

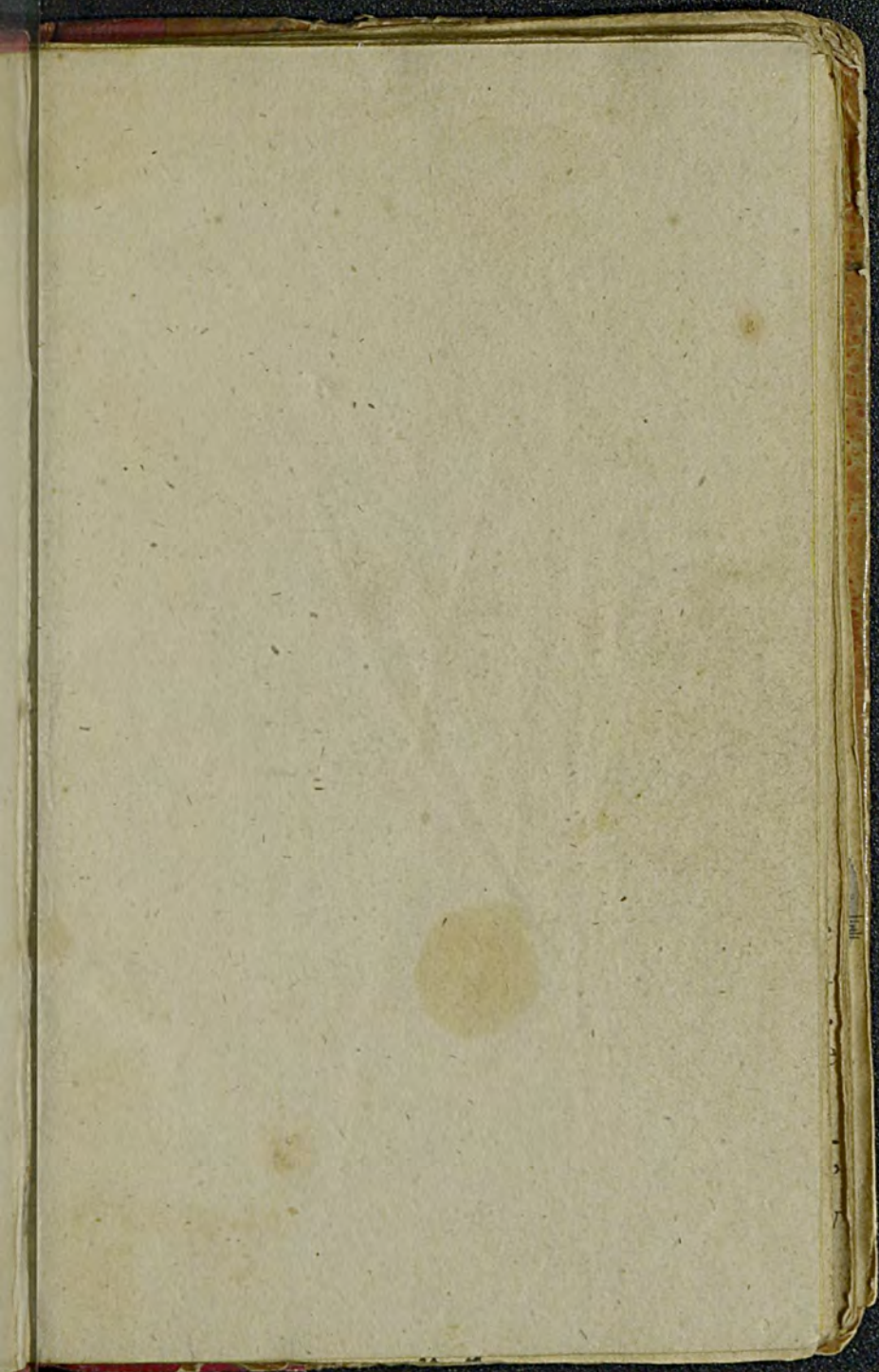




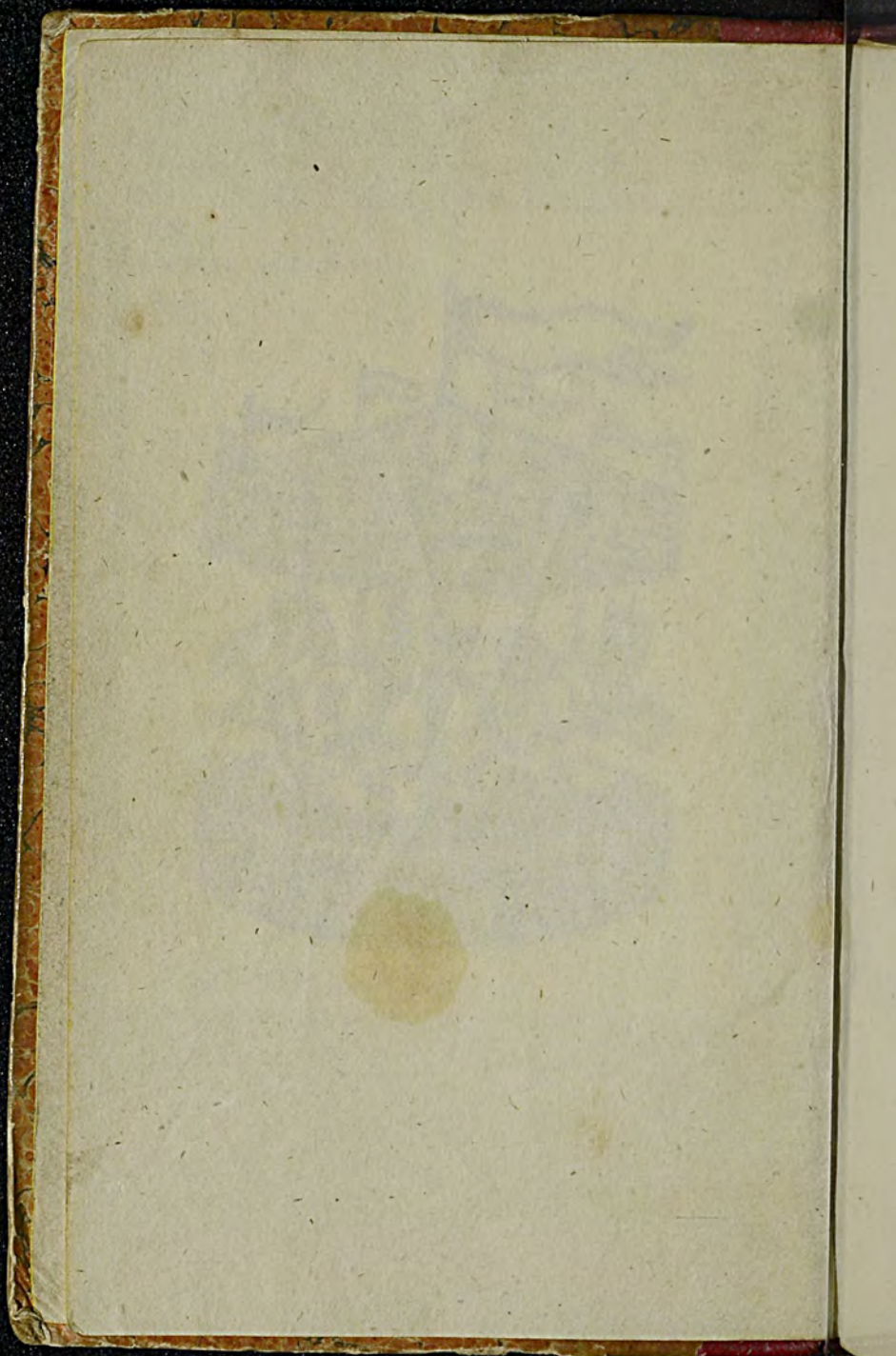
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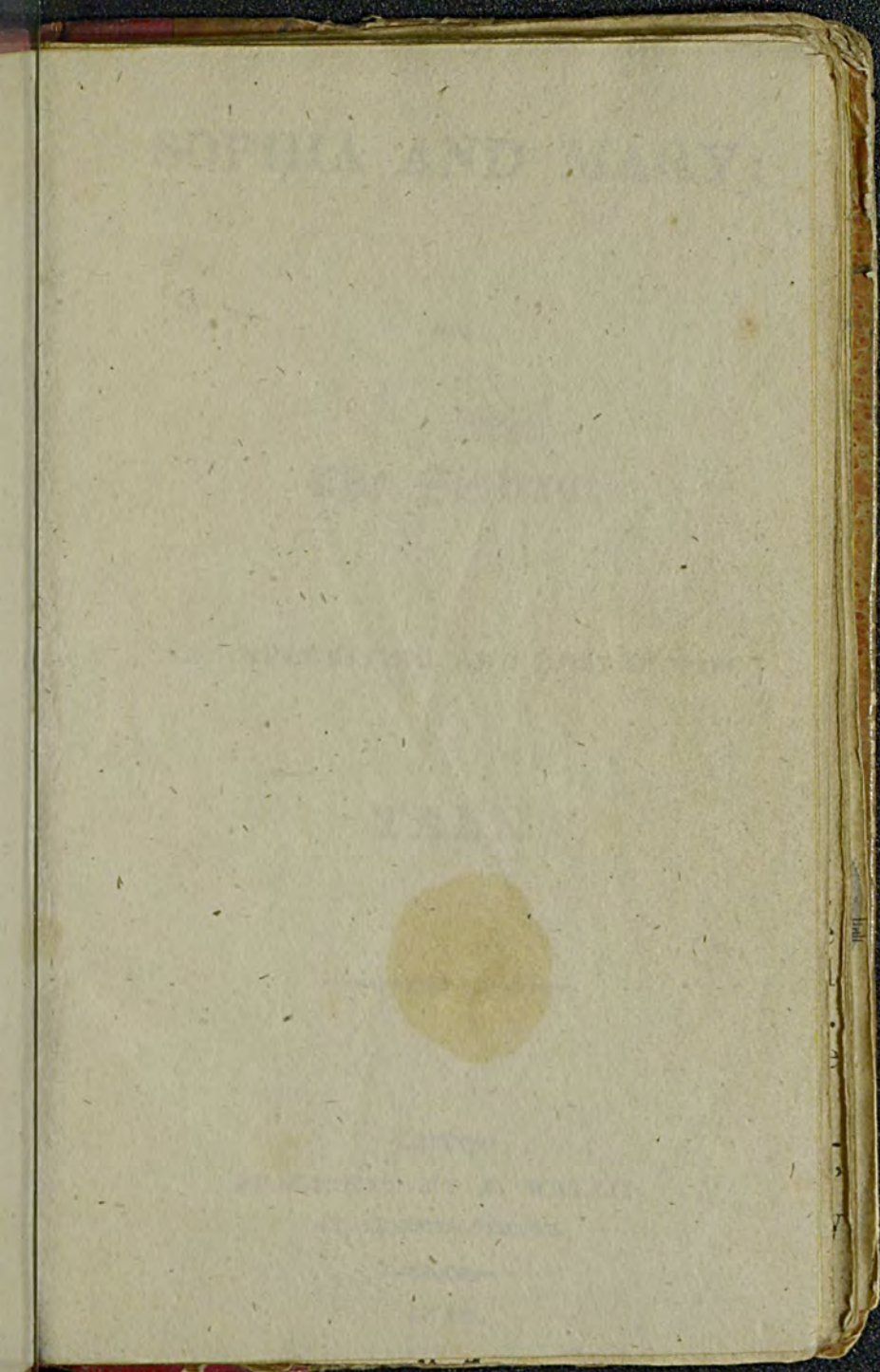
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## SOPHIA AND MARY;

