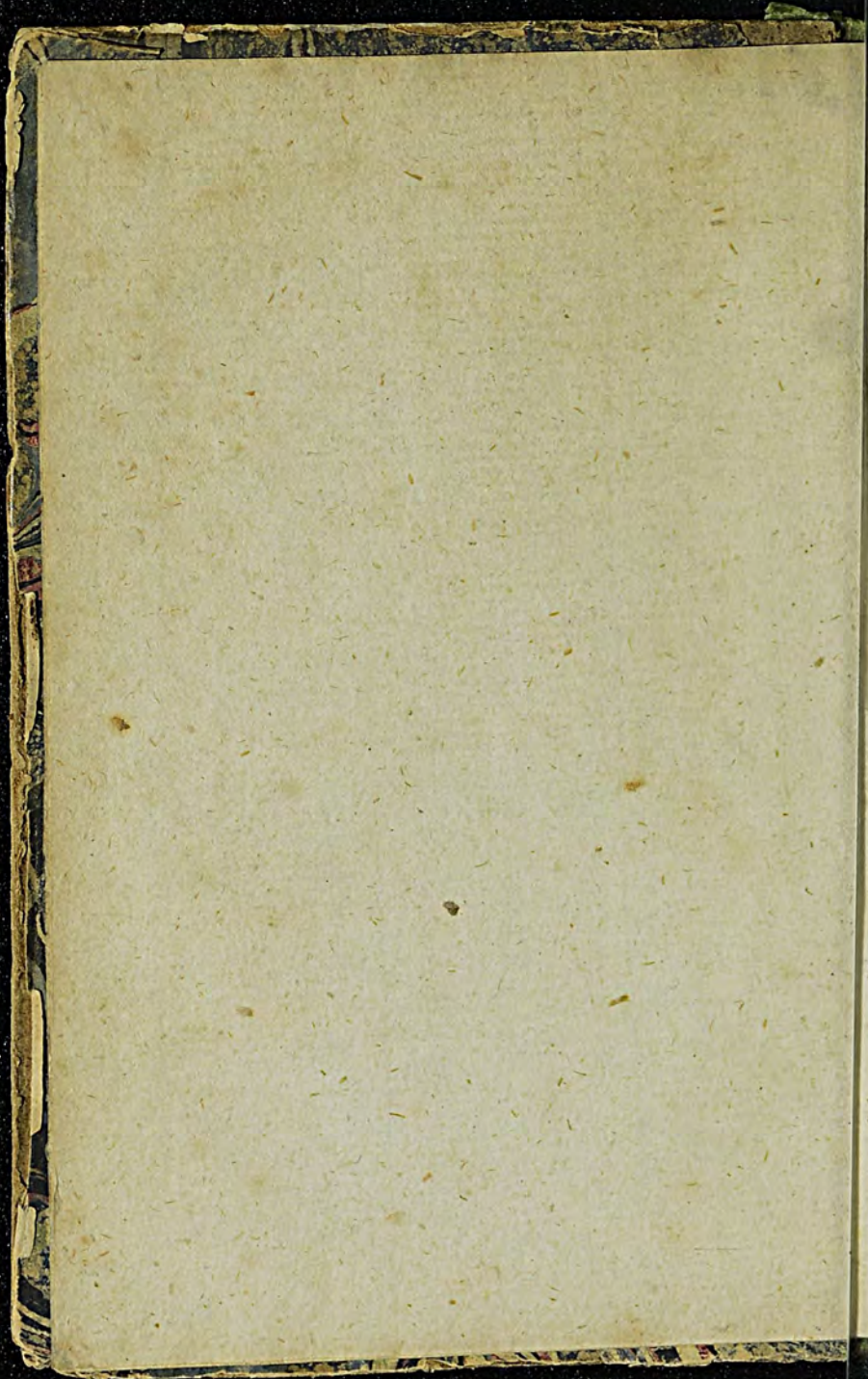


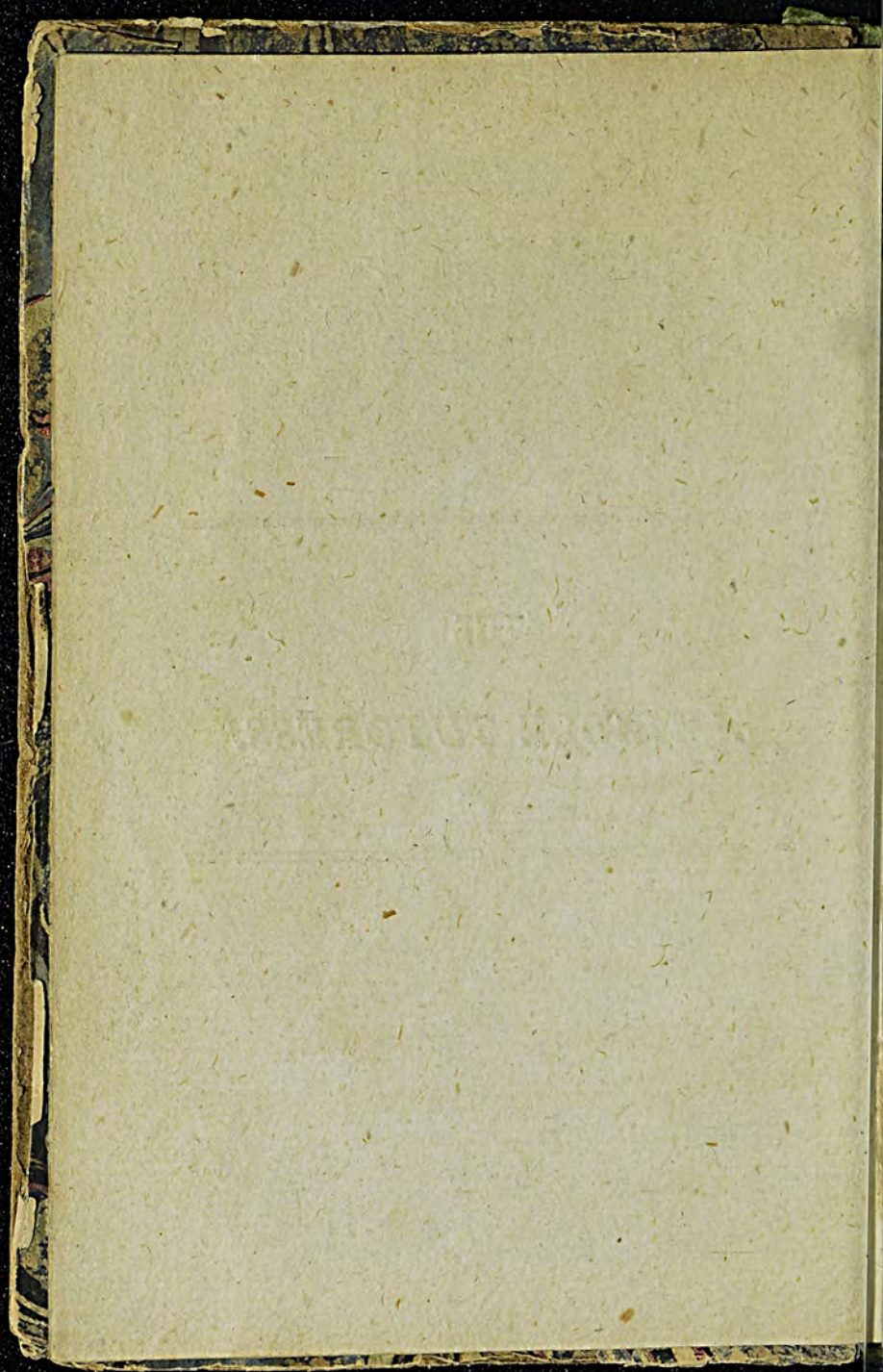
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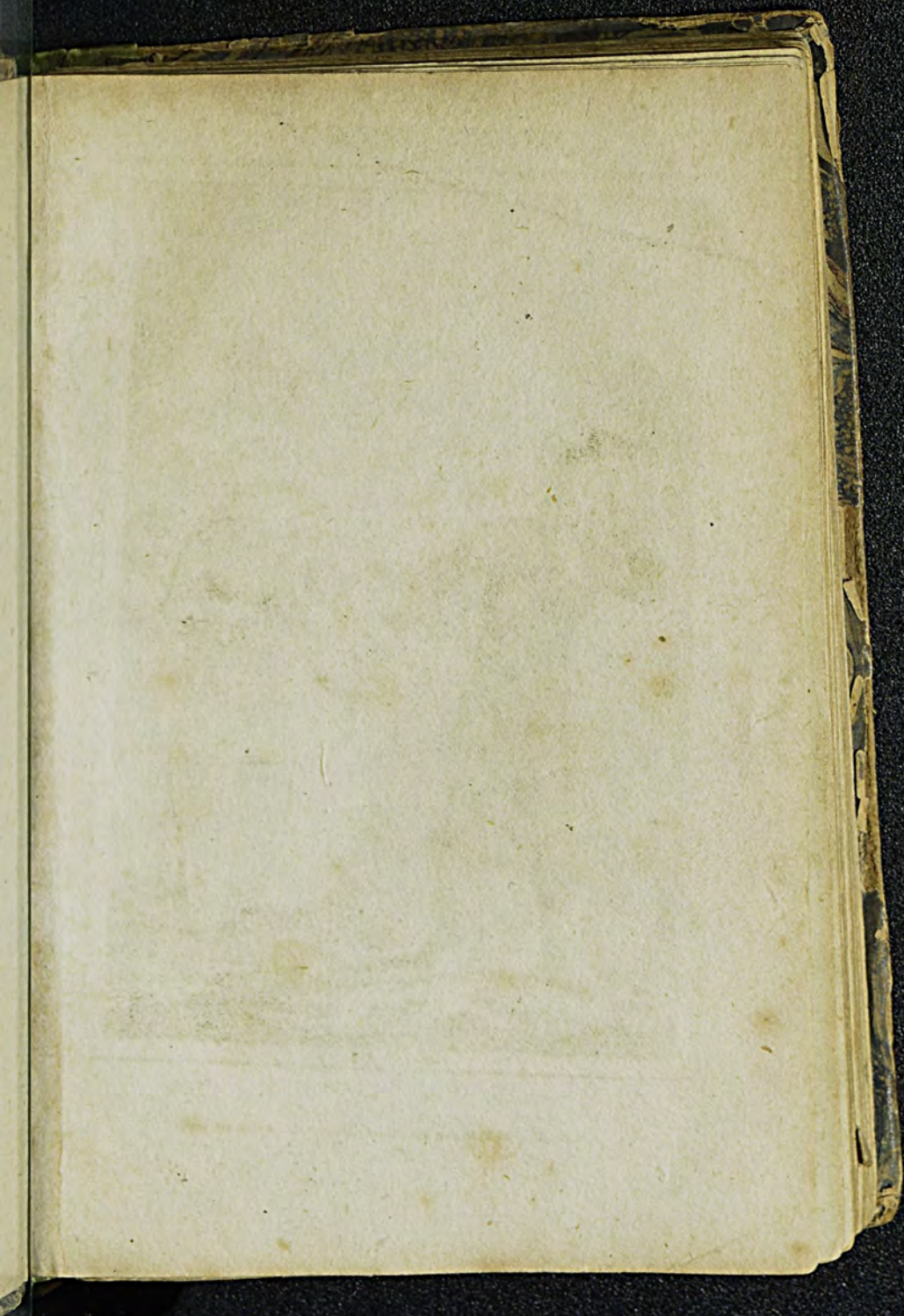
1884

Ellen Hodgson



THE
AMIABLE TUTORESS.





FRONTISPIECE.



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THE
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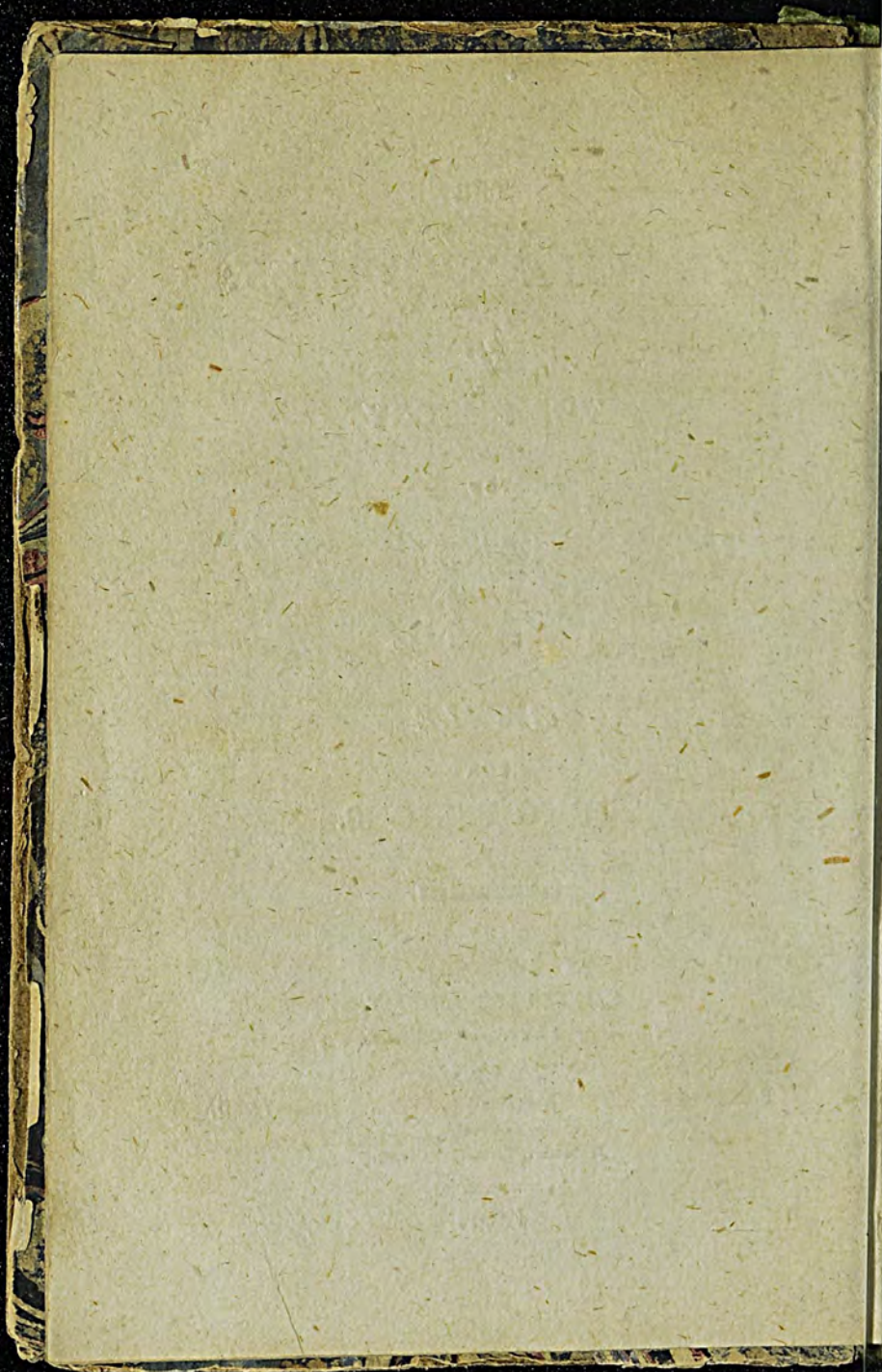
OR,
THE HISTORY
OF
MARY AND JANE HORNSBY.

A TALE
FOR
YOUNG PERSONS.

London:
PRINTED FOR T. HURST,
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1801.



MARY AND JANE HORNSBY.

MARY and Jane Hornsby, had the misfortune to be left motherless before they had attained the age of five years. Their father possessing a large private fortune, beside a place in one of the public offices, which demanded his close attention; had little leisure, and less inclination, to devote those hours he could spare from the fatigues of business to the instruction of his children. He therefore placed them under the care of a Madam Dorivant, a young woman, whose only recommendation, was a grammatical knowledge

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ledge of the language of her own country; a tolerable proficiency in music, and taste for drawing. The culture of external accomplishments, had alone been considered by those to whom the charge of her youth had been intrusted. Her mind had been wholly neglected, trifling, frivolous, airy and light in her conversation, free in her manners, and much inclined to coquetry and levity; she became at once a dangerous and imprudent instructress. Mr. Hornsby was too much occupied by a perpetual succession of engagements, to make any particular investigation of his daughters' improvement; satisfied that they could speak, and translate French with tolerable accuracy play a lesson of Clementi's without hesitation, and sketch a tolerable landscape from any view that might strike them, he sought no farther knowledge; and trusting that their minds corresponded with their external

ternal accomplishments, became content. Mary had attained the age of fifteen, and Jane was one year younger, when Mrs. Ormond, the widow of a gentleman who had long held a distinguished post in the service of his king, came on account of a law suit in which she was engaged, to pass some time at her brother, (Mr. Hornsby's) house. On account of a dissension between her husband and brother, she had not for many years visited, or even been seen by him; but when the hand of death had deprived her of her husband, her heart always affectionately attached to her brother, yearned to be reconciled to him; she, therefore, made the first advances, which were eagerly received by Mr. Hornsby, who now warmly interested himself in all her affairs; became the chosen guardian of her son, who was in his sixteenth year, and was now a student at Oxford. She,

therefore, accepted her brother's invitation to become a resident in his house, till her affairs were settled; and now, for the first time, was introduced to her nieces. Their appearance, for they were both eminently beautiful, both in figure and face, immediately struck her; her heart already felt the fondest affection for them, and she was anxiously solicitous to be beloved by them.

