſſiſtance, and then are ſatisfied that they have done their duty: but how many caſes are there, where good may

be done in other ways than by merely giving money? To counſel the ignorant, to point out proper ſources of induſtry, to protect the deſolate orphan, and conſole the wretched widow, requires indeed time and patience, which the rich and the fortunate, who live in the unceaſing purſuit of pleaſure and diſſipation, are ſeldom diſpoſed to give: but ſuch acts of humanity are in every body's power, and may be executed by thoſe who have, and by thoſe who have not the means of adding to them relief in money. This it is to be, indeed, "eyes to the "blind, and feet to the lame."

Elizabeth. I am glad, my dear mamma, that we did not know any thing of poor Flora's hiſtory till her diſtreſſes were over; it would have made us likewiſe unhappy.

Mrs. Woodfield. You would not therefore have ſhrunk from it, I hope?

Elizabeth.

Elizabeth. I hope not, mamma, if I could have done any good.

Mrs. Woodfield. I am ſure you would not; but as you could not at this diſtance have been of uſe to the poor girl, I did not before mention her ſtory.

Elizabeth. Was Miſs Berkley active about it?

Mrs. Woodfield. Miſs Berkley, the only child of very affluent parents, and educated in a ſtyle equal to the rank ſhe is probably deſtined to fill in ſociety, is too far removed from the poſſibility, as it now ſeems, of ever feeling any kind of pecuniary diſtreſs to make it eaſy for her to enter into the feelings attendant on the ſituation of this deſolate girl; yet habitually, and as ſhe has been taught, ſhe willingly gives her money, but would think it a ſtrange thing were ſhe to be aſked to take any trouble for the objects of her charity: perhaps

perhaps it is only by adverſity that we are taught truly to feel for others. You recollect thoſe beautiful lines of Gray; in that exquiſite ode where he ſuppoſes Virtue to have been educated in that hard ſchool, he ſays,

"Stern rugged nurſe! thy rigid lore
"With patience many a year ſhe bore;
"What ſorrow was, thou bad'ſt her know,
"And from her own ſhe learn'd to melt at other's woe."

But thoſe who are born in the lap of affluence and nurſed by unvarying proſperity, particularly, I think, thoſe young women who, like Miſs Berkley, are the only children of their parents, are ſo little uſed to ſubmit even to thoſe petty vexations and diſappointments which other girls unavoidably meet with, that how people feel whoſe whole life is a ſeries of ſorrows and of ſufferings can never occur to them. It was obſervation on the uſually ſelfiſh character of theſe ſpoiled minions of fortune, that extorted

 from

from Dr. Johnſon a ſarcaſm on heir-eſſes, when he ſaid, " whenever I ſee an eſcutcheon of pretence on a coach, I am ſure miſery is found within it." I think, however, that this, like all other general reflections, are wrong; and I know inſtances of hearts whom no afflu-ence could ſpoil.

On the other hand, one cannot fail remarking, as in the caſe of Mrs. N——, that there are perſons who do good leſs for its own ſake than to have their bene-ficence talked of. I have ſince heard that this lady is more delighted with the praiſe ſhe acquires than with that in-ternal ſatisfaction which ariſes from the conſciouſneſs of doing good. She rather ſeeks, therefore, variety of objects than follows with ſyſtematic kindneſs her benevolence towards a few. This is an error which the truly generous and cha-ritable will avoid.

DIALOGUE III.

WONDERS.

A FRIEND of Mrs. Woodfield's was ordered to the ſea at a very early period of the ſpring, and ſhe was induced to viſit her for a few days, accompanied by her two daughters and Ella Sedley.

Every object now bore a different appearance from that which had ſtruck their obſervation the preceding autumn; the ſoft ſhowers of April fell on the blue and unruffled boſom of the expanſe of water, and the fiſhers fearleſsly employed themſelves in procuring from the tranquil element that variety of fiſh, which advance with ſummer into the northern ſeas.

 A ſlender

A ſlender vegetation began to clothe the rocks, except thoſe that preſented a rugged face of perpendicular chalk, in the excavations of which innumerable ſea-birds were rearing their young. In one of their morning walks, little Ella, gambolling before them, returned with an handful of coarſe ſhells which ſhe had picked up, and deſired Henrietta to keep them for her, and when they returned home, that ſhe would put them among ſome others, which had been brought from the Weſt Indies.

Henrietta. Oh! theſe are not worth ſaving, my dear Ella; I never ſaw any very pretty ſhells at this place; and mamma ſays, there are none on the coaſt.

Mrs. Woodfield. None that are ever collected by the virtuoſi in theſe things, and few, if any, that are even fit for the ſomething that is called grotto-work, with which falſe taſte has ſome-

times

times dreſſed up garden ſeats or alcoves. The beautiful ſhells which you ſee in collections, and of which Ella has a few, come from the Eaſt and Weſt Indies, and they have all names, though I do not at preſent remember them, by which the collectors of ſuch things know how to appreciate their value. I think I have heard that there is a ſhell of which only two ſpecimens are known in the world, and for one of theſe, I know not how many thouſand pounds were given.

Elizabeth. What can give to ſuch things ſo much value?

Mrs. Woodfield. That ſort of caprice which gives an imaginary value to ſo many other things, even leſs pleaſing than theſe beautiful productions of nature; ſuch as antique coins or old manuſcripts, which can tell us nothing we do not know already, and have no other merit than their ſcarceneſs or antiquity.

Henrietta. But ſhells, mamma, are extremely pretty. I ſaw ſome at the Muſeum that ſeemed to be made of green and gold enamel.

Mrs. Woodfield. You did ſo; and of an enamel infinitely finer than any human artiſt can produce; there are others marked in various colours with a regularity, delicacy, and ſoftneſs that painting can hardly imitate, and they are more beautifully poliſhed than the fineſt porcelaine.

Henrietta. Why then, mamma, do you ſeem to condemn thoſe who have a taſte for collecting?

Mrs. Woodfield. I condemn every one who ſuffers any taſte of this ſort to injure their fortune, or who makes a ſerious purſuit of what ought, at beſt, to be but an occaſional amuſement. To contemplate ſuch objects as the minute works of nature, and to admire the ſkill of the Divine Artiſt, which is as equally

equally ſhewn in the freckles of a poliſhed ſhell as in the greateſt and moſt ſtupendous of his works, is the true end of our obſervation on ſuch things, not the falſe pride of poſſeſſing them becauſe they are rare. A thinking mind, on ſurveying one of theſe little convolved palaces lined with pearl, is carried forward to reflections on the habits of the ſmall half-animated creature for whoſe reſidence it was fitted: I ſay half-animated, becauſe teſtaceous fiſhes have little more perception than vegetables, and ſeem to form the link between the animal and vegetable world.

There is a ſtationary, half-exiſting ſubſtance adhering to rocks and ſtones, which has been called the animal flower. In a cavern in the Iſland of Barbadoes there are ſome of theſe of ſingular beauty, and they are probably to be found in other parts of South America. Theſe are, I ſuppoſe, of the ſame

nature as what we here call the Polypus or Sea-anemoné, and of which you may find ſome of various ſizes and colours among the ſea-weeds that grow in the excavations of rocks, covered at high water by the tide; they bear no very diſtant reſemblance to an anemoné, and what looks like the fringed petals of that flower are the feelers, or arms, which this fiſh, having no power to move from the rock, to which it is attached, unfolds to gather its prey.

Elizabeth. But what prey can be taken by ſuch little feeble fibres reſembling the ſmall leaves of a flower?

Mrs. Woodfield. Infinitely minute inſects which float in the ſalt water, and probably are ſo ſmall as to elude the examination of the microſcope. On theſe too, it is probable, the ſmall ſhell-fiſh ſubſiſt, whoſe habitations have been the ſubjects of our admiration. Theſe beautiful ſhells, the luſtre of which mocks

mocks the moſt elaborate efforts of art, are formed by the exuding of the bodies of the fiſh within them; this you may comprehend by remarking that, under the hard armour of the lobſter, there is a mottled ſkin very nearly reſembling it; which by degrees hardens into a new ſhell. It is the ſame with theſe ſhell-fiſh, whoſe deſerted houſes ornament the cabinet of the virtuoſo.

Elizabeth. I have often imagined to myſelf what ſtrange and curious things there muſt be collected at the bottom of the ſea.

Mrs. Woodfield. Shakeſpeare, you know, tells us ſo in one of Aeriel's ſongs, as well as in that horrible but well-wrought deſcription of drowning which he gives to the unfortunate Clarence in Richard the Third.

Elizabeth. I think, mamma, that were I to write a fairy tale, in which all

manner of improbable fancies might be put, I would make the fcene of it at the bottom of the fea, and defcribe a palace built of coral and agate, and wainfcotted with beryl, mother pearl, and tortoife-fhell.

Mrs. Woodfield. Very prettily fitted up indeed! But what is a palace without a garden? and would not your fancy be diftreft to imagine bowers and fhrubberies and arbors compofed of thofe ill-coloured, trailing, marine vegetables, which are thrown upon the fhore in heaps after a fucceffion of ftormy weather?

Elizabeth. They are not very pretty, certainly. I believe I muft keep to the pearls, amber, and coral furniture within; yet many of the fea-weeds are not ugly, and you have told me that there are fome among them which are curious.

Mrs.

Mrs. Woodfield. Well! after having raiſed your coral pavilion, and ſurrounded it with

"The ſhell-work garden and the ſea fan bowers,"

how would you people it? You muſt call for the Nereids and Syrens of the poets, ſince, I fear, the real inhabitants of the ſea are very unfit for ſo elegant a manſion, unleſs we give credit to the venerable chronicler Sir Richard Baker, who, in the ſummary account of ſtrange events, relates very gravely, that once in the reign of Richard the Second, and again in that of Edward the Fourth, certain creatures reſembling men were taken in nets by the fiſhermen; one of theſe, he ſays, lived many months with his captors, feeding on fiſh, "*but ſpake never a word*;" and both, I think, took the earlieſt opportunity of gliding away to their native element.

Henrietta. But there are no ſuch things, mamma? there never were ſuch things?

Mrs. Woodfield. I believe there never were; yet that ſuch phenomena have been ſeen has been poſitively aſſerted, and by perſons who probably believed it themſelves. Not many years ago a fiſherman, going to take up the pots in which prawns and lobſters are caught, among ſome low rocks that are ſcattered along the ſhore near a village called Bagnor on the coaſt of Suſſex, retreated from them in extreme terror, and made the beſt of his way back to his comrades; declaring, with fear and aſtoniſhment, that he had ſeen a mer-man, which, ſitting on the rocks, looked ſteadily upon him till he came near enough to diſcern what it was, and then plunged into the water. The man, upon being repeatedly queſtioned, perſiſted in the ſame ſtory, and as no poſſible reaſon could

could be given for his telling a falſe-hood, the more enlightened of his hearers concluded, that what he had ſeen was a ſeal or ſea-calf. The ſeal is an amphibious animal; they live among rocks on the margin of the ſea, and there are many on the coaſts of Corn-wall; they are the ſame ſpecies of crea-ture, but not ſo large, as the ſea-lions, of which you remember a print in Lord Anſon's Voyage. Our circumnavigators ſaw vaſt flocks of them on their ſeveral voyages; and they were killed by the ſailors for the ſake of the oil, of which almoſt their whole unweildy bodies are compoſed. From the engraved repre-ſentation of theſe animals I can eaſily ſup-poſe, that when raiſed upon its fore feet, and half concealed by the rugged projec-tions of the rocks, fear and ignorance, combined with uncertainty, might eaſily convert one of them into a mer-man, or ſome ſurpriſing creature inhabiting the

mighty

mighty waters. These seals are very ugly, mis-shapen animals; they are described as assembling in great numbers, and wallowing in the sea ouse and among the weeds on the shore, with hideous howlings and gruntings. Such, my Elizabeth, are by no means fit for your fairy, sub-marine palace, and in this, as in many other things, we are almost unwilling to give up the pleasant fables, with which our imagination has been enchanted and amused, for sad reality. Thus the world, when we first enter it, seems to be peopled with such beings as we have read of in books of amusement, which are often more calculated to mislead the fancy than to correct it; we build palaces of agate and jasper, and people them with the most amiable beings; but a little experience sometimes convinces us, how unlike its real inhabitants are to these creatures of the imagination.

