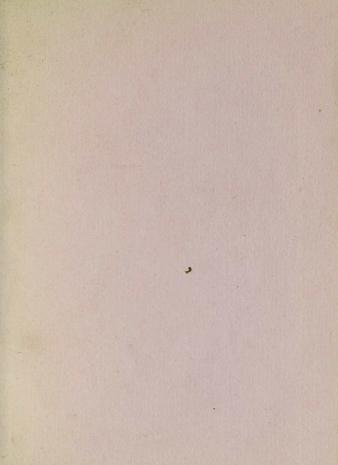


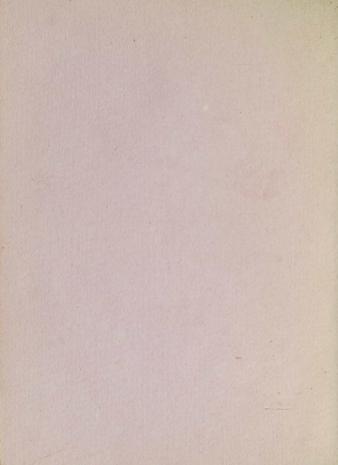


Georgina Gosling 21. December 1839



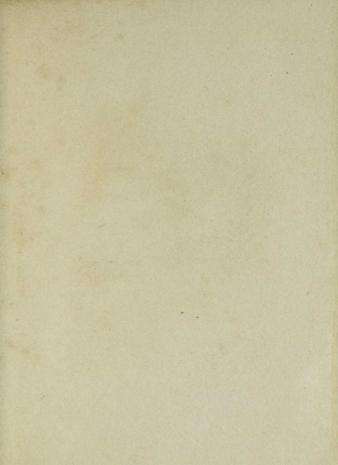






## LITTLE ANNIE AND HER SISTERS.







Brother Robert's Holidays

## Tittle Annie

AND

## HER SISTERS,

BY

E. W. H.

"HOME IS THE RESORT

OF LOVE, OF JOY, OF PEACE AND PLENTY, WHERE,
SUPPORTING AND SUPPORTED, POLISHED FRIENDS,
AND DEAR RELATIONS, MINGLE INTO BLISS."

HOMSON.

#### LONDON:

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1839.

#### LONDON:

J MASTERS, PRINTER, 33, ALDERSGATE STREET.

# THE HONOURABLE GEORGIANA GORE,

THIS LITTLE BOOK IS DEDICATED

WITH THE

UTMOST RESPECT,

AND WARMEST AFFECTION,

BY

E. W. H.

#### INTRODUCTION

**建** 

## INTRODUCTION.

WHEN my nephews and nieces are sitting, in the dusk of the evening, during the holidays, by my fire-side, they engage me to tell them "stories" of the happy family in which I found a home long before they were born. But as I can never have them all at once with me, by reason of the smallness of my parlour, I have for their accommodation, extracted a few leaves from a journal kept at the time when these events happened; and I have thought it likely that other children, too young to be severe critics, might also like to peruse these true incidents, offered as they are, with much sincerity of affection to young children by an old governess.

E. W. H.

WESTWOODS, 1839.

DETERMINATION.

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## Little Annie

AND

## HER SISTERS.

#### THE ARRIVAL.

"What a goodly prospect spreads around,
Of hills, and dales, and woods, and lawns, and spires."
THOMSON.

"OH, what a pretty place the villa is," said a little rosy-cheeked girl, peeping through the blinds of the carriage, as it drove briskly up to a neat house which her father had hired for the residence of his family during the autumn and winter months, while he was engaged in searching for a small estate in the neighbourhood of Windsor.

"How I love going into a new house, and seeing all the new rooms," said Annie; "and what a garden!—look, sister Maria, what a nice large garden! Mamma says we are to have a piece of ground to ourselves, and dig it, and sow seeds in it, and water it. What shall you put in yours, Maria? I shall put mignionette in mine, because Miss Wilmot likes it so much; then I can give her a nosegay sometimes, you know. Oh do look, dear Miss Wilmot," addressing her governess, "on one side of the house is the dairy, on the other the farm; will you be so very good as to take me, us I mean, to see the farm?"

"Yes, my dear, I will, the first day we are at leisure. But pray look at those green fields behind the house, I think we shall have many pleasant walks during our stay."

By this time the carriage had reached the house, which they entered by a glass door leading into a pretty carpeted hall, furnished, and decorated with plants and flowers, a couch, some chairs, a piano-forte, and a few books; this hall, opening into a verandah, was to be their school-room for the present.

They were welcomed by the old housekeeper, who, in her neat cap and chintz gown, stood ready to receive them.

"Bless your dear face," said Annie, giving her a kiss; then leading her little sister, Maria, by the hand, she ran from room to room, admiring first one thing then another, pointing out every beauty of their new residence to Maria, who was as pleased and as noisy as herself, till the dinner bell summoned them to join their elder sisters in the dining room. Here they would have been equally noisy, had not a look from Miss Wilmot reminded them that she could allow no conversation at dinner. They were therefore obliged to content themselves with looking at each other, whenever a very pretty plate or dish made its appearance. Dinner seemed to them as if it would have no end, so impatient were they to talk; but happily it was finished at last, and Maria, leaving her chair, desired Annie to come and see how prettily the salt-cellars were cut.

"Oh! but, Maria, you have not seen the beautiful cup I had my toast-and-water in, it has a border of roses round the edge; these dinner things are more beautiful than those we had in London."

To say the truth, they were scarcely so pretty as those they had used in their late residence, but they were new-a great recommendation to all children, and to these little girls in particular. In the afternoon they took a walk in the gardens attached to their new house. Here was fresh subject for admiration. The green-house, though small, was well filled with plants, and the children walked with their frocks closely twisted round them, lest they should injure the plants by rubbing against them. By such thoughtful care they gained the goodwill of every body, and were trusted frequently alone among the fruit and flowers: their governess knew that if they promised not to touch any thing they would keep their word.

Annie and Maria continued to amuse themselves till tea time, after which Miss Wilmot, at their request, gave them and her elder pupils a short account of the Castle of Windsor.

# WINDSOR CASTLE, AND THE PRISONER IN THE KEEP.

"'Tis liberty aione, that gives the flower Of fleeting life its lustre and perfume; And we are weeds without it."

COWPER.

WINDSOR CASTLE, my dear children, said Miss Wilmot, is a noble and venerable pile, situated on a high hill on the banks of the Thames. In many of our walks we shall get a peep at it, with its gay flag streaming in the wind to denote the presence of royalty. It was founded by William the Conqueror, and was formerly used, I believe, only as a place of defence against his English subjects—I am sorry to say—for you know that he was an invader of the rights of poor Harold, who was killed at the battle of Hastings, he who acts unjustly, my children, can never feel secure, and is afraid of every body. The state apartments of the castle are very fine, and shown every day to the public, I hope to be able to take you all to see

them. They contain many splendid old pictures, and from the windows of these apartments we have most extensive views of the surrounding country. St. George's chapel, which belongs to the castle, was built by Edward IV. and Henry VII., but the latter having completed and embellished it, many persons call it by his name. In this chapel a beautiful cenotaph is erected to the memory of the late Princess Charlotte. In my opinion, the most interesting part of the castle is the Keep, or Round Tower, as it is called. It is a detached building, standing in a more elevated situation than even the castle itself, on a mound, whose sloping sides are planted and cultivated, forming a very gay little garden. The Keep contains many apartments, and was formerly a state prison, in which James I. of Scotland, son of Robert III., of whom you have read in Tales of a Grandfather, was confined. While a boy James was sent, by his father, into France to be educated. On his voyage he was taken prisoner by the English, which capture was a breach of faith, there being a truce, or cessation of war, between the English and Scotch at the time. When poor Robert heard of the seizure of

his son, he was so overcome with grief that he fell sick and died. Prince James remained in captivity eighteen years. Henry, however, had the good feeling to take care of his education, and he was taught all that was likely to be useful to him as a king and a man. He also acquired many pleasing accomplishments, which he could not have gained in his own country. Thus you see, my dear children, that in the hand of Providence "out of evil cometh forth good," especially if we submit with humility to the will of God, as I hope and believe this poor young prince did.