OR,

### The Sisters.

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“**W**HAT is the use of your tantalizing that poor cat, Mary?” said her twin sister, Sophia; “you had much better learn your lesson.”

*Mary.* “I can run over that in five minutes; but, at present, I wish to teach pussey to beg; look, how tedious the little animal is; as often as I put her up, does she scratch and struggle to break loose from me.”

*Sophia.* “No wonder; when you keep her so long, at one time, practising. If I were to treat my Pug in the same way, do you think he would be so fond of me?”

*Mary.* “Oh! Pug came ready



taught to you; Robert initiated him in all his anticks before he was balloted for a militia-man; and then, when he was going away himself, he gave his dog to you for fear he should be ill-treated among the soldiers he was obliged to go with."

*Sophia.* "Whatever were his motives, I felt obliged to him for the present, because the little creature was always attached to me while Robert continued a servant with our papa."

*Mary.* "Well,—if I instruct my Grey Tabby in all the evolutions it is necessary she should perform, I shall not feel under the least obligation to any person besides self."

*Sophia.* "I fear you will incur the displeasure of Mrs. Hartop, when she discovers you have not been studying the Theme upon Attention that she gave us this morning to learn and repeat to her at eleven o'clock."

*Mary.* "Have you learned it yet?"

*Sophia.* "Not quite: to say truth, the tricks you are playing with the



*The Sisters.*

cat prevent me from paying such strict attention to it as I ought."

*Mary.* "How so? when I talk to my cat, I am not addressing my speeches to you."

*Sophia.* "True, but your talking, and her squalling, when she does not exactly approve of your tuition, render it very difficult for me to study."

*Mary.* "How very particular you are. There, Grey Tabby, we must forego all farther practice this morning, because Miss Sophia is not sufficiently qualified to learn her lesson, while I am giving one of a different nature to you."

Mary had just time to take the Theme upon Attention into her hand, when Mrs. Hartop opened the door.

----- "Who, and what were Mary and Sophia?" I think I hear some of my young readers enquire. "They were the daughters of an opulent farmer in Hampshire, having had the misfortune to lose their mama in infancy, their father, when they had attained their seventh year, engaged



a lady as governess to them. Mrs. Hartop took great pains to inculcate religious principles into the minds of her young pupils; for, without them, the heart can never expand as it ought; but she interwove information and amusement so completely, that it could not seem a toil to obey her commands, or attend to her instructions. Prayers of a morning immediately after rising, were the first duties of the day: a walk in the garden or fields, next conduced to procure an appetite for breakfast; but, though this was in fine weather necessary to health, it was only a secondary object with this good lady: to convey to them in early age, the strong idea of their dependance on a Supreme Being, to whom they were indebted for every good, even life itself; was the primary object she held in view; therefore, you must not be surprised to learn, that when they were walking, the governess made a point of arousing attention to every thing the eye could trace, from the Firmament,



to flowers, birds, beasts, or water : thus, teaching them to moralize, as far as youthful minds are capable of receiving ideas, on the greatness and goodness of their Creator; and, by questions at other times, when at home, would impress upon their memory a recollection of conversations that passed out of doors. The natural genius of Sophia was not so quick as that of Mary's, but she possessed a wonderful share of industry, by the assistance of which, in her studies, she bade fair to equal, if not surpass, her sister. Mary, presuming on her natural qualifications, was an idler; and, you may suppose, it required all the skill and good sense of Mrs. Hartop to fix her attention to that which was absolutely necessary; study. She could learn several lessons in half an hour, and repeat them correctly; but, parrot-like, gave herself no farther concern as to retaining what had been thus easily acquired, after the succeeding ones had been appointed.



The Sisters were of the same age, and had attained their eleventh year at the time this history commenced." Addressing herself to both, Mrs. Hartop said

"How goes on the Theme, ladies; can either of you repeat it yet?"

*Sophia.* "I am sorry to say ma'am that I am not quite so perfect as to be able to repeat it correctly at present."

*Mrs. Hartop.* "I hope you have been attentive to the tenor of it. What, silent, Mary! I fear some other pursuit has engaged your attention."

*Mary.* (Colouring) "It will not be more than five minutes ma'am before I can repeat it to you."

*Mrs. Hartop.* "I trust it will be retained by memory longer than five minutes after the mere repetition has taken place."

Taking up a book, Mrs. Hartop sat reading until Mary said she had learned the Theme, which was certainly recited by her very correctly. Sophia next essayed to repeat, ver-



batim ; but, notwithstanding she had been so much longer trying to learn than her sister, the governess was obliged to stand prompter in several words : however, being convinced that she really did her best, Mrs. Hartop was never so strict with her as with Mary, knowing, by experience, she would not readily forget what she had once acquired. She next desired Mary to read it over aloud, who accordingly proceeded : "Attention, being an operation of the mind, implies it must be fixed on some one particular object or subject, so as to acquire a distinct idea of it : but, if a determination to dismiss all intrusive thoughts is wanting, attention cannot command the mind of any, as we must all be aware that none of us can attend to two different subjects at once, any more than we can compass in our own person two distinct acts at the same moment. Since, by endeavouring to speak, or think of one, when



the mind ought to be engrossed by the other, we naturally lose sight of the most essential point; and, in consequence, become superficially acquainted with the matter under consideration: nor does the mischief end here: the neglect of proper attention in early life, generally speaking, attaches the word *frivolous* to a character when ripper years has matured it into woman-hood; and what can appear more ridiculous than a trifling female? for,

A trifling character at best,  
Is like a caterpillar dress'd."

*Mrs. Hartop.* "Repeat those two last lines again."

*Mary.*

"A trifling character at best,  
Is like a caterpillar dress'd."

*Mrs. Hartop.* "Do you understand the meaning of those words?"

*Mary.* "Not exactly, ma'am, unless you mean when it becomes a butterfly."

*Mrs. Hartop.* "I am glad to find you have so clear an apprehension of



my comparison; and am sorry that some ladies have placed it in my power to add, such is the case with a few, who ought to have been better informed."

*Mary.* "Do not you think, ma'am, that the eldest Miss Oakes ought to know better how to behave herself than she does?"

*Mrs. Hartop.* "Her conduct is the effect of vanity, my dear Mary. Miss Oakes possessing a fine face, is neglectful of those qualifications which render the possessor truly amiable."

*Sophia.* "Miss Oakes's face may be a fine one; but, indeed, my dear governess, I think the coarseness of her manners outweighs the value of it. She was really quite rude the other day, because my sister felt a strong inclination to look at her bird!"

*Mrs. Hartop.* "Was not your sister the aggressor, my dear, by pressing for what she saw Miss Oakes was unwilling to comply with?"

*Mary.* "Oh! no, indeed ma'am."



*Mrs. Hartop.* "I was speaking to your sister."

*Sophia.* "Mary was anxious to stand by the cage; but Miss Oakes, very unlike a gentlewoman, said, come, walk off! I am not going to let you frighten my bulley! It was not the words I took so much umbrage at, but the tone of voice in which they were uttered."

*Mrs. Hartop.* "Unfortunately she was repeatedly told, when a little girl, how handsome she was; imagining that beauty would become an apology for every deficiency, she has been spoiled, and her education totally neglected, which has occasioned her manners to be so very repulsive: however, as I have often told you, I am not fond of hearing young people criticise the conduct of others; whatever you observe amiss, be silent; but correct your own behaviour so that it may appear contrary to that you have yourself taken offence at in another person."

*Sophia.* "I hope, ma'am, your ex-



ample and instructions will never be forgotten by my sister or me."

An interruption here took place by the servant delivering a letter to Mrs. Hartop: it was from London, where her daughter, an only child, was married and settled; who, having been attacked by a dangerous disorder, had requested that her mother might be sent for. Distressed as the governess was at such intelligence, she endeavoured to appear composed, as the eyes of her pupils filled instantly with tears, on learning she was about to quit them for a time. Throwing their arms around her, each exclaimed, "Do not, pray do not leave us: you are the only mama we ever knew, we must not be deprived of you."