Elizabeth.

Elizabeth. Oh! my dear mamma, you ſpoil my fairy palaces, both on land and in the ſea; I ſometimes think I had rather read fictitious tales, though I know them not to have even a reſemblance of truth, than hiſtory, which is nothing in general but a melancholy account of the crimes ſome wicked men have been guilty of, to deſtroy other men not leſs wicked than themſelves.

Mrs. Woodfield. And yet you muſt recollect, that in ſtories, whether thoſe in which the imagination of the author overleaps the bounds of nature and common ſenſe, or thoſe which are called romances, and novels, (which are meant to repreſent beings like ourſelves, and the probable incidents of human life,) there are always ſome wicked people, who, by thwarting and perſecuting the favourite characters, form the diſtreſs of the piece. Thus in fairy tales you have an oger or a genie, who parts your fair

princeſs

princeſs from her gallant lover, and in the ſhape of a griffin or a dragon makes propoſals for himſelf, and ſhuts the unfortunate damſel up in a tower of braſs or of adamant. In novels, this miſchief-working character is ſupplied by an uncle or a guardian, ſometimes by a father or a mother, or by a powerful rival, who, with little more probability than if a griffin or a mer-man was introduced, carries away the luckleſs beauty to an inacceſſible, and perhaps an haunted caſtle.

Elizabeth. And yet, mamma, it is not always the moſt improbable of theſe ſort of hiſtories that amuſe the leaſt.

Mrs. Woodfield. Certainly not; the dramas of Shakeſpeare, which repreſent fairies and ſupernatural agents, ſuch as Aeriel and his companions, are by no means the leaſt entertaining of his aſtoniſhing productions. If I could be amuſed with the book called the Arabian Nights,

Nights, it would be with thofe parts of it that are the moft wild and improbable. Part of the pleafure we feel from thefe fictions arifes from our love of the marvellous, and part from the agreeable recollection of the ftories we ufed to liften to in the happy days of our childhood. You, Elizabeth, have been rather taught to fee every object around you as it really is, than to be either pleafed or frightened by the fables which, when I was in the nurfery, were admitted there. I have often remembered, as I have fince paffed a clear ftream that croffes the road not far from the houfe where I lived in my infancy, that when I was four or five years old, I was taught to look there for filver horfe-fhoes, which my nurfery-maid told me were dropped by the elfin cavaliers in their hafty paffage over the brook. Round a very old thorn in a neighbouring park, was a fpiral line,

line, which I know now to be the effect of lightning, but which I was then taught to believe was the mark left by the magic girdle of a fairy, who had tied to that tree a certain countefs, the inhabitant of the great houfe in the park, who had on fome occafion offended her.

" The tefter'd flipper, and the circled green,"

are now no longer the foundation of our children's books. The moonlight revels of the trains of Oberon and Titania are heard of no more; they are gone with all their pleafing train of images, as well as the fpectres that rattled their chains through almoft every old manfion-houfe, and the figns and tokens with which weak minds anticipated or increafed the too certain evils of life.

But I know not how, Elizabeth, we have wandered from coral alcoves and arbors of fhell-work to legends of goblins and fairies. Our converfation, however, is not wholly incongruous with

the

the element before us; for there is no clafs of men more addicted to fantaftic fuperftition than failors. At once daring and timorous, they rufh undauntedly upon the moft dangerous fervice; yet have certain fears, which fome of them cannot conquer, as to the ill effects of drowning a black cat. A malignant fpirit, whom they call Davy Jones, is fuppofed to be the agent of the devil, and to be armed with the power of doing them mifchief by tempeft, lightning, funken rocks, and leaks in their fhips: yet I never heard that in the hour of battle, when the very foundations of the fea muft tremble under the dreadful concuffion of heavy artillery on its agitated furface, this mifchievous fpirit is ever thought of. Then, with the moft implicit faith in predeftination, they rufh unconcernedly on dangers, which to thofe never accuf-

tomed

tomed to ſuch ſcenes appear to be certainly deſtructive. So much is man the creature of prejudice and of habit!

To habit too it is owing, that we inquire ſo little into what is always preſent to us, and that our reflections are ſeldom awakened but by novelty. Aſſertions or ſtories we hear every day, we never think of objecting to, however abſurd they may be; on objects continually before our eyes, we never think of making remarks.

In looking over this immenſe collection of water, which is expanded till it ſeems to unite with the diſtant ſky, you, my dear Elizabeth, were ſtruck with its grandeur and ſublimity, and your imagination immediately went forth to the wonders contained in its boſom. This happens becauſe you are not accuſtomed to ſee it; but the fiſherman and the ſailor who live upon it, or the peaſant

peaſant who feeds his ſheep on the high downs that overlook it, ſee nothing extraordinary in it, and are amazed that any one elſe does. Theſe perſons, unuſed to make reflections of any kind, ſee nothing to admire either in the changes of the earth on which they walk, or in its innumerable productions. A labourer, of whom you ſhould inquire why the boughs are ſuddenly clothed with leaves, would anſwer "becauſe it is ſpring." He has no idea of the annual revolution of the earth, nor how on its approach towards the ſun the green blood of the plants begins to circulate, and their leaves to expand, which during the ſevere weather are incloſed each in its hybernacle or winter cradle, which are thoſe red buds that we obſerve on trees immediately after the leaves of the preceding ſummer are fallen. It is of this

this wonderful contrivance of Almighty wiſdom that Cowper ſpeaks:

> " He marks the bounds that winter may not paſs,
> " And blunts his pointed fury; in its caſe,
> " Ruſſet and rude, folds up the tender germ,
> " Uninjured, with inimitable art;
> " And, ere one flowery ſeaſon fades and dies,
> " Deſigns the blooming wonders of the next."

But of theſe and many other operations of nature, though they hourly, weekly, and yearly paſs before his eyes, the unenlightened villager has no knowledge; yet ignorant of the cauſe, he regularly expects the effect, as a man, whoſe living depends on the ſea or on the traffic upon great rivers, knows perfectly well when to look for high tides, though it probably never entered his head to conſider the phænomenon that produces them; and were you to aſk him about them, he would (it is moſt likely) anſwer, " that there always were high tides at

certain times of the moon's change," and with that ſolution he is content. But thoſe, my Elizabeth, who have greater opportunities of information, and more leiſure for reflection, learn to look up with greater reverence and admiration towards the great Firſt Cauſe, who has ſpread before us, whitherſoever we turn, the wonders of his wiſdom, and who undoubtedly meant them all to contribute to the happineſs of that Being on whom, among all his creatures, he has beſtowed the greateſt portion of reaſon.

But the length, and perhaps the gravity of our converſation has occaſioned Henrietta to forſake us, and to follow Ella among the rocks in ſearch of ſhells and ſea-weeds. It is time to recall them, and to return home.

DIALOGUE IV.

THE EARLY JOURNEY.

CERTAIN family occurrences had carried Colonel Cecil and his daughter to London; and the ſame buſineſs occaſioned his ſending for his ſiſter to meet him there.

Though unwilling to quit the country at a ſeaſon when every hour produced ſome new beauty, yet as her children's intereſt and her brother's wiſhes united to determine her, ſhe conquered whatever reluctance ſhe felt, and propoſed to avail herſelf of this opportunity to procure for her two daughters, inſtructions in ſome branches of education, which can nowhere be obtained ſo well as in a great capital.

They

They ſettled then to take leave of the friends they were viſiting the preceding night, and at an early hour the next morning to depart on their journey to London.

In purſuance of this reſolution they aroſe before the ſun, and while their ſervants were arranging the baggage, and other matters were ſettling, the mother, her two daughters, and her little ward, went down to the ſhore to obſerve that glorious object, which is nowhere ſeen in ſo great perfection, the riſing ſun.

Mrs. Woodfield took occaſion to remark the accuracy of Gray's deſcription, to which, though he ſays "it make no figure on paper," little can be added. "I ſet out," ſays he, "one morning before five o'clock, the moon ſhining through a dark and miſty autumnal air, and got to the ſea-coaſt

time enough to be at the ſun's levée. I ſaw the clouds and dark vapours open gradually to the right and left, rolling over one another in great ſmoky wreaths; and the tide (as it flowed in gently on the ſands) firſt whitening, then tinged with gold and blue; and all at once a little line of inſufferable brightneſs, that (before I can write theſe five words) was grown to half an orb; and now to an whole one too glorious to be diſtinctly ſeen."

In reminding her children of this ſublime ſpectacle, Mrs. Woodfield added —" How many people there are, my dear girls, who have paſſed their lives without having ever ſeen it! How many others, who, if they ever have witneſſed it, have only done ſo by chance in returning from ſome place of public amuſement, with aching heads and exhauſted ſpirits! Of ſuch a party I remember

I once

I once was; when, after a maſqued ball given at the houſe of a nobleman in the country, the ſun aroſe, dazzling with all his ſummer ſplendor our half-ſhut eyes. We ſoon uncloſed them quite to admire the ſtrange figures we made, and, I believe, ſome among us, who piqued themſelves on their good looks, did not bear the remarks of others without ſenſations ſomewhat bordering on thoſe of Milton's arch-fiend; and might have ſaid

"O ſun! I tell thee how I hate thy beams."

For my part, I felt ſomething like ſhame for making one in a group ſo ill ſuited to the ſcene; for our wretched, jaded, and diſhivelled figures, unpowdered locks, hollow and haggard eyes, and tinſel finery, polluted with ſmoke and duſt, formed a decided and mortifying contraſt with the pure brilliance of the rising orb; the cryſtal dews

 beſpangling

befpangling every leaf, and that reviving elafticity of the air,

"The breath of heaven frefh blowing pure and fweet
"With day-fpring born *."

Elizabeth. I fuppofe, however, mamma, that there are many people who never faw the fun rife, unlefs on fome fuch occafion.

Mrs. Woodfield. Probably not; in this climate, indeed, there is no great temptation to attend his firft appearance at any time but in the fineft months; for cold and comfortlefs are the mornings of autumn and winter long after he is above the horizon; and I own I am not one of thofe who have refolution to encounter the chill gloom of very early hours at thofe feafons, though no one is, perhaps, more fenfible of the value of time, and very few have more occupations of neceffity to fill it. We muft now, however, make ufe of that immediately

* Milton.

before

before us. The chaiſes are, I ſee, waiting on the cliff.

Elizabeth. And now then we muſt bid adieu! a reluctant adieu to the ſea!

Henrietta. Ah! when ſhall we ſee it again, and have the pleaſure of walking again on the ſands, and of enjoying ſuch delightful mornings as we have had here?

Mrs. Woodfield. We ſhall reviſit it I hope, before the end of ſummer; and in the mean time you will find amuſement enough in the various ſcenes to which you are going.

They now proceeded on their journey, which lay acroſs the country; for having ſome buſineſs with a lawyer at a town about twenty miles diſtant, and wiſhing to viſit a very old lady, a friend of her mother's, who reſided there, Mrs. Woodfield took this opportunity of doing both. This road, therefore, led them over a tract of country, where two

counties joined in the boundaries of what was once a royal chace, and was ſtill crown land—a ſort of heathy wild, where, amidſt ſcattered woods and ſhrubby glens, a few poor cottages were thinly diſperſed.