It was with no little degree of pain she observed, that in the system of education that had been pursued with them, their minds and hearts had been totally neglected. She saw pride, envy, and want of common charity, were the great faults that disfigured their minds: the more she saw, the more she regretted, that such girls, with such expectations, should have been thus cruelly mismanaged. And her affairs were no sooner settled, than she proposed

to

to her brother taking his daughters to her country seat, which was situated in Dorsetshire. Mr. Hornsby willingly consented, but proposed sending their governess with them. "By no means, my dear brother," said Mrs. Ormond, "the place of instructress to my nieces shall be supplied by myself. I flatter myself I am equal to the task; and I assure you, I shall neither be negligent of my duty, nor remiss in the performance of it. I would not wish either Jane or Mary to look upon me absolutely as their governess, but as their friend, which I shall endeavour to prove myself. I shall have opportunity of witnessing their growing virtues, and correcting their errors. With your leave I will instruct them to take an affectionate leave of Madame; inform her you are satisfied with her services; and by way of variety, on the first emancipation of her pupils from

the school-room, indulge me with their company for a few months."

The young ladies were soon informed of the new plan adopted for them, and with all the eager desire and wish for variety, so natural to youth, anticipated the pleasure their new system of life would afford.

Madame, who, from the first hour of Mrs. Ormond's coming to Harley-street, had foreseen, and indeed felt the diminution of her authority, had taken no small pains to instill into the minds of her pupils, contempt for their aunt and her sober plans. Herself always upon her guard, in the presence of those whose influence she feared, or to whose authority she was subservient, she had, by gross flattery and servile humility, strove to ingratiate herself with Mrs. Ormond; but the veil was too thin for the piercing eye and penetrating

trating judgment of her whom it was meant to deceive. Blessed with a strong and highly cultivated understanding, with a mind enriched by knowledge, and adorned by virtue, she saw that her brother had been deceived in his choice of a governess for his children: and she felt more than a common anxiety, lest their minds should have imbibed so strong a proportion of her sentiments, that all she could do would be ineffectual to their reform. Mary, she had observed, gave way to frequent and irregular starts of passion, upon the slightest offence and most trifling occasion: she would seek revenge; nor till she had found some opportunity of manifesting the bitterness of her spirit on these occasions, would she be satisfied. Jane, naturally much milder, and more even-tempered than her sister, had yet a species of envy in her disposition, and secret jealousy against Mary,
that

that demanded attention and prudence to eradicate. They had many and severe quarrels between themselves; Mary pleading the right of eldership, as a defence for the authority she frequently assumed; and Jane alledging the difference between them being too little to allow of any.

Mrs. Ormond had witnessed their frequent bickering, and resolved, when once they should be committed to her care, to leave no means untried to make them agreeable and useful members of society.

Madame Dorivant receiving a present beyond her expectation from Mr. Hornsby, as an acknowledgment of his respect for her, took leave in better temper than was expected. Her pupils, accustomed to her for several years, felt a sincere grief at parting with her; but that sorrow was soon eradicated, by the prospect of being for the future no more subjected to government,

ment, and in some degree mistress of themselves. The separation from their father, and the attendant pains of it, were soon forgotten in the novelty of a journey of near a hundred miles.

Mrs. Ormond, who always blended instruction with delight, pointed out the beauties of nature; led them to admire, and from admiring, to enquire the properties of plants and animals. In high spirits they arrived at Ash-Park, to which they were welcomed by their aunt with maternal affection, who shewed them the room she had destined for their use, and kindly desiring them to arrange their books and ornaments as they thought proper, left them: Inured to sloth, habituated to command a groupe of servants, whose whole business was to serve them, they felt themselves fatigued at the very idea of assorting their library. After an absence of near three hours,

hours, which had been chiefly spent at the glass, they returned to the drawing-room to tea, with a countenance fraught with friendly affection. Mrs. Ormond casually enquired how they had spent their time: "In just doing nothing, my dear Madam," replied Mary, "indeed I have not stepped a yard beyond the glass; you can scarcely imagine how excessively shocking I looked; so fatigued, so tired, I declare I am not yet recovered." "And you, Jane," said Mrs. Ormond, "what has been your employment?" "I can scarcely tell you," returned she, indolently, "much the same, though as my sister." "Doubtless," returned Mrs. Ormond, "you have arranged your books." "No, indeed, Madam," replied Jane, "we cannot tell how to do it: if you will let your woman assist us, we will direct her." "How can you direct another, my dear," said her aunt, smiling, "to

“to do that you profess yourself unable to perform?” “We could tell her how and where to place them, Madam.” “Then could you not do it yourself? And would it not be an agreeable amusement and exercise for your fancy and employment, that would relieve you from the temporary lassitude of which you complain? You shall have Martha’s assistance whenever you are really in want of any; but a little employment is necessary even for yourselves. Do you not think, Mary,” and she addressed herself particularly to her, “that some green ribbon, tied in bows, at the corner of those boards, will look tasty, and relieve the weight of the ornaments?” “Dear, Madam,” returned Mary, pettishly, “I do not think about it; I leave those things to mechanics, and such as make their livelihood by adjusting and ornamenting them. I think people of fashion have enough to
do

do without attending to trifles of that kind.”

“ Pray tell me,” said Mrs. Ormond, gravely, “ what, or whom, you call people of fashion ?” “ Indeed, Madam,” replied her niece, with increased ill-humour, “ you quite perplex and worry me with questions. People of fashion, I believe, are those whose whole study is amusement, and how to kill time.” “ To kill time, indeed,” said Mrs. Ormond; “ indeed, Mary, I should think, instead of having just immersed from your nursery, that you had employed all your faculties in finding out how to kill time, as you call it; and, to do you justice, you have amply profited by your studies: for I question if any modern fine lady in the purlieus of St. James’s, could have contrived to have murdered three hours better than you have done this afternoon; but as we shall, in all probability, pass some months together, I shall

shall briefly relate to you how I expect you to pass your time. You will rise at six; after the first duties of your closet are over, you will read either ancient or modern history till eight, then be ready to attend the breakfast-table, where you will each of you inform me of the subject of your morning studies; afterwards you will devote an hour each to music and drawing; then you will read or write either Italian, French, or English for another. It will be time to dress, for which I allow you half an hour. You will be always ready to appear with the first bell. The afternoon we will devote to amusement, either walking or riding; and the evening, unless it is occupied by visitors, either at home or abroad, you will employ in reading, and making extracts from the best authors."

Mary and her sister here interchanged looks not altogether agreeable to the feelings

of their aunt, who, however, passed over in silence for one afternoon, that which hereafter she should attend to pretty closely. She affected to consider they might be fatigued with their journey, although they had but come twenty miles; for no consideration less than life and death, could induce Mrs. Ormond to travel post. She could not bear to see a noble animal ran off its legs, and beaten by a driver to perform a task in a stated time, to which its strength was inadequate.

Talking on this subject to her nieces, as they travelled onwards, she lamented in strong and feeling terms the life of the post-horse. "I know not," she said, "any animal whose situation is more to be pitied; they are generally purchased from the stables of the great, where they have been attended with care, fed, and housed well; used only to moderate exercise, perhaps
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the greatest to follow a pack of hounds. Some sprain, or some trifling complaint, may induce the owner to part with him at a cheap rate: he is purchased by an inn-keeper, who, alive only to the calls of interest, suffers him to be worked till his poor legs are scarcely able to support him. No sooner in from the performance of one job, than a fresh demand for horses makes it necessary to employ him in a second; night and day frequently elapses without affording sufficient time for rest to the poor jaded beast to stretch himself upon his litter, and lose in sleep the memory of the day's fatigue." "Memory, Madam," said Mary, carelessly, "Do you suppose a horse has memory?" "I do, my dear, and gratitude too. I have seen instances to convince me that a horse is endowed with both. Mr. Ormond had a favourite horse, which carried him for many years,

until from age it was unable to do so longer; she was then turned into the park, in which Mr. Ormond never walked sufficiently near for the poor old creature to be sensible who it was, than she would advance to him; if he stopped, toy her head on his shoulder, and strive, by a thousand ways peculiar only to her species, to make herself noticed by him. She would follow him round the park like a child; and all the joy and sorrow of which she was capable, I am convinced she felt at his appearance and departure." "And is she still living?" Jane enquired. "No, my dear, your uncle, about a week before his death, being well enough to be taken into the air in a wheel chair I had made for the purpose, was drawn into the park; one particular spot of which was, when in health, his favourite walk; his mare, as usual, saw him, and essayed to rise to meet him;

him; the attempt, for a length of time, was vain? but what will not perseverance effect, with much difficulty she got upon her legs, with more she attained the spot where for a few minutes her master was stationary." "Poor Jenny," said Mr. Ormond, as he saw her slowly advancing, her head bent almost to the ground, 'thou hast, like me, almost run thy race; like mine, thine is a life of pain.' "The faithful animal was now within a few paces of her master, the effort she had made to reach him had been too much for her feeble frame to support. She gently stretched herself upon the soft grass, looked up for a few moments, as if she would say, 'I have striven to come and die at your feet, but am unable.' "One or two painful heavings of her heart only passed, before her eyes were shut in death. Mr. Ormond was so much affected by the circumstance,

cumstance, that it drew tears from his eyes. He ordered, what is seldom done, that her remains, instead of being sold for the hounds, should be buried; and as she was an equal favourite with the servants, as with their master, his commands were obeyed with alacrity; and she now lies under the great oak on the western side of the park, close by the rising hill which overlooks the village."

Miss Hornsbys were by no means pleased with the plan Mrs. Ormond had chalked out for their improvement: they had flattered themselves that they were to be left to pursue the bent of their own inclinations, unfettered and uncontrouled by any authority. Mary openly expressed her surprise and dislike at it, pertly saying, "that she imagined, when they were taken from under the care of Madam Dorivant, they should no longer be pestered with lessons
and

and exercises; that, for her part, she should act as she pleased, and not be treated as a child all her life. The only difference she could at present find, was that they were under government at Ash-park instead of Harley-street."

To this very impertinent speech, her aunt made no reply, determined to pursue the plan she had adopted; nor to suffer her niece to think, that when once her will was made known, any objections or dissatisfaction she might betray, could set it aside. Willing, however, to learn the ideas they had formed for their future conduct, or the plan they might have thought to pursue, she enquired of Jane, how she would fill her time, if left to her choice. Jane looked at Mary, and Mary at Jane. It was a puzzling question: they had neither any idea of arranging time so systematically as to make every hour of importance,

ance. "We would," at length she hesitatingly answered, "just follow the bent of our inclinations, work, read, or play, as we felt inclined." "And do you not think, my dear, it would be better to devote a particular time for these pursuits, than to drive them off. It is probable you may have no inclination to either read, work, touch the instrument, or take up the pencil during the morning. In the afternoon it is a chance if we do not either go out or have some friend; you cannot then, out of politeness, follow the bent of your inclination, if it led you to either. Thus a day would be lost, probably many in the same way; but if you arrange your time properly, you will find it not only well occupied, but that you will have much to spare."

Neither of the sisters could oppose any argument sufficiently strong to combat their
aunt's

aunt's reasoning; and they passed the evening in a kind of sulky dissatisfaction, very unpleasant to their kind relative. After tea Mrs. Ormond proposed a walk to some cottages, the residents of which were fed and supported by her bounty; she invited her nieces to accompany her. Jane was in a minute ready to comply, but Mary again objected, saying, "she had no idea of visiting such low creatures; and she wondered at her sister's folly in complying with the whims of Mrs. Ormond; that for her part she was resolved to resist them, to convince her that she would maintain a will of her own, and not be dragged about as she pleased."

This speech was uttered in the absence of Mrs. Ormond. Jane, influenced by her sister's example, and unwilling to be behind hand with her in striving for her prerogative,

rogative, pulled off her bonnet and tippet, and sat down in a chair by the window, indolently leaning her head upon her hands. Mrs. Ormond returned in a minute, equipped for her walk, and opening the door, was surprised to see her nieces just as she left them. "Are you not ready, my dears? Come, be quick, or we shall lose time." "We do not mean to go out, Madam," said Mary, who was generally spokeswoman: "Not mean to go out," replied her aunt, "why, what do you mean to do with yourselves this fine evening?" "I don't know," Mary returned, "but we shant go out." Mrs. Ormond shook her head. "You have been ill taught, my dears, you are deficient even in the common rules of politeness; but come without hesitation or demur. I expect your immediate compliance. You have had little or no exercise to day, and it is necessary you should take
it

it in moderation; therefore put on your bonnets and be ready."

There was a firm decisiveness in the character and manners of Mrs. Ormond that forbid trifling: and whatever repugnance her nieces might feel, they found it necessary to comply, though their compliance was given with a very ill grace. The evening was mild and placid; nature exhibited her most lovely colours; and the glowing and rich tints of the warm and luxuriant landscape around them insensibly harmonized the spirits, and tranquilized the mind: of this, in spite of themselves, Mary and Jane Hornsby became sensible. The beauties of creation, by engaging their attention, drew from them observations which pleased their aunt to listen to; and increased in her bosom the wish to be instrumental to the improvement of their hearts. Mrs. Ormond, who, by a thousand acts of kindness,

kindness, had endeared herself to her poor tenants, was received by them with the most heart-felt joy. She listened with the most patient attention to all their little complaints, soothed them, prescribed, and administered to their wants. The little children ran to her, some bringing their books, some their work; all brought a little recommendation to her notice; and all were received with sweetness and affection. This was a scene so new to her nieces, that they could not but express their astonishment; at the same time it was blended with contempt, at what they termed her meanness, "to be pawed about by a parcel of dirty children," said Mary, indignantly, "have one's cloaths soiled by their grubby fingers, and give up one's time and attention to their complaints. My aunt may make a rout about waste of time, but I am sure this is a waste indeed. For
my

my part I should scarcely think all the water in the Thames sufficient to clean me, after being handled by them."

This conversation, which passed as they were returning home, was overheard by their excellent aunt; who, unwilling that any opportunity should be lost of conveying instruction, or rectifying their errors, advanced to them. "I am concerned, my dear Mary, to be under the necessity of always finding fault; but I should think I was deficient both in duty and affection, if I suffered your errors to pass unnoticed. It must be pride that dictated the last speech I heard you utter. I will not suppose you spoke your real sentiments; but that, influenced by a little resentment, you have suffered your temper to subdue your real feelings. One of the most important of our duties, is charity. When Providence blessed one with more of this world's goods than

than another, he did not design them wholly for the gratification of luxury, but to be of service to others whom he has pleased to place in a more humble sphere. Prosperity, then, was given us as a blessing by the Almighty; who meant by this partial good to enable us to relieve the wants of those whose distresses call for our assistance, to mitigate their pains, to soothe their sorrows, and as far as is possible to heal those wounds the hand of poverty inflicts. By doing this, we deserve the good Providence has so bountifully bestowed on us; by a different conduct we frequently call down the wrath of heaven, which often deprives us of that good we did not know how to use.

“The richest reward of a good action, is the consciousness of having performed our duty, and the feeling it conveys to the heart, of having acted conformably to the will

will of the Supreme goodness; which is as much interested for the lowly inhabitant of the meanest cottage, as for the splendid owner of a palace. So far from thinking it a disgrace to visit my poor neighbours, I feel double pleasure in it. The little tales of their sufferings I attend to, to soothe them, if I can, either by counsel or assistance, given in the way it is most wanted. If they have pleasures to communicate, I participate them also. The infantine caresses of their children I receive, because I know they are sincere; and am interested in their improvement, because I have put the means in their power, and am therefore happy to find they are not misapplied. Believe me, my child, it is not in the splendid apartments of the rich and luxurious I find pleasure; so very little sincerity dwells among the inhabitants of the great world, that after a

short residence among them, I sigh for the quiet and peace of my own house. Here I see nature unwarped by passion, prejudice, or fashion. Here the glow of real pleasure animates the countenance as I approach: and the voice of sincerity gladdens my ear. It is politic, as well as necessary, that the owner of landed property should be well known and well respected by his tenants. By keeping an eye over them, he sees his estate is taken care of; besides, the love of his tenantry is the best security for himself and his property. But let me ask you, Mary, were you never instructed in the duties man owes to man? Do you not suppose, that those poor people, who labour hard for a maintenance, and bring up a family of children serviceable to their country, are more useful members of society than those who indolently pass through life immersed in dissipation,
by

thistles. Thus then, in effect, we are the obliged. It is true, we pay them for their labour; so we ought: for, without it, wretched indeed would be our situation. It is from the hands of the humble all our necessities, comforts, and luxuries are supplied; and we shew little gratitude to them, and less to the Almighty; when we permit the most serviceable of his creatures to be unrelieved in the hour of calamity." "Ah! dear aunt," said Jane, "I wish we had been taught to think as you do." "My dear child," replied her affectionate relative, "that wish gives me hope, that the little errors I see in your disposition will be soon amended."