His prison was not a cold, dark, damp place, such as we sometimes read of, but high and dry, overlooking a beautiful garden, where used, occasionally, to walk the Lady Jane Beaufort, daughter of the Earl of Somerset. She was a fair and gentle lady, who, feeling pity for the sorrows of the prisoner, used sometimes to speak to him, and always with such kindness that he became much attached to her; and when he was released from his confinement, which eventtook place in the year 1421, he married this young lady, who made him a good and affectionate wife, and he became a brave and just king to Scotland.

#### THE COTTAGE IN THE LANE.

"Among the daisies and the violets blue, Red hyacinth and yellow daffodil."

DAVORS.

"WILL you take a walk with us to-day when sisters have done their lessons?" said Annie to Miss Wilmot, on entering the school-room the morning after their arrival, "I long to see where those pretty green fields lead to."

"If you have been good in the nursery I shall have great pleasure in taking you, so go and put on your bonnets and meet me on the lawn, where I will wait for you. Well, dear children, you have been very quick, which way shall we walk, to the right or to the left?"

"Do let us go and look at that cottage in the lane which we passed in the carriage yesterday, it is just across that field—see, Miss Wilmot, it is not far off."

They crossed the stile, followed the path through the fields, and found themselves close to the cottage, which, at a distance, appeared very picturesque, but, on a nearer approach, they found it to be the abode of misery. It was a low, wretched, half-roofed house, situated under the shade of a thick wood; in front of it were corn fields ripe for the harvest; and, at a little distance, a fine open common terminated the prospect, yet it was truly the abode of misery.

Our little friends entered, and saw a poor woman, with scarcely a rag to cover her, nursing a very sickly looking child: on the ground were two other children quarrelling for a crust, while their mother was screaming in vain to them to be quiet. Perhaps if she had spoken with gentle firmness she might have succeeded in pacifying them, as it was, she only set them a bad example: however, we must not be too ready to blame this poor woman, whose fault proceeded from ignorance. The sitting room, or, as they called it, "the kitchen," was neither boarded nor bricked, so they sat on the bare earth. There was no glass in the windows, the shutters were off the hinges, and, to add to all this discomfort, a small

rivulet ran through the very room in which they sat.\*

Some of my little readers, who have not been in the habit of visiting the poor, will imagine this description to be overdrawn; I am sorry to say it is a faithful picture. When the poor woman, whose name was Payne, perceived her visitors, she dropped a respectful courtesy, and began to make an excuse for the dirty state of her family.

"Little boy, you have got no shoes and stockings on," said Annie, shocked at his bleeding feet which had been cut by the stones.

"No, Miss, mammy can't afford to buy us no shoes," said the poor child.

The elder girls proposed joining the contents of their purses to assist the poor woman. "We are to have sixpence a piece on Saturday, and though Robert is at school, I am sure he would like to join us; if Mamma will pay his sixpence, he will repay her when he comes home for the holidays." They agreed, however, to say no more about it,

<sup>\*</sup> This may appear doubtful, but such was really the case.

lest they should raise the hopes of the poor woman before they had consulted their Mamma, who was always ready to help them in good works: her eyes would beam with pleasure at such proofs of their benevolence; and often did these dear children afford her that best joy of a mother's heart—the consciousness that she had well directed them from their infancy.

On inquiry they found Mrs. Payne to be a very honest, worthy woman, whom sickness and poverty had depressed; with a little help, and a great deal of encouragement, they (though but children) succeeded in making her improve her abode. She was employed by their mother as a washerwoman; the elder girls bought some serviceable dark print, which they made up into frocks and pinafores. Little Annie and Maria purchased some nice warm stockings; and even the baby, just running alone, was delighted to hold out her hands with a pair of socks for a little thing of her own age. Their kind mother made up the deficiency. The father of the poor family, through the interest of his richer neighbours, was soon employed at a farm near at hand,

and no longer spent his time at the ale-house. His leisure hours were devoted to the comfort of his family; he placed bricks over the earth in their kitchen, and turned the course of the rivulet, and in a very short time a happy change took place in this once deplorable family.

A little charity, and a little sympathy, will go far to reclaim and assist the erring and the poor. Never did Mrs. Payne see these children pass her humble dwelling without imploring a blessing for them, from Him, who sees all our actions, and prospers our good intentions. And they were blessed with warm hearts and benevolent dispositions. They afterwards extended their walk to Stoke Park, a very beautiful place, about a mile from the villa. The house, a magnificent residence, stands in an extensive park, which is embellished by a lake, over a narrow part of which is erected a pretty bridge, which delighted the children exceedingly. The gardens are very lovely, and as Annie and Maria were careful, they enjoyed the liberty of running about as much as they pleased. They admired the fine statues to the memory of the great and good, with which

the gardens are embellished. Miss Wilmot told her pupils that Lady C., whom they knew (and whom to know was to love and honour), was related to Mr. Penn of Stoke Park, both being the descendants of William Penn, the Quaker, a great and good man.

"Can you, as we walk home, tell us something about him, Miss Wilmot?" said one of the elder girls.

"I will endeavour, my dear," said her governess, "to remember some of the circumstances relating to him which I used to hear from Lady C. in my childhood, and when we meet in the evening I will relate them to you."

### WILLIAM PENN.

"Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere."

GRAY.

WILLIAM PENN was, as you may already know, a man of a noble and virtuous character. He was born on Tower Hill, in London, on the 14th of October, 1644. Early in life he conceived great respect for the tenets of the Quakers, and eventually became a member of that society which we call Quakers, but which they themselves, with more courtesy and justice, term Friends, for they are always ready to perform offices of good-will and benevolence to persons of every denomination. At the age of twenty-four William Penn became a Minister of the Gospel, and entering into a religious controversy (which means dispute), the Bishop of London, offended at his opinions, or perhaps his public expression of them, caused him to be apprehended and sent to the Tower. During his confinement there, he

wrote several religious works, which are much esteemed by others besides those of his own sect. After some time the Duke of York,\* brother to Charles II., in whose reign these events happened, obtained the king's consent to his liberation.

And now I am coming to the most interesting part of his history, and that which shews his character in a most amiable light. His father, Admiral Penn, having fought in the defence of his country very bravely, the king bestowed upon him a grant of land in North America, consisting of the province to the west of Delaware, which province has ever since been called Pennsylvania. William Penn, on the death of his father, went over to America, and took possession of his estate, not by driving away, at the point of the sword, the poor Indians from whom it had been taken, but by entering into a treaty with them, and paying them honestly for that portion of land of which he was now become the governor.

"You may have seen a print, at Chelsea Farm, of Penn's Treaty with the Indians."

<sup>\*</sup> Afterwards King James 11.

"I have, Miss Wilmot, and have often looked upon it with pleasure."

"Oh, sister," said Annie, "do you mean that pretty print of the quaker man with a fat, goodnatured face, who is standing with some Indians under a tree?"

"I do, my dear; I am glad to find that you are attending to the account Miss Wilmot is giving us."

The treaty took place at Schackamaxon; they met under an elm tree, as you observed, Annie; William Penn had a blue scarf tied round his waist, to distinguish him from his followers and friends, and in his hand he held a roll of parchment on which the treaty was drawn up. The chief of the Indians, with a chaplet on his head, advanced towards the Governor; his followers then threw down their bows and arrows in token of peace, and crowding around William Penn attentively listened, while he, through an interpreter, addressed them, promising never to invade that part of the country to which the Indians had retreated, and to deal with them justly and honestly for such commodities as their country pro-

duced. The Indians, on their part, ratified the treaty, and both parties religiously kept their word. William Penn thus made justice the foundation of his government, and obtained the esteem and good-will of the Indians, who were ever afterwards ready to serve the Quakers, and provided them with food during the infancy of the colony.