The road was not ſuch as admitted of much ſpeed, and they were not in haſte, but beguiled the time in remarks on the uncultivated beauty which the landſcape, rude as it was, everywhere preſented, at a ſeaſon when the banks were covered with multitudes of flowers, and the hedges above them unfolding their firſt leaves. A few inſects already dared to venture forth amid the capricious winds of April.

On obſerving one or two of theſe, Henrietta, cried—" Oh! there are ſome of thoſe yellow butterflies with a ſmall crimſon ſpot on each wing, which I remember, mamma, you told me, were called cucumber flies, from their colour reſembling

resembling the blossoms of that plant; but to me they seem more like a flying primrose."

Mrs. Woodfield. Your idea pleases me. One could, indeed, almost fancy one of them to be a primrose or an oxlip, loosened from its stalks, animated and flying through the air. You have been lately reading, I think, that the wisdom of God is evident, even in the colours with which he has clothed the birds and insects as means to preserve them from those other animals who would otherwise too easily devour them. This early butterfly is clad, you see, in colours nearly resembling the flowers that now cover every bank, on the honey of which it lives. Recollect in how many other instances this happens, though it is an observation we do not think of making. In India, the birds and the insects are infinitely brighter and more vivid in their colours than in

 Europe;

Europe; ſo are the bloſſoms of the trees, and the flowers among which they live and feed. With us the graſshopper, and many caterpillars and other ſmall inſects are green, and are concealed by reſembling the graſs and leaves. The partridge is ſoberly clad like the ſtubbles and fallows among which it lives, while the burniſhed pheaſant conceals his crimſon eye and changeable neck among the tawny and deep-coloured leaves of the autumnal wood. The hare too, who has ſo many enemies, has clothing very nearly reſembling the hollow ſandbanks and brown furrows among which ſhe hides herſelf, and as you remember Thomſon ſays,

"Of the ſame tawny hue, the wither'd fern:"

while the domeſtic animals, thoſe more immediately under the management and protection of man, aſſume variety of colours, as no longer needing the ſort of ſafety they derive from uniformity of

colour

colour among fields and forefts. All thefe remarks, my dear girls, which from our habits of life and courfe of reading and thinking occur to us, are probably never prefent to thofe who live in what is called general fociety; that is, who never arife but to prepare for fome morning party, or return from it but to drefs themfelves for the amufement of the evening.

Elizabeth. And I dare fay, my dear mamma, thofe perfons condemn fuch reflections as ufelefs, and mighty dull and uninterefting.

Mrs. Woodfield. I believe they do; but let us, my love, follow in idea one of thefe trifling characters, who have no other purfuits than thofe which arife from mixing in what are called the pleafures of fafhionable life; let us follow one of them to the obfcurity to which the failure of her plan of procuring

 a rich

a rich huſband, mortified pride, and reduced fortune condemns her. Alas! what can be ſo melancholy! I ſuppoſe ſuch a perſon, neglected and forlorn, retiring to ſome cheap provincial town, where ſhe ſuppoſes her very moderate fortune may allow her ſtill to enjoy ſome of the pleaſures of ſociety, and to finiſh her life, as ſuch a life is deſcribed by the poet:

"A youth of folly, an old age of cards."

Alas! however well ſhe may be received by the parties who form the ſociety of the place where ſhe is fixed, ſhe cannot always be at the card-table. The matrons, who ſurround them of an evening, have their families to attend to during the day, and not unfrequently bad weather, illneſs, accident, or petty miſunderſtandings and ſquabbles, with which ſuch aſſociations do lamentably abound, deny even the reviving rubber of the evening! What then becomes of the

the unfortunate, iſolated being, who, not having any reſources within herſelf, is wholly dependent on others for the means of paſſing the dreary evenings of winter? She has never been accuſtomed to read, or never beyond the flimſy pages of a novel. If ſhe attempts to occupy her mind with one of theſe, ſhe meets with the deſcription of ſcenes in which ſhe can no longer hope to bear a part, and ſickens at the repreſentation of even imaginary happineſs. She has no taſte for works of fancy, and has been taught to believe that uſeful work is beneath her. Deſponding and ſad, therefore, her ſpirits recoil upon themſelves and wear themſelves out. Internally wretched, ſhe becomes diſſatisfied with the felicity of others, and gives way to all that envious malignity which embitters ſociety; whereas, if this perſon had been accuſtomed early in life to rational purſuits; if her mind had been

 ſtrength-

ſtrengthened and her views enlarged, ſhe would have been happy in herſelf, uſeful and agreeable in ſociety, and would have rather contributed to the ſatisfaction of all around her, than have ſuffered additional miſery becauſe ſhe believes others more content.

Henrietta. I am ſure I ſhould hate ſuch a croſs old woman. I know who I think juſt ſuch a one; ſhe hates children, and ſcolded me one day for gathering ſome flowers that were in her garden, though I know ſhe did not care about them herſelf.

Mrs. Woodfield. I will have no remarks directed againſt this individual, Henrietta; nor ought you to pretend to judge whether ſhe cared for the flowers or no. If in the inſtance you named ſhe reproved you, the reproof was certainly merited, for it is extremely rude to gather the flowers in any garden where you may happen to be admitted.

Henrietta. Ah! well, mamma, I know very well that you would not have been angry in the ſame caſe.

Mrs. Woodfield. I aſſure you I ſhould not have been pleaſed; for example, if any one were to gather ſome curious and ſweet flower, that I had been nurſing all the year, juſt as it began to bloom and to diffuſe its odours, I ſhould certainly be vexed, and might, perhaps, expreſs my vexation.

Elizabeth. I muſt ſay, however, mamma, that the lady my ſiſter means cared nothing about the flowers, and ſaid a great deal more than was neceſſary on ſuch a trifle; ſhe almoſt ſaid that you humoured us too much in ſuch ſort of things, and . . . .

Mrs. Woodfield. I wiſh not to hear what ſhe ſaid, my dear; nor do I approve of that very frequent but miſchievous cuſtom too often thoughtleſsly adopted, of telling to one perſon what another

another ſays of them; nothing is more apt to create diſputes, coldneſs, and averſion, yet I know nothing in which people more frequently indulge themſelves. This is ſometimes the effect of malice, and ſometimes of our zealous friendſhip. Indirect flattery, conveyed in this manner by officious friends, is ſaid, and I believe with truth, to be of every manner of conveying flattery the moſt dangerous. Never, therefore, accuſtom yourſelves to repeat to any of your friends the blame or even the praiſe you may hear of them. I have known girls flattered into the moſt inſufferable vanity by one another—"Oh! my ſweet Sophy," cries Matilda, "you cannot gueſs what I heard of you laſt night."—"My *dear* Matilda," replies Sophy, "do *pray* tell me; I am dying to know; not that it *could* be half ſo much in my praiſe as what Mr. ſuch-a-one and Captain ſuch-a-one ſaid of you when

when you were dancing." The ſelf-love of each being thus gratified, the miſſes become more and more fond of each other; and I once knew two girls who went very much into the ſame ſet of company, that regularly met to compare notes, and became two of the moſt inſolent, affected, and vain creatures I ever met with. It happened that in the courſe of events they were ſeparated, and did not meet again for ſome years, and when they did, their former intimacy, for I cannot call it friendſhip, was turned into rivalry: inſtead then of mutually flattering, they found a malignant delight in depreciating each other; and then it was the buſineſs of ſome of their acquaintance to tell each of them how the other ſaid ſhe was altered; ſo that it was hard to ſay whether their early youth was more disfigured by the vanity which they mutually created, or their

maturer

maturer years made hateful by envy and detraction.

Elizabeth. I will take care, my dear mamma, never to be guilty of this.

Henrietta. And I will, I aſſure you, as carefully avoid offending anybody by taking their flowers whether they care for them or no; though I own I am ſadly tempted ſometimes. Pray tell me, is there a pretty garden at the lady's houſe we are going to?

Mrs. Woodfield. A very good garden, but one of thoſe which are cultivated more for uſe than beauty. My friend Mrs. Doddington is arrived at that advanced period of life when ſhe is no longer able to enjoy her garden, for age and infirmity confine her entirely to the houſe.

Henrietta. Poor woman! how much ſhe muſt regret that ſhe is not able to go into her garden!

Mrs.

Mrs. Woodfield. You think fo, becaufe you would regret it; but before the eyes of perfons of the age of my good old friend, the feafons have revolved, and the various fcenes of life have paffed till there is no longer novelty or intereft in them.

Elizabeth. But you have told me, mamma, that this lady is neverthelefs cheerful and contented.

Mrs. Woodfield. I have fo; and when you fee her you will allow that fhe is ftill amiable and agreeable. This is the effect of a well regulated mind, and is the beft proof of a well fpent youth.

Elizabeth. Mrs. Doddington has grand children.—Are any of them with her?

Mrs. Woodfield. No; they are all grown up, and the young ladies are all married. But our fhort ftay at C—— will not fail to be enlivened by the fociety

ſociety of young perſons. There is a Miſs Sourby, you know, the daughter of the gentleman with whom I have buſineſs. He is an attorney, or ſolicitor, a man who has made a great deal of money in his profeſſion, and having lately held a public character in his native town, has been knighted on carrying up an addreſs. He has a ſon, who is reckoned remarkably *clever*, and is now in the militia, having left the pen for the ſpontoon; while I am aſſured Miſs Sourby, his ſiſter, is one of the moſt accompliſhed girls in the county.

Henrietta. Oh! for my part, I do not deſire any new acquaintance; I only wiſh I may be allowed to ſtay all day in the garden.

Mrs. Woodfield. That will hardly be, my Henrietta; but however, as we ſhall have no morning taſks, nor readings, you will of courſe have more

time

time for your garden rambles than at home; and at your age, and at this lovely ſeaſon there is, perhaps, no ſociety that can afford ſo much pleaſure as ſome of thoſe ſimple ſcenes which you recollect are thus deſcribed as belonging to peaſants and peaſant children:

"Midſt gloomy glades in warbles clear
"Wild nature's ſweeteſt notes they hear;
"On green untrodden banks they view
"The hyacinth's neglected hue;
"In their lone haunts and woodland rounds
"They ſpy the ſquirrel's airy bounds;
"And ſtartle from her aſhen ſpray
"Acroſs the glen the ſcreaming jay*!"

* Thomas Warton.

DIALOGUE V.

ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

[Scene—At the houfe of the friend to whom they were making a vifit, at an early hour of the morning; Mrs. Woodfield meeting her eldeft daughter.]

Mrs. Woodfield.

WELL, Elizabeth, we recommence our journey to-day. Are you prepared to take a long farewell of your friends here?

Elizabeth. Friends! my dear mamma?

Mrs. Woodfield. Well then, if that is too ftrong a word, I will fay your acquaintance. The term friend, indeed, is one of thofe we are too apt to mifufe.

Elizabeth. You have fo often cautioned me, mamma, againft fudden and violent intimacies with people of my own age, that you know I never haftily form

form them, even with thofe who appear to me agreeable ; but as for Mifs Rudworth . . . .

Mrs. Woodfield. You have found no neceffity in regard to her to recollect my advice.

Elizabeth. Oh dear! no; none in the world. You oblige me, however, to remember what you have fo often faid, as to the indulgence of a fatirical difpofition ; and therefore, mamma, I fhall only fay of Mifs Rudworth, that I wifh her very well and very happy, but I fhall not be forry if I am never to fee her again.

Mrs. Woodfield. Thus it is then, that thofe accomplifhments, acquired at fuch an expence, and by the unwearied application of fo many years, ferve only to render this young perfon difagreeable! How is it that fhe has contrived this?

Elizabeth. Oh! you know very well, mamma, that a girl who knew only to

read

read and write her own language, who was unaſſuming and ſimple in her manners, and did not affect to be more than her neighbours, would be ten thouſand times more agreeable.