Mrs. Hartop endeavouring to disengage herself, replied, "My children, when the Almighty *wills*, privations must be submitted to;" and unable longer to restrain her feelings, which the innocent conduct of the twins had tended to aggravate, she burst into tears. Her attachment to



them was strong, but affection for her own child she felt was much more forcible. Without informing them therefore of the real cause, she hastened to their father to communicate this alarming account; then leaving strict injunctions with them not to neglect their duty towards God, threw herself into the chaise that was waiting to convey her to town, which the sisters followed with their eyes as far as sight could distinguish. They passed the evening of that day with their father, who succeeded in diverting their thoughts until the hour of bed-time arrived: the governess was then found wanting, as she had ever been in the habit of putting historical and scriptural questions to them before prayers began: to obviate this difficulty, Sophia proposed that they should question each other. Mary was sleepy, and wished to postpone the questions and answers until the following evening; but her sister having promised, determined not to forfeit her word.



*Sophia.* "Which of us shall begin to question the other?"

*Mary.* "You may, if you please; only be as concise as possible to night, and question as long as you like to morrow."

*Sophia.* "Oh! fye, Mary; you would not behave in this manner if Mrs. Hartop was present!"

*Mary.* "If Mrs. Hartop had been with us, Questions, Answers, and Prayers too, would have been at an end, and you and I tucked snug in bed before this time."

*Sophia.* "Shall I begin now?"

*Mary.* "The sooner the better; only do not ask many questions: and you may make them as short as possible."

*Sophia.* "On whom was the first honour of knighthood conferred in England?"

*Mary.* "Athelstan, the king's nephew."

*Sophia.* "Which of our kings?"

*Mary.* "Alfred, to be sure."

*Sophia.* "In what year, and at



what epoch of time did that circumstance take place?"

*Mary.* "What antediluvion-like questions! why not carry your researches farther back, and enquire what occurrences took place before the flood? you might as well do that, as ask me for years and times in which things happened before the conquest of England by William of Normandy."

*Sophia.* "As my pupil, Mary, I expect a proper answer."

*Mary.* "Eight hundred and eighty five, of the Christian *Æra*. Does that answer afford you satisfaction, my dear little grave catechist sister?"

*Sophia.* "In what king's reign were silk-worms first brought to England, my dear *volatile* sister?"

*Mary.* "James the Sixth, of Scotland; but first of that name in England. Do you expect *Anno Domini*?"

*Sophia.* "Certainly! do not be so trifling."

*Mary.* "Well then; in the year sixteen hundred and nine, those won-



derful little productions of nature were first imported into Great Britain."

*Sophia.* "Which, among all our sovereigns, obliged his nobles to educate their children in grammatical knowledge?"

*Mary.* "Alfred. Stop! you need not put yourself to the trouble of enquiring the year; I am just going to give it to you: eight hundred and ninety-nine: he should have waited one year longer, and made it even nine hundred."

*Sophia.* "Why so?"

*Mary.* "Because nine hundred would have sounded short; and there would have been just three words less for me to repeat, since I am positively too weary to sit up any longer."

*Sophia.* "Only one or two more short questions, my dear Mary. Who introduced the working of tapestry, as hangings for rooms, into our Nation?"

*Mary.* "Eleanor, of Spain; in twelve hundred and fifty-six. It was



the same princess who, some years afterwards, sucked the poison, communicated by an arrow, from her husband's wound, during the Holy Wars in Palastine."

*Sophia.* "Who was her husband?"

*Mary.* "Surely, every person must know that Edward the First was."

*Sophia.* "Which was the first park ever made in England?"

*Mary.* "Woodstock; in the reign of Henry the First; in the year eleven hundred and twenty-three."

*Sophia.* "What king swayéd the sceptre when the River Thames was dry for three days?"

*Mary.* "Oh! the same personage: but that event took place in eleven hundred and fourteen."

*Sophia.* "Who built and dedicated Westminster Abbey?"

*Mary.* "Edward the Confessor, in the year one thousand and sixty-five, who was also buried there in the following year. Peace to his manes! but as it is my turn to question now,



tell me, Who was the mother of my Grey Tabby?"

*Sophia.* "What a ridiculous question! you are surely dreaming!"

*Mary.* "No, no! I am perfectly awake at present: as you put what questions you chose to me, I am privileged to do the like by you, and expect an answer."

*Sophia.* "The Brown Tabby, belonging to Miss Jane Oakes, I believe. Was she not the mother?"

*Mary.* "You are perfectly right; but as the sleepy fit is now leaving me, I shall question you a little farther."

*Sophia.* "Let me entreat that your next question may prove a little more edifying than the last was."

*Mary.* "You are fond of Geography, I know. Where, or in what part of the world do you place Munich?"

*Sophia.* "In Bavaria; it is the capital of that kingdom."

*Mary.* "For what is Iceland celebrated?"



*Sophia.* "Mount Hecla, which is a volcanic mountain, a mile high, the top of which is always covered with snow.

*Mary.* "For what is the city of Cork, in Ireland, remarkable?"

*Sophia.* "Its fine harbour for ships."

*Mary.* "In what part of the world is the sky seldom cloudy, and rain never seen—but the dews of night supply the want of it?"

*Sophia.* "Chili—in South America."

*Mary.* "How do travellers make their way over such an immense extent of deserts, as those of Arabia, and avoid losing themselves?"

*Sophia.* "Their course is guided by the stars and compass, as mariners are at sea;—but how many more interrogatories do you propose putting to night? some time since, you were so sleepy, that it was with difficulty I obtained an answer from you to mine.

*Mary.* "The drowsiness I com-



plained of, has passed off;—I could sit, questioning and answering, all night now.—In what part of the globe is it that the sun is absent about seven weeks?”

*Sophia.* “Some parts of Lapland; but then the stars are visible at noon, and the moon shines, without intermission, the whole time.”

*Mary.* “Well, the sun makes amends for its absence in the winter, as it never sets for seven weeks during the summer season.”

*Sophia.* “Come, let us pray—and prepare for bed.”—They were shortly asleep, and continued till day-light, when they arose;—after the religious duties of the morning had been attended to, Mary called for her Grey Tabby—but her sister’s Pug dog came frisking into the room, wagging his tail at her: he passed on towards his mistress; and, placing himself on his hind legs, began scratching with his fore paws as quick as he could move them. Pug was giving and receiving caresses in abundance, when



Grey Tabby was ushered into the room by Jane, the young ladies servant. Mary instantly sprang forward to catch her cat, who as dextrously avoided her grasp for the moment; but her young mistress pursuing, she was made captive, and obliged to do penance, by being held up to imitate Pug when standing on his hind legs, in a begging attitude. In vain did Grey Tabby struggle and squall, to get loose. Mary was as positive in her determination to oblige her to learn, until at length, impatient of longer control, the cat fixed her teeth in the back of her mistress's hand—and, scratching her arm with fury at the same moment, soon compelled Mary to give her her liberty, when, springing off the table in haste, she was followed by Pug to the door, which, being closed, puss set up her back, and kept him at bay, who, to speak the real sentiments of his mind, wished for no other favourite to be noticed besides himself; so, giving a bark, he turned



away, and ran back to Sophia. Puss finding herself now unmolested, walked very gravely towards the fire, where, placing herself, as most cats do, on her tail and four feet, very demurely, she appeared to enjoy the warmth with as much indifference as if she had taken all her lessons. Some of my young readers will possibly say, "Oh! what a wicked cat! had I been Mary, I should have beaten her soundly."—But that would have been very wrong, and directly contrary to the principles which were instilled into her mind. She was aware it was not right in her to persist in trying to teach a cat the same manœuvres that a dog so easily acquires, having frequently been told by her governess, that the generality of cats could never be expected to learn the tricks, which the canine race from their more docile nature, so readily perform;—recollecting herself, therefore, Mary said—"it was her own fault that she was now enduring the smart occasioned by Grey Tabby's



teeth and talons"—and absolutely began to think she must relinquish the hope of instructing her, and seek for some other animal that would prove more tractable in its manners. No sooner was this resolved upon, than Jane came to tell them that their papa was going into the fields, and desired they would accompany him. Their hats and coats were soon put on, and they were shortly with Mr. Jennings in the fields;—it was the latter end of February, and a very fine morning. Sophia, for the first time that season, discovered on a bank a root of primroses; there were a great number of buds upon it, but not one flower had yet expanded to expose its beautiful colour to view;—the following morning it rained, which prevented the sister twins enjoying a walk before breakfast; but, as the sky cleared soon after, Jane attended them into the same fields they had been to with their father the preceding morning:—directing their course towards the bank, Sophia ob-



served one of the primroses unfolding itself;—on returning home, she sat down, and composed the following lines on the subject, which she requested Mary to read, and give her opinion upon:—

How lovely is that blooming flow'r,  
Just dripping with the morning show'r;  
May no rude foot press on to soil,  
Nor midnight frost its beauties spoil.  
Till foster'd by spring's genial glow,  
Each op'ning bud successive blow:  
And round its fragrant sweets dispense,  
Regaling every raptur'd sense.  
So modest merit seen by few,  
Expands its lovely buds to view;  
And promise fair to hope displays,  
Of worth matur'd in riper days.

*Mary.* “I dare say Mrs. Hartop would praise your ingenuity if she were here. But why should not I write verse, as well as your grave ladyship?”

*Sophia.* “I know not any thing that can prevent you—write one upon the same subject—papa shall be umpire, and decide which of our productions are best written.—I am con-



tent to abide by his decision—of course, so will you be.”

*Mary.* “I have no objection to papa’s deciding as to the merit of the case, but a primrose will not be the subject of my rhyme; I am fond of things that convey the idea of life and spirit: that word spirit has presented a most natural subject in the form of Grey Tabby.”

Sitting down, she speedily accomplished an *address*, as she termed it, to her cat, which, in order that every young lady who reads this may pass her own judgement upon it, is inserted without alteration.