Pennsylvania is now a fine country, and Philadelphia, its capital, a flourishing city.

William Penn was an indefatigable minister, and an eloquent speaker at the meetings; but of so humble a mind that he always took the lowest seat, and delighted to honour those whose talents or piety he respected. Before I close my account of this good man, I must relate to you a little anecdote which I read in the Life of William Penn.\*

"During one of his journies through the territories as a minister, he overtook on the road a
little girl, who was walking from Derby to Haverford to meeting. Having inquired where

<sup>\*</sup> By Mary Hughes.

" she was going, and being informed, he desired

"her to get up behind him, and brought his horse

"to a convenient place for her to mount. Thus

"with his little companion without shoes or

"stockings, and on the bare back of the horse,

" (for the colony was not yet provided with a

"sadler) did the simple, but noble-minded Go-

"vernor of Pennsylvania proceed to the town to

"which he was going."

He died in England, in 1718, in the seventy-fourth year of his age.

## THE BEE AND THE WASP.

" All is not gold that glitters."

"SISTERS, sisters, do come here, make haste, there is a woman in the field beating with a key upon a warming pan; what can she be doing that for? do come with me to ask her."

"You need not take that trouble, Annie," said Miss Wilmot, "I can tell you—she is swarming bees."

"Swarming bees! what do you mean?"

"Listen to me attentively while I endeavour to explain it. Usually, about this time of the year, the hive becomes too full, and the young bees are turned out by the old ones to find a new home: this has just happened here; the poor woman has prepared a hive to receive the young bees, and is enticing them into it by the sound of the key on the warming pan."

"I take more interest in wasps," said Annie,
"they are so much prettier, bees are such ugly
brown insects."

"Do not, my dear, be so ready to judge of things by outward appearances. The wasp is a little worthless insect, flying from flower to flower for no useful purpose whatever, while the bee labours hard to collect the honey we have for breakfast sometimes."

"Oh, how sorry I am that I called it names."

"It is a foolish habit of which I have told you very often."

"The bee is furnished with bags in its thighs, in which it deposits the honey; when these bags are full it returns to the hive, and leaving its sweet burthen sallies forth in search of more. The bee is likewise provided with a sting to protect itself against the attacks of other insects, which would rob it of its hard-earned store; but it seldom makes use of its sting except in self defence."

"But, dear Miss Wilmot, you have not told me where the bee gets the honey from."

"From the flowers, my love, by means of its trunk, which is somewhat in the shape of a broom; with this it licks up the honey. The bee is not a selfish little insect, but works to obtain food for the whole community, that is, for all the bees which inhabit the same hive. If a bee should chance to be idle, it is instantly turned out of the hive by the rest, and sometimes stung to death, for they are very severe against idlers. The sting of the bee is provided with small darts resembling an arrow; it has also the power of poisoning the wound, which makes the pain more acute: sometimes it leaves the sting in the wound, in which case the bee dies. Each hive contains a queen, or female bee, drones, and workers. I remember reading in a very excellent work, called Scenes of Industry, a short account which was very interesting: fetch me, from the shelf under the window, that little book with a red back; there, the third to the right, and I will read to you what pleased me so much.

"The queen, or female bee, whom I think I may call the noblest of insects, differs from her subjects, in having a longer body, tapering off at the end. Her wings, however, are short, which shews that she was not intended by nature for long flights, or a life of labour. The hair on her back, when seen through a micro-

"scope, resembles a velvet or fur cape, and is of a rather lighter brown than the rest of her body. 
The end of her body is jet black, and glossy as polished marble; her two principal legs and stomach are of a golden hue, in which respect she far outshines the other inhabitants of the hive.

" 'The drone, or male bee, is as large again as "the workers, and is the reverse of the female, " being short, thick, and clumsy, and very obtuse " at each end. His eyes are large and very near "together; between them, however, are situated " the antennæ, or horns, which in the drone has " as many as fourteen joints, some so small as to "be nearly imperceptible. His wings are long, "his legs short and thin, and his voice so loud " and dreadful as to occasion much needless fear, " for, singular as it may appear, this member of "the family of the bees is not provided with a "sting; and henceforward remember, that the " deep-toned buzz need not convey any cause of "alarm. The drone is, likewise, incapable of as-" sisting in the labours of the workhouse from "the shortness of its tongue, which is not long

- "enough to reach the honey out of many kinds of flowers. The workers differ little from the
- "drones, except in being much smaller, and in
- "having a sting, and one additional joint to their antennæ'
- "Now, I think, I must tell you something about the wasp, as you admire it so much more than the bee."
- "Oh! but I do not, since you have told me how useful and industrious it is; still, I should like to hear something about it," said Annie.
- "The wasp is better shaped than the bee, and has pretty yellow circles round its body. It flies very swiftly, and builds its nest in some convenient hole, and while so engaged works as briskly as the bee; but instead of getting food for itself, it robs that useful little insect whenever it can. It is most cruel and rapacious."
- "Rapacious," said Annie, looking at her governess for an explanation of that very hard word.
- "Rapacious means thievish, my dear; and the wasp passes its time in killing and plundering every insect which comes in its way: fortunately for us, and for the bee, it cannot bear the cold

and is destroyed by the first frost. This conversation reminds me of a little song I used to sing when I was about your age.

A wasp met a bee that was just buzzing by,
And he said, "Little cousin, can you tell me why
You are loved so much better by people than I?
I have a fine shape, and a delicate wing.
"Very true, little cousin, but then there's one thing
People cannot put up with, and that is your sting."
From this little story let children beware,
For if, like the wasp, ill-natured they are,
They will never be loved, if they're ever so fair.

"Thank you, Miss Wilmot, I like that little song very much; and if you will write it out for me in printing letters, I will learn it by heart."

"That I will do, Annie; and when you know the words, I will teach you the tune. But hark! Nurse calls you to tea, so good bye for the present."

### THE FARM YARD.

"The careful hen
Calls all her chirping family abroad."
THOMSON.

By this time the weather was getting cold, and the winter advancing with hasty strides. Annie reminded her governess of the promise she made so long ago of taking them to see the farm yard, which intention had been from day to day put aside for other pleasures not quite so near home. Miss Wilmot complied with the request, and taking Annie and Maria each by the hand, proceeded to the farm, where they arrived just in time to see the cows milked. They were delighted to observe how quietly the poor animals stood, and suffered the dairy-maid to milk them. At first the children were rather afraid to touch them; but they soon gained courage when they saw their governess stroke them.

A beautiful white calf next attracted their at-

tention, which frisked and bounded about, till the little girls began to fear it would leap over the paling which confined it. They were much pleased with several very pretty hens, and they were desired each to choose one for her own. Annie chose a brown speckled hen, and Maria a white one: these hens were left at the farm, where the little girls went occasionally to feed them, and had very often the pleasure of giving their father and mother a new laid egg for breakfast. Nurse too was sometimes treated with one for her supper. After having examined every thing in the farm yard, they were proceeding homewards full of glee, when they met the gardener with a hive of bees in his hand.

"What are you going to do with them, Gardener?" said Annie; "not to take them away, I hope, for I like them very well now."

"No, Miss, I am only going to put them under shelter: we always do so when the weather becomes cold, lest the frost should injure them: they are such useful creatures they deserve to be taken care of. Should you like to go with me into the apiary? as we call the bee house."

"Oh! very much, Gardener, if I may."

Permission being granted, they all followed the gardener for some distance; but on his approaching a dog-kennel, in which was a large house-dog, they drew back, and declared they could not go near that fierce-looking animal.