Mrs. Woodfield. I entirely agree with you; and I ſhould ſee with real concern theſe good people, her father and mother, ſo ſadly miſtaken, but that their error makes them ſo happy, it would be cruel to attempt undeceiving them. They believe that a very loud noiſe is muſic, that red, green, and blue blots are fine drawing, and that the ſcraps of broad French and common place phraſes in Italian, which *their Frances* utters on all occaſions, indicate a moſt enviable knowledge of languages. All this, as they are people who were originally in very humble life and have had no education themſelves, would be very pardonable and would only excite a ſmile; but when they oppreſs their viſitors

with ſuch an oſtentatious parade of their daughter's acquirements, and affect to look with inſulting pity on thoſe who have not had the means of procuring ſuch an exuberance of accompliſhments, one is half tempted to mortify their ill-placed pride.

Elizabeth. Yes, mamma; I wiſh you had done ſo, inſtead of ſitting ſo quietly while we were really ſtunned.

Mrs. Woodfield. No, Elizabeth; I am too conſcious of my weakneſs in a thouſand inſtances about my own children to have the cruelty *ſo* to mortify the partial fondneſs of any perſon towards theirs; beſides, I believe theſe good folks are very likely to impute any ſuch unwelcome truths to envy. They were once greatly my inferiors in point of fortune; and then I recollect the *now* Lady Rudworth, at that time emerging into a ſort of third ſtyle of gentility, gave me credit for ſome

knowledge

knowledge in the management of what ſhe called *ejewcaſhon*; and conſulted me about that of her daughter, aſſuring me "it was a circum*ſtance* ſhe had much at heart." Now ſhe is much richer than I am; and I do not blame her for ſuppoſing ſhe has therefore much more knowledge.

Elizabeth. Diſagreeable, proud woman! but as to that vain impertinent . .

Mrs. Woodfield. Moderate you anger, my dear child. If you indulge ſuch violent indignation againſt all the people you meet, whoſe ſelf conſequence is equally offenſive, you will ſpoil your own temper; but the world will go on juſt as it did before. Why ſhould I quarrel with Lady Rudworth, for feeling her imaginary ſuperiority? She has no idea of any other than that which money gives, and to get money has been the purpoſe of hers and her huſband's lives. She has now you ſee a *title* too, and can you

you wonder that ſhe feels and enjoys her elevation?

Elizabeth. But ſhould this perſon give herſelf airs of ſuperiority which inſult all who are ſo unfortunate as to be in her company?

Mrs. Woodfield. Certainly not; but the ſame obſcurity in the beginning of her life which now cauſes her acquired riches to be ſo dazzling, is alſo the cauſe why ſhe cannot diſguiſe the triumph of her heart. It is to conceal the good opinion we have of ourſelves, that the forms which are called *good breeding* are inculcated and ſubmitted to; a practice with which Lady Rudworth has had very little to do, and which it is now too late to acquire. A celebrated eſſay-iſt ſays: *That were the door opened to ſelf-praiſe, and were Montaigne's maxim obſerved, that one ſhould* ſay, *as frankly,* "*I have ſenſe, I have learning, I have* "*courage, beauty, or wit,*" *as 'tis ſure we*

 often

often think *ſo*; *were this the caſe, ſuch a flood of impertinence would break in upon us as would render ſociety wholly intolerable.*

But the ſort of forbearance thus agreed upon in poliſhed ſociety, Lady Rudworth has never ſeen practiſed where ſhe has lived; I mean, among people which could only be called the upper rank of low life; and therefore, ſhe takes no trouble to diſguiſe her opinion of that ſuperiority which ſhe believes her money gives her, among thoſe ſhe now converſes with. And I obſerve that this overbearing ſelf-ſufficiency is almoſt always viſible in people who have become ſuddenly rich, and are raiſed above the narrow circle where they originally moved. So that there is no reflection more common than that of "ſuch a one is purſe-proud."

There is a variation in this foible, which I have ſometimes ſeen, though it

it ſeldom is aſſumed by the lady of the family, but is uſually confined to the founder of it: I mean, when a perſon very fond of talking of his fortune finds an excuſe for doing ſo in affected humility. Such a man will ſay: "Though it has pleaſed God to bleſs my honeſt induſtry—I began the world with nothing," and ſuch ſort of cant. Our friend Sir Randall Rudworth, however, is not of this claſs. Of *honeſt* endeavours he can ſay but little, and therefore wiſely ſinks the cauſe of his elevation, well content to make the moſt of its effects. Far from any humble alluſions to his birth, he ſhrinks from the mention of it; has lately affected to talk of his family as having been long ſeated in a northern county; has ſent to the Heralds Office for arms, which are cut on his ſeal and painted on his carriage; and you ſee his daughter is educated to ſupport all theſe pretenſions;

for what will not a great deal of money effect?

Elizabeth. I know what it will not effect, mamma. It will never give to Miss Rudworth the look or the manners of a gentlewoman.

Mrs. Woodfield. That is mere matter of opinion, Elizabeth. There are few, with whom she is likely to have much intercourse at present, who can distinguish between finery and elegant neatness, between the pertness of arrogance and the ease of good breeding. In general, I believe, the world gives those, who are in undoubted affluence, credit for as many other advantages as they choose to assume. You see with what a decided air Mrs. Modbury talks of every thing; dashes into an hundred absurdities, and affects to be even scientific. It is impossible there can exist a woman more ignorant; yet she is not only tolerated, but admired and looked

up to. Her sole qualifications are a great deal of assurance, supported by the consciousness of having a rich husband, a loud voice, and a very fashionable or fanciful way of dressing. All these adopted by Miss Rudworth, and added to her *accomplishments*, will have (you may be assured) the very same effect; but a rational being can never consider either of them as objects of envy or imitation.

Elizabeth. I am sure those people on whom such airs would impose, must be very blind or stupid.

Mrs. Woodfield. Not at all; for by what criterion do superficial observers judge, unless by outward appearances? There are very few of the people with whom one has occasion to converse every day in the common intercourse of life, who do not suppose, that if a person is very well dressed she is a person of fortune; and, on the contrary,

 that

that ſhe who is clothed with extreme ſimplicity is not able to purchaſe ornaments.

I once ſaw a laughable proof of this. Some years ago I happened to be at a public bathing-place; it was late in the year, and I was to paſs the winter in the country; which at that period of my life I did not think of with very great philoſophy. The day, however, was come when I was to go; and in a melancholy mood I ſet forth early in the morning, to pay a ſmall bill for ſome ball fineries at a very faſhionable milliner's newly ſet up in the place, and to purchaſe the few trifles I was likely to have occaſion for in my winter ſecluſion.

While I was ſettling theſe matters, a lady, very plainly dreſt, and with an hat on, which was particularly old faſhioned, entered the ſhop, and aſked for a pair of gloves.

The

The milliner took down a parcel, threw them carelefsly on the counter, and with very little ceremony left her cuftomer to choofe for herfelf, while turning again to me, who was but a girl at that time, fhe went on meafuring the ribands I had chofen. The lady very quietly fitted herfelf with a pair of gloves, paid her money, and departed without having received from the fhop-woman even the curtefy ufual on fuch occafions.

As I knew perfectly well who fhe was, and thought that her tall ftriking figure muft have made her equally well known to Mrs. Tiffany, I was furprized at this rudenefs, and could not help afking if fhe knew who fhe took that lady to be? "Indeed," replied fhe, "I never faw her before. It is none of the company ftaying here, but I fuppofe fome *little* country gentlewoman of the neighbourhood."

"I believe," ſaid I, "you are very much miſtaken; that lady is the Ducheſs of ———."

I wiſh I could deſcribe the woman's face. She coloured as red as the riband ſhe was folding; then became pale, and at laſt ſaid, "Oh, my Heavens! how rude I have been; but who could have thought of a perſon of faſhion ſo early in a morning? and in ſuch a dreſs too? and with ſuch a hat? Dear me! what had I better do? perhaps, I had beſt go after her Grace, and beg her pardon."

As I was too young to adviſe, and my buſineſs was finiſhed, I left Mrs. Tiffany to ſettle the affair as ſhe could, not ſorry, however, for the leſſon ſhe had received,—never to truſt altogether to appearances, or to behave with inſolence to her cuſtomers, on account of an unfaſhionable hat, or upon ſuſpicion of their being "little country gentlewomen."

But

But I mention this circumſtance as one among the thouſands that daily occur, how much common obſervers, who undoubtedly make up more than two thirds of the world, are influenced by appearance.

Elizabeth. Well, if reſpect is to be acquired by finery, there is no doubt of Miſs Rudworth's being highly reſpected.

Mrs. Woodfield. But you, I truſt, my love, will never envy any one reſpect that is paid merely on that account. It can give pleaſure only to very weak minds, and with ſuch you may remark, that to dazzle by ſuperfluous perſonal ornament, by equipage, or a number of ſervants, is generally a ruling paſſion. Every thing that is convenient, all that rank demands ſhould be complied with; but oſtentatious diſplay, only to excite envy and to make the vulgar ſtare, always marks ſome weakneſs of character It has

has often been ſaid of thoſe who have made themſelves remarkable for this extravagance, and have frequently been ruined by it, that they committed folly only to obtain the applauſe of fools. But I ſee Henrietta in the garden, and I thence conclude that every thing is ready for our departure. Look how little Ella is enjoying herſelf this warm day, like one of the butterflies ſhe purſues—as thoughtleſs and as happy.

We have now only to take our leave; for, luckily, my buſineſs with Sir Randall is as near being concluded as it can be for ſome time; and, I hope, in ſuch a ſtate as to prevent the neceſſity of my perſonally troubling him again.

The carriages being now at the door, and the travellers having taken leave of their acquaintance, without any regret on either ſide, they again proceeded on their way, which was that day to be only to the diſtance of twelve miles. They

were to remain at the houſe of another friend of Mrs. Woodfield's, (who was a native of that part of the country,) and the next morning to viſit two objects of curioſity in the neighbourhood, and, as the days were long, to reach London the ſame evening.

As they went, Elizabeth (who now travelled in the poſt-chaiſe with her mother alone) could not help renewing the converſation of the morning.

Elizabeth. I wiſh, mamma, my couſin Caroline had been with us on this viſit. She is ſo much ſuperior to that Miſs Rudworth in perſon, and knows ſo much more, that it would have mortified the conceited girl delightfully.

Mrs. Woodfield. I by no means wiſh it on that account. I am not ſo ſure that your couſin's ſuperiority would have mortified Miſs Rudworth; becauſe I doubt whether it would have been

allowed, while I have doubts how far Caroline would have submitted, with that complacent indifference which it ought to meet with, to this assumed superiority.

Elizabeth. I am sure she would have said that, what we were compelled to hear and see of *accomplishments*, was enough to give one a surfeit of them for ever.

Mrs. Woodfield. She would have said a very foolish thing then. But thus it ever is that the abuse of good brings the good itself into reproach. It seems to me, that nothing is more desirable, to young persons of fortune especially, than a certain degree of perfection in the ornamental parts of education; because they afford a number of resources in the hours of solitude and retirement, produce new ideas, and form the taste. But I do not think their attainment should be the first purpose of early life,

or

or that they ſhould be cultivated, as they often are, where nature has denied the talents neceſſary to their acquiſition. There is nothing in my opinion ſo requiſite to happineſs, which is the end of all inſtruction, as good temper and good ſenſe. Where theſe are wanting, the reſt appears to be like high varniſh on a bad picture, ſerving only to make the faults more viſible.

I never yet ſaw the higheſt advancement in what are called accompliſhments, make a young woman eſteemed or beloved, where good temper and good ſenſe were miſſing; whereas thoſe bleſſings alone, without any adventitious advantages, will enable a perſon to go through the world with honor to herſelf, and as the delight and comfort of their friends; for alas! my dear girl, there are in the moſt fortunate families, and in the courſe of the moſt proſperous life, many ſcenes and many hours, when muſic

mufic ceafes to charm the ear, and painting to engage the eye; when the fickening fpirit or the wounded heart turn from the trifles which might amufe a vacant hour, to feek the patient pity of fympathifing friendfhip, to one who can fuftain our reafon and ftrengthen our fortitude.

