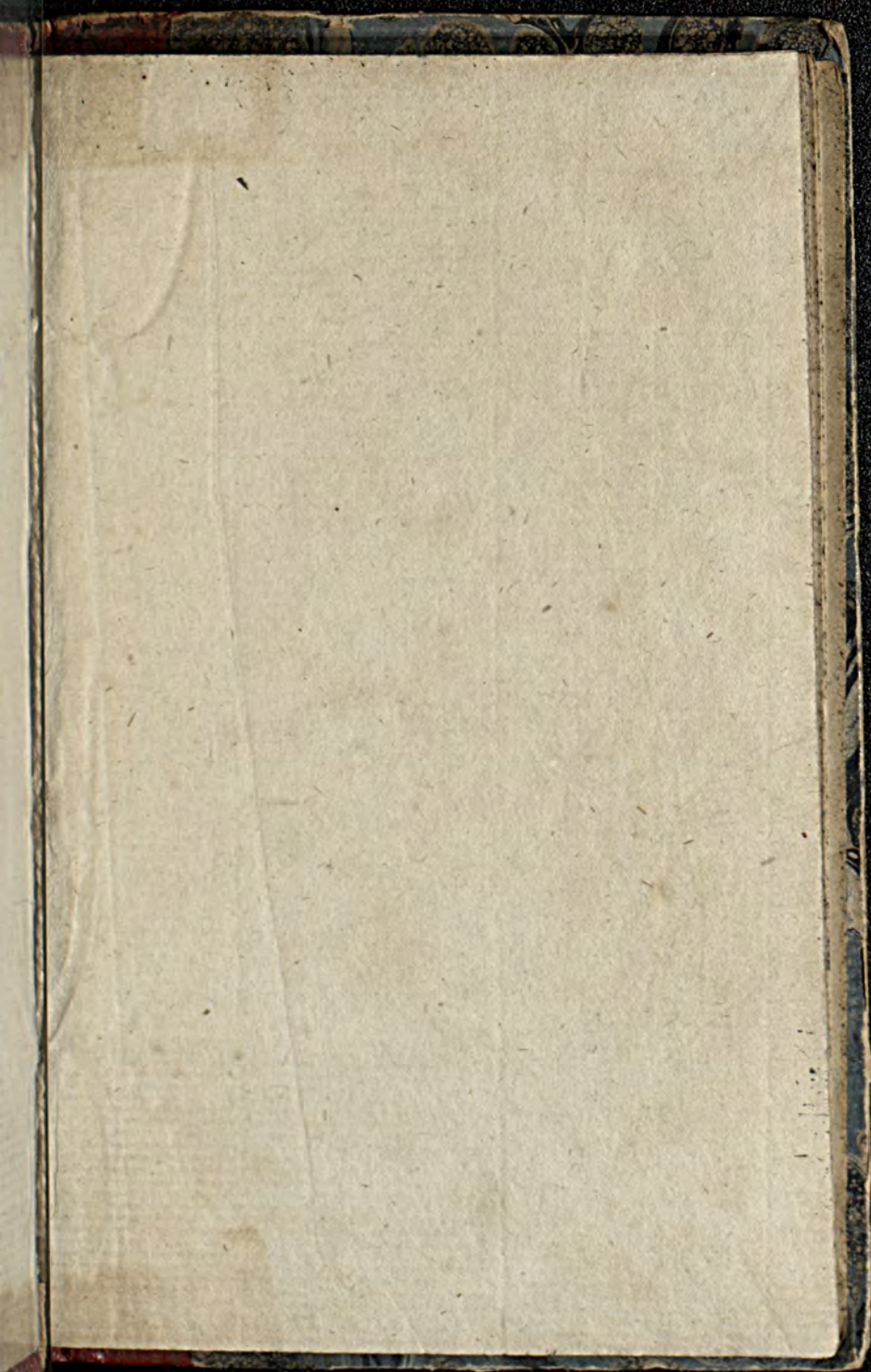


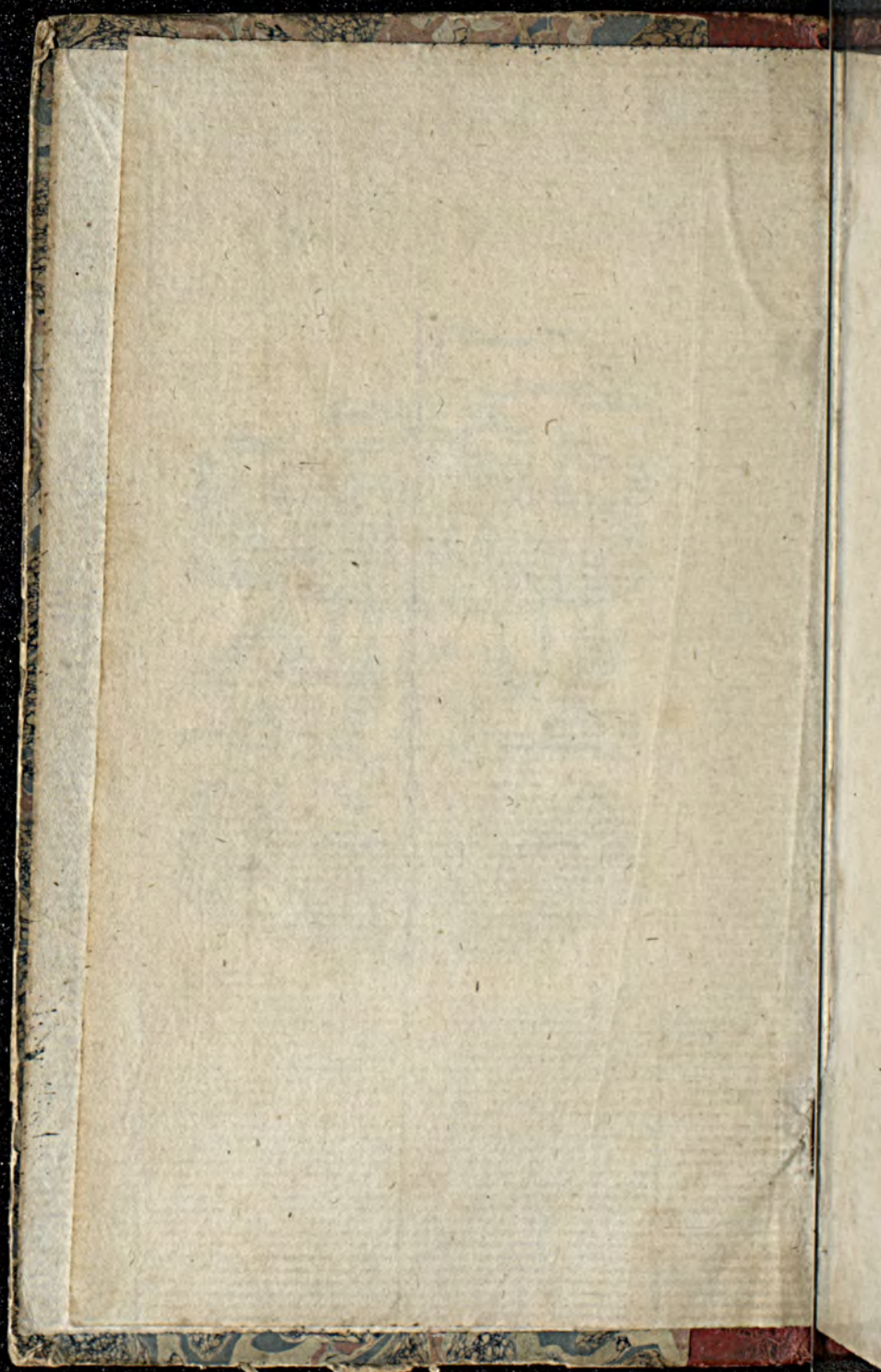
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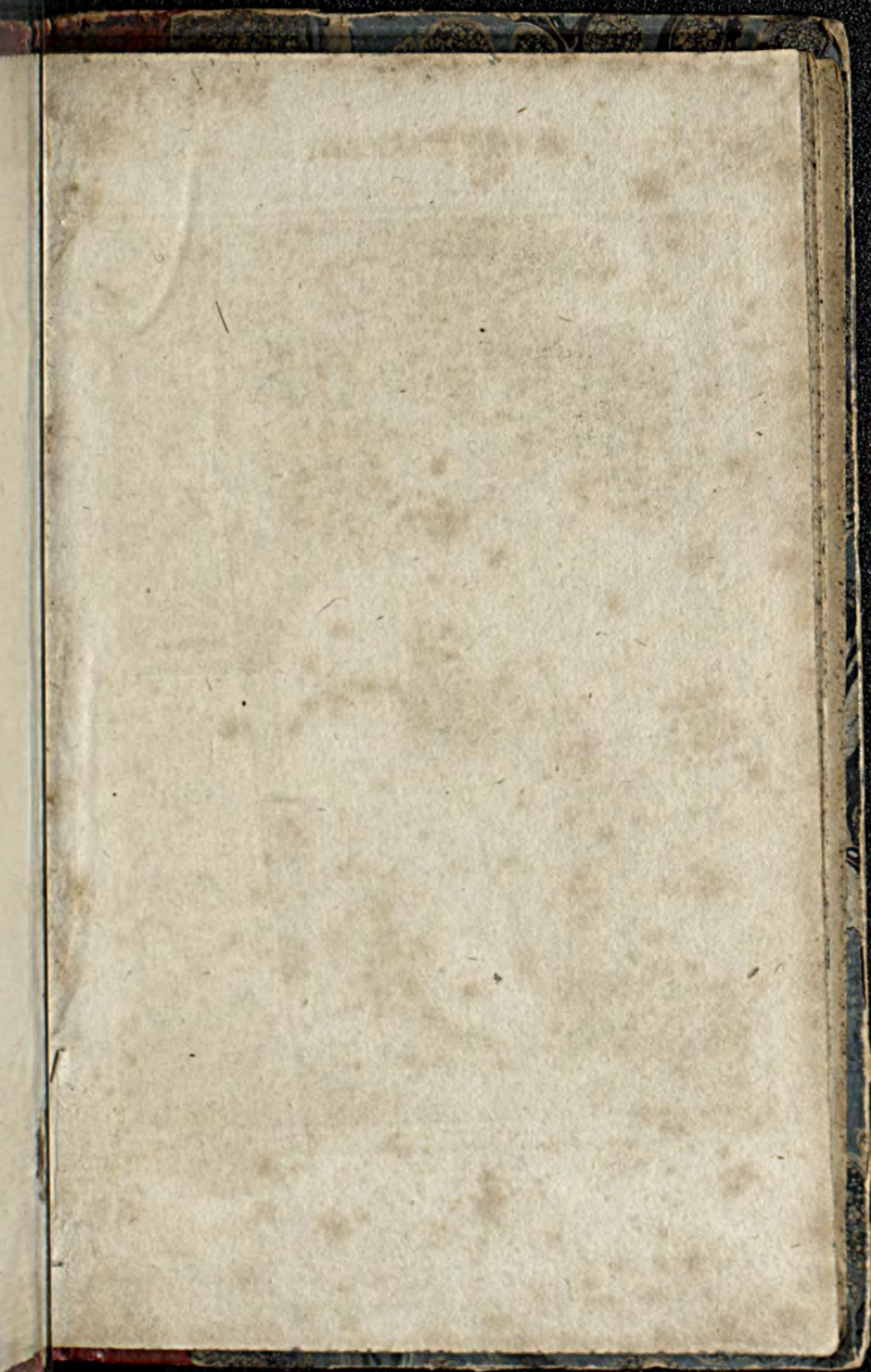


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FRONTISPIECE.



Stella.

p. 30.

Published April 1800, by E. Newbery, corner of St. Pauls Church Yard.

SKETCHES FROM NATURE,

INTENDED

FOR THE USE

OF

YOUNG PERSONS.



LONDON:

Printed for E. NEWBERY, at the Corner of St. Paul's
Church-Yard,

By H. Bryer, Bridewell-Hospital.

1801.

MEMOIRS FROM NATURE

CHAPTER I

THE FIRST

OF THE FIRST



LONDON

Printed and Sold by J. B. ROBERTSON, at the Sign of the

Three Crowns, in Pall Mall

1791

"NO
seemed a
who ma
but he
and reco
sure."

"Of
sures arise

of nature, and they are highly
agreeable to every taste. minor

“ NOT he alone is to be es-
teemed a benefactor to mankind
who makes an useful discovery;
but he also, who can point out
and recommend an innocent plea-
sure.”

“ Of this kind, are the plea-
sures arising from the observations
of

[iv]

*of nature; and they are highly
agreeable to every taste, uncor-
rupted by vicious indulgence."*

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On Edu
On Hay
Reading
On Gener
On Reser

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~~~~~  
*SKETCHES FROM NATURE,*  
*&c. &c.*

~~~~~  
A SHORT DISSERTATION
ON INSECTS,
~~~~~

“ There is not a Fly but has had *Infinite Wisdom*  
“ concerned, not only in its structure, but in its  
“ destination.”