"I am ashamed of you, Annie," said Miss Wilmot, "I expected you would have set a better example to Maria, who is so much younger than yourself: you have known this dog some time, and are assured of his docility; strange dogs I would always have you avoid, there may be danger in touching them. I have often told you what a noble animal the dog is, so faithfully guarding his master's property, and fearing nothing but his displeasure. I wish I could see you stroke him. See how he wags his tail and fawns upon the gardener."

"Well, I will stroke him if Maria will."

They advanced towards the dog, and Annie tremblingly put out her hand and stroked him.

"Does he bite," said Maria.

No, not at all: come, dear Maria, and pat him:

don't be afraid, I will take care of you," said Annie, with a patronising air.

Maria followed her sister's example: the gentle dog licked their hands, bounded round and round them, and then lay down at their feet, shewing, in his own way, every sign of pleasure at being caressed; and the children walked home laughing all the way to think what cowards they had been.

### FAITHFUL OSCAR.

"My dog, the trustiest of his kind, With gratitude inflames my mind; I mark his true, his faithful way, And in my service copy Tray."

GAY.

"What are you going to read to us this evening, Miss Wilmot," said the little girls, as they assembled round the work-table after tea.

"Why, my dears, I have been thinking you would like to hear an anecdote of the fidelity and attachment of a dog: the subject is applicable to the events of the morning; and as I know it to to be a fact, it may interest you. Shall I relate it?"

"If you please," they all exclaimed.

"As I was travelling through South Wales in the spring of 18—, I spent a few days in the lovely town of Brecon, and received from the inhabitants the utmost kindness and hospitality. A lady offered to be my guide to a very pretty cottage about a mile from the town. I gratefully accepted her kind offer, and followed her through crowds of Welsh girls, who, as it was the day o their statute fair, were assembled in great numbers to be hired as servants. It is the custom of the country for them to arrange themselves in a row, in some conspicuous situation, such as along a wide street, or over a bridge, to which spot the ladies repair, and having selected such as by their appearance seem likely to suit, they make an appointment to meet at some friend's house in the town, where the engagement is concluded. The sight is a very interesting one: their linsey-wolsey dresses and little round black hats form a strong contrast to the gaudy finery of our English servants. After lingering a few moments in admiration of the animated scene, I accompanied my kind companion over a picturesque bridge, which crossed a murmuring rivulet. We pursued the course of the stream through a wild natural shrubbery, till we came to another rustic bridge, constructed of rough planks: this led us to the cot-

tage we were in search of. Words cannot do justice to the beauty of the scenery around us: the valley, with its winding stream and white cottages covered with ivy, seemed the abode of peace, and love, and joy. Nevertheless it was by no means solitary; the high road into Brecon passed along the top of the hill, and could be here and there seen from the little lawn below. The house, which was small, had no pretension to be called a cottage "ornée." It was the humble abode of a gentlewoman remarkable for her piety. benevolence, and good sense, who had retired upon a modest competence, and in this sequestered spot, with one servant, an honest hard-working Welsh girl, occupied herself in the cultivation of a very extensive garden, which gently sloped towards the stream. It was full of rare and beau. tiful flowers; and from a seat in the higher part we had a pleasing view of the town, backed by majestic mountains, which reared their aspiring heads as if to touch the skies. After admiring this lovely view for some time, we accepted the invitation of the hostess, Miss H., to rest in her little parlour, and taste her currant wine. We

were much pleased with a very pretty dog, which seemed to be an especial favourite with its mistress: she told us it was the offspring of a still greater favourite, named Oscar, which had for many years been the sole companion and faithful friend of her uncle, who had formerly resided in the cottage. He had died a few years prior, much regretted, but by no one more than by his dog. The faithful animal, not understanding the long absence of his master, made frequent excursions in search of him, like "Keeper," whose history, so prettily told, you love to read. He always returned from these excursions disappointed and dispirited, and gradually wasted away till he became a complete skeleton. His kind mistress did all in her power to console him, and even tried medicine and change of scene, but in vain.

"One day, as he was extending his feeble limbs upon the sunny lawn, he saw a little four-wheeled carriage, such as his late master used to drive, making its way along the road. In it were seated a lady and gentleman: the latter bore a very striking resemblance to his lost master.

With one bound the delighted animal cleared the hedge, and rushing up the precipitous side of the hill, sprang into the carriage, and with a most piteous whine endeavoured to pull the gentleman out of it, overwhelming him with the most affectionate caresses. The gentleman and lady were much alarmed, and tried to beat him off; but he kept so firmly hold of what he considered his long-lost master, that they were compelled to drive quickly into Brecon, carrying Oscar with them. The landlord of the inn, who knew the faithful animal well, explained the circumstance to the gentleman, and returned the brokenhearted Oscar to his mistress.

"From that day bis affliction increased, and he pined away gradually, till, at the end of a fortnight, death released him from his sufferings. A small stone in the garden marks the spot where he is buried, at his head a tuft of forget-me-not, at his feet a bed of mignionette."

"The account of his faithfulness may teach us a good lesson; do not you think so, Annie?"

"I do, indeed, and I thank you for the story; but is it really true?"

"I have good reason to believe so, for the lady who related it to me was, as I told you before, remarkable for her piety and good sense. And now, good night, my dear; dry your little brown eyes, and give me a kiss."

# THE FIRST DAY OF BROTHER ROBERT'S HOLIDAYS.

" Home! sweet home!"

ONE morning, a few weeks after their visit to the farm yard, Annie told Miss Wilmot she thought she could repeat the lines about the bee and the wasp.

"I have taken great pains to learn them, and Nurse has heard me repeat them every day: may I say them to you?"

Without waiting for a reply, she repeated them word for word distinctly and correctly.

"Very well, indeed!" said her governess, "and since you have pleased me, it is but fair I should please you, which I am sure I shall do, when I tell you that your brother Robert comes home to-day."

"Oh! my dear Miss Wilmot, is that true? does brother Bob really come home to day? how happy we shall all be. But when will he come? Now directly?" "Not yet, my love, so do not waste your time in looking out of the window, but occupy yourself, and the delay will appear much shorter."

Annie took her work, and sat down on her little stool by the side of her governess, but in vain she tried to work, her needle was too large.

"Will you give me a smaller needle, if you please, ma'am ?"

"No, my dear; you could work with that needle yesterday, so I am sure it will do for to-day."

She did a few stitches more, then putting down her work, she ran to the landing-place to look at the clock, then back again to the school-room window to see if her brother was coming. In vain she strained her little eyes, Bob was not to be seen.

"Well, I do think he must have a very slow driver, or he would have been here long ago."

"You forget, my dear," said one of her elder sisters, "that he has a great way to come."

"He might have been here sooner for all that, I am sure; but I will take Miss Wilmot's advice, and come from the window."

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She took her book and began to read, but she thought the stories very dull and stupid.

"Pray, tell me, sisters, why all the books are so dull to-day? I used to like them; but now, they do not please me at all."

"They are quite as entertaining as ever, dear Annie," said Miss Wilmot, "the fault is in yourself, not in the books, you cannot settle to anything because you are anxiously expecting your brother; if you would employ yourself, the time would not appear so long; besides, my dear, we begin to find you quite troub—."

"Oh, here is Bob! here is Bob! do some body open the door."

In a moment Robert had opened the chaise door himself, and was in the arms of his sisters, who overwhelmed him with kisses. He was their only brother, and particularly kind and affectionate, and they were delighted to see him looking so well, and grown so tall and stout, as he had left them not in very good health. A school by the sea-side had, however, restored the roses to his cheeks, and he returned to his happy family with as much joy as they experienced in receiv-

ing him. He was about nine years of age, a fine manly boy, yet so good-natured that he delighted in doing any thing to please his very young sisters, and joined in all their innocent sports as if he had been amusing himself, instead of obliging them. How could they help being glad to see so kind a brother.