To regulate the temper, therefore, and form the judgment, is in my mind more material than all the accomplifhments in the world; and the young perfon who fhould give herfelf entirely to, or value herfelf immoderately on, the merely ornamental parts of education, would act with as little fenfe as fhe would do, who, having heard fringe or lace reckoned additions to her clothes, fhould therefore determine to make the whole of no other materials.

DIALOGUE VI.

MAY DAY.

WHILE the party were yet at ſuch a diſtance from London as not to have entered on that line of country where the luxury of improvement has deſtroyed the wilder features of nature, Mrs. Woodfield, who, by the ſentiments ſhe had delivered in the preceding converſation, had never meant to diſcourage that taſte for the imitative powers of the pencil to which ſhe had been herſelf often indebted for amuſement in her vacant hours, and for beguiling the lighter evils of life, took occaſion as they journeyed on, to point out to her attentive auditors, now all with her in a coach ſent by the Colonel, the particular features of the country through

which

which they paſſed, which were obvious as ſubjects for landſcapes.

The road lay for ſome length at the foot of a rocky elevation; and ſometimes through an hollow way, formed by the rocks riſing abruptly on each ſide.

Mrs. Woodfield. How beautifully green is every blade of graſs and every ſmall plant that find ſuſtenance amid the ſandy excavations of theſe rocks. No objects make better fore-grounds than theſe rude precipices, nor throw off to better advantage the diſtant landſcapes. But were a painter to repreſent a view, clothed in the emerald green that now almoſt dazzles the ſight, his picture would be glaring and diſpleaſing: yet nothing can be more harmonious and beautiful than the reality.

The contraſt too of theſe yellow maſſes of ſand-ſtone has a pleaſing effect, varied and dreſſed as they are with ſhrubs and flowers; their ſummits crowned

crowned with the broom and white-thorn, intermingled ſometimes with pollard oaks or tufts of young aſh or beach trees, whoſe roots, often forced from the hollow rock beneath, wreath into the moſt fantaſtic forms, and the projections they form, afford places of growth for the female fern, the ſmall blue campanula, to two ſorts of wild geranium, to the veronia, and in moiſt and ſhady parts of the rock, to the wood ſorrel; white violets, too, often lurk among theſe uncultivated beds of wild flowers, excelling them all in ſweetneſs. But theſe and many other ſmall plants are rather the purſuit of the botaniſt than the landſcape painter, who ought, however, in drawing theſe rocky ſcenes, to catch the forms, though he cannot minutely deſcribe the long tangling branches of the blackberry; the feſtoons of briony woodbine, nightſhade,

or

or wild hop, that creep or flaunt among the rugged hollows.

Elizabeth. For my part, though I know one ought never to defpair of any thing, yet I fometimes fear I fhall never do trees well; fince even my coufin Caroline allows that they are the moft difficult.

Mrs. Woodfield. Students in drawing certainly often fail in them, and even mafters do not always fucceed. Perhaps this may be partly owing to their ftudying in countries which produce only one fort of tree. You know there are many parts of England, where you may travel many miles and fee nothing but the dark elm, too often fpoiled by the lofs of its fide branches; and you remember, when we were looking over the edition of Spenfer's Fairy Queen, publifhed by Kent, we remarked that Prince Arthur, the red crofs knight, Una,

Una, Dueſſa, and Belpheobe, and in ſhort all the perſonages of the various allegory, appear under the ſhade, or amid landſcapes adorned with young elm trees. The reaſon of this want of taſte and variety is, that Kent, who made the drawings, was an improver of lands, parks, and gardens, and in that occupation had occaſion to contrive and to obſerve continual plantations of that tree, to which his eye ſeemed to have been ſo familiariſed that he forgot there were any others in nature. From the ſame cauſe it probably is, that diſtances in many Italian landſcapes preſent nothing but the ſpiry form of the cypreſs which abounds in Italy: and in a few years the views in England will preſent the ſame pyramidal groups; for the Lombardy poplars, now ſo generally planted, have nearly the ſame effect.

Elizabeth.

Elizabeth. I love to draw pieces of rocks and old trees better than cottages, for it is not often one finds one that is not too formal.

Mrs. Woodfield. On paper, however, we may *deſtroy* as well as *raiſe* ſtructures to our taſte; and it is not difficult to diſmantle one of the moſt comfortable cottages, till we render it tolerably *picturesque*, to uſe the phraſe adopted on the occaſion; then we can add the hayſtack, or a few hop-poles leaning on its roof, ſhadow it with the pendent boughs of the beach or cheſtnut, or contrive to hide half the ſmall caſement in the thatch, with the groteſque branches of an old fruit tree. But water, I think, as often baffles the learner as trees, at leaſt the moſt pleaſing repreſentation of water, when it guſhes out of one of theſe rocks, or ſtarts from among the dark ſhades of a ſteep wood; ſuch as you know are in our country diſtin-

guiſhed

guifhed by the name of hangers. When we have thus chofen the features and compofed our little home landfcape, we muft find figures appropriated to the fcenery; and look! at this moment, there is a group that Gainfborough himfelf would have chofen; fee, Henrietta, that little party, feated on a kind of circular bench, formed of a mound of earth, confined by woven ofiers and covered with turf, under a maypole.

Henrietta. Three little girls dreffing a boy's hat with flowers; and what a quantity of flowers they have got in their bafkets!

Mrs. Woodfield. What if we ftop and purchafe of them fome of their garlands; or at leaft make them fome little prefent, to increafe the pleafure of their infantine feftival?

Henrietta and Ella. Oh! do let us!

(This done, they proceed.

Elizabeth.

Elizabeth. Well! we have made theſe poor children very happy however.

Henrietta. I wiſh we could have ſtaid to have ſeen them dance. Pray tell me, mamma, whether there are now ſuch dances of ſhepherds and ſhepherdeſſes as one reads of in ſongs and poems; where they chooſe a queen of the May, and all the houſes are dreſſed, and all the ways ſtrewn with flowers?

Mrs. Woodfield. No, Henrietta; I believe theſe paſtoral feſtivals exiſt no where now but in deſcription, yet ſome remains of them are left among the infant peaſantry, of which we have juſt had an inſtance in the children we have ſeen, happy heirs of laborious poverty; who, obtaining a very ſcanty ſubſiſtence, want no more, and find amidſt the fields and coppices their ſlender *deſert*,

"Like the gay birds that ſing them to repoſe."

Theſe you ſee rob the meadows and

cottage gardens, to furniſh their ſole finery, and on this eleventh of May (when, according to the prejudice of their grandmothers, they obſerve May-day as it fell in the old ſtyle) the happy party ſally forth, feeling, perhaps, as much delight as they are capable of expreſſing; for now, releaſed for ſome months from the confinement neceſſarily impoſed upon them in dark and dirty cottages by the weather, by the ſnow, tempeſts, and floods of winter, they are at liberty to enjoy the only luxury they know, that of wandering among the meadows and woods, which offer to theſe ſimple children of nature ſo many charms; and though certainly incapable of deſcribing, or perhaps incapable of diſcriminating what they feel, yet it is theirs, more free from care and from reſtraint than the favourites of affluence, to enjoy what

ſome

ſome poet (I have forgotten who) ſo well deſcribes:

> " By vale or brook to loiter; not diſpleas'd
> " Hear the ſtreams pebbled roar, and the ſweet bee
> " Humming his fairy tunes in praiſe of flowers."

And I am perſuaded the fineſt dreſs on a royal birth-day, covers not an heart ſo gay and happy as any of thoſe we have juſt left.

Elizabeth. But I ſhould like to ſee ſome of the rural balls, which one learns to fancy ſo pleaſant from ballads or from poems.

Mrs. Woodfield. Yes; ſuch as even the great and grave Milton teaches us to fancy, when he concludes an addreſs to May morning, by ſaying,

> " Thus we ſalute thee with our early ſong,
> " And welcome thee, and wiſh thee long!"

But ſuch choruſes of ſhepherds and of nymphs are with us never heard; and the May is welcomed only by the

younger

younger villagers, who have, perhaps, a few garlands on the May-pole or about the ſign-poſt of the ale-houſe of the hamlet.

Nothing, certainly, is more miſrepreſented than the ſcenes of rural feſtivity; thoſe aſſemblies of paſtoral felicity,

> "When young and old come out to play,
> "On a ſun-ſhine holiday;"

for in our times, neither young nor old, who are capable of work, can loſe a day of labour. Theſe deſcriptions were perhaps very juſt when Theocritus wrote of the lives of Sicilian ſhepherds; but they have no reſemblance to the manners of England.

Even at this diſtance of time I well recollect how greatly diſappointed I was when, being about eleven or twelve years old, I was firſt ſhewn a ſhepherd. Having taken my ideas from ſongs, where Strephon meets Phillis and pre-

ſents her with a lamb dreſſed with roſes and woodbines, or from the Chelſea China figures, which at that time adorned many apartments, I had ſuppoſed a ſhepherd to be a perſonage elegantly attired, in a pea-green jacket, a ſilk hat crowned with hyacinths, followed by a beautiful little dog, his crook ornamented with ribands, and charming the echos by the ſound of his flageolet: inſtead of which I ſaw a ſtout rough-looking clown, whoſe hair ſeemed bleached in the pinching ſtorms to which he was expoſed; he was clad in a coarſe jacket of tanned leather, very much patched; concealed, however, partly by a thick white woollen great coat; his hat was tied on with a red handkerchief, and he was followed by an ugly ſhagg-ear'd dog, whoſe continual and hoarſe barking conſtituted all the muſic of this rude and ſolitary pair.

I ſaid

I ſaid to myſelf; How is it poſſible this can be a ſhepherd? Where then are the beings deſcribed by Pope, by Shenſtone, by Hammond, and Lord Littleton; the Paridels, Damons, and, Corydons? Alas! ſuch, in a thouſand more material inſtances, is the mortifying difference between the pictures of life we are ſhewn and the ſad realities we are obliged to accept. In theſe drawings it may well be ſaid that

> " Airy dreams
> " Sat for the picture, and the poet's hand,
> " Imparting ſubſtance to an empty ſhade,
> " Impoſed a gay delirium for a truth *."

Yet there is felicity enough in moral ſcenery and rural employments, to depreſs with deep regret the poor exile, who, forced from his or her native village to ſeek a precarious ſubſiſtence among the ſtifling crowds of a great city, languiſhes for " liberty and freſh air;"

* Cowper.

and till the body becomes enervated, as the mind infenfibly lofes its tafte for the pleafures of fimple nature, cafts many a longing, lingering look towards thefe fondly remembered haunts of early content.

One remarkable inftance of this I will relate to you. It would make my ftory outlaft this ftage of our journey, were I to tell at length the unfortunate accidents which occafioned a poor girl, Lydia Meadows, who had been brought up with great care and tendernefs by her grandmother, to be left, at the death of her ancient protectrefs, an helplefs and deftitute orphan; and though fhe had been taught to expect, and really ought to have had a fmall provifion from the effects of this her laft furviving relation, yet they had fallen into fuch hands, that, as old Mrs. Meadows was not of the parifh, or even a native of the county where fhe was fettled when death overtook her, the

the overſeers were alarmed leſt her orphan grandchild, then between thirteen and fourteen, ſhould become burdenſome to them; and inquiring out her relations, (which were very few,) they found only one man, a tin-plate-worker in Long Acre, willing to give himſelf any trouble about her. The reſt, having found, on inquiry, that the grandmother had left nothing, declined having any concern with one ſo little likely to become a profitable inmate as the unfortunate Lydia.