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TO MY GREY TABBY.

My little Grey Tabby, you’re only a cat,  
Yet may play a part, when you meet mister rat,  
Of anticks in truth, I could teach you a score,  
But so wayward my pussey, you wish not for more.

On hind legs erect, if you only would dance,  
My instrument tunes, should be music from France.

But if so perverse that you will not comply,  
I think you ill-natur’d, and must say “oh fye!”



There is Pug, with his frisking, and barking, and fun,

Will make the folks notice whate'er he has done;—

Whilst you sit so primitive, grave and demure,  
That I scarcely, miss puss, can look on and endure.

“There! what do you think of that—is not it equal in merit to your primrose?” said she, exultingly, to her sister, who, with great modesty replied—“We are not allowed to be judges of our own cause, but I am very willing to give up all title to merit, if our papa says it shall be so:”—away ran Mary to seek her papa, and ask him to decide in her favour; but Mr. Jennings being a well-informed man, and discreet father, told her he was ashamed of the sort of underhanded conduct she was showing towards her sister;—“you may depend,” added he, “I will do strict justice between you and Sophia; you are both my children, and have each an equal claim upon my affection: return to your own apartment, I will be with you as soon as possible.” Mary



obeyed her father, and returned, but not with so much glee as she had quitted the room in which Sophia still remained;—she felt that the thoughtlessness of her disposition had incurred the displeasure of her father, and taught him to believe that if opportunity offered, she would wrong her sister: observing the change in her whole appearance, Sophia said—“What a rueful countenance, Mary! has our papa given his verdict against your verses?”

*Mary.* “No! he has not given any verdict, because he was very angry with me.”

*Sophia.* “On what account?”

As Mary, though heedless, was above telling an untruth, she repeated to her sister all that passed between her father and self.

“I am sorry, my dear Mary, our papa was angry with you; but I should not have cared if he had given it in your favour.”

“But I will not give it in favor of either of you, against my own opinion,”



said Mr. Jennings, who had, at the door, overheard the conversation between his daughters:—"come, let me look at these verses, as you call them." They were produced. "Indeed, my dear girls," added he, after reading them, "it is out of my power to decide which is really the best: the style is so very different, each partaking of the disposition of its writer, though I think them equally good, considering your age:—if you are determined to have the preference settled, it must be referred to Mrs. Hartop on her return from London, as I confess myself unequal to the task." By this evasive answer, Mr. Jennings avoided creating any thing like jealousy on the mind of his daughters. A few days after this, a gentleman calling upon Mr. Jennings, was introduced into the room where the two young ladies were;—he soon learned from Mary what an obstinate unthankful animal Grey Tabby was, and promised to present her with a Parrot that was given to him by a



friend lately returned from abroad :— you may imagine what a source of joy this proved to her: the idea of being the owner of a bird that could speak, prevented her from sleeping much that night :—the different sentences she meant to teach it, were all conned over in her mind :—in fact, the time, until the Parrot arrived next day, appeared an age: then the most endearing expressions were made use of to convince Polly what a violent regard she meant to entertain for her; but, putting her finger through the wire-work of the cage, inviting Miss Polly to have her poll scratched, the malicious bird caught and made its beak meet through the fleshy part of Mary's finger. The violence of the pain inflicted was much more severe than that occasioned by Grey Tabby's teeth and talons put together, and she shrieked aloud, at which the Parrot set up a laugh, as if in derision to her new mistress.—“ What's o'clock?—Have some dinner?—Oh! pretty Poll!”—said the bird. “ Your



actions are not the prettiest in the world," rejoined Mary. Polly heeded not this observation; but, getting into her coach, which always hangs in a parrot's cage, swang herself until she was tired of swinging; she then, deliberately enough, descended from her elevated situation, towards the door of the cage, unfastened it with her beak, and flew down upon the floor. Mary, who began to be afraid of her new companion, retreated; but Miss Polly trotted very quick after her. What was to be done? No other person was in the room with them:—fright induced Mary to shriek for assistance. Jane ran into the room to enquire what was the matter. The Parrot made a halt, turned her head on one side, to make her observations, and, espying the window open, out she flew. "Oh! my Parrot—my beautiful Parrot!"—exclaimed Mary, her finger bleeding profusely from the wound it had bestowed upon her, which was entirely forgotten, in the dread of losing her



talkative bird. Jane opened the folding doors that led into the garden to pursue, but Miss Polly had clambered very dexterously up a tree. "Ha! ha! ha!" said she,—“pretty love—pretty love—pretty Poll!—Poll go abroad!—Ha! ha! ha!”—Jane attempted to climb after her, but the Parrot got upon a bough of the tree, and placed herself so near the end, that Jane durst not go farther, without risking a fall. Finding herself out of all danger of being taken, Miss Polly sat perfectly at ease, every now and then giving a squall, to let them know she was alive, when they shook the tree, endeavouring to force her off it.

Sophia, from a window of their school-room, seeing the bird upon a tree, concluded something was amiss, and, in consequence, came down to enquire the cause. "Let us fetch the cage," said she;—"possibly, on seeing that, the Parrot may come down." The cage was brought out,



and Miss Polly turned each side of her head, alternately round, to examine it minutely, with both eyes:—Sophia then proposed that they should all go inside the house, to give her an opportunity of descending.—They did so:—when, finding herself unobserved, she walked leisurely down the tree and into the cage, without more ceremony. Mary darted out to shut the door of the cage, and prevent her mischievous property from making a second escape, when Pug, who had followed his mistress down stairs, ran on before, barking.—“Poll’s the king’s trumpeter, tut, tut, tut, tu,”—said the bird. The door being closed and secured, Pug ran round and round the cage, lifting his two fore paws, and striking them to the ground again, in token of his wish to have a game at romp, though it must be confessed, he had never seen such a thing as a Grey Parrot before;—however, the cage was carried by Jane up to the school-room—whither the sisters repaired also.



"I am so rejoiced," said Mary, "at having recovered my bird. What should I have done, had it flown away, and forsaken me altogether?"

"You were in a very fair way to lose it,"—replied Sophia, "had not I come down to give my advice upon the subject."

*Mary.* "No wonder that *your* advice was crowned with success, since the very name you possess implies a greater share of knowledge than falls to my lot, for you know Mrs. Hartop has often told us that *wisdom* is the English word for the Greek one of *Sophia*."

*Sophia.* "It is impossible, Mary, that a mere name can impart wisdom. You likewise know, that Mrs. Hartop has frequently told us it must be intellect and reflection united to produce wisdom. Now, I do not make pretensions to either of these qualifications;—but certainly, I could discover from the window that the methods you were adopting would induce the bird to take flight. Speak-



ing of our governess, I must say you have not shewn much inclination to study since her departure.—Can you recollect at what time and year it was that clocks were first set up in churches?”

*Mary.* “Aye—as truly as my catechism; for I am sure she has put those questions to us often.”

*Sophia.* “What year and reign was it in?”

*Mary.* “That of Edward the Elder, in nine hundred and thirteen.”

*Sophia.* “Where were the first set of tuneable bells set up?”

*Mary.* “At Croyland Abbey, in Lincolnshire, in the reign of Edmund the First; and the date of the year was nine hundred and forty-six.”

*Sophia.* “How long is it since the bible was translated into the English language?”

*Mary.* “Two hundred and seventy-five years I think it must be, because it took place in the reign of Henry the Eighth, and in the year fifteen hundred and thirty-five:—this we are



now coming to, being eighteen hundred and ten:—settles my account correct enough.”

*Sophia.* “In whose reign were coaches first used in England?”

*Mary.* “Ah!—there was an indulgence for people who could not or did not choose to walk, I wish my papa would allow us one; I should like of all things in the world to lounge in a carriage.”

*Sophia.* “I have no doubt of it:—I should like to ride in a carriage as well as you, but papa says he cannot afford any thing of the kind: his own tandem is the only carriage he can afford to sport, besides carts and wheelbarrows.”

*Mary.* “What a ludicrous idea, to compare carts and wheelbarrows to a carriage or a tandem. Papa does not require any thing else—but when we grow to be women, I hope he will afford us one to go visiting in, the same as the Miss Oakes’s have.”

*Sophia.* “You have not told me in



whose reign they were introduced, though."

*Mary.* "In the reign of my namesake, as I have read—Mary the First—in the year fifteen hundred and fifty-five."

The chronological conversation between the two sisters was here interrupted by a most hideous squall from Grey Tabby, who happened to be in the room—and, observing the Parrot's cage placed upon a table, as most cats are fond of mounting, she took her station upon the top of it, while the young ladies were questioning and answering each other. Polly had remained very quiet, probably attending to their discourse; but Grey Tabby kept her eye watchfully fixed upon her. She saw it was a bird, and might expect it would become a prey to herself:—presently Miss Polly began to move:—pussey instantly thrust her paw down from the top of the cage to give her a pat on the head; but the Parrot turning,



at the first attempt, caught the paw, giving it a most severe bite at the same time; and, as Grey Tabby squalled, she opened her mouth to join in the noise—finishing, when that was done, with a loud Ha! ha!

“Oh! my poor Grey Tabby!” said Mary;—“Has the naughty Parrot bit you as well as me?”—“Mew,” said the cat, and jumped off the cage. Instead of fleeing from Mary, as had been her custom, she limped towards her, mewing the second time. Taking her off the carpet, Mary rubbed the paw gently for some time, which seemed to afford ease, while her Parrot sat very quietly, viewing all that passed, until Mr. Jennings came up with the following letter for them from Mrs. Hartop:—

*Letter from Mrs. Hartop.*

“My Dear Young Pupils,  
“You have no doubt expected, if  
“not to see, at least to hear from me,



“ before this ;—but fatigue and anxiety, on account of my daughter, have prevented me from writing to you at a much earlier period. I flatter myself you have strictly attended to the injunctions laid upon you previous to my departure, and neglected, in no one point, the duty you owe to a bountiful Creator; as I cannot, for a moment, suppose, that my precepts have proved in any wise fruitless, much less expect to discover you have been deficient in what must principally contribute to happiness in this life, and ultimately lead to never-ending bliss in the one to come. My next enquiry respects health. If you have continued the same regulations which were persevered in when we were together, it cannot be changed, I think, for the worse: but late hours at night, and indulging in bed of a morning, are both improprieties, and such as I trust you will not readily give into.