“ 'Tis God,  
“ Who gives its lustre to an Insect's wing ”

~~~~~  
MRS. DELVILLE was extremely
alarmed at hearing a loud shriek
from the garden; she sprang from
her seat to go to the assistance of
her daughter, whom she had just
A parted

parted from, Maria choosing rather to sit in a bower of roses, with her play-mate and dolls, than accompany her Mamma on a visit to her village neighbours.

“ My dear Maria, what noise was it I heard,” asked Mrs. Delville, “ what has hurt you, you look ill?”

“ Oh nothing, Mamma, I am better now, but I must tell you how it happened.—I had gathered a nosegay of roses for Mary Nelson, and the moment I had presented

sented them to her, there flew from it such a monstrous thing, and settled on my arm, that I almost fainted."

"Dear child, how could you give me that alarm, and make yourself appear so ridiculous? I can venture to assure myself Miss Nelson has too much good sense to fear so innocent a creature: of what use is your reading, my dear, if you do not learn more philosophy, than to faint at the sight of an *insect*."

“ Pray, Mamma, do not laugh at me, it was *more* than an *insect* ; and much as you depend on Mary’s good sense and forbearance on the occasion, even she started from it.”

“ I beg your pardon, dear Maria ; if you remember, I took it off your arm, and wondered you were afraid of such a common and beautiful little thing as it was ; I have played with them a thousand times, and Mamma calls them Chafers—here is another, Mrs Delville.”

“ You

“ You are perfectly right, my dear Mary, they are called Rose Chafers, or Green Beetles—they are the most beautiful, of the kind, in England; you see it is green gilded, and they are generally met with upon flowers, particularly the rose and piony; the larva, or maggot, injures the roots of plants.”

“ I will remember this account,” said Mary, “ and pray, Maria, let us learn, together, the history of Insects, Papa says it

is what all girls ought to do for their amusement."

Maria.—Ashamed of my behaviour, I willingly accept this proposal, provided Mamma will become our tutoress.

"Most certainly, my dear, I shall comply with your wishes with pleasure, and will, therefore, postpone my visit to another day, and as there is nothing like making sure of the time present, we will sit here and commence our rational conversation."

Mary.

Mary.—In the first place, then, I wish to know, if all large creatures, of this description, are called insects, such as the Chafers found in oak-trees, &c. &c.

Mrs Delville.—All, without exception, my dear—Insects are so called, from a separation in the middle of their bodies, whereby they are cut into two parts, which are joined together by a small ligament.

Maria.—This is very plainly understood, Mamma, I think I shall be delighted with a farther account;

account; pray are they of any use to any thing; you say the maggot destroys the roots of plants, that seems inconsistent to me, that they should be suffered to do so.

Mrs. Delville.—Some are employed in preparing, some purifying, and others in destroying, the materials on which they work.

Mary.—How wonderful it appears, but not more so than the growth of trees, of herbs, and
all

all things on the face of the earth
—but I interrupt you.

Mrs Delville.—The influence of
Insects, in the economy of nature,
is very great; they preserve a due
proportion among plants, consume
what is misplaced, dead, or de-
cayed, and, themselves, afford
nourishment to other animals,
chiefly birds. Thus the study of
Insects seems to be very im-
portant.

Maria.—Indeed, Mamma, it
appears so, and how happy I am,
that

that my folly in being frightened at so innocent and inoffensive a creature as a Chafer, has led to this charming discovery——What is a Chrysalis, Mamma?

Mrs. Delville.—It is the next state, that is, the second, of an insect, being dryer and harder than the maggot, confined in a narrow compass, and is either naked, or covered with a kind of web—it is called, also, Pupa.

Maria.—What a droll name.

Mrs.

Mrs. Delville.—Pupa signifies *doll*, or *baby*; many insects, in this state, have some resemblance to a child, wrapped in swathing clothes—this is called by various names, as Aurelia, Bean, Cone, &c. &c.

Mary.—Then, Aurelia, we may call the Grub, that appears after the silk is wound from the ball of a Silk-worm?

Mrs. Delville.—Certainly.

Maria.—What is the next change it undergoes, Mamma?

Mrs.

Mrs. Delville.—Repeatedly, my dear Maria! and I was hurt and astonished to find you never asked one question concerning it; you cannot, therefore, be attentive, and those, who are not so, will never know any thing beyond one who has never been taught.

Maria—(*confused.*)—Mamma! how good, how lenient you are, I never can forget this double proof of indulgence; but why was I not punished for the neglect, as I used to be?

Mrs.

Mrs. Delville.—The reproach of one's own conscience, is, I am convinced, the greatest punishment that can be imposed on any one; you are now thirteen years old, consequently are capable of understanding what you read *for*—if you never *think* when you read, *ignorance* must, certainly, and unavoidably, be the event; and one of your age, who does not know a thing, and is too careless to ask, too thoughtless of the benefit to be derived from it, deserves to remain in ignorance.—This, I think,

is a sufficient punishment, for who can esteem such a person?

Maria.—Indeed, indeed, my dear Mamma, I am wrong, I feel, too well, the truth of all your remarks, but you ought to have spared me in the presence of my friend, who will now look on me with disgust—Mary Nelson is a true picture of what I ought, and wish to be;—but—but, Mamma, I wish you were less kind; had you chid, had you punished me, I had now been dutiful, and
happy

happy in remembering what I have read.

Mrs. Delville.—I am sorry to be under this necessity of reforming you; my indulgence should have proved a stimulus to your industry—I cannot punish a child whom I love, though I see her faulty—I feel, notwithstanding, the error of such a disposition;—I have admonished you, both by precept and example, till words are become useless, and if a child will not be reformed without chid-

ing, or punishment, recourse must be had to her feelings.

Maria.—Never have my feelings been so much hurt as now; but I will make no promises; you shall see by my future attention, how thoroughly I am sorry and ashamed for the ingratitude I have been guilty of towards the best of parents, and the injustice towards myself, in neglecting to cultivate my mind when I have so good an opportunity.

Mary.

Mary.—I can answer for my dear friend's perseverance in these resolutions, and by your leave we will return to our Insects. We were beginning to talk of the eyes of spiders;—Maria asked, if they had so many eyes as some authors mention?

Mrs. Delville.—Most undoubtedly:—Spiders have eight eyes; two on the top of their head, or body, (for there is no division between them, a spider having no neck) that look directly upwards; two others in front, a little below those,

those, to discover all that passes forward; and, on each side, a couple more, one of which points sideways forward, and the other sideways backward, so that the insect can see almost quite round.

Mary.—The more I hear and read, the more is my wonder and admiration increased at the goodness and providence of God, which is so plentifully shewn in the formation of this seemingly trifling insect.

Mrs.

Mrs. Delville.—"There is no insect so small, not even an atom of matter so minute, as not to share in *His* attention and care;—and as to *Man*, who is a being of much greater importance, he numbers the very hairs of his head; and therefore must be supposed to care for his future state, with the tenderness of a most affectionate father."

Maria.—Oh, Mamma, had I attended to such charming lectures before, or taken delight in studying the nature of insects and animals,

animals, in order to discover the wisdom of God in forming them, I should not have shrunk with terror at their deformity: how ignorant it makes me appear.

Mrs. Delville.—I am pleased, Maria, with this conviction: pursue the rational amusement of learning, how its seemingly misshapen parts are suited to the modes of life allotted by its Maker, and you will be certainly rewarded far beyond your present conceptions. It enlarges the mind, by turning it from *trifling pursuits*, especially from

from the wicked practice of tormenting animals and insects; a practice which none but the truly ignorant can possibly fall into.

Mary.—Bad indeed must that heart be, which can be amused in so shocking a manner; I know but one such, and that is a boy, who is as remarkable for his ignorance as his cruelty. Do you not think, Mrs. Delville, it is in some measure owing to an improper education—I mean, if a child had a sensible and affectionate mother,

ther, she would teach them more humanity?

Mrs. Delville.—I can, with difficulty, answer this question. The nature of some children is so extremely perverse and stubborn, that it is impossible for the wisest and most affectionate parent to eradicate it, notwithstanding the proverb of,

“Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclin'd.”

—A friend of mine, who possessed a fund of good sense, and inherited, from nature, a sweet temper and disposition, was so unfortunate

as