The tin-man, having either more humanity or for ſome other reaſon, undertook to find ſome perſon who would receive his young relation for a very ſmall premium as an apprentice, and the overſeers having poſſeſſed themſelves of all her grandmother's effects, which remained after the rapacity of the firſt plunderers, had raiſed a ſum which they determined ſhould be enough for

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this purpofe. Poor Lydia, therefore, who had never heard an harſh word till now, or known a fear or a difficulty, was put into a ſtage-coach with a little bundle of clothes, and left to find her way as well as ſhe could from a town in Devonſhire to an inn in London, where, however, ſhe was told her couſin (whom ſhe had never ſeen in her life) was to meet her.

A woman, going from the ſame town to viſit her friends at Saliſbury, promiſed to take care of her ſo far: to her the unhappy girl clung as to her laſt friend; and the woman, affected with her innocent tears, ſtayed to ſee her get into the ſtage that was thence to proceed to London; and telling her ſtory and the helpleſeneſs of her ſituation to a decent looking perſon who ſaid ſhe was going to Turnham Green, ſhe recommended Lydia to her care, while the poor girl felt herſelf more forlorn and

deſerted than before, as ſhe took leave of her only acquaintance.

Inſenſibly, however, her new friend gained her confidence; and in the ſimplicity of her heart, ſhe told her a ſhort and mournful ſtory. The woman in her turn pretended to relate her own, and gave herſelf of courſe a very good character; ſo that the poor girl, believing ſhe had found another friend, entreated her to come to ſee her in London, and aſſured her, that if ſhe could get leave ſhe would find her out and renew her acquaintance; from whom, however, when ſhe came to the place of her deſtination, ſhe was compelled to part. It was late before the coach Lydia was in arrived at the place where it was finally to deliver the paſſengers and parcels, and as ſhe proceeded through the ſtreets, the noiſes, the lights, all ſhe ſaw and heard, was ſo new and ſo diſtracting, that ſhe had hardly courage

rage to look forward to what ſhe yet had to encounter—a meeting with a relation on whom ſhe was now in ſome meaſure to depend.

But far more dreadful was her ſituation than ſhe had feared to find it; for on arriving at the inn, there was no perſon there to receive her, and what was ſtill worſe, when the packages came to be taken out of the coach, hers, in which was all her worldly goods and the direction whither ſhe was to go, was not to be found. The coachman, ſeeing he had only a helpleſs child to deal with, loudly proteſted it had never been put into his care; and now poor Lydia, friendleſs and pennyleſs, and in a place ſo new and frightfully ſtrange as a dark and dirty room at ſuch an inn, felt herſelf ſo oppreſſed, ſo terrified, and ſo totally at a loſs what to do, that, unable even to weep, ſhe ſat down in the firſt chair ſhe could

could find, and remained there like a ftatue. A number of men came in and went out, each bufied about his own concerns, but nobody noticed her. It grew late. The buftle at the door made by the arrival of coaches fubfided, and unnoticed, yet without courage to fpeak, the unhappy girl remained torpid; terror combining with fatigue to deprive her even of the little refolution or prefence of mind which might at her age be expected.

At length one of the runners of the inn coming in to fee for fomebody, was returning on finding the room as he fuppofed empty; for Lydia, wrapped in her black cloak, and with her bonnet drawn over her face, was hardly vifible; when fome flight motion fhe made in attempting to fpeak occafioned him to obferve her, and approaching, he afked her rudely who fhe was, and what fhe wanted there?

The trembling girl related, as well as ſhe could, whence ſhe came and what had befallen her; and fortunately the man to whom ſhe ſpoke was not ſo deſtitute of humanity as perſons in his condition of life frequently are. He ſtudied a moment what was to be done, and then called a female ſervant of the inn, who, after making ſome difficulties, agreed to let the poor child have a bed there that night, and told her that as ſhe knew the name of her relation, and that he lived in or near Long Acre, ſhe might eaſily find him in the morning. Even this accommodation, poor as it was, ſeemed ſuch a relief to the haraſſed ſpirits of the deſolate orphan, that ſhe was now able to ſhed tears; her caſual protectors, moved to more lively compaſſion by theſe unaffected ſymptoms of diſtreſs, gave her ſome refreſhment, and the woman put her into a truckle bed in a garret next to her own. But ſuch were the fear and terror

terror with which her late deplorable ſituation and this firſt view of London had impreſſed her, that not even the great fatigue ſhe had gone through diſpoſed her to ſleep; and with the firſt dawn of the morning ſhe got up, dreſſed herſelf as well as ſhe could, and with fearful ſteps ſought the woman to whoſe pity ſhe owed it that ſhe had not paſſed the night in the ſtreet.

As the pleaſurable ſenſation ariſing from the conſciouſneſs of having done one good action often induces thoſe, little accuſtomed to general benevolence, to continue their kindneſs and do a ſecond; the maid of the inn ſeemed to have taken poor Lydia into her protection, and finding how ignorant ſhe was, and that ſhe might be loſt in the ſtreets if ſent out alone, contrived to procure the attendance of a boy who waited about the door of the inn; and under

 his

his guidance Lydia ſet out to find her couſin.

The ſtreets, for it was mid winter, were ſo dirty, and the way ſeemed ſo long, that fatigue and anguiſh again took poſſeſſion of her heart. At length ſhe found the ſhop, over which was written the name ſhe ſought. She entered faint and breathleſs, but the horrible clatter made by three men who were at work in it, completed her conſternation; her attendant already departed, who, ragged and dirty as he was, ſeemed preferable to the grim creatures ſhe ſaw hammering around her; and, fearing ſhe knew not what, ſhe was about to return to the ſtreet, when one of the men ceaſing to hammer, aſked her what ſhe would have, and with ſome difficulty ſhe repeated the name of Lydia Meadows.

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The man, who had now a confused notion that this was the young woman his master expected from the country, called him, and Lydia soon beheld ascend from a cellar that had an issue into the shop, a tall black figure, with his shirt stripped up to his shoulders, who putting forth a great sooty hand, asked how she came there; told her he was going at night to meet her; and then bade her follow him to his good woman. Lydia, hardly knowing what she did, was preceded by her uncouth relation into a little dark room behind the shop, where she was introduced to a very dirty looking fat woman, whose hair half powdered hung about her ears—the remains of her Sunday's finery. She seemed very little delighted with the arrival of her husband's relation: observed, that she had no notion of seeing such a tall girl, and asked if she was sick? what made her look so white?

white? and where her box was? It was near half an hour before poor Lydia found ſtrength or courage enough to anſwer all theſe queſtions, and when ſhe had done ſo, Mrs. Croply was ſo much diſcompoſed at the thoughts of what was to follow the loſs of this country couſin's clothes, which muſt of courſe be her huſband's providing others, and the mournful voice and faint look of the dejected orphan were ſo diſpleaſing to her, and ſeemed to threaten her with ſo much more trouble than ſhe was diſpoſed to take, that ſhe could neither repreſs nor conceal her diſpleaſure, even before the unfortunate object of it; but calling to her huſband, who had gone back to his work, ſhe began in no very gentle accents to reproach him for the expence he had brought upon himſelf by his fooliſh officiouſneſs. The man endeavoured, but in vain, to appeaſe her; and ſuch a reception, the dark and miſerable

miſerable hole in which ſhe was confined, and the unceaſing clatter of the workmen that rung in her ears, had altogether ſuch an effect on Lydia, that believing ſhe ſhould not long trouble any body, ſhe only begged leave to lie down anywhere for a few hours; "and "then," ſaid ſhe, "as ſoon as I am able, "Madam, but at this moment I really "have not ſtrength, I will go again to "the place where the coach ſet me "down, and endeavour to procure a "paſſage back to the country from "whence I came; where I will work, oh! "cheerfully work, in the fields for my "bread; I will do any thing, indeed "I will, ma'am! not to be any more "trouble, or be any farther burdenſome "to you or Mr. Croply."

A rude and ſhort anſwer from the unfeeling woman finiſhed the dialogue; but the wretched girl was allowed to go to the place which had been provided

vided for her to ſleep in, till ſhe went to the Italian trimming maker near Newport Market, to whom ſhe was to be bound apprentice. Mr. Croply had already received from the overſeers of the pariſh where her grandmother died the apprentice fee; and being, after much murmuring on the part of her female couſin, furniſhed with a mere change of clothes, ſhe was, on the third day after her arrival, conducted to her new maſter.

Fortunate young people, who, under the protection of tender and vigilant friends, are ſecured from every danger and every want, can little imagine the hardſhips and ſufferings of thoſe poor girls in inferior life, who, to obtain a mere exiſtence, toil in the dungeons where ſuch people live in a crowded metropolis. He who is born in the mines is ſo accuſtomed to their black glooms, that he does not regret, be-

caufe he hardly knows the light of Heaven; fo thofe who firft find their exiftence in the airlefs and dreary caves where the mechanic dwells in London, have very little idea of any other fcene. To poor Lydia it was far otherwife. The lodging occupied by her new mafter confifted of three wretched rooms in an alley, where hunger and contention added to the horrors of a confinement worfe than a prifon. The man, an Italian who could fpeak little or no Englifh, could hardly earn a fcanty fubfiftence by his bufinefs; becaufe the article he manufactured was now almoft entirely out of fafhion. His temper was fierce, vindictive, and unfeeling; and his brutality to his two apprentices could only be exceeded by that which his wife exercifed towards himfelf. She was an Englifh woman, who, believing fhe had done him a very great honor in marrying him, and having a fpirit more violent

violent than his own, not only returned his ill-humour with intereſt, but often made him petition for an armiſtice; and ſo dreadful were theſe ſcenes to Lydia, who had never had an idea of ſuch people or ſuch conduct, that if ſhe could have endured the famine and ſqualid wretchedneſs ſhe was condemned to live in, the extreme terror with which theſe quarrels impreſſed her would alone have determined her to eſcape at every hazard from ſuch an inſupportable condition of life. Her fellow apprentice, though like her taken rather as a drudge than to learn the buſineſs, was older than Lydia, and having ſome relations to whom ſhe could complain, was treated with rather more conſideration, and had reſources of her own, which ſeemed to make her lot leſs pitiable; but Lydia, who, young as ſhe was, by no means wanted ſenſe, ſoon diſcovered by her converſation that ſhe

was

was a very bad girl; and though ſhe tried to obtain her confidence, Lydia ſhrunk from her advances, and found, in being aſſociated with ſuch a perſon, another reaſon for the reſolution ſhe had taken to quit her wretched abode.

Yet whither could ſhe fly; or to whom could ſhe appeal? To complain to Mr. Croply ſhe knew would be vain; nor had ſhe much leſs dread of remaining where ſhe was than of going to his houſe. She had no relations on whom ſhe had any claim, none at all likely to own her or take any trouble about her. At length ſhe thought of the acquaintance ſhe had made between Saliſbury and Turnham Green. This woman had ſaid her name was Jacobs, and that ſhe was ſiſter to a reputable tradeſman at Kenſington; but was to be ſet down at Turnham Green on a viſit to a ſiſter there, who was ill. She had given Lydia her direction, and the poor girl knew

knew ſo little of the world that ſhe believed it poſſible for an acquaintance, made in a ſtage-coach, to feel an intereſt in her behalf; ſhe thought it certain that Mrs. Jacobs would adviſe her how to act, ſo that ſhe might be permitted to return to the hardeſt labour ſhe could be put to in the country, which was the utmoſt extent of her ambition. More than two miſerable months had paſſed ſince her ill-ſtarred journey; and it was now early ſpring, which happened to be remarkably forward. Lydia ſaw the ſun ſhine on the walls of her ſad priſon, and her imagination was buſy in fancying how green and ſtrewn with flowers were the fields and the coppices where ſhe uſed to wander with her little village friends; and theſe thoughts aggravated all her ſufferings by compariſon.