“ Your lessons in music and dancing  
“ I conclude you take regularly: and  
“ the other avocations of the day,  
“ most assuredly, must obtain a share  
“ of your attention. In the firm hope,  
“ my two dear girls, that you will  
“ always endeavour to support my  
“ pride in the charge I undertook of  
“ educating you, believe me to be,  
“ until we meet, your truly affection-  
“ ate governess,

“ ELIZA HARTOP.”

“ Is Mrs. Hunt unwell, papa?”  
asked Sophia, after reading the letter. The truth was, she was laying dead at that time, but this Mr. Jennings did not think proper to inform his daughters of: in a hasty manner, therefore, he told them he believed her disorder was allowed to be a very dangerous one. “ Then we shall not see Mrs. Hartop for a long time, papa,” said Mary, who had been prevented by this intelligence from relating to her father the fright she had under-



gone by the escape of her Parrot. "She has thoughts of returning in the course of another fortnight," was his reply.

"But she cannot ascertain the exact time of Mrs. Hunt's convalescence, papa," rejoined Sophia, "and I expect her stay in London, or return to us, will be guided entirely by this circumstance."

"The nature of Mrs. Hunt's complaint is such, that three days must determine whether she is for life or death," returned her father. He thought it necessary to say thus much, to prepare them for the appearance of Mrs. Hartop, in deep mourning, whenever she might arrive.

*Mary.* "What an awful thing death must be:—I should not like to see any body die. I hope Mrs. Hunt will recover, because our governess will be so unhappy if she should die: besides, she is such a good-natured woman. Do not you recollect, So-



phia, what a number of toys she brought us when she came on a visit to Mrs. Hartop?"

*Sophia.* "Yes;—I have several of them now—but it is not from the recollection of her gifts I feel so anxious for her welfare, it is on account of our governess, who will not have a child left, if Mrs. Hunt dies:—and what a heart-breaking thing that will be!" Fetching a deep sigh, Mr. Jennings said—"Death is awful, my children, at all times; but he or she who have made religion their chief concern in this life, will be the best prepared to receive him. I hope you will always keep this in mind, and you will never want for friends, after it pleases God to take me from you. But come," continued he, seeing their eyes filling with tears, "you had better be brisk, and write an answer to your letter. I shall send some to the Post-Office presently, and yours may go with them, if it is ready." He left the room, and the sisters then agreed



that as one letter was sufficient, Sophia should write it, who could feel no difficulty in doing so, because Mrs. Hartop had from the time they were nine years old, accustomed them to write to each other twice a week, relating the different occurrences that intervened during the space of time between each letter. Having seen Mrs. Hartop's, you must likewise read Sophia's.

*Answer to Mrs. Hartop's Letter.*

“ My Dearest Governess

“ Will, I hope, excuse my style of  
“ writing, if errors creep in. Though  
“ I will do my best to tell you how  
“ rejoiced Mary and I were to receive  
“ a letter—for we both thought you  
“ gone an age—and almost despaired  
“ of hearing of you again—but our  
“ joy was alloyed, by hearing from  
“ papa that your dear daughter was  
“ dangerously ill;—yet, I trust, she  
“ will be restored to all our wishes



“ before this reaches London. Please  
“ to give her a kiss for Mary, and two  
“ for me. We have been attentive to  
“ our duty, not only because the  
“ sense of it is impressed upon our  
“ minds, but because you enforced  
“ that command so seriously, my dear  
“ madam. We sat up later than  
“ usual, with papa, the first evening  
“ after you left us—but have gone to  
“ bed at our regular hour ever since,  
“ and fail not to question each other  
“ on geography and chronology. We  
“ take lessons in music, but Mr.  
“ Saunders is gone to London, there-  
“ fore have had no other dancing than  
“ our own practice;—to tell you the  
“ truth, we have been endeavouring  
“ to write something like poetry!—  
“ Mary composed a few lines upon  
“ Grey Tabby, and I felt inspired by  
“ a primrose; papa says you are to  
“ determine which of our efforts are  
“ the best. I had almost forgotten  
“ to inform you, only Mary is looking  
“ over my shoulder, and bids me add



“ that Mr. Lang has made her a present of a fine talking Parrot. The whole stock of our intelligence is, I believe, at present, my dear governess, exhausted, which induces me to conclude with best regards to Mrs. Hunt, by subscribing ourselves

“ Your affectionate Pupils,

“ SOPHIA and MARY JENNINGS.”

The letter being sealed and despatched, they began to talk of Mrs. Hunt again.

*Sophia.* “ I shall be truly distressed if Mrs. Hunt does not recover her health. What an affliction it would prove to our governess, to lose her only child !”

*Mary.* “ I shall feel as much as you will—but why cannot you and I be as daughters to her?—surely, we have been long enough together to be considered as such:—I think, absolutely, that my affection for her is as great as it would have been for my



own mama, if I had ever known her."

*Sophia.* "That neither of us can speak positively to, never having had the happiness to enjoy the benefit of a mama's affection."

*Mary.* "Very true—yet, one great affliction has been spared to us by it—that of bewailing her loss, I mean. How ill poor Jane Oakes looked;—do not you recollect how she grieved, sobbed, and cried, when her mama died?—I shall never forget how she told me in the little closet, when I begged of her to dry up her tears, or she would kill herself by fretting—that if she was sure weeping would be the means of sending her to her mama in heaven, she would not cease from shedding tears until she got there. I could not help shedding tears myself, when she said so. Do you think, Sophia, Mrs. Hartop will cry so much, if her daughter dies?"

*Sophia.* "Mrs. Hartop is a woman, and may possibly command her feel-



ings better than children can; but I think she must be very unhappy if she does not weep so much."

*Mary.* "Well, we will not talk any thing more about it—the very thought makes me feel dull—indeed, I think it made my papa feel dull likewise—for he sighed and looked sorrowful—may be, he was thinking about mama then."—

*Sophia.* "I tell you what I am thinking—that we must be very good girls, and endeavour to learn something new against Mrs. Hartop returns, to surprize her with:—now, what shall it be?"

*Mary.* "A piece of music—let us ask Mr. Delany to bring a difficult piece, that we may practice, and be able to play it, tolerably, against she returns."

*Sophia.* "With all my heart!—but if it is very difficult, I may not be able to accomplish it." At all events, the music was brought, and learned, before Mrs. Hartop's return. The la-



dies had been, as usual, one morning, taking their walk with Jane, which occasioned a keen appetite for breakfast, and were just sitting down to enjoy it, when Pug came scratching at the door;—Sophia requested Jane to let him into the room. No sooner admitted, than he ran barking towards his mistress, twisting his little body into various attitudes, evidently from joy. “Has not any person given my Pug something to eat this morning?” said Sophia, offering a piece of bread and butter to him at the same time. Pug turned his head on one side immediately, which implied that he was not desirous of food. She then showed a saucer—the same token gave her to understand that he was not thirsty either; but, fixing his eyes directly afterwards stedfastly on her face for the space of a minute, returned to the door and scratched violently to be let out again. Sophia begged of Jane to follow him wherever he led, as she was convinced his wish



was to convey intelligence of some kind. Down stairs ran Pug, barking, and into the parlour, the door of which happened to be half open. Jane peeped in, and discovered Mrs. Hartop in conversation with Mr. Jennings:—this, we may naturally conclude, was the information he had been endeavouring to impart, which she was not long in communicating, and the sisters were speedily in the parlour, embracing their governess; though, seeing her in deep mourning, they guessed the cause, and delicately forebore to enquire about Mrs. Hunt, lest it should renew her grief for the recent loss she had sustained. Pug was extravagantly wild in his joy—he jumped upon her lap—licked her hands and face, seemingly determined that no one of the family should express more pleasure at her return than himself; for dogs possess an uncommon share of gratitude, never forgetting a kindness conferred upon them;—they therefore deserve parti-



cular attention from us. In the course of a short time, Mrs. Hartop accompanied her pupils to the school-room, where, on the moment of her entering it, the Parrot, who had been kept there ever since her having taken flight from the parlour, called out—"Bring my dame a very good book:—quick—quick—quick:"—seeing Grey Tabby follow them in, she drew up one foot, saying—"Puss, puss—mew—ha! ha! ha!"—as if ridiculing the cat for holding up her fore paw, after she had bitten it;—though this was not the first time Miss Polly had displayed her talent for ridicule; however, it tended to convince the governess that she certainly was a very talkative bird, and, as such, a valuable one—for you are to understand, the more a bird speaks, the more highly it is prized:—but on the contrary—the more a young lady talks, unless it is on some edifying subject, the less esteemed she is by every person. Mrs. Hartop being now return-



ed, study, of various kinds, is to be more regularly pursued, while cat, dog, and parrot, are to be considered as mere nonentities, during the time that these momentous affairs are going forward.

Walking in the fields one morning, where a quantity of Pimpernel grew, Sophia was admiring the delicacy of its flowers, and beauty of the colours, there being two sorts, scarlet and blue.

*Mrs. Hartop.* "What remarkable trait do you recollect in the character of this elegant little field flower?"

*Sophia.* "That it opens at eight o'clock in the morning, and shuts about noon—it is called the Shepherd's Weather-glass, because it invariably closes against rain, let the time of day be what it may;—and, I believe, some small birds are fond of the seed."