as to be troubled with a son of this description: he was bent upon committing every kind of misdemeanor and cruelty; he had masters of all sorts, but being of a violent and passionate disposition, he attended to none of their precepts; and ridiculed their examples so openly, that they all grew tired of their situation: his Mother remonstrated, chid, soothed, and all without effect, 'till fortunately for them both, he was taken ill, and the pain he then suffered brought him to repentance, and to himself:

“Sweet indeed are the uses of adversity,”

versity," for he is now the pride of his acquaintances, and his Mother.

Maria.—What a lesson is this for the ignorant. I shall remember the Insect as long as I live; this rose bower will be the place I shall in future prefer to any in the shrubbery: here, Mary, in this beautiful spot we will endeavour to become the wisest as well as the best girls in the world. I need not say *we*, but I will learn of *you*, that to be attentive to the precepts of our parents, is the safest and only method to become *good* and *wise*.

—ON

ON BEAUTY.

“ Some beauty's snatch'd each day, each hour,
For beauty is a fleeting flower:
Then how can wisdom e'er confide,
In beauty's momentary pride ?”

IT is a matter of astonishment to me, to observe the regard and reverence that is paid to beauty, in preference to the graces and accomplishments of the mind.

It is certain, that no happiness or real advantage can be derived

from it; and is it, as some argue, true, that those who are in possession of this fleeting gift, seldom or ever bestow any care or thought for the culture of the more valuable and lasting part, the mind? How anxious have I seen the fond and admiring mother, exercising all her contrivances to protect her fair daughter from any accident that might deface her with a scar, or stain her with a freckle: weak woman! rather turn thy attentive assiduity to thy favourite's *future* beauty; teach her the true loveliness of the soul, without which it
—is

is impossible she can be esteemed by any but the frivolous and vain.

As life is, with so much propriety, compared to grass, by our holy Psalmist, so is beauty to flowers. Prior's beautiful poem of the Garland, conveys a charming lesson to youth, particularly to females; for who can read the poem, without feeling a conviction of the truth of every word which it contains; but, lest my young readers should be unacquainted with it, the moral of it is, that of a lovely girl's returning from a visit of
c 3 festivity;

festivity; she had danced, sung, and, indeed, bore the *belle* at the wake; she wore on her head a garland of nature's sweetest ornaments, roses; in the midst of hilarity and youthful frolicks, these frail and fading beauties drooped their heads and died: nor was it discovered, 'till returning to her own reflections in the evening, and casting off the garb of gaiety, poor Stella saw, with grief, the change such a short period had made: she threw her garland on the ground, and, pointing to the flowers, she exclaimed, smiling, though

though in the midst of tears,
“ Alas! my friend, see what a
few fleeting hours has done; see
how it has robbed my garland of
life, their colour is fled, their
charming odour lost!”—“ Ah,
me!” continued the lovely mo-
ralist, “ all the variegated charms
of May, and those of beauty, are
as one; in the morning, both flou-
rish and delight the eye; in the
evening, both fade, die, and are
soon forgotten.”—Happy would
it indeed be, were these reflections
more encouraged by many young
females, who spend hour after
hour,

hour, and day after day, in pursuits beneath their attention; to reflect on futurity, is the only way to become acquainted with one's self, and to remember that we also shall soon fade, and be cut off like grass.

I forget who it was that said, few people know how to take a walk; this, however paradoxical it may appear, is literally true; we may walk, and walk to eternity, but if we do not turn the objects we there meet with to some useful purpose, we may almost as well

well be deprived of the use of our feet; there is a tale contained in every leaf, as well as flower we meet with; the smallest particle of matter will afford instruction and delight to those who will seek it; and is it not more laudable to employ our time thus, than to laugh it away in folly and vanity?

ON HAPPINESS;

OR,

THE ADVANTAGES OF READING.

“ 'Tis Virtue makes the bliss where'er we dwell.”

“ IN spite of all your reasoning,”
said Louisa to her friend, “ you
will never make me a convert to
your opinion that happiness is not
local; convey me to the charming
scenes of London, or Bath, and I
think a gloomy thought or a sigh
would

would never come across me again; now you are continually worrying me that I am pensive and discontented, and a hundred other such accusations; and now, my dear Emma, is it possible to suppress sighs and downcast looks amidst so much stupidity; you will pardon me, but I have scarcely seen a face, besides your own and your pedantic brother's, for these last two months."

"Nay, Louisa, not so fast; in spite of yourself, you prove my reasoning to be true; when you
were

were in London, how anxious were you to ‘taste the sweets of the country, where, Emma, we shall walk from morn till night without being interrupted;’ these were your words, if you recollect;—you are no sooner here, but it disgusts you; one is pedantic, because he delights in reading and improving his mind; the other stupid, because she loves retirement; a pretty account truly you will have to give of your country friends; do you not now perceive, Louisa, that happiness is confined to no particular spot; it is a gem of
the

the mind, which nothing can have power to disturb, whether in town or country, in society or retirement, it is still the same."

"When you begin moralizing, Emma, you know, there is no such thing as being equal to you; but argue which way you will, I am most contented in a town, because——"

"Because *little minds* (you began, if you please to recollect,) know not how to commune with themselves; leave them alone, and they are devoured with the vapours

pours, the spleen, nervous headache, or some such complaint; whereas, a person whose mind is stored with useful knowledge, who knows how to read to advantage, never is so truly delighted, as when left alone to indulge their own reflections, or to turn over, at leisure, and digest a page or two of the best authors; this, you would call, romantic, but is it not infinitely preferable to the ennui you complain of continually?"

"Do

“Do not ask the question, Emma, I cannot hold out against these plain truths—let me learn of you the art of happiness, for I am disgusted with myself, and of every thing around me—teach me the shortest road to gain that charming serenity, which I see you enjoy, and which I am so anxious to attain.”

“I wish I could keep you in this disposition for a few weeks, I would teach you it is the richest and best of heaven’s gifts.”

“ Could I but enjoy this inestimable treasure, Emma, this moment, there it not a thing I would not undergo. In what manner must I attempt to gain the prize ?”

“ Listen to Pope, the most charming of moral Poets, you will find it does not depend on honour, or riches.

“ Plant of celestial seed ! if dropt below,

“ Say in what mortal soil thou deign'st to grow ?

“ Fair op'ning to some court's propitious shine,

“ Or deep with diamonds, in the flaming mine ;

“ Twin'd with the wreaths, Parnassian laurels yield,

“ Or reap'd in iron harvests of the field ?

“ Where

- " Where grows ? where grows it not ? if vain our toil,
" We ought to blame the culture, not the soil ;
" Fix'd to no spot, is *happiness* sincere,
" 'Tis no where to be found, or every where ;
" 'Tis never to be bought, but always free,
" And fled from monarchs, St. John dwells with thee.
" Ask of the learn'd the way, the learn'd are blind,
" This bids to serve, and that to shun mankind ;
" Some place the bliss in action, some in ease,
" These call it pleasure, and contentment these ;
" Some sunk to beasts, find pleasure end in pain,
" Some swell'd to Gods, confess e'en virtue vain ;
" Or indolent, to each extreme they fall,
" To trust in every thing, or doubt in all."

Thus you perceive, Louisa, that
e'en monarchs are exempted from
the enjoyment of true felicity—
but you seem to waver."

“ No, indeed! believe me I do not; I was thinking how much I am misled, and that you will have a more stubborn pupil than you are aware of; contentment, I have discovered, must spring from the *mind*; you talk of storing it with useful knowledge, of reading the best authors; I hardly know what knowledge is useful, and all authors are the same to me, for I frankly declare to you, I know none, but by name; be not surprized, it is a fact, my reading consisted in novels.”

“ If

“ If these are truths, I cannot wonder at the restlessness and inquietude of your disposition; you have no internal solidity to reflect on; separated from society, your life must be a tedious vacuum; but how happened it that you chose such a mistaken path?”

“ I am sorry to reproach those, whose whole study it was to see me happy. My parents, I being an only child, doated on me to a blamable excess. When I was seven years old, I was to be put to school, but on my shewing a disinclination

disinclination to leave home, my mother would, by no means, consent to my being forced—it spoiled children's dispositions, she said, and she never would have her child thwarted in the most trivial thing; 'you know, my dear,' said she to my father, 'Louisa will have a very large fortune, and her understanding is excellent for her years, therefore what signifies pestering the girl with accomplishments, which she will do very well without; we will educate her at home; she shall accompany me in all my visits;'