Mary, who felt her pride hurt at what she termed being so repeatedly lectured, walked home in sullen silence; while Jane, on whom the counsels of their aunt began to make some impression, walked by her side,

side, asking a thousand questions on different subjects.

The breakfast next morning waited a considerable time before Miss Hornsby were ready to attend it; and when they made their appearance, they were dressed in so slovenly a manner, that their aunt took notice of it, and enquired at what hour they rose. A deep blush overspread their cheeks at this question: they felt ashamed of having already disobeyed the commands of their aunt, and hesitated in replying.

“Judging, by your appearance, ladies,” said Mrs. Ormond, with a severity in her look and manner that increased their confusion, “you have not been risen a sufficient time to permit you to make yourselves even commonly neat.” “We were not called, Madam,” said Mary, in a hesitating voice. “Not called? why I ordered Mar-
tha,

tha, after she had been in my room, to come to your's. I must tell her of her negligence; she is not used either to disobey commands, or be forgetful of them." She then rung the bell, and ordered Martha to attend. "How come you, Martha," said Mrs. Ormond, in a mild and gentle voice, "not to call my nieces when I told you." "I did, Madam," returned the girl, in evident surprise; "I went up to the bedside of the ladies, and wakened them thoroughly: Miss Hornsby must recollect it, because she spoke to me." "There is some mistake," said Mrs. Ormond, as she cast her eyes upon the countenance of her nieces, whose cheeks were dyed with blushes. "You may retire, Martha, I am satisfied."

The tone in which Mrs. Ormond pronounced these last words, implied that she was convinced her nieces had uttered a
falsehood

falsehood to cover a fault; and no sooner was the servant withdrawn, than she taxed them with it. "You have done wrong, very wrong, children," said she, in the same tone in which she usually addressed them. "You have not only broken one of the most sacred commands of the Almighty, but you have exposed yourselves to a servant. You have drawn upon you her contempt; and had nearly subjected her to an unmerited reproof. You are of an age now to consider the value of truth. You need not be told, surely, that a fault is trebled by a lie; or that one draws on many others, For shame! for shame! I thought, and said, you had been badly instructed in the material parts of education. Such, however, as are necessary to fix the characters and give dignity to the mind. But I did not suppose that the danger, folly, and extreme wickedness of uttering

tering falshoods, had not been pointed out to you. Suppose I were of a hasty and passionate temper, impatient under contradiction, and apt to take offence upon trivial causes, I might have given Martha her dismissal. She has no father or mother; no relative, that I know, upon earth, nor friend to whom she could go. As I took her an orphan into my house, where her conduct has insured her respect, brought her up to the present hour, and have hitherto found in her the most grateful and attentive of human beings; suppose, under the influence of fancied offence, I had discharged her, whither would she have gone, or what would have become of her? The chance of her immediately procuring another place is precarious. She would have been living on the little savings of her past life; and when they had been exhausted, what might not have been the consequences?

quences? Believe me, children, as you are advanced in years, the idea of having driven out a young woman shelterless into the world, would have been a load on your hearts not easily shaken off. Learn, then, the value of truth; a lie uttered even in jest, may do, and often does, much mischief. It is a vice against which I would have you carefully guard, and by no means be prevailed on to utter."

Shame and remorse were visible in the countenances of Miss Hornsbys; the admonition of their aunt seemed to make some impression on them; for several days their conduct was such as could not but give pleasure to Mrs. Ormond, who founded upon it hopes, that the task she had undertaken would not be attended with the difficulty she feared. Their reading, drawing, and music, were each undertaken and executed with good will; and they frankly owned,

owned, that the time thus employed, passed away quicker than they wished. They attended their aunt in her evening walks to the cottage; and if they did not express any pleasure from these visits, they at least forbore to manifest any dissatisfaction or impatience. Thus smoothly and pleasantly, both to themselves and entertainer, passed a week; but Sunday being arrived, and their ordinary pursuits being of course impeded, it became a day of restlessness and ill temper. Even the time passed in church was evidently against their inclination; and the uneasiness and inattention they betrayed during divine service, shewed with what little importance they had been taught to regard the performance of their sacred duties. Mrs. Ormond remonstrated with them on this neglect, and pointed out the extreme impropriety and misconduct of which they were guilty. In the evening

of

of this day it had ever been Mrs. Ormond's custom to call her servants together, and as they were at some distance from the parish-church, to read over the service, and conclude with a sermon and hymns. Martha, who had, as has been said, been brought up under the eye of her mistress, usually performed this service; but being indisposed with a pain in her mouth and teeth, Mrs. Ormond requested her niece to undertake the office. She did, but with so ill a grace, and read in so careless and unconcerned a manner, that her aunt took the book from her hand, and herself performed the service. Miss Hornsby, not devoid of sensibility, felt the rebuke thus publickly given; nor lifted up her eyes again during the service. After the servants had retired, Mrs. Ormond rose to retire to her chamber, where, for an hour before supper, she usually passed her time

on this day. "I will spare your feelings, Mary," said she, as she passed her; "I will not wound them more than I perceive them already hurt. You will do well to be more observant in future; nor thus subject yourself to public reproof." "What a parade," cried Mary, as soon as her aunt had quitted the room; "I am sick of the fuss there is constantly made about duties. Such a Sunday as we have passed, for my part, I shall dread its arrival, if we are thus to be preaching and praying all day. I wish we were again in Harley-street; I am sick to death of Ash-park." "But my aunt is very kind to us, Mary," said Jane; "and though it is tiresome to be so long shut up, yet certainly we ought not to complain of that, since she studies to make us happy in other respects. For my part, I think the life we lead here very pleasant; and I own, I feel sorry when I
have

have offended her by pettishness or frowardness. I do really believe, Mary, she loves us, and that all she says and does is for our good." "Fiddle, faddle," returned Mary, with increased ill-humour, "you will soon be as bad as Mrs. Ormond, and fit only to hum-drum with her in this dull place. I wish papa would send for us home; I am confident, if he does not, I shall die of the vapours."

Thus passed this evening. The hour of retirement arriving, freed Mary from the restraint which she felt in the presence of her aunt, discontented and vexed she retired to bed.

On the following morn Mrs. Ormond seemed to forget the occurrences of the day before, and treated her nieces with the same tenderness and affection as usual. Mary, who expected another rebuke for the conduct of the past day, sat in fearful

expectation of its being given. She applied herself to her different occupations with redoubled diligence, and astonished her aunt by the prompt and ready manner with which she performed them; striving, by her diligence, to obliterate from the mind of Mrs. Ormond the faults of the preceding day.

The afternoon of Monday being remarkably fine, their aunt proposed a ride to a village about five miles distant, which was situated at the sea-side. The ride was pleasantly diversified by the alternate prospect which land and water, hill and valley, afforded. At the entrance of the village Mrs. Ormond alighted, and ordered the carriage to return, saying, "that as the evening promised to be fine, they would walk home across the fields. The village they entered was but an obscure one, inhabited chiefly by poor fishermen, whose subsistence

subsistence was drawn from the ocean. Mrs. Ormond, who was the unwearied benefactress of the deserving, was soon surrounded by its simple inhabitants, whose artless expressions of respect were received with kindness by her to whom it was addressed. The ample view of the ocean which this little village afforded, was new to Jane and Mary, who had never yet approached it so near. Their aunt indulged them in a walk on the beach, while she visited a resident of a cottage, who was confined to it by illness. The bold expanse of waters which rolled at their feet, and which bore on its surface the lofty vessel, whose sails spreading to the breeze, carried it majestically along, was food for surprise to those who had never yet seen any larger than such as ply on the Thames. The smaller vessels, which were now just sailing to supply the families of their own-

ers with the means of subsistence, afforded a striking contrast, and gave life to a picture already beautiful. The sun now hiding his broad beams beneath the waters, threw a rich and crimson hue over the landscape, which could not fail to engage the eye and elevate the heart of every human being who had learned to reflect upon the wonders performed by the arm of Omnipotence.

“I should like to sketch this view, Jane,” said her sister. “That point of land which juts out, and on which the light-house is placed, would be a beautiful object; while the smoothness of the sea, the gentle breeze which but just fills the sails of the larger vessel, and skims the smaller so lightly forward, would bring it home to imagination, and give life to the prospect.” “Let us go on the sands then,” said Jane, “perhaps some piece of rock
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may afford you a sitting, and you may then prosecute your design with comfort."

They immediately descended the beach, and having found a proper place, Mary took out her pencil and began her task. The design was nearly completed, when Jane, who had been anxiously watching the progress of her sister's pencil, said, "and there, Mary, is a figure to add to your picture." Mary looked up, and saw a tall thin figure of a man, habited in black, with a book in his hand, approaching them. Seeing them engaged, he waited at some distance. Mary continued her sketch; and catching the attitude in which the stranger stood, who, leaning against a piece of rock, apparently deeply engaged by his book, she had an opportunity of finishing her piece to advantage. She then committed it to her pocket-book, and taking her sister under the arm, was returning

turning to the village. The stranger bowed as they passed; and they had scarcely proceeded half a dozen yards, when their aunt joined them. The stranger followed.

The little enquiries Mrs. Ormond had to make at the village were soon over, and the purposes of her benevolent visit were answered; when observing to her nieces that it grew late, and that the sun was declining very fast, she hastened them onwards, walking a quick pace. They soon lost sight of the village, and were crossing the second field, when the stranger, who had still kept them in sight, and in a half-toned, half-faltering voice, told them to stop. Unaccustomed to fear, in a place like that where they then were, Mrs. Ormond thought she might have dropped something, did not hesitate to do as he told her. He then demanded their watches and purses, but in a tone of voice which

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told them they had little to fear. They hesitated, till the question was repeated in a louder tone. Tremblingly they were offered; as tremblingly taken. The robber stopped for a minute, looked at the watches, "take them back," said he, in the deep tone of sorrowing anguish, "them I want not; your purses may save a wife and five infants from perishing." By this account Mrs. Ormond judged he was a foreigner. Her heart ever alive to sentiments of humanity, felt interested for him. A moment's reflection convinced her he was no common robber. The manner in which he accosted them, the trepidation and fear he betrayed; above all, the sallow, meagre look, the sunken eye, and heavy dejection; which, notwithstanding his assumed fierceness, was evident in his look. Struck to her heart, and recovering herself a little from the surprise and
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temporary alarm she had suffered, she addressed him in words of soothing compassion; but no sooner did she begin to speak, than he darted like a frightened bird away from her, and was out of sight in an instant.

Jane and Mary, who had been terrified almost to fainting during the whole proceeding, were revived at his departure, and expressed their joy at it. Mrs. Ormond was lost in amazement at the strangeness of his conduct; she, however, was more internally convinced, that something more than common had driven him to the commission of the crime, resolved, if possible, to trace him out, and enquire into his circumstances. She desired her nieces not to mention a word of the robbery, nor to give the least hint of having been terrified by it. Wondering, without daring to ask, (for terror had so far gained possession

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sion of them, that they were fearful even of speaking to each other, lest they should be overheard, and again attacked) they acquiesced in silence to their aunt's desire. Arrived at home, they longed to give utterance to their feelings, and talk over the affair, but a fresh and positive command from their aunt repelled their inclination.

After this adventure, Mrs. Ormond was fearful of walking far from home unattended by a servant. Except a few bickerings with each other, Miss Hornsbys had conducted themselves in a manner to entitle them to warm commendation from their affectionate relative, who expressed her satisfaction by making them a very handsome present. Miss Hornsby's was a pair of globes, elegantly mounted. Her sister's, a small and elegant work-table. These presents, costly in themselves, and useful as well as ornamental, was the means
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of producing much animosity between the sisters, particularly Jane; who, as has been said, had a species of envy in her disposition, very difficult to correct or eradicate. Mary, whose understanding and abilities were much superior to her sister's, took much pleasure in profiting by her kind aunt's present. Always fond of geography, she now applied to it with redoubled diligence. Her progress not only gratified, but delighted her aunt, who was more and more convinced that the seeds of knowledge, which had been but superficially planted, might, by attention, produce much real fruit. Jane, who envied her sister the praise lavished on her, wished that she had had the present of the globes, and her sister the table. The applause which her sister received caused her frequently to wish that she could excel; this wish strengthened every day, and at length she applied herself

herself so attentively to it, that her aunt seeing how really anxious she was to continue the study, took upon herself the task of instructing her, and promised her as a reward, a pair of globes of equal size and beauty with her sister's. Her diligence soon obtained this reward; and Mrs. Ormond saw, with equal pride and pleasure, that her nieces began to take delight in useful study. By way of diversifying their amusements, she gave them the works of Racine and Corneille to translate; from them she proceeded to Italian; and happening to have some knowledge of a master of that language, who was competent to the task of instructing, she engaged him at her own expence to attend her nieces. The summer thus glided sweetly and rationally away.

Mrs. Ormond had introduced her nieces to a set of people she called her pensioners;

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their habitations were built at the southward extremity of the park, sheltered from sight by a thick wood. These poor people, wholly dependant on the bounty of Mrs. Ormond, were at once objects of charity and pity. Not one out of the number, for there were twelve, but had some bodily calamity or deformity. Two were blind, three were lame in their hands and feet; all were afflicted so as to prevent their earning a subsistence for themselves. "I am going," said this excellent woman to her nieces, "to introduce you to some objects, whose afflictions, while they move your pity, will serve to convince you, that the Almighty does not always reserve his judgments for a future state; but sends them upon earth, to convince man that he is in His power, and that in a moment He can destroy his fairest prospects, blight his finest buds, and mark him as a creature of misery.

misery. The little histories of these my unfortunate pensioners, will convince you, that though born to high expectations, ennobled by birth, or enriched by fortune, we are not above the visitations of Providence."

They entered the cottages, which contained each two inhabitants; they were all variously employed: the blind were knitting; they who were lame with their hands were employed in reading; they who were lame with their feet were spinning on small table wheels, which required the hand to turn them; two, whose calamity obstructed neither the use of their hands and feet, were occupied in household work. One young woman, whose age did not appear to exceed two and twenty, particularly attracted our young peoples notice; and they both, as by common consent, asked their aunt who she was, and what was her name. "It is

Jane Mason," replied Mrs. Ormond; "she is not by right entitled to this shelter; but the circumstances which induced her to ask it, are such as made me unwilling to deny." "May we ask what they were, Madam," said Jane. "Certainly."

"The father of this unfortunate young woman rented a small farm, the profits of which supported himself, a wife, and five children, of whom Jane was the eldest; when she had attained her twelfth year, her mother died of the small-pox, which she caught in attending a neighbour who was seized with the disorder, but who had always believed herself to have had it in infancy. The contagion spread through the family of farmer Mason; none except Jane and the farmer having had it. The whole care of nursing her mother and the four children devolved upon this poor girl; for such is the dread the country people have

have of this disease, that they will leave their habitation to avoid it, and shun the neighbourhood in which it shews itself, as if it were infected by the plague.

“Jane, with assiduous duty, attended her mother and brothers; her little heart was nearly broken when she found there was no possibility of her parent’s recovery, yet still she restrained herself before her; constantly gave such accounts of the rest of the family as should be most satisfactory to her parent. Her time, filled up between the sick-chambers of the invalids, was fully occupied; yet, though she was frequently fatigued to death, hardly able to support herself, not a complaint or murmur escaped her. In spite of all Jane’s tenderness and care she had the misfortune to lose her mother; whose sufferings, upon the turn of this fatal disorder, were more than her constitution could struggle with. She died,

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however, sufficiently sensible to enforce with her last breath the necessity of a strict performance of her moral and religious duties on the mind of her weeping child, and leaving her children to her care, resigned up her soul to her maker.

“ Thus you see, at the age of twelve years, when many, alas! too many, think only of their dolls and childish follies, this poor child was called to the execution of the serious duties of life. Her father was too poor to permit him to engage an assistant in his domestic concerns. Thus Jane had the family, the house, the concerns of her little dairy, to manage herself. But Jane had been brought up in habits of industry; she had never known the tedium and languor arising from idleness indulged. Thus her spirits and health were good; naturally active, she considered how many were the duties she had to perform; and she

she strove to perform them with credit. Her sister and brothers were always clean, and her little cottage always neat and decent; and no dairy in the country would bear inspection better than Jane's. Thus time passed sweetly on for three years. This good girl was the soother of her father's cares, the mother of his children, the child that caused his heart to throb with pleasure. But poor Jane had another trial to undergo: her father was afflicted with the rheumatism, and it increased upon him so rapidly, that he lost the use of his hands and knees. This was a dreadful blow upon the poor farmer, he could not look after his men; all was going to wreck. Jane again exerted herself: with a few instructions from her father, she soon became competent to the task she undertook; she was at home, in the fields, every where. Things went on well, for Jane

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was unremitting in her attention; and as the farmer was now incapable of any exertion, the whole care of the farm devolved upon her. She bought and sold, superintended the men, minded the house: every thing was done by her, and under her inspection. What will not industry effect, and perseverance accomplish? Jane was frequently laughed at, called the petticoated farmer, and the female farmer; but Jane heeded it not. "I am but doing my duty," she would say; "and I am not to set aside the performance of it because I am laughed at."