*Mrs. Hartop.* "There is a root of Dandelion, which is literally Wild Endive—now, though it is not so



beautiful to the sight, nor even, on inspection, as Pimpernel, yet its culinary virtues are more essential to human nature, as the young leaves, when blanched in the spring of the year, yield a wholesome salad, which conduces to throw off certain disorders, incident to the human frame, while the flower proves itself nearly equal in point of susceptibility with its more attractive neighbour, not beginning to expand until seven o'clock in the morning, and closing again at three in the afternoon. By comparing the properties of these wild flowers, bear in mind my dear girls, as you advance in years, that worth and merit will ever be esteemed by the better informed part of your acquaintance, beyond a mere external appearance."

*Mary.* "I have no doubt of your observation being a very correct one, my dear governess; yet, an external appearance has a wonderful effect on my powers of admiration sometimes."



*Mrs. Hartop.* "The truth of your present assertion, Mary, has proved itself to me in more instances than one; I am thereby induced to endeavour most earnestly to inculcate on your mind the propriety of allowing *time* for reflection before a hasty decision puts it out of your power to recal what has past—because, should circumstances occur to change your sentiments, your acquaintance may accuse you of caprice, or, what is worse, may possibly attribute it to deceit."

*Mary.* "Oh! that is an odious vice that I could not cherish:—what would I not give to be able to argue and act as uniformly as you do, on every subject."

*Mrs. Hartop.* "Attention will assist wonderfully, and render you, in course of time, as capable of deciding as I am, if you really feel a desire to be so."

*Mary.* "That I feel the desire, is certain, but the difficulty is for me to



be so observant of the ceremonious gravity that constitutes a serious personage—however, I will positively try hard in future to curb that propensity within me for hastiness. Do you think, ma'am, I am likely to succeed?"

*Mrs. Hartop.* "Most assuredly I do—perseverance conquers every difficulty—how, for instance, could you have acquired a knowledge of the alphabet, without the person who taught had impressed on your mind by perseverance a recollection of the different letters it contains?"

*Mary.* "Very true, my dear governess—well, I will endeavour to be all that you wish to see and admire, as amiable in young persons."

*Mrs. Hartop.* (Embracing her affectionately) "Having given a voluntary promise, Mary, I flatter myself you will never cause me to reproach you with the forfeiture." Mary's eyes involuntarily filled with tears, while she silently determined, if possible, to



avoid creating occasion for displeasure in so kind an instructress. Sophia, who had walked steadily on, attending to the conversation between her sister and governess, had seen Mrs. Hartop kiss Mary, and expected to receive the same favour herself, but finding or feeling a sort of neglect from that lady, she said, taking her hand, "To what am I to attribute your neglect of me?—you did not bestow the same kindness on poor Sophy that Mary experienced just now."

*Mrs. Hartop.* "Sophia—look at me!"—she obeyed the command, but appeared visibly confused by the tone of voice in which those four emphatic words were uttered—while Mrs. Hartop continued:—"Do you not observe marks of surprize imprinted on my countenance?"

*Sophia.* (Hesitatingly) "I fear you are offended with me."

*Mrs. Hartop.* "You have discovered a trait of character to me which until this moment, I confess my-



self to have been perfectly ignorant of!"

*Sophia.* "If I have committed an error, believe it was unwillingly—and I trust your indulgence, my dear madam, will pardon the fault."

*Mrs. Hartop.* "By candidly acknowledging yourself in error, you have my forgiveness; though I cannot dismiss the subject, nor seal your pardon, without commenting on the ill effects of giving way, in the smallest degree, to so baneful a passion as that of jealousy."

*Sophia.* (Evidently hurt) "Jealousy, ma'am!—Oh! I would not entertain such a passion for worlds!—it is so mean to possess an envious mind."

*Mrs. Hartop.* "You are right, Miss Jennings—it is very mean to possess an envious mind."

*Sophia.* "Call me not Miss Jennings, but speak to me as Sophia, and bestow one affectionate kiss, as a proof of my being pardoned;"—so



saying, she threw her arms around the neck of her governess, and was gratified by her acquiescence:—however, her instructress went on, and said—“I hope, as it is the first, it may prove the last time you will ever betray such a want of liberality:—nay, no reply—but listen, until you are desired to speak.” Mary had, though not requested, made a promise, which, from difference of disposition, was not altogether necessary to exact from you. In the persuasion that she would not retract from her given word, I deemed it merely just to encourage her intention by caressing in the manner I did. “Had you, at that moment, any real pretensions to expect me to act in the same way towards you?—answer the question.”

*Sophia.* “No ma’am, I had not—and you have now taught me to feel ashamed of the littleness of my conduct.”

*Mrs. Hartop.* “Very well—the candour with which you express your



regret, is a sufficient excuse to me:—recollect, I address you both, now—learn in future, to appreciate every attention bestowed upon a sister, as a compliment offered to yourself.” Sophia wept, while Mary, clinging to her, said—“Do not shed so many tears, my sister; I am convinced, however it might appear, that it is far from your disposition to cherish envy against me.”

*Sophia.* “I am hurt at having given cause to our governess to think me capable of jealousy.”

*Mary.* “Never mind—she has pardoned you, and will think no more about it:—besides, we well know by experience, that Mrs. Hartop never resorts to reproach, on account of old grievances—come, let me dry your eyes,”—(applying her own handkerchief to them)—“it distresses me to see you shed so many precious drops, on such a nonsensical account.” Mrs. Hartop had purposely walked on, that the sisters might settle it in their



own way; so Mary soon succeeded in comforting her sister, and restoring her to better thoughts of herself—when they overtook her, she said—“What a number of Hazle-nut trees grow in this spot! We are all aware that the kernels of the fruit have an agreeable taste to most palates. Squirrels and mice are as fond of the taste of them as we are,” replied Mary.

*Mrs. Hartop.* “What birds are they called, Sophia, which have likewise a passion for them?”

*Sophia.* “Jays and Nutcrackers, I believe, ma’am.”

*Mrs. Hartop.* “A kind of chocolate has been prepared from them, and there are instances of their having been formed into bread:—an oil is also expressed from them, used both by painters and chemists; and the charcoal, made of the wood, is used in crayon drawing. The utility of trees alone proves clearly to us the bounty of Providence, which not only



provides in them a luxury for the appetite, but instructs us to prepare from them a substitute for more essential food."

*Mary.* "How thankful we ought to be, that England yields a substitute for bread so much superior to that which the miserable inhabitants of Kamschatka are sometimes reduced to put up with."

*Mrs. Hartop.* "It affords me satisfaction to learn that you have not forgotten these circumstances—but to convince me they are fresh upon your recollection, name some particular substitute."

*Mary.* "The inner bark of the white willow tree is, if I mistake not, one."

*Mrs. Hartop.* "You are perfectly correct—but do you bear in mind, at the same time, that the Arabs distil their celebrated Calaf Water from the catkins of the sweet willow?—tell me Sophia—What are catkins?"

*Sophia.* "Imperfect flowers ma'am,



hanging from trees, like a rope, or cat's tail."

*Mrs. Hartop.* "We have learned that bread has been made from the white or silvery willow tree:—now, between you, I must have an account of all the different uses this same willow is put to, besides making of bread, which, indisputably, is the last resource of necessity."

*Mary.* "I know it is planted in avenues, because it is so speedy of growth, and looks so silvery."

*Sophia.* "The bark will tan leather, and dye yarn of a cinnamon colour."

*Mary.* "The wood is not only used for fuel, but is converted into poles, stakes, and hoops, for casks:—while finishing the last sentence, they had entered the farm-yard, when Mrs. Hartop said—"In what part of the world is Kamschatka situated?"

*Sophia.* "It is a peninsula of Siberia, and is governed by the Russians." Their attention was now arrested by



a poor little hen, who was standing on the brink of a large pool of water in the corner of the yard, and, apparently in great distress, was persuading, in her way, some ducklings she had hatched to quit the dangerous element, and return to her—but they, regardless of her plaint, were feeding most voraciously upon a plant called duck's-meat, because those birds are known to be so fond of it, and which invariably grows on the surface of the water. “If I were the fowl,” said Mary, “I would go into the water, and drive them out before me.”

“Fowls,” replied Mrs. Hartop, “never venture into the water, from a consciousness, no doubt, of their inability to swim. Ducks, on the contrary, whose feet are webbed by nature, to assist them in the operation, betake themselves to it shortly after they are hatched, though often, when led by one of their own species, they fall victims to such early temerity, which accounts for a hen being allow-