In this ſtate of mind, it happened, that ſhe was ſent with a parcel of fringe to a warehouſe in Pall-mall. When ſhe

found

ſound ſhe was to go out, ſhe determined never to return, and putting all the linen ſhe had into her pockets, ſhe went forth to throw herſelf on the wide world. All ſhe poſſeſſed was a ſingle ſhilling in her pocket and a piece of gold ſhaped like an heart and faſtened to a riband, which had belonged to her mother, and which ſhe had been accuſtomed from her infancy to wear round her neck. This, however dear it was to her, (and the laſt of many other little memorials of the better days of her family which had all been loſt with her clothes,) ſhe determined, when preſſed by neceſſity, to ſell; and thus ſlenderly provided, ſhe firſt delivered the parcel ſhe had been entruſted with, and then inquiring her way to Kenſington, quitted the town, which to her had appeared a vaſt dungeon filled with cruelty, contention, and crimes. When ſhe reached Hyde Park, the beauty of the verdure,

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the freſhneſs of the air ſo long untaſted, ſeemed to reanimate her ſtrength, and ſhe thought that if ſhe might only be ſuffered to wander about at liberty in fields and woods, ſhe ſhould want nothing. The fear, however, of being overtaken and forced back by her cruel maſter or ſtill more cruel miſtreſs ſometimes aſſailed her, and through apprehenſion haſtened her walk. It was about eleven o'clock when ſhe arrived at Kenſington, where ſhe took out the piece of paper on which ſhe had written the direction to her ſtage-coach acquaintance, and entering the firſt ſhop ſhe ſaw, ſhe inquired for the place and perſon it deſcribed.

No ſuch perſon was known. Lydia inquired again and again without ſucceſs. She then wandered round the whole place; but no one of that name was to be heard of. Hunger now made her recollect it was growing late.

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Her heart, which had been at firſt elated with her eſcape, now ſunk cold and hopeleſs; yet ſhe determined to proceed; and flattering herſelf there might be ſome miſtake in the direction ſhe had taken, ſhe appeaſed her hunger in a bun for which ſhe changed her ſhilling, and went on to Turnham Green.

No Mrs. Jacobs was to be heard of there; indeed there was not in the village ſuch a ſhop for toys and cutlery as the woman had deſcribed her brother to keep. One of the women to whom Lydia applied for information told her, that it was moſt likely the perſon ſhe wiſhed to find lived at Brentford; and ſhe even thought that ſhe recollected people of the name. On this ſlender hope the unhappy pilgrim proceeded; often looking wiſtfully towards the carriages that paſſed, and longing to accept of the offers of the drivers of public ones to take her up; but the fear of being

being made to pay all her money deterred her; and though ſinking through faintneſs and fatigue, ſhe went on.

Before ſhe came to Brentford it was five o'clock, and ſhe felt that to ſupport herſelf much longer was impoſſible. Her hope however of finding her acquaintance was more remote than ever; but as ſlowly ſhe moved along the ſtreet, ſhe was ſurpriſed by the ſight of a perſon before her, who in her figure very much reſembled Mrs. Jacobs; but what was ſtill more ſurpriſing, this perſon was clad in an old-faſhioned but very remarkable chintz gown, which Lydia believed to be the very ſame that once belonged to her grandmother, and which, as it was to compoſe a part of her own clothing, had been in the parcel which had been miſſing from the ſtage.

A ſudden impulſe made Lydia ſpring forward, overtake the woman, and look ſteadily

ſteadily in her face:—it was the very ſame; the good Mrs. Jacobs whom ſhe had relied upon for counſel and protection!

There might be more ſuch gowns in the world, and in the joy of finding her ſuppoſed friend, the circumſtance was overlooked; Lydia therefore ſpoke to Mrs. Jacobs, and expreſſed her pleaſure at meeting her, in which her acquaintance was ſo far from participating, that ſhe declared ſhe never ſaw her before; wondered at her impertinence in ſpeaking to *her*, and adding, that ſhe believed her a bad and idle girl, and thought ſuch a one ought to be taken up; then ſhe ſuddenly entered an houſe of mean appearance and ſhut the door. The unhappy girl, in the utmoſt conſternation, ſtood a moment gazing at the place, and the ſenſe of her deſolate and forlorn ſituation ſtruck ſo forcibly on her mind, that ſhe burſt into an agony

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of tears. The town where ſhe was ſeemed a counterpart to that ſhe had left, inſtead of a friend ſhe found an enemy; alas! ſhe had found one who, having robbed, could never forgive her, for ſuch in all ranks is human nature— the wretch, who is conſcious of having committed an injury, never pardons the injured; and the deeper the treſpaſs the more inveterate the malignity.

This wretched woman, who was a Jeweſs, and belonged to a gang that travelled through the country, committing petty frauds and receiving ſtolen goods, had by her menaces and fierce looks ſo terrified the poor girl, that as ſoon as ſhe recollected herſelf after ſuch an encounter, ſhe thought only of haſtening as faſt as poſſible from a place where it was likely to meet her again; and, without any fixed plan, ſhe wandered along the road towards Hounſlow, purchaſing a little bread at a baker's

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to appeaſe her hunger. It was now nearly dark, and recollecting the ſtories ſhe had heard related by the paſſengers in the coach of robberies and murders, her courage and ſtrength no longer ſufficed to ſupport her to purſue the road; and ſhe could but juſt creep through a gate into a ploughed field by the way-ſide, where under an hedge, at ſome diſtance from it, ſhe threw herſelf on the ground in deſpair.

The unhappy pilgrim had not long lain there, before a violent noiſe on the road renewed all her terrors; ſhe could diſtinguiſh among a loud clamour of voices, that a robbery had been committed, and that a party were in purſuit of the robbers. It inſtantly occurred to her that either the purſued or the purſuers might come into the field where ſhe was; and though it was hardly poſſible for her to be in a more deplorable ſituation, the dread of this

made her forget her fatigue, ſhe crept again away, and paſſing by a gap in the hedge to another field, ſhe ſaw at a diſtant ſide of it a group of buildings which ſeemed to be the back of a farm yard, for ſhe could diſcern an hayſtack and ſeveral outhouſes. Here then ſhe thought ſhe might obtain more ſhelter and concealment than in the open field. She approached and liſtened; every thing ſeemed ſtill about the encloſure, which was ſurrounded by ſheds, ſtables, and barns; it opened on one field to the field ſhe was in, and on the other ſeemed attached to an handſome houſe and garden. No ſound now alarmed the trembling wanderer, for the noiſes on the road died away in diſtance; and her ſpirits being a little recovered, ſhe ventured to look over the gate, and behold with deſiring eyes the ſtraw with which part of the ground and one of the outhouſes ſeemed to be

ſtrewn. She dreaded however leſt dogs ſhould fly out at her; but after liſtening ſome time and hearing nothing, ſhe got over the gate, and, in the fartheſt corner of a hovel quite full of ſtraw, ſhe threw herſelf down, thankful for ſuch a ſhelter, and flattering herſelf ſhe ſhould remain there unſeen and unmoleſted till morning.

Overcome with fatigue, ſleep conquered her remaining fears; but ſhe had not enjoyed this relief above an hour or two, before ſhe was again rouſed to a renewal of all her apprehenſions; ſhe peeped from her concealment fearing almoſt to breathe, and found that the noiſe which had diſturbed her was occaſioned by two ſervants who brought ſome horſes into a ſtable oppoſite, where they remained ſome time; and then, as they quietly departed, poor Lydia returned once more to her repoſe, rejoicing that ſhe had

had thus escaped observation, and not venturing to think on what was to become of her the next day.

Too soon it arrived; and Lydia, suddenly awakened by loud voices very near her, started from her straw, and saw a man with a pitchfork removing it, and so near her, that the next step he made would probably have wounded her; she shrieked, and the man, who seemed to be a sort of under groom, stepped forward, and asked her what she did there: the poor girl was unable to reply; but seeing that she was quite a young person, and did not appear to be a common beggar, he questioned her again with less harshness, and would probably have suffered her quietly to depart, if a fat old coachman had not come up, and huffing the lad in very severe terms for talking to idle wenches, bade her go about her business; telling her, that he knew she belonged to a

gang of gypſies, who not a week before had ſtolen a ſieve and an halter out of the field, while his back was turned only half a minute. Lydia attempted to anſwer, but could not; and the choleric, well-fed, old domeſtic continuing to threaten her, ſhe would have quitted the place, but her feet were ſo ſore, that ſhe could not walk; and pain, fear, and fatigue aſſailing her at once, ſhe ſunk down at the feet of the man, and fainted away.

The coachman had a confuſed notion, that if the girl was dead, as he firmly believed, and that he was the laſt perſon with her, he might be made to anſwer for it. The groom was already gone, and he therefore waddled away too, and going into the houſe, related that there was a girl dropped down dead in the farm yard. It happened that Mrs. Derwent, the lady to whom the houſe belonged, was giving

her.

her morning orders to her houſe-keeper in an adjoining room, and hearing part of what the man ſaid, which occaſioned a buſtle among the other ſervants, ſhe went herſelf to inquire what it was; when having heard the coachman's account, ſhe heſitated not a moment to follow him to the place, where poor Lydia ſtill remained apparently lifeleſs.

Moved by the youth and helpleſs condition of the pitiable object before her, in whoſe frame and face famine and ſickneſs were but too viſible, the lady directed her to be brought immediately into the houſe, where ſuch remedies were adminiſtered, as recovered her from the fit; but her ſenſes were ſtill wandering; and as it was now certain, from her clothes and general appearance, that ſhe was not a vagabond, they ſuppoſed ſhe was ſome unfortunate young creature, eſcaped from a ſick

room

room in the accefs of a fever. Mrs. Derwent had fo accuftomed her fervants to execute cheerfully continual acts of humanity, that each was now eager to obey her orders. Lydia was put to bed in a comfortable fervant's room, and an apothecary fent for, who could, however, pronounce nothing. It was two or three days before fhe was able to give an account of herfelf, and then fhe related her fhort but fad hiftory to Mrs. Derwent with fo much fimplicity, that inftead of cafting her off as a run-away, or compelling her to go back to her mafter, fhe humanely inquired into the truth of the tale fhe had heard, and being convinced from the manners of the Italian and his wife, whom fhe per-fonally vifited, that Lydia had not de-ceived her, fhe felt fo much pity for the orphan girl, and entered fo thoroughly into the feelings which drove her to fo wrong a ftep as leaving the apprentice-

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ſhip ſhe was put to, that ſhe prevailed upon the Italian to give up her indentures on condition of his keeping the fee he had received; and with the hearty conſent of her relation, Mrs. Derwent took her into her own family to attend on two amiable girls, her daughters, about the ſame age as Lydia. With them ſhe has remained now for ſome years, the moſt grateful and attached of ſervants. Her education during the life of her grondmother had been much above what is given to the children of the poor; ſhe poſſeſſed a very good underſtanding, and had received from her firſt inſtructreſs principles of rectitude and religion, which however would hardly at her age have reſiſted the effect of thoſe bad examples every day before her eyes. Her abhorrence therefore of London, and the regret ſhe felt when remembering the ſcenes of her happier days, though they led her to

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an action wrong in itself, yet proved the most fortunate of her life; and never was humanity more instrumental, than that of Mrs. Derwent, in snatching an helpless creature from destruction. Had she not exerted it so opportunely, it is difficult to say what might have been the consequence to this poor forlorn girl, whose only fault was, that natural wish for fresh air and grassy verdure which habit itself hardly ever stifles, and which such a child, (for Lydia was in truth no more,) who has been brought up amidst woods and wilds, may well be pardoned for feeling to excess, situated as she was.

Henrietta. Oh! my dear mamma, how my heart has ached for her. If you had told me, that at last any evil had befallen her, I do not know when I should have been happy again!