"Jane had also a sweetheart, a young and deserving man, whose father rented a large farm; but who, nevertheless, saw and appreciated Jane's virtues. He was content that she should become his daughter-in-law. But Jane, who felt that the existence of five people depended on herself, would

would not become the wife even of the man she loved, while there was a probability of their suffering by it. Her lover felt the nobleness of her conduct, and applauded her for it. He offered to stand in her place, to be to them a son and a father; but his mistress would not consent. "Her two eldest brothers," she said, "would soon be able to take the farm; the third wished to learn the business of a smith; and little Dolly, her sister, was yet too young to fix to any kind of servitude. A few years, Edward," she said, "if you have patience to wait so long, may make a great alteration." Edward was obliged to be convinced by her reasons. He waited a few years. The two eldest boys had taken the management of the farm, the third was bound to the trade he chose to follow, and Dolly was just going to live in a neighbouring gentleman's family, as
assistant

assistant to the house-keeper. The old farmer was still alive, enjoying himself in spite of external pain, in the duteous attention and affection of his children.

“Christmas-day approached: on the New Year’s-day Jane and her faithful Edward were to be united. The whole family were assembled, talking over the happiness in prospect. A chearful evening had passed. Edward, with his own family, had left farmer Mason’s at a late hour, and were returned to their own house; where they had not arrived more than two hours, ere they were disturbed by the alarm of fire at farmer Mason’s. In an instant Edward was on the spot, where the conflagration was indeed dreadful. House, barns, all were on fire. His first anxiety was to save his Jane, whom, at the peril of his life, he snatched from the flames.” “Oh, save my father! dear Edward, save my father!” was her

her first cry. "And the children, alas! I had not time to wake them." "Edward rushed forward to obey her. Dreadful obedience!—he had scarcely reached the burning roof ere it gave way, and himself, the farmer, and his four children, were buried in the ruins. The screams of the half-frantic Jane, who had witnessed the transaction, now drew the attention of the multitude. All were ready to render her service, either personal or through another. The still blazing ruins were dug, but, alas! in vain; the sufferers had passed from the confines of mortality; and Jane endured a suspension of misery only by the loss of reason, which fled at this unexpected and dreadful stroke. For six months she was closely confined, and subjected to the most severe treatment. Her memory then returned, but, alas! to what purpose; all her affections were buried in the ruins of her little cottage: she was an isolated unfriended

friended being. The family of her lover would, indeed, still have noticed her, but her heart was vacant: the one, whose unremitting attachment had sweetened her thorny way, had died in her service; she could not, therefore, see his family. She turned every look of their's into a reproach, and their words as daggers.

“ At this time Mr. Ormond built these cottages; it was our intention to apply them only to the use of such whose external misfortunes would prevent them getting their bread elsewhere; but, when we heard the story of Jane Mason, saw this once blooming, but now blighted flower, we could not deny the shelter she solicited; our hearts were gratified by having it in our power to foster real worth. The cottage she resides in is the best of the six. Every little alleviation we could bestow was cheerfully given. She is grateful and contented, with-
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out being happy. The barbed arrow, alas! has probed her poor heart too severely. Her reason is yet suspended but by a thread, at times. It is even now shaken; and she has had more than one or two fits of delirium since she has been a resident of the cottage. I would, indeed, have placed her in a different situation, but her mind seemed bent upon that she now has; and I yielded. I feel a more than common interest in the fate of this poor girl, whose deserts are much above all that can be done for her. In her rambling fits she generally comes to the park, asks for me, and if I am not very particularly engaged, is admitted. All her talk is then of her father, of her Edward, and little Dolly. I hear her with patience, and strive to soothe her. I fear she is inclining to a relapse; for, from the silence she observes, and the attitudes she

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takes, I judge her reason is becoming unsettled."

Mary and Jane, who had wept plentifully during this recital, now besought their aunt to persuade Jane Mason to come to the park. "We will, dear Madam," said Mary, "unite our endeavours with your's, to soothe this unfortunate and hapless sufferer. Perhaps she may in time become sensible of our attention, and be consoled by them." "This wish does honor to your hearts, my children," replied their aunt. "I fear she would not willing move; and I could neither force, or compel her by argument, to act against her inclination. You may, however, try your influence, but do not be rudely pressing; deal with tenderness by her feelings, nor do not make your request till you have become more acquainted. If she at length yields

yields to your request, the bed-chamber and little dressing-room adjoining your own shall be appropriated to her use. She is fond of singing, Mary; and, before she was visited by this heavy calamity, used to sing the most pathetic and charming little ballads I ever heard; nay, frequently since, in her fits of delirium, she will sing wild snatches of various tunes, and that with a voice so sweet, so melodious, as was sufficient to draw tears from any eyes. Poor hapless girl! her merit and her sufferings alike endear her to every heart."

From this day Jane and Mary were constant visitors at the cottages. Jenny Mason, accustomed to them, began to take pleasure in their company, and to be consoled by it. Several weeks passed in an intercourse of kindness. The anniversary of the day on which all the hopes of poor Jane had been buried in the flames arrived; as it approach-

ed, the poor unfortunate girl dwelt on it. Not a day but was ushered in with tears, nor closed without them. At length her mind again became unsettled, and the delirium rose too high to be governed without assistance from those who were accustomed to rule over unfortunate maniacs. For more than a month this afflicted girl laid utterly insensible, either to severity or kindness. Mary and Jane Hornsby, who, from pitying, had learned to love this innocent victim of calamity, devoted all their leisure to her. She soon became sensible of their attentions. Her weakened reason gave symptom of return, and her limbs were consequently set at liberty from the bands which had held them. No doubt appearing of her returning convalescence, the attentions of her nurse relaxed, and she was sometimes left to her own reflections for two or three hours. From fits of raving, her
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mind had sunk to gloomy despondence; and she was content to sit hours, nay, days without uttering a word. Her constitution, unable to resist the frequent shocks it had sustained, gradually sunk beneath them. Her last attack had left her so weakened, that it was with difficulty she could move; every day produced fresh symptoms of decay, and the physician pronounced her in a rapid consumption. Within a fortnight after her last return to reason, she was but the shadow of her former self: her pale emaciated countenance, now flushed by the passing hectic, now chilled by the hand of death, gave certain indications of her approaching end. Her senses resumed their functions; and as her bodily strength decayed, her mental strength increased. Mrs. Ormond and her nieces, more than ever interested for her, seldom left the cottages. The poor patient sufferer felt and welcomed the approach

proach of the grim tyrant: he had been a visitor long desired; and she felt in him a sure respite from the cares of mortality. Torn from every earthly attachment, her soul became weaned from it. Her hopes were placed in a brighter region; and she anxiously anticipated the hour which should join her to her Father and her Edward. The day preceding her death, she talked with Mrs. Ormond on her future prospects, begged them to pray that her transition from this world to the next, might be performed without pain or much internal suffering; assured them she felt a consciousness of happiness that inspired hope, and made her ardently wish for her release. She blessed her kind protectress for her goodness; prayed that it might be rewarded both in this world and the next. She warned Miss Hornsby not to set their affections upon things of this world, but to make themselves

themselves acquainted with their heavenly Father. After much of this discourse, her mind became unsettled, and formed in itself a thousand illusive ideas.

Neither Mrs. Ormond, or her nieces, quitted her through the night. Towards morning her respiration became short and thick; she articulated only short and broken sentences; fancied herself at one time talking to her father, then to her lover; at length she fell into a gentle doze, from which she waked much refreshed. She beckoned Mrs. Ormond, Mary, and Jane, to her bedside; her voice was too feeble for utterance, and her breath still grew shorter. She made them sensible, however, that she died happy; that she had seen her father and her lover, who had invited her to the regions of bliss. Then stopping for breath, her eyes became instantly animated; a something celestial seemed to beam in them.

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With an extraordinary effort of strength she raised herself up in bed, and extending her arms, said, with an articulate voice and animated gesture, "bright spirit, I come!" Then fell back on her pillow, and without a groan expired. Miss Hornsbys, unaccustomed to scenes of this kind, were quite overcome by it, and gave way to the emotions they felt, with a violence that shocked their kind relative; who, with the same feeling and gentleness that ever distinguished her, gave the necessary orders relative to the body. She gently withdrew her nieces from the chamber of death, and after suffering their first emotions to have vent, reasoned with them upon the folly of thus suffering their feelings to subdue their reason. "For this poor girl, my dear children," said Mrs. Ormond, in a voice of kindness, "we ought not to sorrow, to one whose life has only been productive of misery;

misery; in which she has seen her fairest hopes dashed to the ground, and every opening prospect obscured by the fell hand of calamity. Death is but a repose from misery; a refuge to which she looked as a shelter from future ills; and having performed her part well, filled her allotted station with propriety, and her duties with pleasure and alacrity, she has nothing to dread. Religion sweetened the bitter draught of death; and conscience, hope, and the certainty of future happiness, smoothed her pillow. Short has been her earthly race, but her virtues are matured. Fled from the dark confines of mortality, her bright spirit is journeying to an everlasting mansion of peace and comfort. Myriads of angels are on their way to meet her; and her soul reaching now its last happy goal, shall be rejoined by those she loved, never more to be separated."

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Mrs. Ormond then walked home, attended by her nieces.

The funeral of Jane Mason was performed with great decency, by the desire, and at the expence, of Miss Hornsby's. A small neat grave-stone was placed over her remains; her name and age were inscribed on it; and underneath was written, "Innocence and virtue cannot preserve us from the shafts of calamity; but there is hope beyond the grave, and on that hope does her soul repose."

To avoid confusion, I have finished the story of Jane Mason; but we must now retrace the conduct of Miss Hornsby's. During summer they had conformed to their aunt's regulation of their time; at first from necessity, then from custom, and last from choice. Their conduct had certainly mended their tempers, especially Jane, who was undergoing visible improvement,

ment. Mary could not yet subdue those frequent and irregular starts of passion to which she had accustomed herself to yield; a trifle was sufficient to disorder her spirits and derange her temper. Mrs. Ormond, whose mild, gentle, and persuasive manners, commanded the love and esteem of all who knew her, frequently reasoned with her on her petulance; and painted the horrible consequences of passion, in language so forcible, so energetic, that she could not fail of being convinced by her arguments; yet she had not strength of mind sufficient to combat with herself, or by her own exertions, to remedy the faults in her temper. It was after some proof of passion that Mrs. Ormond again represented its baneful effects, and proposed a walk to a village about half a mile distant. "I will there, Mary," said she, "convince you, that I have argued only from truth."

truth." Mary, with a very ill grace, accompanied her aunt. They proceeded on in silence until they arrived at the door of a large handsome house, with jealousies at every window; they were immediately admitted.

"I have called, Mr. Carter," said she, addressing herself to the master of it, "to enquire after the unfortunate woman I recommended to you a few weeks since. How is she?" "Not better, Madam; her paroxisms, if not so frequent, are more violent, and last longer." "Poor creature! may I not see her?" "Certainly, Madam; but she is confined." "What, chained!" "Yes, Madam, she is beyond idea unruly and violent. Perhaps the sight of you may have some effect upon her." Mr. Carter led up two pair of stairs, to a small ill-furnished room, where sat what had once been a fine tall woman, of a
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haughty and commanding aspect; her fierce black eyes rolled wildly to every corner of the room, and now encountering the mild and benevolent ones of Mrs. Ormond, darted uncommon fury. She rose, however, with a native grace and elegance, that even the dominion of insanity could not alter. "It is you brought me hither," said she, in a voice so piercingly penetrating, that Mary shrunk from the sound of it, and retired behind her aunt. "It is you that have subjected me to the treatment I every day receive from that monster and his associates. Be gone, lest I imbrew my hands again in blood. I will be revenged of the insult. Release me, unhand me." And she struggled violently. Feeling the chains that confined her, and finding the struggle ineffectual, she sat down: the haggard look of despair overspreading her cheeks. She crossed her hands on her bosom, her head

sunk upon her chest, and her eyes raised to heaven, exhibited scarcely more than their whites; two or three deep and heart-heaved sighs escaped her. From the shrill piercing tones of anger her voice became mild and plaintive. Two or more half-uttered sentences broke from her lips; they were then for a short time closed, but at length breaking the temporary silence, she exclaimed, "Murderous wretch! Unnatural mother! Lucy, dear Lucy. Oh! could sighs, groans, or even my blood, recall thee to life. What a deed!" And she shuddered dreadfully. "See! see! look!" And her eyes frightfully glared as she tried to rub something off her garment. "There are the spots. See how the blood bursts from her nose and mouth. Oh, save her! save her!" Much of this kind of incoherent raving escaped her. Her passions increased, with delirium, till at length she was obliged to

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be committed to the care of her keepers; and Mrs. Ormond and Mary descended in tears to the parlour, when, after a short conversation with Mr. Carter, they returned home.

Mary, who had never before seen any one under the influence of insanity, was inexpressibly shocked; and after walking silently by the side of her aunt for some time, she at length asked her who it was they had been visiting. "I will give you her history, Mary," said Mrs. Ormond, "I trust you will profit by it. I should not, at your years, have led you to such a scene of misery as that you have just witnessed, had I not flattered myself you would derive benefit from it. I know not any sight that can wound the feeling heart more than that of an object labouring under the misfortune of loss of intellect; to think, for a moment, on what they suffer,

on what they undergo. Confined in a strait jacket, so pinioned, that their arms, and sometimes their feet, have not power to move; scourged sometimes with a whip, threatened at others, always terrified into obedience; besides other discipline which they are compelled to endure. How degrading! how heart breaking! and yet, Mary, what makes this calamity, in my opinion, still more grievous, is, that it generally shews itself upon people of elevated minds, enlarged understanding, and acute sensibility. I believe there never was an instance where a fool, or an idiot, were visited by this malady. Alas! as in the instance of this poor lady, it too often springs from the effects of uncontrouled passion.—But to her story.

“This lady, whom I shall call Maria, had the misfortune to be born in a climate where difference of colour only authorizes
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man to triumph over and oppress his fellow creature; where the infant can scarcely crawl, before its little hand is armed with a whip against his miserable slave; where, brought up a tyrant from its birth, and taught to think the difference of colour a sufficient excuse for all the sufferings the little monster can inflict, his passions know no bounds, and his reason is untaught to subdue them. This unhappy woman, as I told you, is a native of one of our West-India islands; unfortunately for her she was the only child of her parents, from the hour of her birth she knew no controul; her will was a law; and every slave in the house was to be subservient to it. If she fretted or cried, the whole house was in motion to soothe and quiet her. In short, she grew up a tyrant, with an understanding and abilities infinitely above mediocrity. She was ignorant and

idle; she must not be compelled to study, because she did not like it. It might hurt her eyes, destroy her shape, and a thousand other absurd reasons were given as excuses for her not learning. She attained her twelfth year, yet without being able to read a common chapter in the bible. She knew no pleasure but that of teasing the unfortunate beings that the hand of oppression had made subservient to her; and the greatest gratification she felt, was wantonly to tyrannise over them. Hence she was an object of hatred and detestation to the slaves around her; and no joy, perhaps, was more sincerely felt than that which arose upon her departure for England; to which place, after much deliberation, she was sent for education.

“The correspondent of her father’s, to whom she was intrusted, soon discovered her real temper, and with a prudence and attention

tention that did him honour, sought out a school for her where but few were admitted, and those few were immediately under the eye of the governess, who was a woman eminently qualified for the task she undertook. It was under this roof I first became acquainted with her, we were school-fellows. At first her temper and manners were so totally repulsive to every kind of intimacy, that she was universally shunned; by degrees, however, her natural asperity and haughtiness of demeanour were softened, and two or three little attentions I had in my power to shew her, bound her affectionately to me, for her heart was naturally warm in the cause of friendship.

“ My good governess, who, from her first coming, had foreseen a great deal of trouble with her, but who left no means untried to reform the errors of her temper, frequently complimented me upon the
change

change visible in her; saying, "that she was a new creature of my creation, and that I had moulded her mind into shape.

"Companions for four years, I learned to love her, though I could not always esteem her; yet have I seen her do many very generous and charitable actions. Indeed, except to negroes, she always manifested a compassionate feeling; but no arguments that could be used was sufficiently strong to convince her they had either principle, sense, or feeling. She returned to her parents, I must say, considerably improved in person, accomplishments, and understanding; yet still she had many faults; and my governess often declared she trembled for her, least, when no longer subjected to the guidance of another, and finding herself entirely her own mistress, she should again relapse into the same errors she had taken such pains to eradicate.

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“ We corresponded; her letters to me were replete with affection. At length she informed me she had become an orphan and an heiress, but that she had every inducement to alter her situation in life, and but for an attachment which she confessed she felt, would have returned to England.

“ To be short, she married, but owing to a clause in her father’s will, which was ambiguously worded, her nuptials were no sooner solemnized, than the next heir commenced a suit against her for part of the property, which was immense. The cause was tried in the island, from thence it was referred to the English courts. It became necessary for her to attend personally. She revisited England, accompanied only by her husband and child, (for by this time she had one a month old) and a black female servant who nursed it.