balls

balls and plays will give her a taste for elegance, and, with us, her disposition will not be soured by contradiction and study."

"And how mistaken were your mother's aims; your situation brings to my recollection a letter, I the other day perused, from a young woman, who has passed her time much in the same manner as yourself. She had never been in the country, and her education began, and was completed, in the midst of visiting and dissipation; till, at length, a country relation

relation gave her an invitation, which was accepted with that delight, which you, having experienced it, can best explain. She, however, had been in this fancied Arcadia but six weeks, and she writes the following account of herself to her friend—"Thus, Euphelia, am I condemned to solitude; the day moves slowly forward, and I see the dawn with uneasiness, because I consider that night is at a great distance. I have tried to sleep by a brook, but find its murmurs ineffectual, so that I am forced to be awake,

at

at least, twelve hours, without visits, without cards, without laughter, without flattery. I walk, because I am disgusted with sitting still, and sit down, because I am weary of walking. I go out and return—I pluck a flower and throw it away—I catch an insect, and, when I have examined its colours, set it at liberty—I fling a pebble into the water, and see one circle spread after another—I have sincerely resolved not to spend another summer in solitude, nor too hastily flatter myself with happiness—yet I have heard, Euphelia,

phelia, of those, who never thought themselves so much at ease, as in solitude, and cannot but suspect it to be, some way or other, my own fault. Let me hear from you immediately, and teach me how to enjoy shades and flowers, and lawns and waters. I am weary of the country, and of every thing around me, but mostly of myself."

"Thus writes this unhappy girl—and I suppose your letters to your friends at home, are much in

in the same strain of complaint,
Louisa—is it not so?”

“Think not to deceive me thus,
Emma, I have discovered your
plot, and am convinced this is a
character of myself, which you
have drawn and put up before me,
just to shew me how insignificant
I must appear to myself; I must
allow you all the justice you de-
serve, the picture is too truly de-
lineated for any one to mistake
it; they are exactly the sensations
I feel; tell me, did you not
mean to draw me?”

E

“Indeed

“Indeed you are mistaken, Louisa; what I have repeated were really the effusions of the pen of a person, who has every blessing she can wish for, except that of contentment, without which all others are worth nothing, for she cannot enjoy them.”

“Thus it is with me—I want nothing, but still I can enjoy nothing; on the contrary, you are ever cheerful, never complain of the dullness of any place, though you see not a single person; let me partake of the happiness of your

your nature, for I will no longer be held up to the world as an object of contempt, and despise myself as much as those who know me must despise my ignorance; I will learn whatever lesson you teach me, but let not your brother be privy to the plan, he shall make his own discoveries—at present, I know I am no favourite of his, but if I can discourse with him about the poets and philosophers, perhaps he will deign to be sociable with me.”

E 2 “Certainly

“Certainly he will; men, you know, love kindred minds. If a woman has no entertaining qualifications, nothing that will last beyond the present hour, she must expect to be neglected; if all her amusing powers are exhausted at the first meeting, she cannot be sought in future; who will attend to one, who attends to nothing but her face and person, for beauty and dress are but poor substitutes for the graces of the mind; were you to see Charles with Miss Chesterville, you would allow him to possess all the excellence

cellence of his sex, with scarcely any of their follies."

"I suppose, then, Miss Chesterville is a learned lady: how I should like to hear a conversation between the two philosophers."

"Now, Louisa, you are straying from the plan we are about to adopt—whoever ridicules learning, is always deemed to be ignorant themselves; besides, it is a plausible way of saving their own credit, for, 'till you made the discovery, I could not know the
E 3 depth

depth of your knowledge, as, whenever any literary subject was introduced, you evaded it, by saying—"pshaw, I hate your moralizing nonsense, reserve it for the closet"—if you never converse on what you read, you never can imbibe any notions but your own, and those are very liable to be erroneous; how then are we to arrive at knowledge and truth, which is so necessary to the comfort of the human mind?"

"I feel my own error Emma, and the truth of your remarks,

so forcibly, that I will be the gentle, obedient pupil, you would wish to see me—what books shall I read, which would be most likely to make me so?"

"Do you like prose or poetry?"

"I must confess poetry has the preference—but I will take which you allot me."

"If you walk, take with you Thomson's Seasons, or Pope's Essay on Man; in your chamber, I would recommend Knox's Essays,

says, or any of the periodical works; indeed, all these contain such a variety of useful truths and pleasing instruction, that you cannot fail of reaping advantage and entertainment from them."

The two friends separated, after agreeing that both should be as assiduous as possible, in cultivating their minds. Louisa felt, too sincerely, the bad use she had made of her time, not to endeavour to make it up, by her present and future industry; she saw how much Emma was her superior in every

every thing, but the manners and fashions of the world, a trifling consideration, compared to the virtues of the heart and the beauties of the mind.

Emma chose a collection of books, and placed them in her friend's apartment, that she might never be at a loss for amusement; she wrote on the covers of them, which she most admired, and on the margin of every page were written her sentiments of the author's abilities.

Louisa

Louisa had desired to be at her own disposal, to walk alone, or with Emma, as it should suit both, insisting that she would no longer be treated as a visitor, but go to her own room, return from it, and do in every respect as she would at home.

This was the easy, unconstrained manner, of true friendship, and entirely what Emma had wished to adopt, at her friend's first arrival; it, however, now gave her more pleasure, as it was proposed by Louisa, and, therefore, could
not

not possibly, in the end, produce reproaches.

More than a week passed in this rational manner, and Emma was astonished, that Louisa had never, during that period, proposed to join her: her brother too, enquired the cause of Louisa's being so much alone, and attributing it to some little female disagreement, said no more about her; indeed, he found her society so insipid, so destitute of any pleasing conversation, that he could hardly prevail with himself to behave civilly

civilly to her;—she conversed continually of what she wore to such a *rout*, and what a gentleman said to her at such a ball, which was ill-suited to afford pleasure to a man, who delighted to see woman as she ought to be—capable of enlivening the leisure hour, with sensible and witty sallies; good-humoured and industrious men are never so well-pleased with a female, as when she is continually employed.

“What a charming girl is Miss Norton!” exclaimed a gentleman,

tleman, remarkable for his attention to sensible women, "I called the other morning on her Papa, as early as five o'clock, and was surprized to find her risen, and, like the lark, she sat singing; to the whirl of her spinning wheel, her tune went, and her song was in praise of that useful machine; her countenance, enlivened by industry, bore such evident marks of satisfaction and goodness, that, as a reward, which I thought justly due to such merit, I complimented her on the additional lustre her early rising had given

to her eyes, and how much her complexion was improved by it."

"Rather commend the agility of my girl's fingers!" exclaimed her Father, "than the beauties of her face, which can afford comfort nor satisfaction to no one—and these (taking both her hands, and pressing them between his own,) are valuable, indeed, they have assisted to clothe several poor persons, who had not the power of helping themselves."

I sin-

I sincerely wish such practical goodness was more general among my young friends, whose interests I have so much at heart; but the truth of it is, if they are employed, it is, by far more frequently, to decorate their own persons, instead of improving their minds—let them learn that simplicity in dress is their greatest ornament—she who shews a partiality for any thing beyond this, will surely be deemed to want good sense—Dress can never adorn the face of any person, it

never can gain the admiration of any but fools.

“The most attractive beauty of the person,” says a sensible writer, “results from the graces of the mind,” and is it not a study of infinitely more utility, to decorate the mind, with a garb that will never fade, than to bestow all your time on your persons?—No time has power to change, or deprive you of the knowledge which you acquire from good books, wise men, and the study of nature; whereas, the loveliest set
of