After tea he opened his play-box, and distributed his presents, for he never came home without bringing something for each of the family. His first petition was for his sisters to be allowed to sit up an hour later than usual, which was readily granted. He had so much to tell them; how many boys had been flogged, and who had got prizes.

"Have you got a prize, Bob?" said Annie.

"Yes, I have got two."

"Do tell us what for, and let us see them."

He produced a very nicely-bound Homer's Iliad, which was his prize for Latin; and the Arabian Nights' Entertainments, as a reward for his progress in arithmetic.

"You may remember I used to be idle and thoughtless with Miss Wilmot, and not settle to my sums so readily as I ought to have done; but now I am more diligent; I do not pore over a sum in the single rule of three for a whole morning, and find it wrong at last; I do it steadily off-hand at once, and there's an end of it."

"I am glad to hear it, Robert," said Miss Wilmot, "for to own the truth, I used to get a little out of patience with you and your sums; yet I can never forget the pleasant rambles we had together during the illness of your sisters, and your affectionate attention in exploring the country round for the most cheerful walks, and prettiest views, to vary the scene for me during my attendance in their sick chamber; neither shall I ever forget the kindness with which you gave me your new desk, which I admired so much, leaving yourself without one."

"Oh! I had forgotten all that."

"But I had not, neither shall I. Now, my dears, I am sorry to break up so pleasant a party, but we must separate for the night, as it is getting late."

Each child repeated a prayer, and together they sang the evening hymn, then laying their heads on the pillow, they slept soundly, and arose in the morning refreshed.

## THE BAD READING LESSON.

"Nulle rose sans epine."

THE next day Annie remained till nearly eleven o'clock in her father's study with her brother Robert, who was unpacking his things. She ought to have been in the school-room by ten, to read to Miss Wilmot, who was always ready at that time to hear her; at last a servant was dispatched to desire her to take her books into the school-room. She came-but not with her usual smiling face : her step was slow, her rosy lips were pouting. Miss Wilmot would not at first notice it, hoping she would recollect herself, and spare her governess the pain of punishing her: but she was disappointed: Annie stood first on one leg, then on the other, with her fingers in her mouth, making such absurd mistakes, that Miss Wilmot quietly shut the book, and declared she could not possibly waste her time on a little girl who could read if she chose; she therefore desired her to leave the room. Annie obeyed with a heavy heart, and tears in her eyes, she could not join in the play of her little sister in the nursery, for she felt she was naughty, and had no heart to play. She therefore wandered up stairs and down, till she met her mother, who gave her a kiss, and told her she might go into the drawing-room and look at some prints. She blushed and hesitated.

"Do you not like to come with me?" said her mother.

"Yes, I like it, Mamma, but I must not."

"You may if I give you leave, my Annie; so cheer up, and follow me."

But Annie could not follow, and bursting into tears said, she did not deserve to see the pictures, for she had not read.

"Not read, I am sorry to hear that, I am afraid you have been naughty."

"Oh! very naughty indeed, Mamma, but I am sorry for it now, and should like to read if Miss Wilmot would hear me."

"Go and try her, my dear," said her mother, "if you stay away she may think you are sulky, and that is worse than being idle. As you are

generally a good child I think she will forgive you."

"Indeed I am not sulky, Mamma, so I will go and try her, but—I am almost afraid."

"Never be afraid to do what is right, my child," said her mother, patting her cheek.

Annie gently opened the school-room door; Miss Wilmot was engaged in examining the exercises of her elder pupils, and did not look up. The penitent child advanced very slowly, and put her little hand on the shoulder of her governess, but said not a word till Miss Wilmot, having corrected the exercises, took up her basket and began to work; then, throwing her arms round the neck of her friend, Annie said, in a subdued tone, "Pray do hear me, I will read properly now, indeed I will."

"Then indeed I will hear you, and I hope we shall profit by the lesson. So cheer up, my little girl, and try to do better in future, you know you can conquer your temper if you like."

She then took her book, and by attention made amends for her former naughtiness.

"I suppose I may not look at the pretty prints to-day!" said Annie.

"No, my love, I cannot allow you that pleasure; if you read well to-morrow you shall see them with all my heart, but to-day you have not deserved it."

## MRS. HEDGE.

"Content, and careless of to-morrow's fare."

THOMSON.

As our young friends were rambling about the fields one day, during the month of December, they crossed a stile, and found themselves unexpectedly in a pleasant lane. Under the hedge sat an old man and woman; the man busily employed making door-mats, the woman toasting a slice of bread over a fire made of sticks. On the approach of the children, the man respectfully touched his hat and said, "Good day, ladies." Annie begged to stop and see him make his mats which, as she was very good, she was allowed to do. The children asked the poor woman if she did not feel cold, sitting in the open air, she replied, "No, my little dears, the hedge shelters us nicely."

"You have nothing but bread to eat for your dinner, poor woman," said Annie.

"Oh! never mind, Miss," answered she, "it is very good, and many poor people have not any thing to eat at all."

"Where do you sleep," said Miss Wilmot.

"Why sometimes, Ma'am, as we travel the country over, almost from end to end, we are a little put to it for a night's lodging; but last night we slept very comfortably in Mr. Hudson's barn: he is very kind to poor folks, and as he knows something of us, he often gives us leave to sleep there. When we are travelling where people don't know us, they are very cautious about giving us shelter."

"And I don't wonder at it," said the man, "for so many bad characters goes about now-a-days, farmers need to be particular."

"May I give them my sixpence?" whispered

Leave was readily granted, and she smilingly gave the contents of her little purse.

"Thank you, Miss, you have made us quite rich."

When Annie came home, her mother gave her some cream to churn into butter in a little churn,

a fairing from Windsor; this was a treat she had long been promised. She beat it and beat it for a long time very patiently; at last she found it begin to thicken, and in a few minutes was rewarded by seeing the butter really come.

"Oh! my butter, my butter! I have made my butter!" cried the happy child, jumping and clapping her hands, her sweet face crimson with joy. "And now, Mamma, may I make it up into pats? and may I give one pat to Mrs. Hedge?"

"Who is Mrs. Hedge?"

"The poor woman we saw to-day under the hedge, Mamma; I do not know her name, so I call her Mrs. Hedge: may I give her a pat?"

"Yes, my dear little girl; but how many pats will it make?"

"See, Mamma, I have divided it, and I can make three—one for Miss Wilmot, one for Nurse, and one for Mrs. Hedge."

"And leave none for yourself?"

"I do not want any; Harriet has cut my bread and butter for tea. I promised Nurse and Miss Wilmot one pat each, and if I eat one myself there will be none for Mrs. Hedge, who sleeps in a barn, poor thing! and eats her dry bread so contentedly."

The next morning Annie awoke very early, and dressed herself, intending to get her reading and spelling soon over, that she might carry the pat of butter to Mrs. Hedge; but, alas! on looking out she perceived that the ground was covered with snow. This was indeed a disappointment, and it called for all her philosophy to bear it well. She exerted herself, however, and instead of crying and fretting, she silently wiped away one tear, which would come in spite of all her endeavours, and employed herself at her needle work with great steadiness. True, she did occasionally run to the window, and exclaim, "Oh! naughty snow, I wish you'd go;" but she did not, by fretfulness and ill-temper, add to her trouble.

Her governess, who dearly loved her, (for who could help it,) put on her cloak and thick shoes, and accompanied by Robert, (who was always ready to do a kindness,) went through the snow to the place where the poor man and woman had been sitting the day before; but they were not there, the weather was too cold for them to sit in

the open air: they then went to the farm, and found them in Mr. Hudson's barn, and desiring the poor people to follow, led the way to the villa, where, placing the poor man and woman under the verandah, they called little Annie to the glass door which opened from the hall. Her joy was beyond all bounds when she saw Mrs. Hedge and gave her the pat of butter, to which were added some bread and meat, and a few shillings from the rest of the party. She presented her little gift with such benevolence in her countenance as insured to her anxious friends the prospect of future excellence.