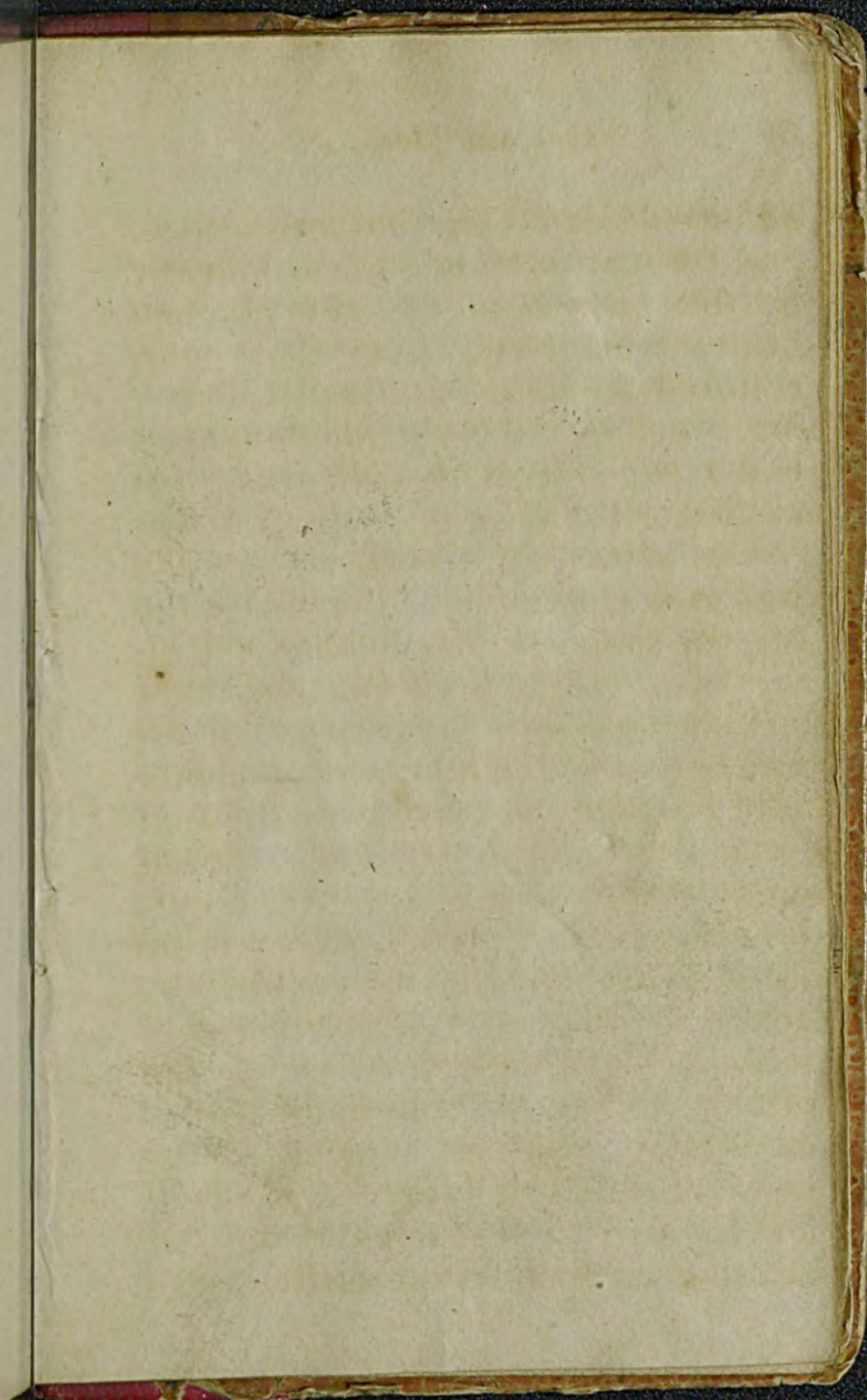


ed to foster them at some seasons of the year, in preference to a duck, as she will not, by example, instruct them to plunge, prematurely, into the watery element:"—at this moment, a servant came from the house to inform the ladies Mr. Jennings was taken suddenly ill:—they lost no time in quitting the farm-yard, and hastened into the parlour as quick as possible, where the two sisters beheld a servant supporting their affectionate father, with a view to get him up stairs to bed. Judge what were their feelings at this moment!—though neither gave way to violent shrieks or outcries as many young ladies I know would have done. No, each considered it would be adding distress to his bodily pain to hear their grief; and, though incapable of resisting the rapid tears of dutiful affection, they were vented in silence, until beyond the reach of his hearing. Medical assistance having arrived, administered present relief, so that Sophia and Mary, on being



admitted into their father's room, had the consolation to hear him say he felt himself much better, though health was never, from that hour, restored to him:—gradually decaying, he lingered until his daughters had attained their fifteenth year, then sank into the arms of death. A sorrowful alteration in their style of life was now about to take place with the orphan sisters:—Mr. Jennings had, for some years, been engaged in a ruinous law-suit, concerning an estate he claimed, while another family held the land he considered himself entitled to. A letter had reached him on the morning he was first attacked by illness, which conveyed the intelligence that the cause was decided against him: It was the shock of this information, which occasioned the attack, well knowing he had expended all the money in support of the suit that ought to have been reserved for his two young daughters. Ill health immediately succeeding, pre-









*Sophia & Mary admitted into their Father's Room.*



vented him from attending, as heretofore, to the business of the farm, which, being a large concern, and left latterly at the mercy of servants, conducted still farther to reduce what little property remained, after all expences of the law-suit had been defrayed, and he had literally died insolvent. Creditors soon came forward to seize upon the remaining effects, regardless of the present wants or future prospects of Sophia and her sister. Mrs. Hartop, in the midst of this accumulating distress, took a small cottage that was vacant, about a mile from the farm, furnishing it neat and plain:—she removed her pupils two days after the only parent they had ever known had been consigned to his grave. She was possessed of a small independence, left by her husband, many years before, and having been eight years engaged in educating her pupils, had, during the course of that time, been enabled to put by something considerable,



which, had her daughter lived, she intended to bequeath to her—but, conscious that the Almighty giveth and taketh away, according as his all-seeing eye judgeth best, she now felt more soothing sensations on account of her loss, in the persuasion that these orphans were destined by the Omnipotent to supply the place of her daughter, who had been called early to exchange the fleeting vanities of time for the awful realities of eternity. The occurrences of the last week had succeeded each other so rapidly, that neither Sophia nor Mary could believe them to be real, until the lady to whom they had so long looked up as to a parent, took an arm of each to lead them out of the house they were born in; but might never more return to—sorrow now became oppressive, while they sobbed aloud. A chaise was, by her orders, waiting at the door, to convey them to a home of her providing, into which she assisted them, placing herself between



her former pupils, now become her proteges; pressing both to her bosom, she silently allowed them to vent their grief:—when the first transports had in some degree subsided, the Parrot which Mrs. Hartop had claimed as a present made to Mary, and whose cage had been fastened in front of the chaise, was heard to cry—“ Mary! Mary!—where are you, Mary?—Poll’s the king’s trumpeter:”—presently after, being thrown from her coach, in which she was swinging, by a jerk of the chaise—“ What’s the matter now?” screamed she, turning her eye sideways, to view the postilion’s red jacket. “ Do you hear your Parrot, Mary?” asked Mrs. Hartop.

“ Oh yes, ma’am!—I did not expect those people would afford me such an indulgence,” replied she, “ but it is you I have to thank.” Sophia’s Pug dog, who had sat unobserved in the chaise, looking with anxious eyes at his mistress, now



sprang upon her lap, and eagerly licked the tears from her face.

“My faithful animal!” exclaimed she, “I have yet one treasure left in you—how very kind you are, my dear madam, to allow my poor dog an asylum as well as my sister and self.”

“We are one family still, my dear, and must attend to all its branches,” replied the good lady, as the chaise drove up to her new habitation.

A border of garden daisies, in full flower, separated the walk to the house from a small lawn on each side, while a light viranda at the door covered with woodbines, interspersed with jessamine and roses, attracted universal admiration at the elegant neatness of the *totte ensemble*.

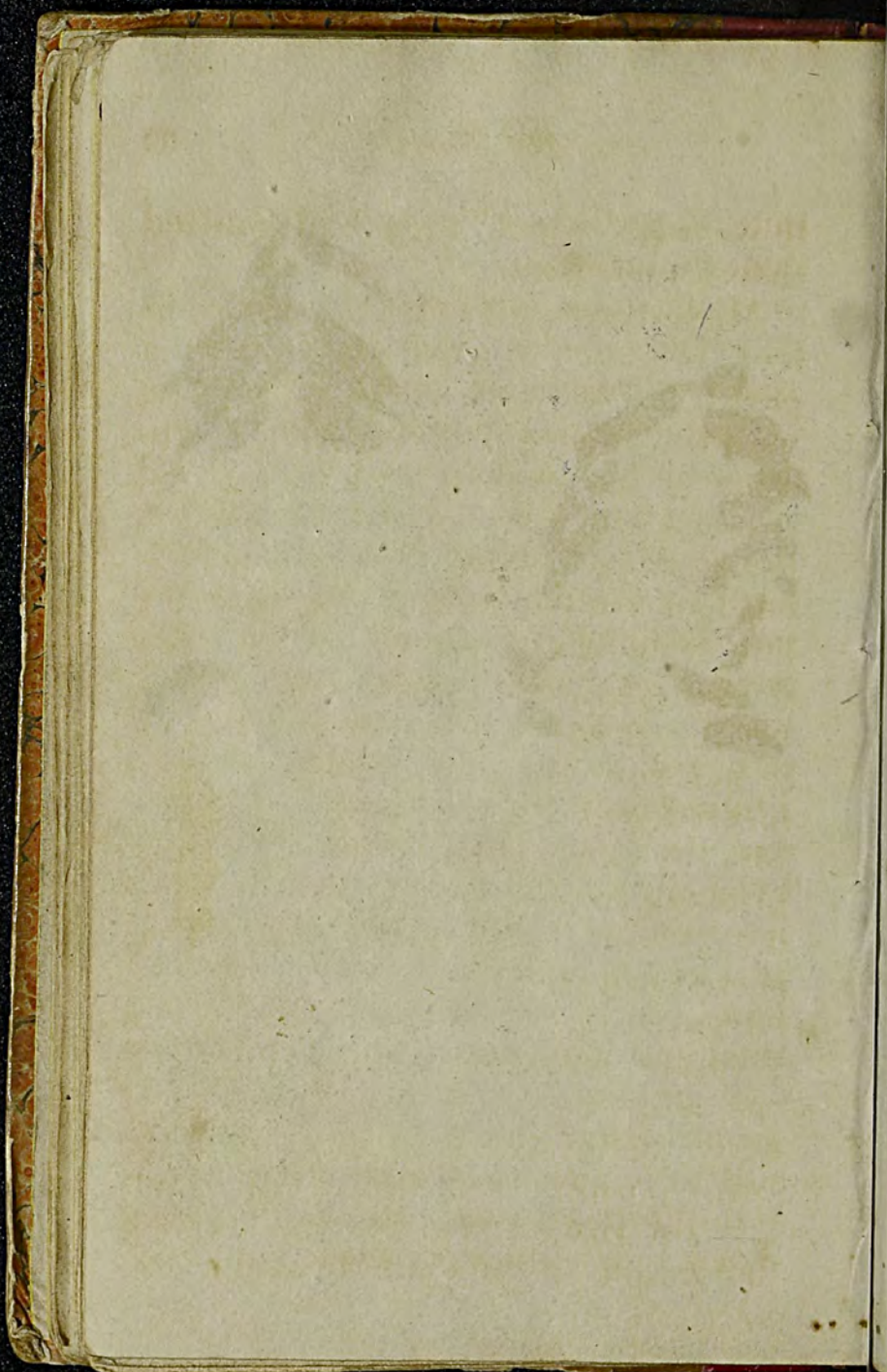
Forgetting all past trouble at the moment, the sisters expressed themselves delighted with the appearance of such a cottage, and entered it under more gratifying sensations than





*M<sup>rs</sup> Hartop and her pupils arriving at their  
new habitation. page 68.*







those with which they had quitted their former home.