of features is liable, by a thousand disasters, to lose its fairness and regularity, and, when that is gone, alas! what remains, but sighs and regret, when there are no internal resources provided against such an accident."

Attending closely to her books, Louisa scarcely knew how time flew; she would sometimes wonder at the pleasing images, which, fleeting over her mind, caused her to feel comfort, and even delight, in being alone.—"Emma will think me rude," she would

say to herself, "to live entirely for my own gratification; but if I can find pleasure in reflection, who have but such a superficial knowledge of things, what golden moments must those be which she passes alone, and what value must she set on them, for solitude, I am now convinced, is the only place to study myself and the world around me."—Louisa found something new, something to surprize her, in every book she opened; 'till now she knew not, that every flower, grass, and herb, met with such notice from great men

men in all ages, and in all kingdoms, as to be arranged into classes and orders, and again subdivided into genus and species—that this study was called Botany, and that it afforded much pleasure to those who lived a life of solitude, and delighted in the wonders of nature;—neither did she even suspect that insects were divided into orders, from the circumstance of their having or wanting wings, and from the number or substance of which those parts are composed, 'till she found, among the number of her friend's collection

collection of books, the history of insects, which at once surprised and delighted her; in turning over these pages, fraught with knowledge so useful, and so necessary to enjoy a rural life, Louisa could not prevail with herself to leave them, but Emma, unwilling to forsake the sweets of animated nature any longer, proposed a walk. It was one of the most delightful mornings in May, when nature smiles from every corner of the world; the new born leaves, the freckled cowslip, pale primrose, and modest drooping

ing violet, joined to the fresh verdure of the fields, and meads, bespangled with a thousand different wild flowers, all conspired to invite them forth on a sociable ramble, where they might admire at leisure, those beauties, which a cultivated and happy mind most delights in.

“ In every tree, in every field, lane and hedge-row,” said Louisa, “ I see what Thomson so beautifully describes; not a bird can warble, but his words vibrate in
my

my ears; how truly he writes—it is Nature herself.”

“The melody of the birds is delightful,” returned Emma, “and what a heavenly prospect spreads around us; look which way you will, the country is full of beauties, too dazzling and numerous for the eye to take in at one view, and too grand for common words to express, therefore I will describe it in our favourite poet’s own elegant manner—

“Behold

"Behold yon breathing prospect bids the muse
Throw all her beauty forth. But who can paint
Like Nature? Can imagination boast,
Amid its gay creation, hues like hers?
Or can it mix them with that matchless skill,
And lose them in each other, as appears
In every bud that blows? If fancy then
Unequal fails beneath the pleasing task,
Ah! what shall language do? Ah! where find words
Ting'd with so many colours; and whose power,
To life approaching, may perfume my lays
With that fine oil, those aromatic gales,
That inexhaustive flow continual round,"

"How charming the poetry,"
said Louisa, "and how lovely the
prospect; how can any one pre-
fer the dirty streets of London to
this paradise, and yet I did so a
few weeks ago."

"And

“And so, Louisa, you have conquered yourself, and prefer a rational life to a dissipated one; was the task painful?”

“Far from it; the moment I determined to be alone, I began to think and to read, then I put down my book and reflected again, which soon taught me to fix on what path to take to arrive at happiness. I read with pleasure, because I was certain, in the end, to find profit also; the periodical works are so severe, that I blushed several times, as I could not help fancying

fancying the satire was aimed at me."

"They are written purposely to correct the follies and vanities of the age, and happy they who are not too hardened to turn them to their own advantage."

"I have been extremely delighted with Mr. Hayley's instructive poem, the "Triumphs of Temper;" it is really a looking glass for us, where we may learn to dress our minds, in a manner that will never be out of fashion."

“The picture of Serena is lovely, indeed;” said Emma, “Pope’s Rape of the Lock was supposed to be the model—have you read it?”

“Never;—I tell you I read nothing but novels till now; I have been told Pope’s Essay on Man is his best production—is it so?”

“I believe so; it is so thoroughly moral, that every line conveys a useful lesson; we will read it together, if you please.”

“I

“I have no objection. Do you not think Knox an elegant writer? or are the Ramblers more prized by you?”

“They have both infinite merit—I hardly know which to give the preference to—but I think the former most simple; Johnson’s language abounds with too many abstruse words, it is not so harmonious to the ear as Knox’s—have you began *Rasselas* yet?”

“The Prince of Abyssina, you mean?”

“The same;” returned Emma, “that pleases me beyond any of his works—you must read it to-morrow.”

“I have read as far as the wants of him who wants nothing, and would you believe me, Emma, I laid down the book, the subject came too near to my own case, but thank you, and my own perseverance, I am now soared above the misery of discontent—I only wish I could remove Rasselas’s—what has he
to

to wish for, beyond the happy valley?"

"The answer of the sage best explains this—"Sir," said he, when Rasselas had confessed to him he knew not what he wanted,

"if you had seen the miseries of the world, you would know how to value your present state."—

"Now," said the Prince, "you have given me something to desire—I shall long to see the miseries of the world, since the sight of them is necessary to happiness."

“ Explain to me the true meaning of this, Emma.”

“ The truth is simply this;” said Emma, “ Rasselas, being a Prince, had no occasion to be industrious, his wants were supplied by others, which kept them in action and at peace, while he remained an idle and unhappy spectator.”

“ I understand, the human mind requires continual action; he had stayed in the happy valley ’till nothing was new to him, and, without

without variety or industry, the mind unoccupied, creates imaginary wants."

"Exactly so, Louisa; in the same situation were you, before you turned your attention to some fixed purpose; keep that in view, and idleness will have no power over you.

"I seek not for flattery," said Louisa, "but do you find my society more tolerable than you did; my presence does not disgust you now, I hope; I can enjoy a walk

walk without yawning, or complaining of being weary."

"I never flatter, Louisa, because I hate flattery myself; among friends it is ridiculous; the highest encomium I shall allow myself to give you is, I feel a great inclination to lengthen our walk."

"I am perfectly satisfied," said Louisa, "and shall proceed with pleasure; can we get to yonder mill without much difficulty, it appears to be a sweet romantic

tic spot, and one, I think, we shall enjoy."

"The path that leads to it is just by," said Emma, "we will turn, presently, into it; behind those huge elms, which make such a grand appearance to the scene, lives a family I wish you to be acquainted with; I think it will afford you matter for reflection, and I know it will, like our Prince, teach you *how to value your present state*—will you go?"

"With

“With all my heart;” returned Louisa, “what kind of people shall we find there, then, who can teach that useful lesson—I am impatient to see them; but if I am to behold the “miseries of the world,” lead me another way.”

“Why should you wish that, when the sight of misery is productive of such good effects?”

“Because, to see our fellow-creatures wretched, when we cannot remove it entirely, inspires us with melancholy, you know, my dear

dear Emma, and it is not an easy matter, at all times, to drive the pensive maid from our ideas."

"You mistake the matter," said Emma, "for this very reason you ought to visit scenes of woe."

"The sight of human misery softens the heart, and makes it better; it checks the pride of health and prosperity, and the distress it occasions is amply compensated, by the consciousness of doing your duty, and by the secret

cret endearment which nature has annexed to all our sympathetic sorrows."

"This speaks comfort to my heart;" said Louisa, "I will go, I will listen to their complaints, and my purse shall be free to alleviate their distresses."

"Happily," said Emma, "these people are *rich*, in every sense of the word; they are blest with true contentment, and are called, by the villagers, "*The happy Cottagers.*"

"And

“ And well do they deserve that appellation,” said Louisa, as she advanced towards the habitation, “ for peace seems to smile around their cottage door; the flourishing rose tree, the neat garden, loaded with vegetables, and, above all, that charming healthful looking child! how peacefully he sits, he seems to be entrusted with the care of something—what can be his employment?”

“ We will ask,” said Emma,
“ but first let us enquire after the
H good

good woman within—is your Mother at home, little boy?"

"Yes, Ma'am, she is nursing Billy; since you were here he has been very ill—walk in, ladies, Mother will be glad enough to see you, I am sure."