When the poor people were gone, she threw her arms round Miss Wilmot's neck, and kissed her most affectionately, promising never to be naughty again at her reading lesson,—if she could help it.

#### CHRISTMAS DAY.

"Lo! now is come our joyful feast, Let every one be jolly, Eache room with yvie leaves is drest, And every poste with holly." WITHER'S JUVENILIA.

For some days before Christmas, our little friends had been busily engaged in making up small parcels in brown paper, and stoutly resisted every enquiry as to what they were doing. Miss Wilmot, on this occasion, was not a little troublesome, always finding some excuse for approaching that corner of the room where they had stationed themselves, and where they were often so interested in their occupation as not to perceive her, until rubbing her hands, she would exclaim, "Ah! now I shall find it all out." Then what screaming and scrambling to be sure: some of the parcels were thrown under the chairs, some under the couch; one child would run up stairs, another down, with an arm full of paper and string; then would follow a reprimand to Miss Wilmot for her curiosity, and an assurance that she should know all in time, if she would but have patience—Patience!! a virtue she always so strongly recommended to them, and in which she was now, alas! so deficient.

On Christmas day, when the family assembled to breakfast, these identical paper parcels were seen on the plates round the table. Their father, on opening his packet, found a very neat almanack for the ensuing year; their mother a purse; Miss Wilmot a thimble, though they slily insinuated that she scarcely deserved it for her impatience; in short, each person in the house received a christmas-box from one or other of the children. These little presents were very gratifying, having been purchased with the savings from their weekly allowance, as offerings of love and gratitude.

One little girl did not present any thing to her governess; but after breakfast, taking her aside, she said, "I had no money left, my dear Miss Wilmot, so I could not buy you any thing, but

you may remember some time ago telling us how much you admired the twenty-third psalm, and you wished we knew it by heart. I have learnt it: will you hear me say it? I have no other Christmas gift to offer."

Miss Wilmot's heart throbbed with pleasure, and her eyes filled with tears, while the dear girl, placing her arm round the waist of her happy governess, slowly repeated the beautiful psalm from the prayer book, "The Lord is my shepherd, therefore can I lack nothing."

Little Annie, who did not breakfast with the elder party, now made her appearance with her pinafore full of presents. The contents of her "treasure drawer" was distributed liberally among her friends. Little Maria too presented a broken slate and a piece of pencil, the greatest treasure she possessed, to her brother Robert.

Christmas day was always the happiest in the year to the children, who then dined with their father and mother at four o'clock, after having accompanied them to church. But on this day, the younger children were not so merry and comfortable as usual, owing to a headache and un-

easiness of which they complained. As they were healthy children generally, this caused some alarm, which was increased when in a day or two it was discovered they had the hooping-cough. All hope of pleasant walks was now at an end: however, they submitted with a very good grace, and determined not to add to the discomfort of their mother by impatience. It was a sore trial, but borne with resignation, and every one in the house did what they could to cheer and amuse children who thought so much of the happiness of others.

# THE DUMB CHILD AT THE INFANT SCHOOL.

"Whene'er I see the blind or lame, Deaf or dumb, I'll kindly treat them : I deserve to feel the same If I mock, or hurt, or cheat them."

WATTS.

" As you are invalids, and cannot join your sisters in the school-room, Annie and Maria," said Miss Wilmot, as she entered the nursery one evening, "I am come to sit with you; and as you are so much interested in the Infant School which has lately been established in this neighbourhood, and cannot visit it. I will read you a short account of one from an excellent little book, called 'The Working Man's Companion.' "

" I sometimes pass an hour or two in an Infant School, established in my neighbourhood by a benevolent lady, who has done much good.

"It is delightful to see a hundred little children, from two to four years old, full of health and spirits, all appearing exactly at nine o'clock in the morning, in decent clothes, and with clean hands and faces.

"Although there are so many, I hear no crying, and see no fighting. If sometimes a little cry is set up, the crying child is soon amused by something that is going on, and becomes quiet. If two little bodies begin to push at each other for more room on the bench, the schoolmistress separates them before they come to blows. In this way they lose the very habit of being cross, and many of them become very fond of one another, and of their schoolmistress.

"Such very young children cannot be expected to learn much. It would, indeed, be very wrong to make them do much. But they learn their letters, and learn to read; and they learn to sing together, and to be good and orderly. They are not expected to sit quite still, for at their age activity is necessary to them. Sometimes they all get up together and clap their hands; sometimes they walk about; then little stories are told to them, or one of the biggest children says a few sentences, which all the rest repeat. The oldest

learn many things in this way; useful stories, hymns, and the multiplication table.

"Perhaps the schoolmistress sings them a little nursery song now and then, and all the little things sing as well as they can after her. At the close of the day all these children join in a prayer or a hymn. It is not expected that all should be equally able to do this: the oldest are taught to do it properly, and the youngest become accustomed to do it as the oldest do, and those that have been but a little time at the school, are very amusing; they look about them at first, and are a little fidgetty, and amuse themselves perhaps by shaking their heads as if they would shake them off, but in the midst of these childish actions they will stare at the older ones, who are clapping their hands, or singing, and all at once put their hands together, or join in the song or hymn, catching up the beginning or end of a line.

"I should have but a poor opinion of that person who could see an Infant School without being pleasingly affected by it. The sight of so many little boys and girls, who, in a few years, will be the working-men and the working-men's

wives of the country, all clean and happy, all out of danger, and all enjoying the blessings of a good education, begun at such an early age, is not to be seen without emotion. Perhaps in their future lives, many of them may avoid much misery by recollecting the simple lessons they learn in this very school. The habits of order and deanliness formed at this early age, may attend them through life. The sentences hung round the room, from the Proverbs chiefly, and which they sometimes repeat, will often appear before their eyes, and sometimes, it is to be hoped, give them support and courage in the hour of danger. Many of these little boys may, perhaps, be thus saved from crime, and many of the little girls. now so innocent and unsuspecting, from ruin and shame."

And now dearest Annie, I will endeavour to describe to you, a scene I witnessed at an Infant School in London some time since. Among the scholars, there was a very interesting child about six years of age. She was by no means pretty, but her countenance was one of the most agreeable I have ever looked upon. Her flaxen hair

curled in ringlets over her white neck, and she was peculiarly neat and clean, but there was a most singular expression in her face, which I shall not easily forget. Her eye was full of animation, and she imitated with great exactness, every gesture of the other children, but she uttered no sound. Poor thing! she was deaf and dumb-and her parents, poor, but excellent people, sent her to the school to amuse her, and keep her out of danger, and secure from unkindness, for I am sorry to say, that children who have never been taught their duty to God and their neighbour, sometimes delight in annoying a fellow-creature whom the Almighty has for some wise purpose thought fit to afflict. Not so the children of the Infant School, they made this poor afflicted child the object of their tenderest care. But I need not pity her, for she was the lightest-hearted, happiest little creature in the school, and the most benevolent. Her governess brought her to me and explained her situation; the child looked up smilingly in my face, and dropping a courtsey, began to talk upon her fingers. This I could not understand, but drawing

her towards me, I put my arm round her waist, gave her a kiss, and stroked her face, then, opening a little box of lozenges, I gave her one. In a moment she bounded across the room to the child next to whom she had been sitting, and divided the lozenge with her; then taking her by the hand, she led her up to me, and placed my arm round her little friend's waist as I had placed it round hers. The younger child was by no means interesting, but the dumb child would not excuse me from bestowing on her friend all the marks of kindness I had shewn her: above all things, she seemed pleased with the gentle stroking of the face, which you know is my favourite caress. She placed my fingers on the face of her little companion, and moved them up and down to express what she wished me to do; then retreating to a distance, she clapped her hands and jumped about, uttering a very harsh and discordant cry, which the matron of the school assured me was an unequivocal sign of pleasure, but it pierced me to the heart. The child she had so affectionately presented to me, lived in the same house with her, and therefore possessed her ten-

derest regard. But her affectionate disposition did not expend itself wholly on this companion of her humble home, every other child in the school had a share in her love. As each entered the schoolroom she would spring forward to welcome them, take off their bonnets and cloaks, hang them up, feel if their hands were cold, and rub them between her own. Her great pleasure seemed to be to make others happy. It had been my intention never to lose sight of this amiable and afflicted child, but on calling at the school a short time afterwards to take her some prints, I was grieved to hear that she was no more. She had died suddenly, without suffering much pain it is hoped; and having, through the sweetness of her disposition and the benevolence of her heart, enjoyed much happiness, notwithstanding what we, in our ill-judging, are apt to call an affliction, forgetting that "God chastens us" for our profit, that we may be partakers of his holiness, and thus be fitted for his happiness.