“ Immediately

“ Immediately upon her arrival, she visited me; with no small regret I saw, that although blest with every external comfort the world could bestow, she was yet unhappy; the same temper which had disturbed her in early youth now imbittered her maturer years; her passions, as I told you, were always her mistresses; time had not taught her to subdue them. I was shocked at observing the despotism which she exerted over her wretched slave. We had many and severe arguments relative to her conduct, for I still took the liberty of telling her she was wrong, when I thought her so. She still contended, “ that the purchaser of a slave had the right of life and death over him; that she could punish them how, when, and where she liked; that as a slave they were forced to submit, and that kindness to them, was cruelty; for they had neither hearts to be grateful, nor feelings

feelings to acknowledge their sense of obligation."

"You, perhaps, have never had occasion to put their gratitude to the trial," I replied. Did they never, in case or circumstance, evince any thing like attachment? It is impossible, if a negro has a soul, and of that there can be no doubt, but that he must have feelings; and I have known many people, who have resided in countries where their attendants were all negroes, speak of their fidelity and attachment in very strong terms. You have certainly been very unfortunate, I continued, never, in so many years residence among them, to have met one on whom you could depend, and upon whose attachment you might rely." "I do not say," she replied, "I never met with one. Yes, once." "And a temporary suffusion of red overspread her cheek." "Yes, once I met with a strong

strong proof of duty and respect." "What was it, may I ask?" She replied laughingly, "You want me to furnish you with arms against myself." "Perhaps, said I in return, it is of a nature you do not wish to acknowledge; if so, I do not wish to know." "No," she returned, "I am not ashamed of telling what it was. You shall hear:—

"Soon after I returned to Jamaica, I accompanied my parents to a penn they had in the mountains, one part of it was washed by a rapid river, to which, as it was no great distance from the house, I used to go and bathe, accompanied by a female slave. I was one morning enjoying this luxury, which is indeed, in a climate as hot as Jamaica, as great a one as any I know, when the rapidity of the river carried me beyond my depth. My fright, which was extreme, incapacitated me from
making

making any exertions to save myself; on the contrary, it would rather have precipitated my fate. The slave, who saw my danger, plunged into the water to my relief, and by great exertion forced me back to a place of safety, which we had scarcely reached, when an allegator, which had been, I suppose, sleeping near the shore, and which I did not discern till then, roused I imagine by the noise we had made, was coming towards us, already were its ponderous jaws opened. I still shudder at what I then felt. I was next to it. In another moment I should have become its prey, had not the slave cried out, "run, run, missy! no stop! me save you!" "She threw herself with force between us, and thus prevented my falling a sacrifice." "But what!" said I, out of breath with impatience to hear the fate of the poor slave. "She was lost! was it not so?"

I "No,

“No, not quite,” she returned, “she lost an arm, though.”

“Poor faithful creature, (said I, with an emotion I could not repress) who, after hearing such a tale as this, shall be sceptic enough to doubt your having feeling? Where, where, was the European that would have acted thus? O pure nature-taught African! thine, thine, is the breast in which humanity, unrepressed by the selfish dictates of interest, glows with native fervour! Thy glowing sun, thy scorching sands, do not burn up the seeds of benevolence. No, they mature them to perfection, while our colder climates, our frigid soils, chill them in the bud.

“Well, said I, and what did you do for this faithful creature? what recompense did you make her? For no reward, in my opinion, could be adequate to her services.”

“Reward!” she returned, “who upon
earth

earth ever thought of rewarding a slave. It was no more than her duty to do as she did." "Do you not buy them for their services? are they not fed and cloathed by your bounty?" "Let me tell you, my dear Mrs. Onond, you have a very wrong notion of slaves and slavery; and were you in the West Indies, you would turn all their heads, and make them more incorrigible than they are. I thanked the woman, most undoubtedly, and I took care she should be attended; but in spite of all I did, a mortification ensued, and she died in less than a week; and a happy thing it was, for what is a mutilated negro worth, we should have had her to have kept, and she could have done nothing for it."

"I shuddered to hear her talk thus. For shame, for shame, Maria! said I, I am shocked to hear you talk thus. Surely, surely, something more than a mere cold

thank ye was due to the poor creature; who, twice in a day, risked her life to save your's, and at last lost it, for she truly died to save you. Believe me, your existence in the eye of God was not of more value than her's, and her life of as much real service to mankind. Never again, after such a recital as this, say that gratitude, that feeling, and humanity, make no part of a negro's virtues. Were I to speak from my ideas of the two, I should not scruple to say, that education had refined away your best feelings, and left you without any. Good God! that you, with every advantage that knowledge, science, and good counsel could bestow, could suffer yourself to be outdone by the very beings you affect to despise; and have shewn yourself destitute even of the common obligations of gratitude, which is thankful for a small service. This tale is, indeed,

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an argument against yourself; and I dare believe the West Indies would furnish many others equally strong, to prove that slavery is, indeed, the bitter draught that dooms thousands to destruction. My God! (I continued) how I pity, how I feel for these unfortunate ill-used, ill-rewarded beings! who, with souls tuned by the fine hand of harmony to every nobler purpose; who, in their own happy land, are enjoying the sweets of liberty and comfort, shall, in an hour, be torn from those upon whom their every hope hung;—those from whom they derived their all of earthly comfort, to chains and slavery, in a land far distant from his peaceful happy home; where, smarting under the cruel hand of an oppressor, or goaded on by the whip of a brutal overseer, his worn-out spirits can no longer sustain the conflict. Between his endeavours and his powers he sinks beneath

his load; then, while stretching his emaciated length upon the scorched soil, he looks up to the God of nature, and prays for revenge on his persecutors. That God hears and accepts the petition of the negro, though his fellow-man shall treat his complaints with contempt, and deride him for the sufferings his own cruelty inflicts.

“Hurricanes destroy the white man’s hope of future gain, earthquakes swallow up the present. Thus shall the negro be avenged. Thus shall he, whose voice speaks in thunder, and eye darts in lightning, punish the oppressor of him whom the iron hand of power, or the perfidy of man, placed within his grasp.—But not farther to digress from my narrative.

“You may easily believe, that with sentiments so opposite, no great degree of intimacy could long subsist between us.

“Soon

“ Soon afterwards we removed to Ashpark, and that removal, by placing us at a considerable distance from each other, gave us fewer opportunities of meeting.

“ It is now about ten years since I accompanied your uncle to London, whither particular business called him. Maria called on me almost immediately upon my arrival, and pressed me to pass a few days with her before I left town. After much intreaty, for I was really averse to going, I consented, and the last week of my stay in town I went to fulfil my promise. Her husband, I found, had returned to Jamaica, from whence she hourly expected him. Her little girl, who had now attained her fourth year, was, though very much spoiled, a child of considerable promise; every little feature was beautiful and interesting, and her temper was so uncommonly sweet, that it was impossible to help loving her.

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“The black woman who had nursed the little Lucy, was still there, and although always treated unfriendly, and not seldom cruelly, by her mistress, had staid with them entirely from affection to her little nurseling, who returned it abundantly. For “Zamba Nursy” was the constant theme of Lucy’s song; and a part of every thing was reserved for her. In short Lucy was the best friend, except her master, that poor Zamba had. But Mr. —, who was blest with a benevolent and feeling heart, always paid great attention to his child’s faithful nurse.

“I had not been there four days, when Zamba fell under the displeasure of her mistress. Lucy had been ill, and from her anxiety about her dear little Missy, as she called the child, she had forgotten to feed a favourite bird which had been given in her charge. Her mistress found out
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the neglect, reproached her with it. Zamba vindicated herself, by saying, "her Missy so ill, Zamba never tink of no ting while her little Missy bad." The apology was not sufficient; Mrs. —— fell upon the unhappy woman, and beat her till she was unable to strike longer. The screams of the poor black drew me, with the child in my arms, to the room; as I entered, Mrs. —— was wielding a hot poker, which appeared just taken from the fire, and was in the very act of striking her victim with it. Mechanically I put down the child, and remonstrated with the mother, while the little Lucy ran to her to pull her away, screaming most piteously, and begging her not to hurt Zamba nursy.

"The poor ill-guided woman, vexed at being prevented carrying her diabolical intent into action, pushed the child with such force from her, that she fell with her temples

ples against the carved feet of a side-board table. She screamed, we ran to raise her; her mouth and nose gushed out with blood. Alas! Mary, it is a sad tale; the baby never opened her eyes more.

“To describe the scene that ensued is beyond my ability; for my own part I was almost petrified with horror, I had neither thought nor power to act. The poor ill-used black alone had recollection; she took the little innocent in her arms, bedewed it plenteously with tears, then advancing, with a countenance in which despair and horror were blended, exclaimed “bad Missy; blacky woman never used baby so. Negro mother never kill own piccaniny.” Her sobs, groans, and exclamations, collected my scattered senses. I called the housekeeper, made her sensible, as well as my agitation would permit, how the dreadful business happened, and consulted

sulted with her how to act, and what to do. She sent immediately for a surgeon and Mr. Ormond; they were presently with us. All aid for the child was ineffectual, its little innocent soul was fled forever.

“As for the mother, but to her no one could turn without experiencing the most dreadful feelings, she sat torpid from despair. What she had done had flashed conviction, of the baneful effects of passion, on her senses; which, before one hour elapsed, were fled for ever. Short incoherent ravings escaped her; then her screams were so loud as to disturb the neighbourhood. With much difficulty she was conveyed up stairs, and from that hour she has never been collected, once indeed excepted; that interval was short, and she employed it chiefly in begging she might not see her husband, whose reproaches

proaches she dreaded. The story, with a thousand aggravating additions, soon got wind. Incredible was the trouble it caused; for myself, I was never so harrassed or distressed.

“ Her husband arrived in less than a week after the interment of the child; his wish to see her was even less than her’s to see him. He allows, beside paying for her board, a small annual stipend. He, who loved his child immoderately, could never look upon her murderess.

“ He, however, amply rewarded the faithful Zamba for her attachment to his little Maria; and not only gave her her freedom, but sent her back to her own country, enriched by his bounty.

“ He frequently honors me with a visit, and as he is a man whose talents and abilities, besides mental qualifications, are greatly superior to most men,

I look

I look upon his acquaintance as an acquisition.

“Mrs. —— has been removed from place to place; I hope, however, she is now settled, for it is no small trouble and inconvenience to move her.

“Thus you see, Mary, how the judgments and vengeance of the Almighty are manifested. Our punishments are not always deferred to a future state, but are frequently sent while on earth, to serve as a lesson to ourselves, and a warning to others. Signally was the wrath of God shewn to Maria, who, in giving way to her fury against a helpless being, was the means of death to her own and only child; one in whom her every wish centered; one for whom she would willingly have forfeited her own existence. Life is to her become a curse. Memory, her bitterest tormentor! happy, happy, for her, could she

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she lose in the insensibility under which she labours, the memory of the past; but even through the delirium of insanity it pursues her. Learn then, Mary, the necessity of bridling your passions. Believe me, it is easier to subdue them in youth, than in age; they gather strength from indulgence, and too often, as in the tale I have been relating, are productive of the most fatal consequences.

“ In the visit we shall make this evening you will see a different instance. You will see how a well regulated mind can order itself; how it will struggle with its own weakness, and if not absolutely conquer them, yet bring them into such a degree of subjection, as shall make them neither dangerous to themselves, or troublesome to others.

“ Mrs. Paxton is among the few, who, seeing her own errors, have learnt to reform

form them. Naturally of an imperious, violent, and commanding temper, she found herself subjected to many inconveniences, which are too often the consequence of it. She found that people were not obliged to submit to her caprices, be terrified by her threats, or alarmed by her passions, into subjection. She saw too, (for she had much solid understanding and real feeling) that her company was rather avoided than courted; that her conversation could not compensate for her petulance, and she resolved to bring her temper under proper controul. The event has proved how well she has succeeded. From being disliked, she is admired; her company is eagerly sought after: she is held up as an example of propriety to the world. Her children esteem and love her; her husband feels her value, and adores her for her virtues; her friends respect and

love her. She has the satisfaction of reflecting, that she has constituted her own happiness, by the efforts she made to reform her temper. Thus she reaps the rewards of her endeavours; and thus may every one be rewarded who take the same means to reach the same end.

“But see, we are just at home. Reflect, my dear, on what you have seen, and what you have heard, and let me have the pleasure of finding, that precept and example are not lost upon a sensible mind.” The scenes she had that day witnessed, as well as the tale she had heard, sunk deep upon the mind of Mary. She resolved to endeavour at a reform in her temper; and she determined, however painful the effort, to suppress the first ebullitions of passion. She longed ardently for the visit of the evening, as she much wished to see and be introduced to a lady of
Mrs.

Mrs. Paxton's worth; of whom every one she had met, since her arrival at Ash-park, spoke well."

At length the desired hour arrived; they reached Acorn-hill, and found its mistress surrounded by her family, which consisted of four daughters and three sons, who were all variously employed; the young ladies in different kinds of work; one of the sons was reading aloud, and the others were making extracts from what he read. So truly domestic a party could not fail to attract the notice of Miss Hornsbys.

Mrs. Ormond, who had ever been on terms of intimacy with the family, was received with that affectionate familiarity that needed not words to convince her she was a most welcome visitor. Her nieces, on her account, were as gladly received; and the frank openness and unadulterated native politeness of their young hosts and

hostesses soon made them familiar with each other. They conducted their guests round the park, gardens, and the hot-houses and green-houses; introduced them to their scattered favourites; and, in short, left no means untried to please and amuse them. Mary and Jane felt highly gratified by their attention, and were irresistibly won by their manners, which were indeed eminently pleasing.

Having wandered about the grounds till the hour of tea, they returned to the parlour. Mary had now an opportunity of contemplating the features of Mrs. Paxton. She saw in her a look of authority and haughtiness of demeanour, so tempered by sweetness and affability, that while it inspired fear it created esteem. She felt that she could love her sincerely; but she felt also, that her anger would indeed be terrible. The tea-table was scarcely removed before

before Mrs. Paxton was summoned from the room. After an absence of about twenty minutes she returned; and addressing herself to Mrs. Ormond and the young folks, said, "she had come to solicit their charity for an object, she believed, very deserving, and she was certain was very distressed. His story I will relate to you, my dear Mrs. Ormond, after I have fulfilled the purposes of my little commission; for I am too anxious at present to make the sufferer happy, on his return to his family, to detain him longer than is necessary."

Mrs. Ormond's ready hand was immediately in her purse. Miss Hornsby's were not behind hand: their father gave them a very liberal allowance, and they had profited so much by their aunt's example, as to feel pleasure in administering to the wants of others.

Maria,

Maria, Sophy, and Fanny Paxton, immediately contributed their little for the the sufferer's assistance; the three boys also added their mite to the general stock. Emily alone held back, and retired, deeply blushing, and in tears, behind her sisters. "Emily, my dear," said her mother, in a voice of kindness, "I wait for your donation." Emily was silent; she hung her head, nor could she for one moment lift her eyes from the ground, to encounter those of her mother's. The request was repeated; still she was silent, abashed, and confused. "Why, Emily," said Mrs. Paxton, in a voice of astonishment, "what am I to judge from this silence, these blushes, and the tears starting into your eyes? you were used, my dear, to be foremost in the performance of a good and charitable action. What is the reason of this tardiness?"

Emily

Emily tried to speak, and burst into tears. Her mother became alarmed at her emotion, and still enquired the cause. Emily, no longer able to restrain them, threw herself into her mother's arms, and eagerly besought her pardon. "For what? my child," said Mrs. Paxton, affectionately, "in what have you offended me? Tell me what cause of anger can I have against you." "I will tell you, Mamma," she sobbingly uttered. "Yesterday, contrary to your orders, when you were out, I persuaded one of the maids to accompany me to the village; at first she was against going, but after much persuasion on my part, and a promise of secrecy, she consented. We went to Mr. Evans's, where I laid out all my money, and have none left to give for better purposes." "In what did you expend it?" said her mother, putting her away from her, and in a tone of indignation.

tion. Emily's cheeks took a deeper dye. "In cakes and sweatmeats, Madam," she falteringly replied. "Was that all? why it was but Wednesday I gave you half-a-guinea! Did you expend it all in trash?" "Not quite all, mother. I bought a tooth-pick, tooth-brush, and ribbon, for Sa—sal," she faltered.

Again she was on the point of betraying the servant, whom she had persuaded to accompany her: "For, Sally, was it not so?" And so you had the meanness to bribe a servant to do wrong? but go, Emily; go to your chamber; we will not entertain Mrs. Ormond and Miss Hornsby with a subject of this nature; we must discuss this business in private. Neither will I detain a worthy sufferer for a disobedient child." Emily in tears left the room, and Mrs. Paxton hastened to give relief to her pensioner.

Emily's

Emily's confession had thrown a damp upon the spirits of the whole party. Her brothers and sisters were generously uneasy for her, and represented how much she would suffer under the pressure of her mother's displeasure. "Our Mamma," said Fanny, "is always ready to reward us for a good action, and takes great pleasure in so doing; but she punishes us as severely, if we do wrong. I know she will call this fault of Emily's a breach of confidence, and it will be long before she forgives her. Besides, she has often told us, if we once deceived her, she should never have reliance again on us. And I am fearful poor Emily will be long under her displeasure, and longer before she regains her confidence.

"Oh!" continued Fanny, affectionately, "how she will suffer; she has such a tender heart. Indeed, Miss Hornsby, I do
not

not know when she has been before in fault. You would love her, in spite of her errors, she is so good-tempered and obliging. I wish the poor man had not come this afternoon, you would not then have had occasion to know Emily had been in fault. But I must go to her; she wants some comfort now."