"And what are you sitting here for, little man?" asked Louisa.

"Mother says these bees will swarm," replied the boy, "and, if

if they fly away, we shall be ruined."

"Innocent, happy people!" thought Louisa, "and these industrious insects are your whole riches—your whole dependance! while we, ignorant, or not seeking your wants, are rioting in superfluities every day."

"Come," said Emma, "what are you doing? I must have you admire the neatness and regularity of this house and this family; here are books of every kind;

elegant furniture, because it is simple; happy people, because they love virtue and industry; rich, inasmuch as they possess a sufficiency to supply the wants of nature."

"I am astonished," said Louisa, "to find a family, seemingly poor, yet enjoying peace and plenty."

"Without economy, and a strict regard to regularity in domestic concerns," said Emma, "these people would be the same

as

as other poor families. The husband of this worthy woman, is confined to hard labour from the first peep of dawn till sun sets; thus his body is kept in health, and his mind free from discontent; he returns, at evening, with the delightful surety of meeting smiles from his wife and embraces from his prattling infants—this sweetens his home, his meal, and his repose; no pleasure is to him equal to that of seeing his family, and knowing they are happy; the smiling wife eagerly prepares his supper, a simple re-

past; but no enjoyment, no luxury, is equal to the comfort of supplying our own wants; this man is obliged to *no* one, but God, for his support, whom he remembers to repay, with thanksgivings, night and morning. The children are taught by their Mother, who has known better circumstances, christian duty, a love of their neighbours, and a love of virtue."

Louisa again expressed her surprise, at finding so much goodness and harmony in low life, and took their leave of these happy people,

people, wishing them all the prosperity they so truly deserved.—

On their return home, conversing on the delightful walk they had taken, and other amusing topicks, Emma discovered her brother, at some distance, waiting for them; they quickened their pace, and soon came up to him——“ And what think you of the happy Cottagers,” said Charles to Louisa.—

“ I think them so virtuous,” replied Louisa, “ that they ought to be rewarded with more of Fortune’s gifts, and so happy, that I almost envy their situation.”

“ Peace,

“Peace, oh Virtue, peace is all thy own;” returned Charles, “trust me, Louisa, you will never arrive at that happy state, unless you resign some of your fantastic airs, and take upon you, in exchange, some of those amiable qualities, which afford those good people that felicity, you seem so much to admire.”

“Dear Charles,” interrupted Emma, “you seem to make no scruple in speaking your mind, but our friend is far above noticing your severity; for know, young
man,

man, she now adores a rural life, and rational amusements, as much as she appeared to detest them the other day."—

"Is this true," asked Charles, with surprize, turning to Louisa.

"You may rely on your sister's veracity, Sir;" she answered, "and she bears all the merit of this happy change, for to her kindness I am indebted for it; she taught me to delight in reading, to admire nature; and, in short, that useful lesson, to *know myself*.

I can

I can now hear you read without yawning; can listen to your sister's harp, without going to sleep; can spend a whole day, even a week, without complaining of time's slow progress; indeed, I know not of a thing which I could wish altered; that is to say, I can spend my time to advantage, and Emma has been the means of my gaining this invaluable treasure."

"Give me your hand," said Charles, "and next favour me with your friendship; a woman
who

who has made this conquest of herself, is capable of farther excellencies. I allow your task to be a difficult one; an improper education was the evil you laboured under; having nothing stable within, no mental food, how was it possible you should enjoy life as it ought to be enjoyed? You have discovered the fault, which was not your own; and have, at length, done your best to remedy it, while your own conscience, and every body who knows you, must applaud you for it."

Louisa

Louisa listened attentively to this speech, but said nothing; a slight curtesy was sufficient to express the satisfaction she felt from these flattering praises; she valued them the more, as they came from a sensible and virtuous young man, who never lavished praises but when they were truly merited.

When the two friends were alone, Louisa confessed to Emma, how much she was pleased with her brother's behaviour; "he has treated me as I deserved," said she, "if all men's actions were thus, women

women would be more valuable creatures, and certainly the generality of females would also be more happy; for if men admired nothing but what was truly praiseworthy in our sex, we should see many who now study only to deck out their external to advantage, apply with assiduity to acquire a knowledge of a far superior nature, they would *cultivate* their *minds*.

ON GENEROSITY.

ONE of the ancients, seeing a young man giving away all his substance to pretended distress, admonished him in the following manner :

“ It is possible,” said he, “ that the person you relieve may be an honest man ; and I know that you, who relieve him, are honest ;
you

you see then by your generosity, you only rob a man who is certainly deserving, to bestow it on one who may possibly be a rogue; and, while you are unjust in rewarding uncertain merit, you are doubly guilty by stripping yourself."

True generosity is a duty as indispensably necessary, as those imposed upon us by law; it is a rule imposed upon us by reason, which should be the sovereign law of a rational being.

But this generosity does not consist in obeying every impulse of humanity, in following blind passion for our guide, and impairing our circumstances by present benefactions, so as to render us incapable of future one's.

ON BOTANY.

“COME, my loves,” said Mrs. Hamilton, to her two daughters, Harriet and Caroline, “We will now walk together, it is a pleasure I have long promised myself; but my ill health has lately prevented my joining you.”

“Oh dear, how glad I am;” said little Caroline, and she ran to
 I 3 her

her mamma and received an affectionate embrace.

“ And I,” said Harriet, “ am pleased doubly; that mamma is better is the first satisfaction; and the next is, I know she will then proceed to teach us the beauties of nature; or shall you, mamma, find it troublesome to answer our enquiries before you are quite well?”

Mrs. Hamilton.—Certainly not; you know I am never so thoroughly happy as when I can in any way be useful to my children; and

and to answer your enquiries, will rather give animation to our walk than fatigue me as you good-naturedly imagined:—which road do you prefer? they are all equally beautiful, and equally indifferent to me; therefore you, my loves, take the lead.

Caroline.—Thank you, mamma, for this indulgence; we will then, if you please, Harriet, go to the wood, where you and I the other day saw those pretty flowers.—I dare say, mamma can tell us their names.

Mrs.

Mrs. Hamilton.—Be not too certain of that, Caroline; there are thousands of plants I am totally unacquainted with; but, with the assistance of the Herbal, we may probably discover its name as well as its medicinal qualities.

Harriet.—Dear mamma, I thought you had known almost all *indigenous* plants, as they are called; I hope you have not forgotten your promise of teaching me what you know, for Botany is the prettiest of all studies to please me.

Mrs.

Mrs. Hamilton.—It is most certainly an amusing study, but I think there are others you ought to prefer to this; for you would make but an awkward figure, to enter the world thus accomplished.—You will recollect, Harriet, there are more *useful* pursuits for persons of your age.

Harriet.—True, mamma; and I ought to prefer utility to pleasure; but when I spoke, I meant to say, after having learned what was more useful, as History, Geography,

graphy, &c. &c. I would next chuse Botany.

Mrs. Hamilton.—Now you speak reasonably, my dear; remember never to say or dō any thing, without first thinking what is proper to be said or done: how many young people make themselves and their teachers appear ridiculous without it."

Caroline's impatience to arrive at the appointed place, would not allow her to listen to the above conversation.—She walked hastily

on,

on, and, before her mamma and sister reached the spot, she had collected a handful of flowers, and ran back again to meet them, presenting them to her mamma.

Mrs. Hamilton, delighted with her little girl's industry, said, "indeed, my dear, you have provided a real feast for me; I have scarcely, even in our garden, seen such a sweet variety, as uncultivated nature has produced for us; how charming to the eye, are these different tints, and how delicious the smell of the sweet briar and violet;

violet; the cowslip too, who can look on without admiration.

Caroline.—These are my little beauties, mamma; but I am so sorry to find they have no smell; what a pity it is, is it not?

Mrs. Hamilton.—Indeed, Caroline, I lament with you, for it certainly is most delightful to charm two senses at once; this modest violet, for instance, makes us in love with its beauty; but when we smell it, and find from its history how useful it is in some cases,