Mrs. Woodfield. You feel, I am sure, for her as an unhappy individual, and perhaps

perhaps with ſome degree of additional acuteneſs, becauſe you are conſcious, that had *her* ſevere lot been yours, you would have acted as ſhe did. Thank God, my dear girls, that you are more fortunate, and always conſider with particular kindneſs theſe helpleſs children of adverſity, very indigent and deſtitute young women, whom ſo many calamities await, and who at beſt have not always the means of living by honeſt induſtry, however induſtriouſly they may be diſpoſed.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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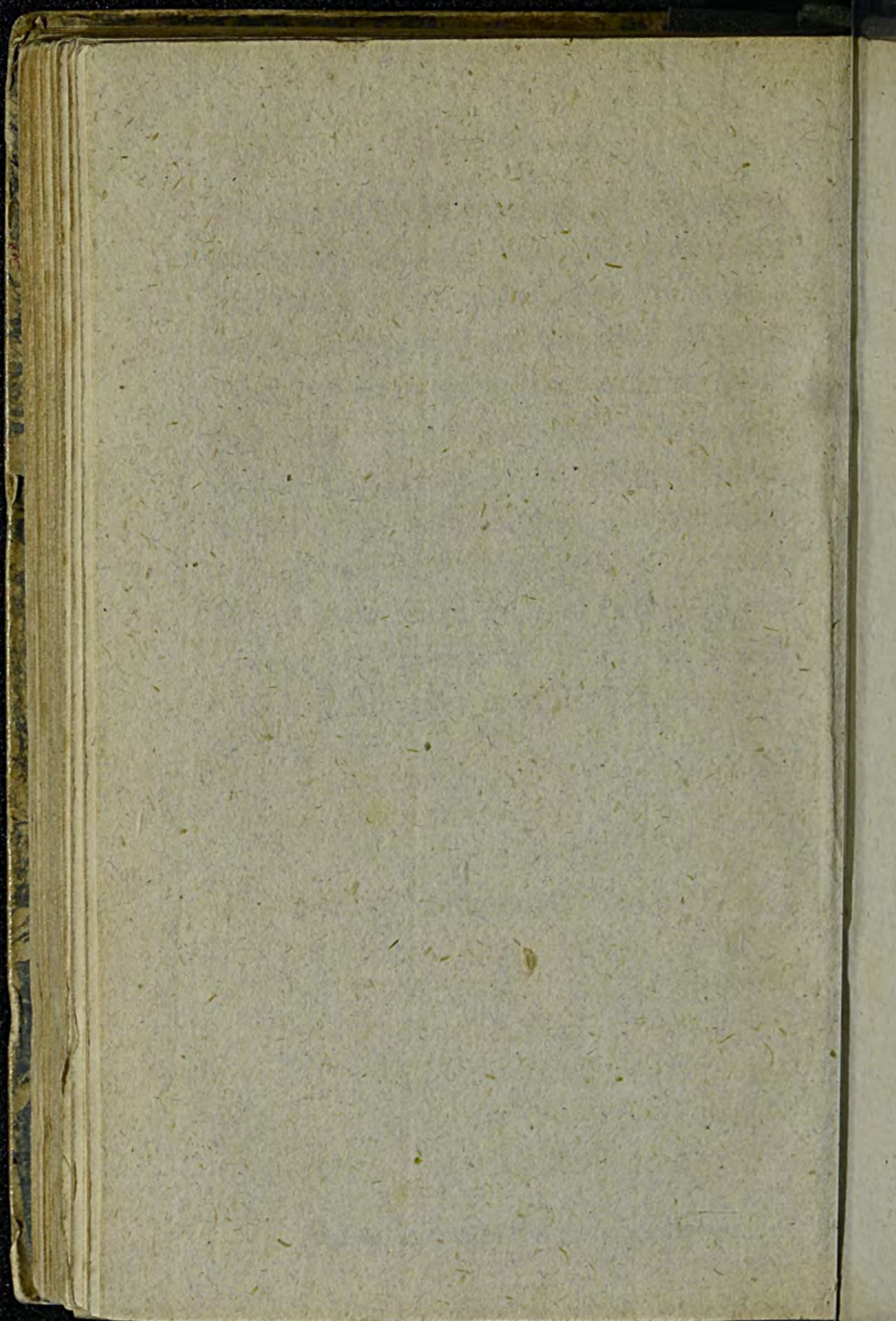

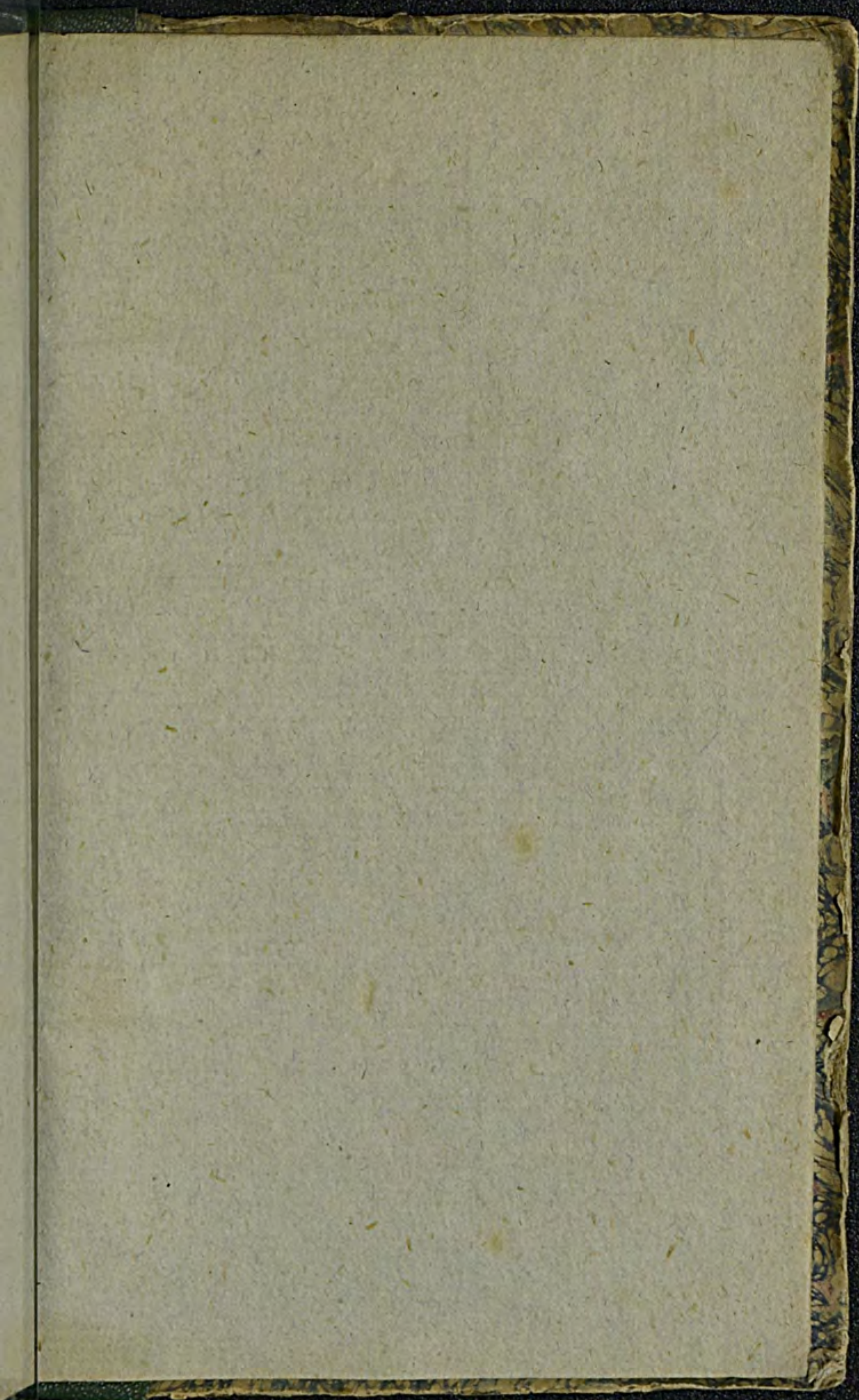

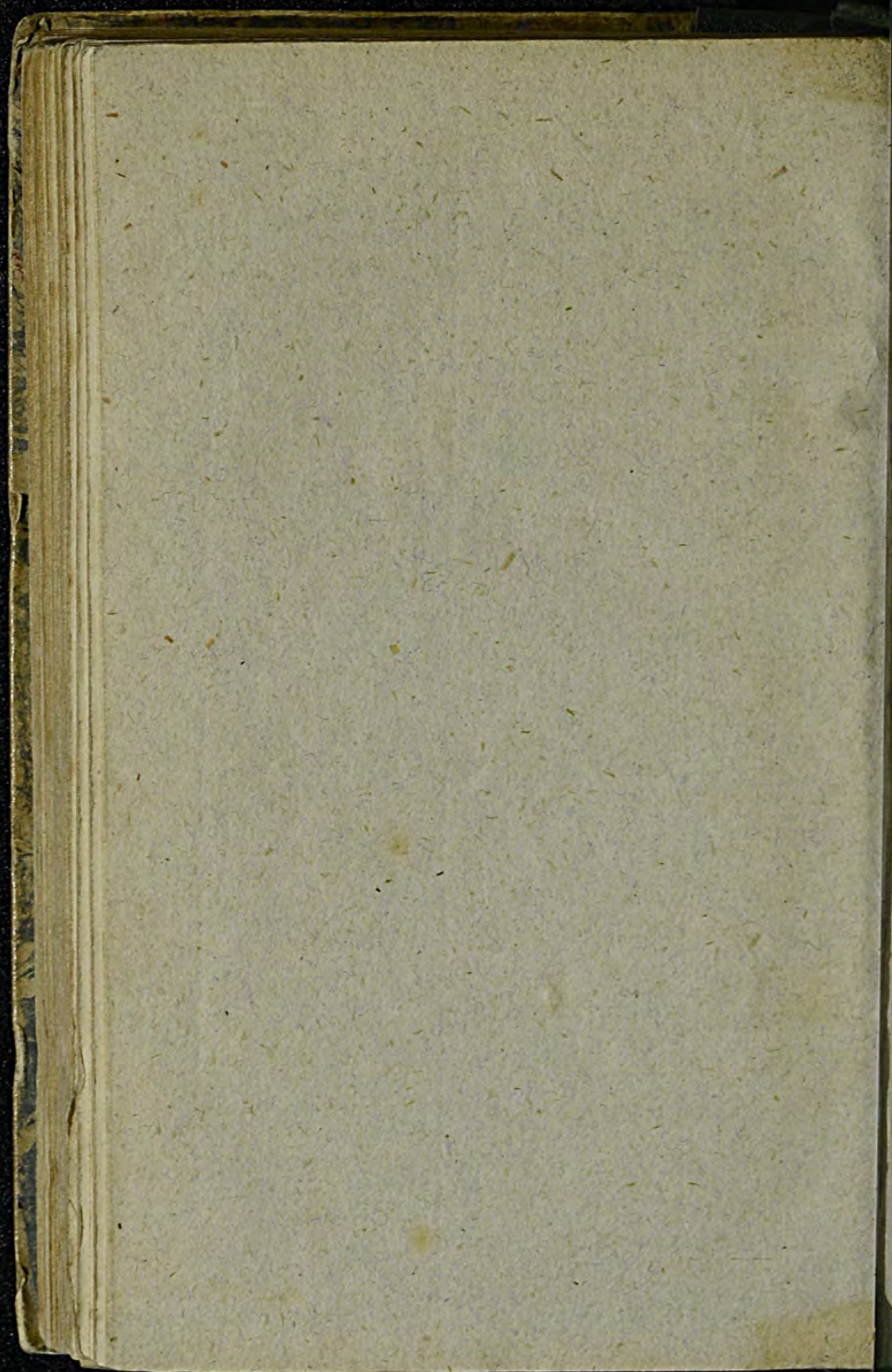

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