Fanny then quitted the room. Mary Hornsby blushed for herself, when she heard Fanny express herself thus affectionately towards her sister: something like conscience smote her; she had not acted exactly in the same manner by her's when she had been in disgrace. She felt how much more amiable was the conduct of Fanny Paxton; and she saw and appreciated that nobleness of conduct. She was henceforward desirous and determined to emulate.

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The harmony of the afternoon was in some degree disturbed by this incident; the promised history of the pensioner was postponed till another opportunity. Mrs. Paxton was too much grieved, at what had passed between her daughter, to detach her thoughts sufficiently from it to enter into conversation on indifferent subjects.

Mrs. Ormond and Miss Hornsbys soon took leave; but not before Mrs. Paxton had promised them a visit during the ensuing week. As they pursued their walk home, their conversation naturally turned upon the visit of the afternoon. Mary and Jane expressed their sorrow for Emily, and thought, as she had made so candid a confession of her fault, her mother might remit her punishment. "I do not agree with you, my dears," said Mrs. Ormond, "Emily deceived her mother, and betrayed the confidence she reposed in her; be-

sides being disobedient to her commands. Add to this, she seduced a servant from her duty, and bribed her also to act in direct opposition to the commands of her mistress. I cannot then think but that she merits punishment; nor would Mrs. Paxton do her duty as a parent, did she not express her disapprobation of her conduct. For, my dears, what can be meaner than to tempt a servant to disobedience? Are you not putting the authority of their mistress in defiance? The mutual confidence that should subsist between a parent and child is broken, if they teach the lesson of disobedience. We lose our reliance on them, and fear to commit even the smallest concern to their charge. For, depend upon it, that no one would offer a bribe that would not take one. You will think I see Emily's fault in a severe point of view.— I do. Simple undeviating rectitude should
be

be the great study of youth; the commission of one fault leads on to many others. There is no one can say, so far will I go, and no farther. Error is progressive in its progress; we begin by small degrees, and shudder at first to find we have overstepped the barrier of integrity. But believe me, when once it is passed, we get familiarized to vice, and so entangled by its snares, that it requires great self-command as well as fortitude ever to disengage ourselves from them. For such is the world, Mary, and so artfully are its pernicious wiles spread to catch the unwary, that many fall into the net ere they are aware it is spread for their destruction; and although some few may elude it, yet it requires not only prudence but foresight to keep ourselves clear.

“ Thus then it becomes necessary to check errors in their growth; and the parent who values her child, will particularly

notice the first faults it commits. For many, alas! live to regret the mistaken indulgence which has tempted them to overlook a first fault.

“ But see how the evening closes in, we must mend our pace; the clouds gather very fast, I much fear we shall be overtaken by a storm, and we have still the heath to cross.”

Mary and Jane, who had seen the clouds gathering for some time past, now quickened their pace, but they had not walked an hundred yards before the cloud burst, and a dripping shower succeeded. Cloud gathered upon cloud; the thunder, with loud and tremendous roar, burst upon them; the lightning unceasingly flashed across their faces, as if the elements had all conspired to dismay them; the wind burst from its caverns, and howled dismally around them. The affrighted girls clung to their
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aunt as to their only support; while, at every flash, they screamed with increased terror. There was no time for reasoning, Mrs. Ormond only conjured them to hurry their steps to the small hut of a very poor cottager, which she recollected was near the middle of the heath they were now entering. In about ten minutes they reached it, but so drenched with rain, and beat about by the wind, that they could hardly be known. Mrs. Ormond immediately entered the little hovel; the humble mistress of which no sooner saw who it was, than her best accommodation was at their service.

“Lack a daisy, Madam!” said she, smoothing her apron, and taking an infant in her arms, which had been crawling on the floor; “How came you to venture out in all this storm? The poor must

go, they cannot help it; but for you, Madam, that are not used to have even your feet wetted, sure it must be dreadful indeed. I, that am used to be abroad in all weathers, should be frightened at this. My poor John is out in the midst on't. All I wish, he was in. I don't like he should be abroad in such a storm. it makes my heart ache when I think of the dangers a poor man encounters. But if I fear for my John, what, Madam, must you?"

"Not more than yourself, my good woman. I cannot expect the elements to be governed by my fears or feelings; and I think I need not shrink from a storm which thousands brave, who are far less able to sustain it; and who are, at this moment, perhaps, unsheltered, and half naked, exposed to its fury. A temporary inconvenience is all I endure. I must not, therefore,

fore,

fore, complain, but be thankful that I have a roof under which I can be protected from the inclemency of the weather."

"But la's, Madam," said the poor woman, "don't be standing, I'll throw a morsel of wood on the fire, and y'ul dry yourselves, for you are dripping wet."

She then called a little girl to bring some more furze, which throwing on the few embers which were yet burning, diffused a warm and comfortable gleam. With much humility she intreated Mrs. Ormond to slip on one of her gowns while her own was drying. Mrs. Ormond was literally soaked with wet; she availed herself of her kind hostess's offer, and was presently habited in her best suit.

Miss Hornsbys, who were equally sufferers, were accommodated to the best of the poor woman's abilities. And after she had assisted in taking off their cloaths, and hanging

hanging them to dry, she recollected she had a little elder wine in her cottage, which Mrs. Ormond had sent her when she last lay-in. This, without saying a word, or even asking if they would take, she emptied into a sauce-pan, and heated; when ready, she presented it, with a look more expressive of real feeling and gratitude than a volume of words, to her guests, saying, "that she was glad she had saved it for so good a purpose. She should be so proud, so happy, if it kept Madam and Misses from taking cold."

Mrs. Ormond would not mortify the good woman by a refusal, but taking part of it, insisted she should partake with her. Her humility, which was extreme, would scarcely permit her to avail herself of the honor, as she termed it; nor no consideration could induce her to sit, till Mrs. Ormond absolutely refused to stop a moment longer

longer if she did not pursue her usual occupations. This, with much reluctance, she did; though it was plain to see, that she did it uneasily.

The storm continued with violence, the poor cottager's thoughts were bent on her husband; and she every minute broke out into a wonder, "where John could be! and why he did not come home?" Her seat was every five minutes forsaken, to look out at the door; her wishful eyes were turned to every part of the heath, still no John was in sight.

Mrs. Ormond began also to be uneasy, the rain kept pouring in torrents, the wind blew almost to a hurricane, she was anxious to get home. Her servants, she knew, would be uneasy; they would naturally seek her at Mrs. Paxton's; and not finding her there, would not only be alarmed themselves, but cause an alarm at Acorn-place.

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She then, almost as anxiously as poor Nelly, looked and wished for the return of John. She participated his wife's uneasiness, and began to imagine something more than the storm might have occurred to prevent his return. Three long hours thus passed in all the uncertainty of suspense and anxiety of watchfulness.

Mary and Jane sat anticipating another robbery. Mrs. Ormond was eager to reach her home. And the tender and terrified Mistress of the cottage, unable to command herself, gave vent to her fears, and imagined a thousand causes for her husband's protracted stay. Her looks, piteous in the extreme, were now directed toward heaven, then to her infants. She shuddered as the increasing wind tore up even the stoutest trees from their roots: her lips, which were white as her apron, were now silently moving in prayer, for the preservation of
him

him who was dearer to her than life. And although accustomed to endure every kind of weather, even from her earliest years, she involuntarily uttered a faint scream as the forked and vivid lightning flashed across her face. Mrs. Ormond, with the most patient sweetness, tried to reason her out of her fears; but affection for her husband, anxiety lest he should be exposed to a storm more terribly tremendous than any she had yet witnessed, overcame the efforts of reason. Her feelings and her fears were in unison. Her mind's eye every minute presented her John in various views of distress; and neither soothing or sympathy had any effect upon her. At length, after another hour passed in increased anxiety, the object of her care arrived.

It was now eleven at night, Mrs. Ormond had long become seriously uneasy at what her people would suffer. She rejoiced,

joiced, therefore, to hear his wife hail, in the joyful accents of unadulterated affection, his well-known footsteps. John entered his cottage, tenderly quieted his wife's fears, and kissed his sleeping children, before he had given a thought to his unexpected guests. The poor man, who was drenched in rain, made a thousand apologies for his uncouth appearance, and hastened to get rid of his wet clothes.

Anxious as Mrs. Ormond was to get home, she felt uncomfortable at the thought of being obliged to trouble a man to walk two miles in such an evening, after he had gone through the fatigues of the day, and had entered his home to rest. Yet what could she do? The storm, although it had considerably abated, had left the roads in such a state, that for women they were almost impassible. To propose staying in the cottage all night, she knew would be
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to forbid its inhabitants to take rest; she scarcely knew what to do; her nieces were wearying to get home, as they were both tired and sleepy.

While she was considering how to act, thinking how little right she had to expect a man would risk his life for her, and lamenting that she was so circumstanced as to be obliged to ask him to leave his comfortable fire-side, and smiling wife and children, to encounter the war of elements, Miss Hornsby exclaimed, "Thank God you are come! you will now, I dare say, go to the park and order the carriage to take us home."

Nelly, who, in the delight of seeing her husband safe, felt every other concern absorbed, had now time to recollect her guests, and mentioned Mrs. Ormond's distress to go home. John instantly took up his hat, and without saying a word, hur-

ried away to the park. In about an hour they were relieved from their suspense by the arrival of the servants with the carriage. During this short interval, the friendly and hospitable Nelly had again pressed them to accept some of her humble fare. Mrs. Ormond, whose heart was all benevolence, made her acknowledgments to her hostess, by leaving with her essential proofs of the sense she had of her hospitality.

The ladies were no sooner seated in the carriage, than Mrs. Ormond took the opportunity of enlarging upon the pure and native benevolence and hospitality of Nelly and her husband. "You now see, my dear children," she continued, "that riches are not always essential to happiness, nor grandeur to felicity. The domestic and humble station in which our entertainer and his modest companion live, does not
exclude

exclude them from the possession of real comfort, nor the opportunity of benefiting others. Happy in each other, living only for themselves and their children; they work with cheerfulness, each endeavouring to add the produce of their labours to procure a decent livelihood. Poverty, though it may cramp our powers of action, does not entirely deaden them; that we have proved in the modest humble welcome we received, when intruding upon the hospitality of these cottagers. Let it, then, convince you, that the power of doing good does not always live with the rich. I much fear, that had Nelly and her infants been in our situation, and had applied for a shelter beneath the roof of greatness, she would not have been treated with the same hospitality we received. There is no station of life that can exempt us from being at times obliged, even to the

lowliest peasant; and, in more instances than one, kings have taken shelter beneath the roof of their meanest servants; with them they have been safe; from them they have experienced fidelity and affection, when the gaudy butterflies of their court, the creatures who before bowed with sycophantick smile, and had sworn fidelity to their interest, had basely deserted their cause, and been the first to betray them. Let us not, then, frown upon the indigent, or act contemptuously or unkindly by the poor; for we know not how soon we may want their assistance, and be obliged by their kindness."

From this time Mary Hornsby lost much of the natural haughtiness of her temper; many circumstances had contributed to convince her that a fine lady was not a very amiable character; and that humility and sweetness were more powerful recommendations

contented, she was easily guided. Although her judgment was not as clear, nor powers of comprehension, so acute as Mary's, yet her perseverance and industry frequently accomplished what her sister found difficult to attain.

Mary, possessed of great activity, as well as vivacity of temper, could not always wait the slow unfolding of science: hence, with ideas naturally capacious, and genius sufficient to combat great difficulties, she was, from want of perseverance, frequently at a loss. The rapidity of her comprehension was to her a misfortune; for relying upon it, she would take no pains to fathom the depth of her subject, but content herself with a superficial examination; never reflecting, or rather giving herself time to reflect, that no excellence can be attained without perseverance and attention.

Her

Her aunt had frequently mentioned her desire of having her nieces instructed in Italian; and Mary, who was ever caught by the sound of variety, was eagerly anxious to commence the study. Mrs. Ormond's chief fear was, that the same unsteadiness of temper, and eagerness of disposition, which at first prompted her to set about any new study or employment with alacrity, would cause her soon to tire of it. Overcome, however, by the importunities of her nieces, she consented to engage a master to attend them. She had long since been recommended to one, but not having absolutely determined that her nieces should take lessons in the language, she had not been introduced to him. Willing, however, to oblige them, she no longer delayed, but writing to the friend who had named him to her, requested her to send him over to the park.

The

The morning presented to Mrs. Ormond a venerable white-headed man, who seemed bowed to the earth by infirmity and melancholy; a patient resignation and dignified sorrow sat on his brow, which, contracted either by reflection or study, overshadowed the lineaments of a countenance infinitely interesting. His address bespoke the polished gentleman, and his manners were as attractive and insinuating as his countenance was prepossessing. He was soon engaged to attend Miss Hornsbys; and Mrs. Ormond found him so generally well informed, so sensible, and judicious, that she considered his company as an acquisition; and found no time pass more rationally, or pleasantly, than that which was passed in his company. Hence he became a frequent and welcome visitor at the Park. His mind was well stored with information, and it was dispensed in so very modest
and

and unassuming a way, that his pupils could not fail of receiving as much benefit from his general conversation, as from his particular instruction. Yet still the same air of melancholy, which at first had struck Mrs. Ormond's observation, continued; nay, even increased. Deep and long-drawn sighs escaped him; and at times half-uttered ejaculations. His looks became altered, pale, thin, and emaciated; he seemed almost sinking to the grave.

Mrs. Ormond, who felt for the misfortunes of every one, was more than commonly interested for a man whose conduct and abilities were evidently designed for a superior station. It was not until some months had passed, that she gathered courage sufficient to enquire the cause of that determined melancholy with which he was so visibly oppressed. After some hesitation and inward struggle, occasioned by
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the memory of past events, he resolved to reveal to his kind patroness the cause she was solicitous to learn; but begging to be spared the pains a recital would inflict, promised to commit the little narrative of his life to paper. His promise was faithfully observed; in a few days he delivered the following account of himself into her hands.

THE LIFE
OF
SIGNIOR ALDERDOSINI.

MADAM,

THE benevolent reasons which have induced you to ask the cause of that heart-felt grief which consumes me, are such as not only do honor to the feelings of your own heart, but take from me the power of negating your request.

Should the little history I have to make of myself and family, but prove a warning to one only, (one too fond parent) I shall think my griefs not given in vain, but learn to extract good from evil; and be
thankful

thankful that I have been the means of saving others from the depth of despair in which I am plunged.

My ancestors, Madam, were natives of Tuscany, ennobled by their virtues only; sufficiently rich to enjoy all the comforts and all the luxuries that happy country afforded. It was the misfortune of my father (I call it misfortune) to marry the heiress of a French Nobleman, whose beauty (I grieve to say it) was her chief recommendation to his notice, as the whole of her property, which was immense, was entailed upon the first male offspring of her marriage; provided he married a French woman; if not, it was to descend to his sons, without the smallest benefit to himself. You may depend my parents were solicitous for a son. Eight daughters saw the light ere the so much desired blessing was given; in the fourteenth year of my
mother's

mother's marriage, I was received into the world as the choicest gift Heaven could bestow. Of my infant years I shall say little; but that from my cradle I was taught to consider myself as a person of much importance; my inclinations were, upon no account, to be thwarted; my will was the law of the house. From my mother I received nothing but the tenderest indulgence; she considered me as the only representative of the Dukes de Chateaufneuf; and in me she hoped to see all their honors blossom with redoubled beauty.

As I grew into manhood, (pardon the egotism I was obliged to use) her hopes and affections strengthened, by the accounts she was constantly receiving from my tutors, of my various improvements. At eighteen I quitted the beautiful vales and shores of Tuscany for Paris, the then seat of every art, elegance, and pleasure,

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that

that could make a residence in it delightful to youth. My introduction to my mother's relations threw me into what is called the best, but is frequently the most dangerous company. I, however, considering the natural impetuosity of youth, and the unlimited indulgence I had, steered tolerably clear of this dangerous scylla. My passions were never very violent; my friends, therefore, found no occasion to curb them. I however grew tired of Paris, and with some young men, who, like myself, were eager for variety, quitted France. Our proposed tour was to the northward, and gaining a few letters of introduction, we set off for Poland. It was my fate to be an inmate in the house of a nobleman, whose daughter, in spite of the restrictions I lay under, I privately married. One of my companions betrayed my secret, not only to my wife's, but my father's family; the

the consequence was, we were forbidden to consider either of them as holding any degree of affinity to us. I will not enumerate the disagreeables we patiently endured. I returned to Paris; my former friends no longer knew me.—I was poor.—I was disowned.

Pressed by want, I wrote to my mother, informed her of my situation, and also of my being father to an infant, whose piercing cries for want almost deprived his mother of reason, and nearly drove me to despair. She condescended to answer this letter; but how were we grieved, when we found that the only terms upon which she would consent to relieve us, was for us to surrender up our boy to her management, nor upon any account presume to come near them. If this was complied with, we were to have an annuity equal to one hundred and twenty pounds English.