## NEW YEAR'S DAY.

" A day of jubilee,
An ancient holiday."

KIRKE WHILE.

THE first day of the year was, in this happy family, appropriated to the servants, as a day of relaxation from their usual labours, on which occasion their good master and mistress furthered their schemes of cheerful and innocent enjoyment as much as possible. The drawing room and school room party dined early, and agreed to wait upon each other. The housekeeper and nurse invited some of the neighbouring farmers and their families to pass the evening in the housekeeper's room, while the other servants entertained their friends in the hall. The scene was a joyous one; first there was tea and coffee, with muffins, crumpets, and Yorkshire cakes, then the two parties met for a little dancing in the true country style, After which they had an old English supper of roast beef and plum pudding, with plenty of good

ale: when supper was ended, a bowl of punch was introduced, of which no one was to partake who did not sing a song, and some of the party gained great applause and plenty of punch, particularly Mr. Hudson's plough boy, one of the guests, a capital singer, and a wag in his way, and therefore a great favourite. He sung in fine style a hunting song, each verse of which ended with a much admired chorus,

A kind and merry old lady, related to the family, was visiting them at this gay season. She had brought with her, instead of her usual attendant, who was ill, a housemaid named Sally, a faith ful creature who had grown old in her service. This lady, wishing to make a Christmas present to each of the servants, conceived a rather whimsical mode of doing it. She dressed up "Old Sally," as the children called her, as a countrywoman, and placed on her arm a basket, such as those in which pedlars carry their wares for sale, and filled it with things suited to the parties for whom they were intended, having instructed Old Sally how to dispose of them. For the housekeeper a bit of lace to trim her cap, for

nurse six neck-handkerchiefs, for the butler three shirts ready made, for the footman two pair of warm stockings. But I cannot enumerate the various presents, all equally useful and acceptable. Old Sally descended into the hall, and was not at first recognised, so well was she disguised; when the joke was understood, peals of laughter shook the hall, but, in the midst of their mirth they were interrupted by the entrance of a person of some consequence in a country village, namely, the parish constable. He had on a great coat, the collar of which was ornamented with gold lace, his hat was slouched, the little that could be seen of his face, which was half hidden in an enormous cravat, appeared terrific, and he held in his hand his staff of office, with which he tapped Old Sally on the shoulder, and in the king's name arrested her for selling without a hawker's license. Sally screamed with terror, and the other servants coming to her rescue, a scuffle ensued, when the hat and false whiskers of the constable fell off, and he appeared in his own proper person. Thomas the groom, who having immediately recognized the pretended pedler, had slipped out, and thus disguised himself "for a Christmas gambol," to make the folks laugh. It had the desired effect, for every body enjoyed the joke, even Old Sally herself now that her terror had subsided. After partaking of a few more glasses of punch, the guests departed, declaring that they never spent so merry an evening in their lives.

#### THE TWELFTH CAKE.

"These little things are great to little men."

GOLDSMITH.

On Twelfth Day, an aunt in London made it a rule to send our little friends one of Gunter's best and largest twelfth cakes. This year, as usual, the parcel arrived, and was opened in the presence of the children. What a profusion of good things did the basket contain! sweetmeats, oranges, and a set of twelfth night characters. But best of all was the cake, which was even larger and richer than usual.

"My wig! what a cake!" exclaimed Robert, rubbing his hands.

"Oh! Bob," said Annie, "I do think that an ugly word. I suppose you learnt it at school."

"I did, little Annie;" but as you don't like it, I will not say it again: did you ever see such a nice cake?"

"And we must not taste it because we have the hooping cough," said Annie with a sigh; but perhaps we may give it away—may we,

"If your elder sisters will consent, you may, my love; you know it is their cake as well as yours."

"Will you give it away sisters?"

"We give it to you, Annie, to do as you like with it."

"Oh! thank you," said Annie; "then we will give it to your sister Fanny, Miss Wilmot; you are going to send a parcel, will you send the cake with it."

"I will, my dear," said her governess; "it will please Fanny very much—first, because she will be gratified to find you do not forget her, and next, because she likes cake very much, as most little girls do; and I will tell her how willingly your sisters parted with it to oblige another, in the hope that she may follow so excellent an example. To make a good large Christmas parcel, I shall send a few new frocks for Fanny, some books for Charles, and a suit of clothes for Frank."

"That will be a capital parcel," said Robert.

"My wi—! I did not say wig, Miss Annie, so you need not look so sharp."

The next day their uncle John came to see them: he was just come home from sea, and his arrival caused great joy to the children. He was exceedingly good-natured, and often spent an hour in playing with his little nieces, of whom he was very fond. When he was about to leave them, he desired Annie would tell him what he should bring her from London.

"Dear uncle, I should like to have a very pretty little tea-pot; but I have no money to pay for it.'

"You shall pay me with a kiss, my own Annie, and rely upon it, I will bring you the prettiest I can procure."

When her uncle was gone, Miss Wilmot asked Annie why she had chosen a tea-pot, when she had one already in a very pretty set of tea things.

"It is not for myself, but to go in the parcel for your little sister Fanny; you know she was so grieved when she broke the one sisters sent her at the time she had the small-pox."

Uncle John, on his return, brought her a very pretty little tea-pot, with roses and forget-me

nots on a white ground: her joy and gratitude were beyond all bounds, and running to Miss Wilmot, she had the satisfaction to pack it up herself, and put it into the parcel with the cake, and several other presents from her sisters to their young friends, who received such kindness with thankfulness.

#### GOODY CLACK.

"While thus she creeps From door to poor, the villagers in her Behold a record which together binds Past deeds and offices of charity."

WORDSWORTH.

Walking one day with her elder pupils on the road to Windsor, Miss Wilmot was struck with the emaciated appearance of a poor old woman whom they overtook. She carried on her arm a basket full of tapes, thread, needles, and stay laces, and as they passed, dropping a low courtesy, she offered her articles for sale, and strenuously insisted on their excellence. She was very feeble, and all her members seemed benumbed with cold except her tongue, the volubility of which was proof against the frost. Our young friends asked her a few questions, "upon which hint she spake," and told them that she was a poor woman living in a damp cellar in Windsor; how she was subject to the "rheumatis;" how Mr. G., the

rector, had given her a bushel of coals, and she had been to thank him as in duty bound; and how she had two sons in the army, fine young men, who had fought in defence of their country.

The children's opinion of the value of her wares did not agree with her own; they therefore declined purchasing, but giving her sixpence, they told the old woman, that if she would call once a month at the villa, they would endeavour to furnish her basket with articles more likely to sell than those with which it was at present stored On asking her name, to their great amusement she answered, "Goody Lack." How could they resist the temptation of adding the C, which her loquacity so justly merited; therefore, she was "Goody Clack" ever afterwards to all intents and purposes, and became a person of great consequence and of some service to the children; for, on enquiring of Mr. G. if her story were a true one, and being satisfactorily answered, they became most active in their endeavours to serve her. Do my young readers wish to know in what way Goody Clack became useful to her young benefactresses?-by giving them a benevolent motive to industry and ingenuity. They exerted themselves so much in behalf of the poor old woman, that they became in a short time very clever needlewomen, and acquired a taste which doubtless was serviceable to them ever afterwards. How seldom do we perform a good action from a pure motive without the benefit returning sevenfold into our own bosoms; in such small and apparently insignificant circumstances we may trace the hand of Providence using humble agents to attain a wise end.