Misfortunes, attendant on the opulent, are soon canvassed through a parish. The death of Mr. Jennings, with the subsequent calamitous situation of his orphan daughters, had reached the ears of an old maiden lady. Miss Townly (so she was called) had always inveighed against the late fashion of farmers giving their daughters the education of fine ladies, because it had not become a practice in her youthful days, and now commented pretty freely on the stupidity Mr. Jennings had evinced in not bringing his children up to labour for a livelihood:—but on learning in what sort of principles their governess had educated them, she determined to see them and converse with Mrs. Hartop on the subject of their future prospects: accordingly, the next day, after the family, which consisted of Mrs. Hartop, the two sisters, and one servant, had taken up their abode at the cot-



tage, a carriage stopt at the gate, and Miss Townly's name, without any previous introduction, was announced. Mrs. Hartop received her with politeness, unmixed with surprize, having heard her spoken of as an eccentric, yet charitable, character. The sisters had arisen on her entrance, and were standing, when, addressing their late governess, she said—"Oh! these are the young females you have taken under your own protection, I am told." Mrs. Hartop replied, "These are the young ladies, Miss Townly, whom I feel a pride in acknowleging;—I have educated—you have my consent to retire, my dear girls—this lady will dispense with your attendance, at present:"—they bowed to her, and quitted the room, with such unaffected, but dignified, grace, that the visitant confessed herself astonished at the appearance of so much native elegance in the daughters of a farmer. "I came," continued she, "to ques-



tion you respecting their real situation, as so many rumours have gone abroad." "I feel no hesitation in telling you, madam, as I flatter myself it is not from the mere motives of curiosity you have done me the honour of this visit, that they are entirely dependant upon me," was the reply.

*Miss Townly.* "The candour with which you have spoken your sentiments since I introduced myself into your house, has kindled a sort of friendship within me which I do not often cherish towards strangers; you must, therefore, excuse my putting another question. Is your income adequate to the undertaking, or do you require assistance?"

*Mrs. Hartop.* "To say truth, my resources are by no means splendid. I have sufficient to maintain myself genteely, and, with strict œconomy, may preserve my amiable pupils from want, until providence raises a better, or rather a *richer* friend to them than



myself, for a more sincere one I cannot allow they are ever likely to meet with. I have taught them to look up to their Divine Father as the source from whence every good must spring, and to reverence his Almighty will, whenever, or in whatever shape he sees fit to afflict them."

*Miss Townly.* " You are doubtless a most excellent woman; I came here undetermined how to act, but your conversation has done away with all doubts, therefore shall candidly tell you my fortune is immense. I will either assist you with my purse, or take charge of one of your proteges, which ever you feel most inclined to admit of."

*Mrs. Hartop.* " The generosity of your offer, Miss Townly, exceeds my expectations—you must allow this day to me for talking on the subject to my amiable girls, and to-morrow, I will return you a decisive answer."

*Miss Townly.* " Agreed—you are to understand I had a companion





*The Orphans introduced to Miss Townley. page 70.*



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lived with me many years—she died about a twelvemonth since—had she survived me, a very good fortune would have been left at her own disposal. It was my misfortune to lose her, since which, I have never met with a person who could supply her place. She came originally to me upon a visit, suppose we adopt the same plan with one of your wards.”

*Mrs. Hartop.* “That I should prefer, as should not their manners accord with your ideas, I will receive either of them again with open arms—besides, their separation from me, on those terms, will be less repugnant to their own natural feelings.”

Miss Townly took her leave, promising to call next day, at the same hour. Sophia and Mary were at work up stairs, when Mrs. Hartop joined them—she began extolling the goodness of Miss Townly’s disposition, when Mary, who bluntly spoke the sentiments of her mind, said—  
“Do not you think her manners are



too harsh, ma'am?" "What, hasty still, in your decisions, my Mary?" returned Mrs. Hartop, mildly—for since the death of their father, she had assumed the language more of a friend than *gouvernante*:—poor Mary coloured:—"I am not angry, my love, only to prove you have been deceived by appearances, must tell you she came to invite one of you upon a visit to her, but as your presentiments are not in her favor, Sophia must be the first to avail herself of the offer; if, upon her return, she gives a more favourable account of the lady's manners than you at present entertain, possibly you may then wish to avail yourself of the honour of becoming her visitor." Sophia asked for how long a time, and when she was to go. "The time, my dear, will depend upon your own pleasure—but *when*, is to be determined to-morrow, when she will do us the favor of another visit. I wish you to go, Sophia, as it may be the means of making a friend



for yourself and sister, should it please God to take me." The sisters wept bitterly—the recent loss of their father—dread of being deprived of their friend—with the separation that was likely to take place between themselves, all operated at once most forcibly on the mind of each—however, Mrs. Hartop reasoned them into calmness, while she taught them to look forward to the approaching separation as a circumstance that promised to conduce to the happiness of both. Mr. Gould, the jeweller, at this moment, sent up his name, saying, he had orders from Miss Townly to bring some skeleton rings to measure the ladies fingers. Mrs. Hartop enquired what sort of rings they were to be? he said, "A diamond hoop for her—the motto on the inner side, *sacred to friendship*. The young ladies were to be mourning rings." This unlooked for attention induced the sisters to think more favourably of their new friend, especially as she



called on the following morning, and brought them with her, conversing familiarly at the same time. Requesting Mrs. Hartop to walk with her in the garden, it was there agreed that the family party should pass a day in the course of that week, at Townhall, the name of her mansion, as the separation would appear less formidable to the twins than if Sophia went with her alone. The day at length arrived, and as Townhall was five miles distant, Miss Townly sent her carriage to fetch them.—Mary was highly elated at sight of it, having always aspired to a carriage:—not so poor Sophy, who looked pensive at the thought of a separation from her sister and the friend her mind held as most dear—however, suppressing her feelings, she followed Mrs. Hartop into the carriage, which soon conveyed them to Miss Townly's mansion. The drawing-room, to which they were introduced, was magnificently furnished in the old style. The chairs



and tables burnished with gold, corresponding with curtains and other appendages of a pale blue satin damask, had an imposing appearance, and the sideboard, when ushered to the dining parlour, loaded with massive plate, at which stood the butler, with two livery servants, impressed a wonderful idea on their youthful minds of the grandeur of their hostess, though having been taught early by their governess that ignorant marks of surprize indicate a vacant mind—they passed all by in silence, while Mary began secretly to wish that she had not been so hasty in deciding on the merits of Miss Townly, who paid every polite attention to her visitors.

No sooner had Mary arrived at the cottage, than she threw herself into a chair, exclaiming “Oh! what is all the grandeur of the world compared with the happiness I have lost in the society of my sister!”—“What’s the matter, Mary?” said the Parrot, who had followed her up stairs, having



become so tame as to be allowed to go where it liked about the house, and, walking up to her knee, continued—"Scratch her poll, Polly—pretty love—Poll's the king's trumpeter:"—the innocent prattle of the bird obliged its mistress to notice that, and forget her own trouble. Pug too, whom Sophia did not presume to carry with her, was an additional charge on the attention of Mary.

In the course of a week, Sophia was sent in the carriage, by Miss Townly, to visit her sister and friend, bringing another invitation to them to dine at Townhall, with an injunction to bring her dog if Mrs. Hartop chose to spare him:—the sagacious animal was so overjoyed to see his mistress again, that one might have thought he meant to devour her. Three years passed on without any material change taking place—the sisters had been allowed to see each other weekly, and were satisfied by filling up the



intermediate days with a letter to each other, when it pleased her Creator to summon Miss Townly before his tribunal. This was a second heavy affliction upon Sophia, as she really cherished a sincere affection towards her protectress:—however, she had not been forgetful of the future welfare of her young companion, having bequeathed ten thousand pounds as a legacy to her. With this independence, Sophia returned to dwell in the same cottage with her sister and mother, as they both now call Mrs. Hartop. She proposes, when of age, to settle half her fortune upon her sister, in case any event should take place to separate them; until which time they all intend to remain in the same cottage Mrs. Hartop took when misfortune first assailed them. We must now make a few observations on the folly of forming rash judgments. Had Mary not been so quick in condemning the harshness of Miss Townly's manner, Mrs.



Hartop might have sent her on the proposed visit, instead of her sister; she, in consequence, became the loser of a large legacy, which, in the end, depended entirely upon Sophia's pleasure whether to share with her sister, or keep entirely to herself: it was fortunate for her, that they had been taught by so excellent a woman, the distinction between right and wrong: it was the principles of strict justice instilled early into her mind, that determined Sophia, as they were both orphans, to share with her dear Mary that legacy which was left to herself alone.

Hoping my young readers will profit by the example, I shall take my leave of them at present, with a promise that if any thing particular occurs in the future life of Sophia and Mary, to inform them of it.

FINIS.



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