cases, we admire it still more; thus it may be with yourselves; if you possess external beauty, you are looked on and admired, your company is sought; if you have no amiable or useful qualifications, you are passed by, by people of worth and goodness, neglected by your friends, and soon forgotten by every one:—so you see, my children, how necessary culture is to the understanding.

Harriet.—It is indeed, my dear mamma; and how grateful we ought to be to God, for giving us

K a parent

a parent like you to teach us every thing we ought to know, I can hardly be thankful enough for this blessing.

Mrs. Hamilton.—I shall be amply rewarded for all my trouble, in seeing my children delight in the charming studies of nature; it is the surest method of implanting in the heart a foundation for the most rational enjoyments.

Harriet.—Pray, mamma, what is the name of Caroline's favourite flower,

flower, it looks something like an Anemone*.

Mrs. Hamilton.—They are of that species, and are called the Wood Anemone†. The Pasque‡ flower, so called from its flowering about Easter, is also of this genus; it adorns some of our dry chalky hills with its beautiful bell shaped flowers, each plant bears

* This order boasts two numerous genera, much esteemed among the florists.—The Anemone and Ranunculus—there are five species in the former.

† Anemone Nemorosa.

‡ Pulsatilla, Hepatica, Hortensis, and Coronaria.

but one nodding flower, and after that is past, the top of the plant is hoary with the tails, which adhere to the seeds,

Harriet.—Oh yes, mamma, I recollect the flower, and will to-morrow climb the hill on purpose to get some.

Mrs. Hamilton.—These all belong to the class Polyandria, which you will know at first sight, after you have been more accustomed to analyze the more simple tribes of flowers.

Harriet.

Harriet.—I wish that time was come then, because I should meet with an old friend in every flower I saw in the hedge rows.

Mrs. Hamilton.—This idea brings to my recollection a little poem, which is quite apropos to our subject, and I am sure you will be delighted with the whole collection; it is entitled, the “Enchanted Plants.”

Harriet.—Oh do pray repeat the one you speak of, mamma.

Mrs. Hamilton.—As it is not long, I will.—It was written by a lady, and inscribed to her daughters.—This is the *introduction* to the work.

OFF, to beguile the sultry hours,
In thought I've animated flow'rs,
Enlivening thus my walk;
And though no botanist profess'd,
Their reasoning pow'rs have shrewdly guess'd,
And long'd to hear them talk.

It chanc'd one lovely day in June,
Just at the madding time of noon,
I spoke this wish aloud;
When from a pansy, with surprize,
I saw a gradual mist arise,
And form a silv'ry cloud.

Forth

Fóth from the glitt'ring vale behold,
In insect trappings, green and gold,

A fairy figure sprung;
Her wand a Cowslip's stamen seem'd,
And on her head like diamonds beam'd,
A casque with dew-drops hung.

Her silken pinions as she flew,
Seem'd by their size and purple hue,
Spoils of the flow'r she left,
She soared aloft and touch'd mine ear,
While I, half pleas'd, half dead with fear,
Remain'd of speech bereft.

Then first a small melodious tone,
Before to mortal wight unknown,
Struck my enraptur'd sense;
"Flora," it murmur'd, "grants thy pray'r,
Long have her treasures been thy care,
Receive thy recompence."

This said, she vanish'd from my sight,
And since, with ever new delight,

I tend

I tend my fragrant hoards;
 No solitude exists for me,
 Since ev'ry flow'r, and shrub, and tree,
 Society affords."

Harriet.—Thank you, mamma, it is indeed a sweet poem; and I am more impatient than ever, to be acquainted with such *loved* society—let us proceed with fresh vigour.

Mrs. Hamilton.—Have you been attentive to the rules which I gave you to get by heart the other day?

Harriet.

Harriet.—I think I recollect them nearly all, mamma.

Into how many classes are flowers divided?

Twenty-five; and they are again divided into the same number of orders.

What is a Corolla?

The *bloom* of the flower, mamma.

And what are *Petals*?

When

When a plant withers, it falls into distinct pieces, which are called Petals.

You will remember, my dear, that the Corollas, of all plants, are not separated; for instance, the Bell-flower*, and Bind-weeds†, which are called, for this reason, Monopetalous Corollas; those which are separated, Polypetalous.

I perfectly understand this distinction, mamma; a Primrose, or

* *Campanula Rotundifolia.*

† *Convolvulus Sepium.*

Cowslip,

Cowslip, are of the latter description.

True, my dear; how do you determine the class of a flower?

From the number of stamens, the orders are known by the pistils, 'till after a certain number.

Knowing these particulars, I shall describe to you a plant which you are perfectly acquainted with; I shall make use of botanical terms, to discover if you have been attentive, and understand what

what you have read.—It has a monopetalous quinquefid permanent calyx, a monopetalous quinquefid corolla, and a capsule for a seed vessel, superiour or enclosed within the calyx, five stamens, and one pistil,

The flower then belongs to the first order of the fifth class, and I think you mean a primrose, mamma.

Very right, my dear; if you take pains to remember the terms, Botany is very easily learned, without

without interfering with your more useful lessons.

I shall certainly do so then, mamma; and every plant I meet with I will examine minutely, that I may not be deceived; and do you not think, mamma, I had better make my observations in the little botanical pocket-book*, that you may see what progress I make?

* A pleasing and useful little work, which I would earnestly recommend as a companion to my young readers in their rambles.—It was written by Dr. Mavor.

I think.

I think it an excellent plan, my dear; it was written for young students, and affords them an opportunity of judging of plants by themselves; continue to spend your leisure hours in this agreeable manner, for I am convinced, that at all times of life, the study of nature diminishes the taste for trifling pursuits, prevents the tumult of passion, and provides the mind with a salutary food, by filling it with an object most worthy of its contemplation.—Do you know the name, or what is more useful, the virtue of yonder beautiful

tiful little plant, with a scarlet flower? go, Caroline, and bring me a branch.

“ Oh, it is *pimparella*,” said Caroline.

“ How came you so learned,” said Mrs. Hamilton, laughing; “ I suppose you have been botanizing with Hannah, who is extremely pleased to shew her knowledge in plants; but you must not trust to her for their proper names; remember it is *pimperpel*.”

Harriet.—The name is as simple as the plant is beautiful; its virtues, mamma, I am ignorant of; will you tell me them, that I may become as useful to my neighbours as Mrs. Homely?

Mrs. Hamilton.—The juice being given inwardly, by itself, or mixed with cow's milk, is useful in consumptions, and disorders of the lungs; it is often put in cordial waters, and given as an antidote against poison, and is good against delirious fevers. It has been recommended by some writers of
note,

note, as of singular advantage in maniacal cases, and in most kinds of fevers; some use it to preserve their complexions.

Harriet.—That this small plant may be turned to so many useful purposes, makes me more in love than ever with the whole of the beautiful tribe, as I dare say, every one has its worth equal to this; I will study their good qualities as well as their names,

Mrs. Hamilton. — Pimpernel has an empalement cut into five
L 2 sharp

sharp segments, the corolla of one leaf spread open, and cut into five parts, to what class and order does it belong?

Harriet.—The same as cowslips, mamma, the first order and fifth class, because it has also five stamens and one pistil.

Mrs. Hamilton.—You are right, my dear; but we pay such close attention to our plants, that we have not had time or leisure to admire the glowing prospects around us; who can view the works of
the

the creation, without feeling grateful to Him who made them all.

“ Look at the winding vale, so luxuriantly spread with nature’s richest gifts; the corn-fields, with the lively green, encircled with beautiful hedge-rows, wherespring up a sweet variety, ‘ a wilderness of flowers,’ to charm anew the ravished sight.”

Ascend this eminence, my children; but first listen to the sweetly soothing voice of the nightingale,
joined

joined to the thousand little musicians of the woods, who chant their own history on every bush and spray; let us sit on this stem and hear their tales, perhaps a song of woe to those who knew their language, of some wild school-boy, who, in playful hour, deprived them of their young; or, what is almost as bad, destroyed their comfortable habitations just as they had completed the laborious task; how hard and unfeeling the heart, that can commit such a robbery, when it can certainly

tainly be of no use to them; let the performer of such a cruel deed, learn again the well known duty of "Doing unto others what they would others should do unto them;" and, surely, they will soon be convinced, how painful it would be for them to be torn from the society of their parents, and pine away for their loss; such, undoubtedly, must be the fate of the poor little birds, whom thousands of wicked unfeeling boys consign to death, and the severest tortures.

But

But these reflections fill one
with melancholy; let us therefore
dispense it, exploring the beauties
of nature on our road home.

FINIS.