I will not, Madam, describe the feelings which distracted me upon the arrival of this cruel alternative. My wife, who merits a better fate, would not advise; but she bent in fondness over the countenance of our infant, and wetted his face with her tears. Ah! what did she not suffer, when she found the child, who was nourished at her bosom, should be torn from her maternal embrace, and separated from her, probably for ever! Yet so it was. So hopeless was our state, that we were obliged to submit to a measure the most painful to an affectionate parent.

After this separation from our child we retired into Montserrat, where we lived till our son had attained his nineteenth year; at which time France had witnessed a revolution, which had overturned her old government, and seen a king, whose humanity for his people had suffered him to
relax

relax the arbitrary power which had so long restrained them, led a victim to the scaffold. The peaceful plains of Monserrat too were deluging in blood; a victorious army had entered and laid waste the hopes of the husbandman, and under the abused name of liberty, had committed enormities, at which even savages would blush. I knew not, till then, that the power of the noblesse of France was overturned, that their estates were confiscated for the use of the Republic, and that most of them had emigrated.

For the last two years my annuity had ceased to be paid; but this gave me little concern, I had farmed many years for my amusement, I now did it for my subsistence; but even the quiet possession of the fruits of our labour were denied us, we were to enter upon another scene of life; our humble dwelling was plundered, our

land became the seat of war, and we were forced to quit those smiling vallies which had so long afforded us shelter, to enter upon a world I had flattered myself I had quitted for ever, and again to encounter misery in various shapes. In the hour of distress and terror the heart naturally clings to some hope, against which it props itself for support.

At this moment of calamity, when equality only was the order of the day; when all distinctions of rank were levelled, and subordination ceased to be preserved among the inferior walk of life, I thought only of my father. I thought, could I once more reach those beautiful shores, where first my infant years were nurtured, and behold once again the countenance of my parents and child, even the present weight of calamity would be lessened, and I should again be happy. Vain futile wishes; alas! I
knew

knew not the miseries that awaited me; we set out on our pilgrimage (for I can call it no other) with hearts sunk in woe; the little we had been able to save or turn into cash I had secreted within the lining of my waistcoat; it was indeed but little; but as we were not solitary wanderers, as many besides ourselves were bending their course in search of a securer home, we mingled in small parties, sharing our little with the utmost frugality. We had part of the vast Appennines to cross, our little troop separating when we came to the foot of that immense chain of mountains. Shall I tell you, Madam, the pang we experienced at parting? Ah! no: to recount them is but living over again. Griefs which have been swallowed up in superior woes. Yet, shall I never cease to regret that artless happy people, whose native benevolence, purity of mind, and simplicity of manners, made them

them little able to cope with the multitude of ills a commerce with the world produces.

After much fatigue, anxiety, and weariness, we at length reached Genoa. Here we rested a few days, reviewing the past, anticipating the future. At length we obtained a felucca, which carried us to Spezzia; we were now within the dukedom of Modena. I had formerly contracted some acquaintances, who resided there, and of them I was first willing to obtain intelligence of my family, ere I revealed myself to them. But alas! the same misfortune which had caused me to emigrate from my peaceful habitation, had so completely overwhelmed them, that not a vestige of them was left behind. Again we set out on our inauspicious journey; again the tedious Appennines were to be crossed. Grand, awful, sublime, and majestic as they were; much

much as I admired the works of nature, and delighted to contemplate the beauties of creation, I could no longer take interest in them. It is true, the grand outline, the immense magnitude and elegant irregularity of this native barrier, even amidst all my mental sufferings, would, for a moment, abstract my thoughts; but the canker-worm was within. I could not look at the altered countenance of my wife without a pang; nor could I witness the patient endurance and never tiring sweetness of her disposition, without sighing; when I reflected that to me she was indebted for all the adverse storms of fortune she had experienced; that but for me she might even now have been living in her native country, surrounded by affluence, and participating all the comforts of life. Could I then cease to condemn myself, when I took a retrospective view of the past, and
examined

examined the present? When I reflected that the ambition of man, and the frenzy of enthusiasm, had driven us wanderers (we scarcely knew whither) and exiles from those scenes of bliss and simplicity, where the labour of our hands was sufficient for our support.

At length we reached the Arno. Ah! Madam, I cannot express what I felt at the sight of my native river, when I contemplated its rippling surface, and fancied I saw it laving the base of my paternal home. A glimpse of mental joy shot across my heart, but it soon gave way to the reflection of our forlorn state, and the agonizing doubts I entertained of our reception.

Having arrived at Leghorn, I enquired out some old connections of my father's; but what a change does a period of eighteen years exhibit! I was forgotten by many, scarcely remembered by some, and proudly

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and haughtily questioned by others. After much mortification sustained on my part, I at length learnt that my father had been dead near five years; that my sisters were all married and dispersed in different directions, and that my son had, in the general ruin in which France was involved, lost all his property in that kingdom; but had succeeded to that of his grandfather's, which had been considerably increased by the addition of some large legacies which had been bequeathed him by various relations; that my mother's anger against me was still undiminished, and that my son had never been permitted to leave the castle. His general character I found to be that of a libertine, and that he was as much hated as feared by the peasantry, over whom he ruled with an iron hand. You will think, perhaps, that I had little to hope, when I heard all these particulars; but I did, in spite

spite of all the discouragement I had received, still fondly believe, that the powerful feelings of nature were yet alive in his breast, and that he could not see those to whom he owed his existence without acknowledging their claims, and administering to their wants: under this impression we journeyed to his (or rather my mother's) house.

In Tuscany, Madam, nature is no niggard; the richness, fertility, and luxuriance of the soil, demand but little from the hand of industry; the ground, like a fond mother, embraces her offspring, and nourishes them from her bosom. Nature can scarcely exhibit any thing more elegant, more vivid, or more glowing, than an Italian landscape. Her groves of limes, citron, orange, myrtle, and jessamine, regale the sight with their richness and beauty, and charm the senses with their odours. The towering hills,
either

either broken into irregular chasms, or rich with purple clusters of luscious grape which adorn their sides, while the sons and daughters of labour are continually attending, singing their simply interesting lays, watching the time when the cares of husbandry shall be rewarded by the ripening of the vintage, and anticipating the product of their labours, afford to the speculative mind ample room for reflection. The rich autumnal tinge of mellow evening, shedding its softened rays over a country so peculiarly favoured by nature; exhibiting a number of fantastic shadows, which, while its declining beams are spreading their faint light on the immense Appennines, and which, broken and irregular, diffuse different shades, have indeed a sublime effect upon the imagination, and are sufficient to ingender the theories of romance.

Forgive me this digression. Forgive my locality. Alas! Tuscany, Italy, is no longer what it was. War, with all its attendant horrors, has depopulated her towns and villages, laid waste her vineyards, razed her palaces, and overturned her religion.—And for what? But again, Madam, I must intreat your pardon. I am writing as I would speak, as I feel; but to resume my narrative.

It was one of those mild and gentle evenings, when, after enduring the burning heats of day, the peasant flings himself beneath the umbrageous shade of some wide spreading tree, and takes his flagelet; enjoys the soft breezes which are playing amidst the surrounding foliage, and serves as an accompaniment to the tones he produces.

On such an evening as this, when all around breathed peace and harmony, we
arrived

arrived at my paternal home. The faces of the domestics were new to me; I enquired for my son, at that instant he crossed the hall. Ah! Madam, when the servant said, "that, Sir, is my master;" my wife, overcome by a variety of emotions, fell senseless in my arms: she was borne into an adjoining room, in which sat my mother. Good Heaven, what did I not feel! She looked at me with an enquiring eye, she traced in my features a likeness to which she had formerly been much accustomed, but which she could not immediately recollect. I was too busied watching returning animation in my wife, to attend to the variations of countenance in my mother; yet I involuntarily sprang to her feet, I knelt, bowed my head on her knees, and burst into tears. The strangeness of the incident, the flying likeness she had detected in the lineaments of a coun-

tenance, once so loved, awaked her to suspicions, for which she could not account, but which were verified by the recovery of my wife, who had scarcely command of her senses, before she enquired, in accents of maternal tenderness and anxiety, for her son. This completely led my mother to the knowledge of who I was. Shall I, Madam, retrace the scene that passed? No, it is impossible; language is inadequate to do justice to it: nor can my harrassed feelings bear the retrospect. Suffice it to say, that my mother felt the victim of her revenge and anger; for, unable to restrain the impetuous passions to which the sight of me gave rise, they increased to such an height, that she broke a blood-vessel, which terminated her existence in less than four and twenty hours after our arrival, maintaining her anger against me to the last; and even when de-
prived.

prived of the power of articulation, her angry frown and gestures drove me from her bedside, by which I knelt to intreat a last blessing.

Of my son I have hitherto said little; he received and acknowledged us with as much affection as I could expect, considering the sentiments in which he had been educated, and the idea he was taught to entertain of us. After a short residence with him I found his passions were his master, that his principles were free, and his notions libertine. Yet, with all, I found he had some sparks of native benevolence, that his heart was not naturally depraved, and that, had a proper education been given him, and his evil dispositions and habits checked in their growth, he might have become a shining ornament, and a valuable member of society. To eradicate principles long fixed, or to com-

bat the prejudices of habit, are two things very difficult to perform. Youth, naturally opiated, frequently obstinate, and headstrong, will not always be governed, either by the mild dictates of reason, or by the authority which relationship assumes. Many, many were the errors I saw my son had imbibed: high-spirited, daring, impetuous, and an anxious follower of what is falsely called pleasure. He could little brook either controul or contradiction. By mild persuasion, or gentle remonstrance, I strove to correct the foibles of his youth, and teach him to hold the rein over his passions; but my words might have as well been delivered to the wind, they made no impression. It is true, he civilly attended to all I said; yet I sometimes saw the sneer of contempt pass across his features. His mother, who, in recovering her son, seemed to have lost the remembrance of every
 past

past grief, excused his conduct, as the effect of too much indulgence, begged me to be gentle in my reproofs, as she feared, their being too constantly repeated, might lead him to dislike his home, and shun me, as a censurer upon his actions. In compliance with her request I ceased to remonstrate. Yet once more, upon the commission of an enormity, which even maternal affection could not excuse, I ventured to reprove. Alas! Madam, I am now come to a part of my narrative which will wound the breast of every parent. He, fired at my interference in his pleasures, incensed at the lectures he had drawn upon himself, bade me remember, that though I was his father, he was my master; that to him I owed the bread I ate, and upon him depended for every comfort in life.

'Tis a painful task, Madam, for a father to recount the errors of a child, to drag his
vices

vices into public notice, and have him held up as a mirror of deformity to mankind. Yet you ask, and I cannot say nay. Our quarrel increased, (this was not a speech to soften my anger) one word brought on another, till I was a second time forced from my paternal home by the unnatural hands of a son.

My wife, my patient enduring wife, felt this agonizing stroke as the last pang of nature; in the anger of her heart she uttered a heavy malediction upon that darling son, whose errors, till now, she had paliated; whose vices she attributed to youth and inexperience. I cannot, Madam, detail long upon this ungrateful subject. Determined to be no longer under obligations to an unfeeling child; for the ebullition of whose passion, having once vented itself, gave place to repentance; he would now have willingly recalled us to his mansion,

but

but his repentance was too late. I forgave him, but I could not forget the indignity offered me; I felt as a man, as a father.

Collecting the little wealth we possessed, we once more sat out on our tedious journey, without a hope to cling to, or pleasurable idea to inspirit us; stung to the heart by the conduct of a being to whom we had looked for all the little comfort we could now enjoy—the little good that presented itself. A carriage conveyed us to Leghorn, where we resolved to re-adjust our plans. My wife, with all the partiality of local attachment, proposed our going to Poland, described it as a country, where, in our present situation, we should find a secure asylum; there she hoped too to meet some of her relations, and to be noticed by them; but we had lived upon hope, and experienced her fallacies. I discarded her, therefore, from my bosom, resolved no longer to be tempted by her illusions,

sions, or duped by the phantoms she reared to delude. I would not, therefore, listen to this proposal. Indeed the unhappy state of Poland was in itself cause sufficient to make a residence in it unpleasant. I had tried friends, I was sick of the word; I could not, to a woman who had suffered so much on my account, absolutely negative a request so naturally made. I therefore evaded it, by saying that the empire was so dismembered, and its political dissensions so prevailing, together with its being a journey too expensive for the present state of our finances, that it would be not only impolitic, but imprudent to venture it.

In the early part of my life I had become acquainted with an Englishman of the name of Roberts; at the time that our intimacy was forming into something like friendship, he was ordered from Paris to attend his father, who was upon the point of death.

death. My friend, I knew, had great and powerful connections in his native land, and, I believed, could I but find him out, he would, with the generosity common to his nation, point out some way in which I could support myself, and assist me by his countenance. The more I revolved this idea in my mind, the more it gathered strength. I therefore hastened to the quay to seek a vessel to transport us to this happy island. Here, to my great astonishment, I met the very gentleman upon whom I dwelt for my future prospects; our surprise at meeting was extreme, at first he scarcely recollected me, but the features of his face were indelibly fixed upon my memory; a period of near twenty years had not altered his countenance, his life had passed in quiet, uniformity, and happiness. The hand, therefore, of affliction had not contaminated him with her touch,

touch, or caused a wrinkle on his cheek. We adjourned to an hotel; here I recounted the sad history of my eventful life. I told him our situation, I neither exaggerated or concealed facts, but let him briefly into my present and future prospects. He was affected at my recital, and promised me his assistance. He was as good as his word; by his means I reached this country, from the letters he wrote to his friends I derived credit and consequence; and through his recommendation was appointed to the office of linguist and secretary to the ——— Envoy.

Fortune, I believed, had ceased to persecute me; and but for the unnatural conduct of my son, I should have been happy. The Tuscan territories had fallen also into the hands of the French Conqueror. I thought of my son, I wished to obtain a knowledge of his fate; I was soon to learn it.

it. Crossing one of the squares at the west end of the town, I met him; I could scarcely believe my senses: he saw me, a sense of shame, at that moment, I believe, came across him; a deep crimson overspread his cheeks, he faltered out his surprise, his grief, his sorrow, for what had passed, begged me to forgive him, to suffer him to see his mother. Nature spoke loudly in his favor, I could not forget that I was his father, that he was my son. I took him home with me, in an instant all was forgotten, all was forgiven. He recapitulated the circumstances which had driven him from Tuscany. I will not repeat them, you can suppose that the same cause which drove me from Montserrat, sent him a wanderer to England. But as he had brought away with him plenty of money, and was known to many English, he had not yet experienced any of the inconveniences

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veniences attending the life of an unhappy emigrant: he entered with avidity into all those scenes of pleasure that the capital holds out to allure the gay, the giddy, and the dissipated. His fortune was unequal to his expences, what he brought with him was soon spent. He applied to me, I assisted him; the doors of his paternal home were open to him; he took up his abode with us; at first his life was pretty regular, he next took to staying out at nights; he had got connected with a set of men who live by depredations committed upon the public. Of his immoralities and his vices I heard from every quarter. I had tried the powers of argument, of remonstrance, all was ineffectual; he had given himself up to a course of vice there was no restraining. Unable to brook reproof, conscious of deserving it, we saw
till

but little of him. I had assisted his pocket till I left my own empty.

To add to my griefs, the Envoy —, in whose suite I was, was recalled. I thus lost the means of support; drained by my son on one hand, my wife lying dangerously ill on the other, I contracted debts I was unable to repay. I was threatened with a prison, I fled for refuge to this neighbourhood, where, to add to the sum of my woes, a few weeks since I heard that my unfortunate son, hurried on from one degree of vice to another, had become amenable to the laws of the country, having committed a highway robbery, for which he was apprehended, and now lies under sentence of death in Dorchester goal. This, Madam, is the cause of that woe which my face so faithfully portrays. My wife, the patient partner of all my sorrows,

lies on the bed of sickness, myself am threatened with a prison; and my son, oh! horror, horror! when I think of the fate that awaits him, my old heart shrinks within itself, and I am ready to exclaim with Job, "the measure of my woes is more than I can bear."

Never, for my sake, may a parent upon any consideration be tempted to give up his child, but regard him as a sacred deposit intrusted to him by heaven, to whom he is accountable for the good or ill that attends him. And oh! may his story be a warning to the youth of both sexes; that religion is the basis upon which the superstructure of their future good is to be raised to integrity and honor; and that the child who performs his duty by the authors of his being, is giving the best security for his conduct through life.

And

And let parents also remember, that to false indulgencies, and a misjudged education, children are frequently indebted for all the miseries of their future lives.

The feelings and benevolence of Mrs. Ormond were much interested in this simple narrative, and she determined to try her utmost to relieve the misery with which this worthy man was oppressed. She took an early opportunity of enquiring the extent of his pecuniary embarrassments, when finding that fifty pounds would set him clear from his creditors, she instantly advanced it, and then sought out means to be of service to his family.

Anxious to hear if the prisoner had any connections, that, in such an emergency,

could befriend him, she ordered her carriage, and sat off, accompanied by her nieces, for Dorchester goal. Here the scenes of misery, with which vice had become familiar, struck upon their feelings with a degree of horror they had never before experienced. They were soon introduced to the young Alderdosini; but what were their sensations when they traced in his features those of the man that had robbed them? Surprise for a moment deprived them of speech, and in that moment their faces were recollected by the prisoner.

“Do you too come to arraign me? Alas!” said he, “am I not sufficiently punished? am I not almost at the eve of execution? A few short days, and this life, which dawned so brightly, which rose in such splendour, will be shut in darkness, in ignominy, in death.”

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The accent with which this was uttered, convinced Mrs. Ormond, that the feelings of this unhappy young man were more wounded by the disgraceful fate that awaited him, than by the near approach of death. Assuring him that she came not to oppress him, but to serve him ; she besought him to tell her in what she could befriend him ; and if he had any friends to whom she could apply on his behalf. Being answered in the negative, she enquired if the circumstances of his crime were of such a nature as to preclude the possibility of mercy from the sovereign.

She then learnt, that they had been of such a complexion, that mercy extended to him, would be an abuse of that justice which was due to the public.

“ Besides, Madam,” he continued, “ the extent of my crimes you are probably unacquainted with. Negligent of all the relative
relative

relative duties of life, I have ever walked in a course which must ultimately have some fatal termination. From childhood I was wayward, fretful, impatient of contradiction, and anxious for revenge; as I grew towards manhood the same propensities continued. I added to my bad qualities profaneness, and neglect and contempt of the duties of religion, under the seducing name of pleasure. I engaged in scenes which served to strengthen me in my bad habits. To reproof I had from a child been unaccustomed, I could not therefore be patient under it. When arrived at a more mature age, I have, Madam, broken every tie, divine or human. My mind was unequal to resist the first temptation to do wrong, and rapid was my future progress; by gradual steps I reached the climax of wickedness. Alas! the temptations to vice are many, and happy are they who
escape

escape them. Let young people be warned in time; let them, from their cradle, be taught to reflect, that though the paths of vice may for a short time appear alluring, yet the miseries, the sorrows, and disgrace, a deviation from rectitude produces, can never be recompensed by any of those fallacious joys which must be purchased at so dear a rate as the loss of mental peace. The internal satisfaction a consciousness of having acted right produces, can never be too dearly purchased. Ah! Madam, none but those who have acted otherwise, can tell the sleepless nights, agitated days, and constant apprehensions which the wretched being indures, who having once swerved from the paths of virtue, hears in every breeze the voice of his own condemnation. Happy, happier by far, is the lowest peasant, that earns his bread with honesty, and enjoys it without inward reproach, than
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the most splendid station, the most brilliant prospects can produce, if unaccompanied by honour and conscious rectitude. I have lived to little purpose. In the sad retrospection which the hours of solitary confinement produces, I cannot find one virtue in my heart nourished to perfection.

“ At the age of twenty-five I am about to pay my life a forfeit for my vices; instead of smoothing the last hours of the authors of my being, I plunge them into misery. The blush of shame overspreads their aged cheeks for the crimes for which I suffer, and the manner of my end. They hear my name balled about every street, as a warning to others. Can they look in the face of happy parents without regretting their own unfortunate child? Can they see a youth following the paths I trod, without reflecting, that by such means I arrived at the sad fate which now awaits
me?

me? Thus, Madam, every circumstance will contribute to aggravate their grief and disgrace, and my memory be a lasting reproach.

“ I am resigned to my fate, I feel conscious of having deserved it, and am unworthy that any interest should be exerted in my behalf. Yet let me say, that were my time to come again, I should, I think, act differently; or at least, the repentance I now feel, deceives me.”

After much conversation, Mrs. Ormond and her nieces departed; the former immediately wrote to her brother, to procure, if possible, a reprieve and reverse of sentence for this unhappy young man.

Mr. Hornsby interested himself so much on this occasion, that he was ordered to be transported for fourteen years.

Mrs. Ormond had no sooner obtained this desired boon, than she informed his father,

father, who was himself the bearer of the news.

The gratitude Signior Alderdosini expressed and felt was boundless; the never to be forgotten disgrace of a public execution would be now done away; and, he trusted, that with his exile, the crime for which he was doomed to suffer, would be no longer remembered.

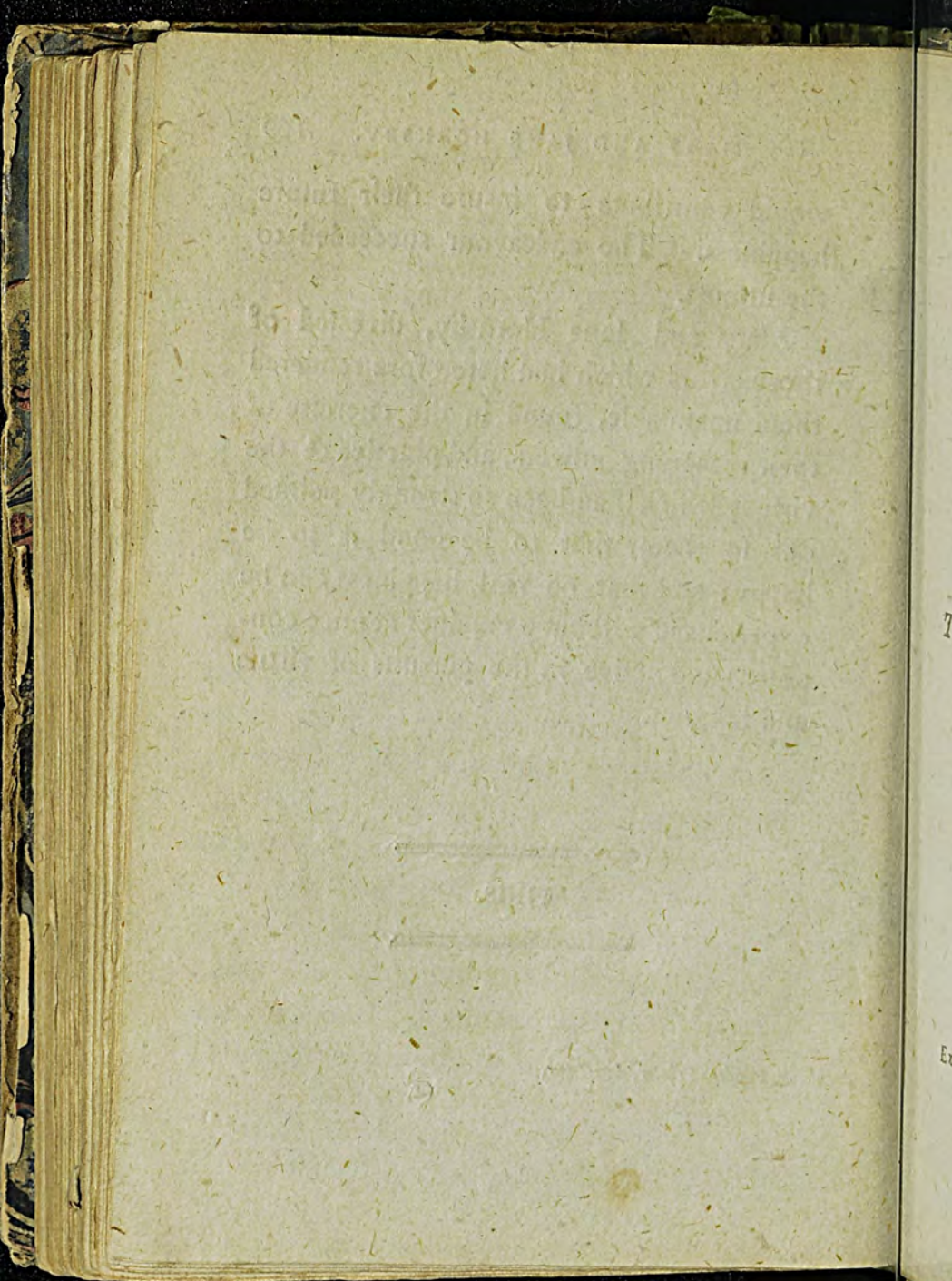
The old man could now look up; he introduced his wife to his benefactress, and they found, in the steadiness and consistence which ever influenced her conduct, a friendship and tenderness to which they had long been strangers, and which smoothed the remnant of their years.

Signior Alderdosini, doubly bound by gratitude as well as interest, joined his endeavours with those of his patroness to eradicate false principles from the minds of his pupils, and instill in their place such as
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would contribute to insure their future happiness. The endeavour succeeded to the utmost.

Mary and Jane Hornsby, divested of those errors which had heretofore rendered them unamiable, found in the exercise of their reasoning powers, and practice of the virtues which had been so strongly pointed out to them, that to be good is to be happy; and that no real happiness can be experienced without a conduct at once consistent and active in the pursuits of virtue and religion.

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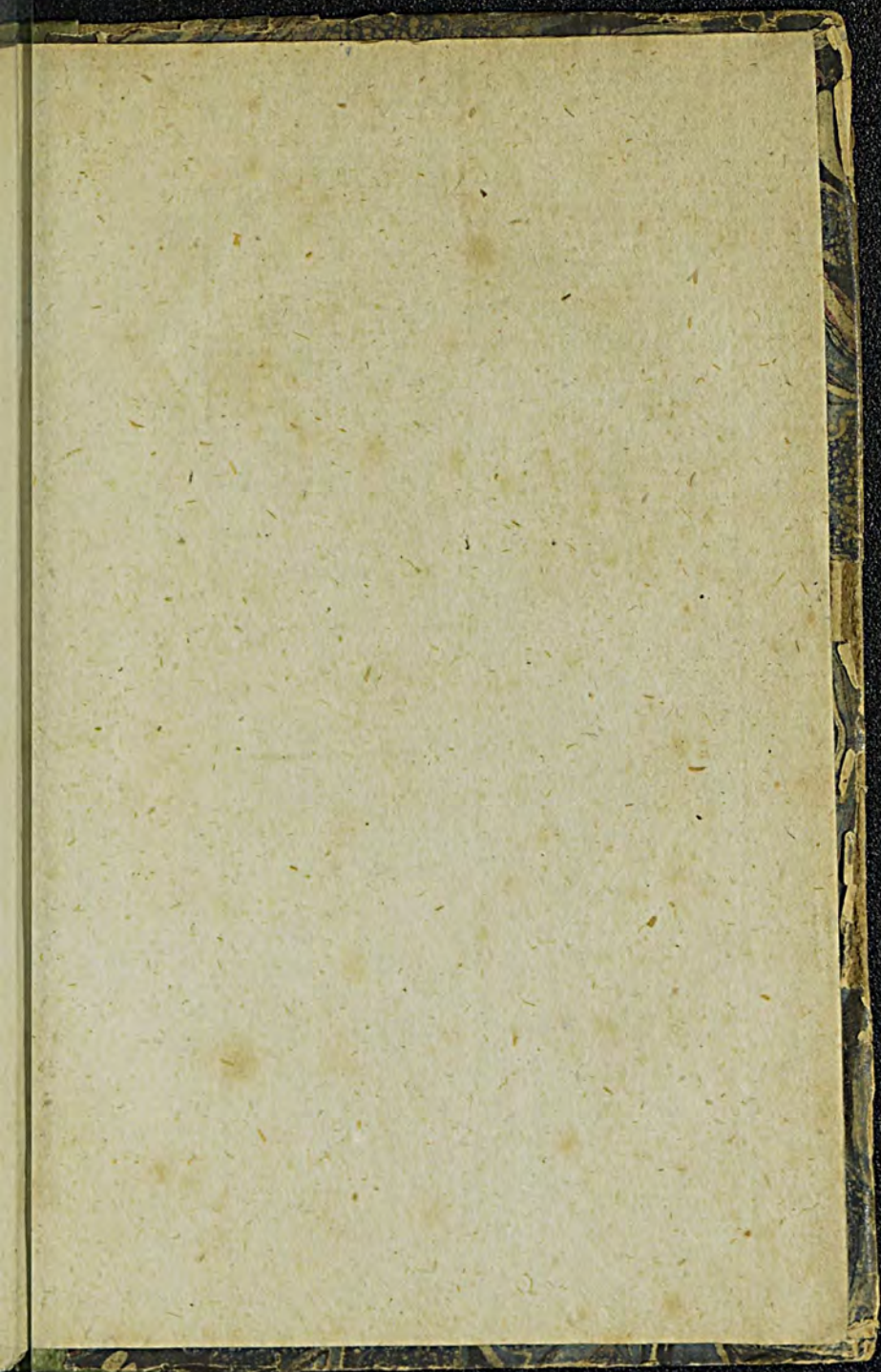
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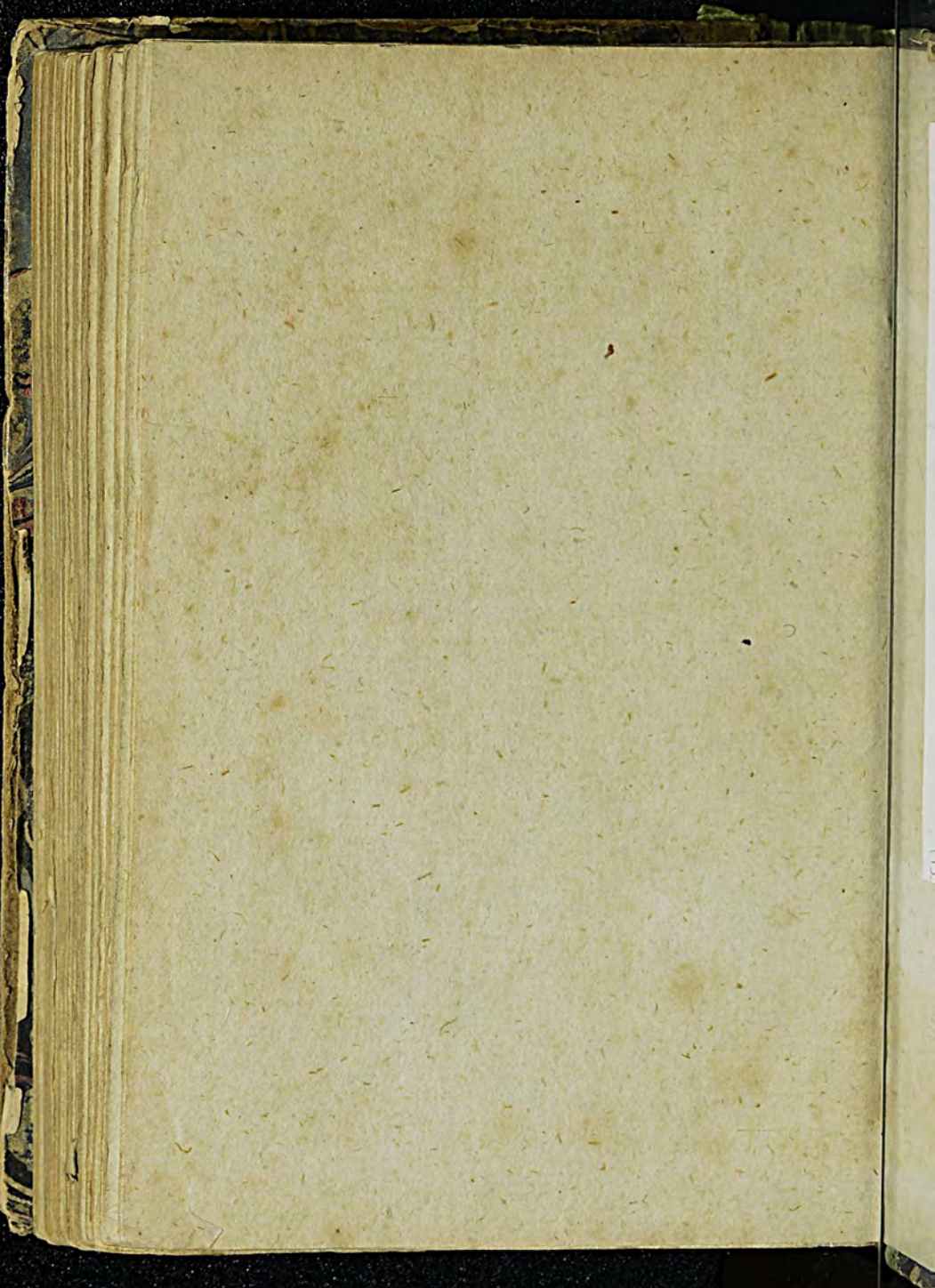
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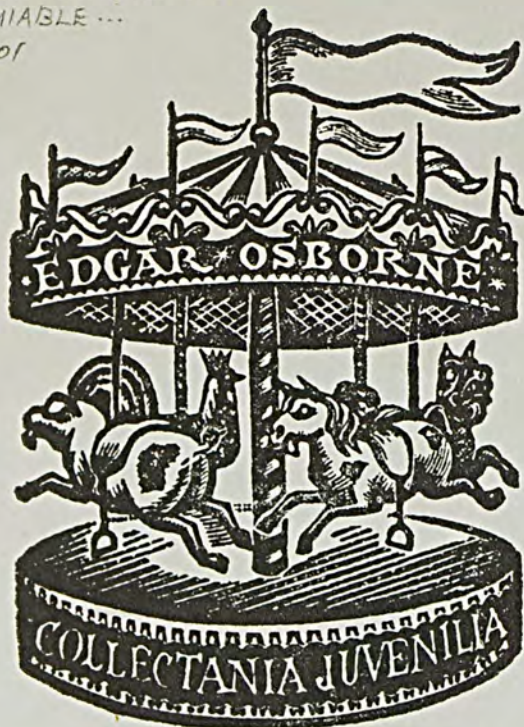








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