The articles in Goody Clack's basket did not consist wholly of pincushions and nick-nacks; Miss Wilmot stipulated with her pupils that they should furnish articles which would oblige them to practise plain useful needle-work, as well as trifles. They therefore made a supply of coarse baby-linen for the poor, caps and aprons for servants, warm muffetees and bosom-friends for the aged and the sick, and they knitted red worsted nightcaps for the old men, which latter article had a prodigious sale. They also made an agreement with Goody Clack, that as these things cost her nothing but thanks, (of which she poured on

them an overpowering volley,) she was to sell them at the low prices fixed upon by the children, and specified on a ticket attached to each article. By this means both the buyer and seller were benefited, and had not some check been put to the orders of Goody Clack, our young friends would speedily have become bankrupts; but as it is a little good judiciously bestowed, rather than money lavishly expended, that constitutes charity, the children by these means early learnt a lesson of discrimination and judgment, which, now that they are young women, continues to abide by them, rendering them useful members of society, and though now mixing in the world, beloved and admired, they still continue to "visit the orphan and the widow in their affliction."

# PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

"Speak the speech as I shall shew it to you, trippingly apon the tongue."—Shakespeare.

THE elder girls being prevented by the severity of the weather from going out of doors to enjoy themselves, began to find the time hang heavy upon their hands, and requested Miss Wilmot to allow them to act, or, as they termed it, "get up" a play. She entered into their scheme with great alacrity, and seemed delighted with the anticipation of their success, but, of course, referred them to their mother, who, at their earnest entreaty, and seeing how much Miss Wilmot had set her heart upon it, complied, and selected for them the French play of Agar, from the Theatre d'Education of Madame de Genlis. The house was now, during play hours, a scene of continued bustle, and no little noise; for they were constantly repeating to Miss Wilmot, or spouting to each other, the parts assigned them. The eldest girl was to personate Agar: Robert, Ishmael, and one dear younger girl, the Angel .-After a week of hard study, they considered themselves perfect in "their parts," and wrote notes of invitation to their father and mother, their uncle John, Annie, Maria, and baby. The servants also had tickets of admission to the nit. The entrance hall served them for a theatre, a green curtain being stretched across it, leaving the audience at the back of the room by the fire, and the performers at that end which opened under the verandah, which verandah was lighted up, and decorated with green boughs and artificial flowers, and was intended, on the drawing up of the window blind, to represent a pleasant spot, whence the water was to flow at the command of the angel. At the appointed time the audience assembled-the housekeeper and nurse in their best caps and gowns, the children in their gavest sashes.

The curtain drew up. Agar and her son advanced, and hesitated, and stammered, and looked confused. They were only in the presence of their own dear indulgent friends, whom they were in the daily habit of seeing, yet they were

abashed, for these friends had assumed the character of an audience, and the children felt for the first time in their lives afraid of them; but they more especially feared their quizzing uncle John. Miss Wilmot grew alarmed for the professional character of her pupils, and sharply urged them to exert themselves, but in vain-fear had caused them to forget their parts, and they were at a complete stand still, in spite of the prompting of Dido-a little French girl, who, to facilitate French conversation, had been brought up with them in the endearing capacity of playfellow, companion, and friend. Rallying themselves, however, they proceeded as far as the descent of the angel down a narrow flight of stairs which opened into the hall. She had on a pure white dress-with a small pair of silver wings, manufactured by Miss Wilmot. Her face was fair and lovely to look upon, and its natural beauty was increased by a slight touch of shame, not rendered so conspicuous as her sister's, from her retired situation, and the very few words she had to speak.

And now arrived the eventful period, when the

angel gently touching the window with her olive branch, the blind sprang up, and the water began to appear through the shrubs in the verandah, but instead of falling in a full torrent, it meandered and frisked, and curvetted among the leaves in every direction but the right, in a very undignified manner; and behind the boughs, fluttering in the breeze, were seen the garments of their strenuous friend Miss Wilmot, who, mounted on a ladder, was pouring the limpid stream from a watering-pot. A pause ensued; nothing was to be heard but the dripping of the unruly water from the leaves. At that interesting moment, Miss Wilmot broke the silence by exclaiming in an audible whisper, "Gardener! Gardener! hold the ladder fast, it's slipping." Just at this point the audience were expected by the performers to be in tears, but, uncle John, who had hitherto conducted himself with great propriety, burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter. The curtain fell, hiding from public view the shame and vexation of Miss Wilmot; who was denied even the poor satisfaction of reproaching her pupils, she having so completely disgraced her character of Aquarius.

The play was a failure, as their judicious mother anticipated; they were the children of truth and nature, and made very bad actors; and "the house" was very merry at their expense.

For a short time Miss Wilmot was much hurt, but her better feelings soon gained the ascendancy, and on reflection she sincerely rejoiced in that innate modesty which prevented the success of her pupils in Private Theatricals.

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# THE BIRTHDAY DINNER.

"The favour of your company is requested."

ONE evening, as Annie retired to rest, she reminded her governess, that the following day would be her birth-day, when she would have attained the age of seven years, and begged for a holiday for the whole of the School-room party that they might take a long and pleasant walk together. Miss Wilmot granted her request, but alas! the next morning no sun shone upon the birth-day of the little heroine of our tale, and the rain which pattered on the window pane, admonished the children to seek for amusement within doors. As usual, they had recourse to Miss Wilmot, who proposed that as walking was out of the question, they should dine with her at a later hour than usual, three o'clock, in the green-house: to this they joyfully assented.

The morning was employed with "books, and work, and healthful play." Meantime

Miss Wilmot was observed to be in high consultation with the cook, a thing so uncommon that some remarkable event was anticipated.

Punctually at three o'clock the eager guests assembled in the hall, and were ushered into the green-house, where instead of the usual stands for plants, was placed a low small table covered with a miniature service of china, a present from Papa to his little daughter on her birth-day. The set was a very pretty one of pure white and gold. Some minutes were devoted to admiration and gratitude, when Miss Wilmot took Annie by the hand, and placing her at the head of the table. desired her to do the honours. She drew back for a moment, blushing, till reassured by her governess, who for the occasion had assumed the office of butler, in which capacity she removed adroitly the cover of the dish at the head of the table, and two trout, very nicely cooked, made their mouths water. At the bottom was a small tureen filled with soup, and in the middle a tiny piece of beef had been so shaped by the good-natured cook (who had entered fully into the spirit of the entertainment) as to assume satisfactorily the appearance

of a round of beef on a small scale. At the corner were two larks doing duty for fowls, supported by a small knuckle of ham; and at the opposite corners a dish of hash and a small yeal pie.

The second course consisted of a partridge at the top, green peas at the bottom, at the corner a small apple pie (in the dish belonging to the set), custards, cheesecakes and jellies. But the glory of the whole feast stood in the middle of the table : it was a small plum pudding about the size of a ball, studded with almonds, and decorated with a sprig of holly. The feast was greatly applauded and eaten with much appetite, and after they had partaken of cheese in the smallest plates imaginable, they were delighted to see a splendid dessert of fruit and cakes with currant wine from the store of the housekeeper: of this the young party drank sparingly, as the old lady's wine was noted for its strength and richness; so much so, that she boasted her gooseberry wine had often passed for Champagne.

Let none of our young readers suppose that this feast was marked by any thing like intemperance; far from it, these children had early been taught moderation in all things, and their frugal feast was not embittered by sickness, nor followed by a visit from the doctor. The next day the remnants were collected in a little basket, and carried to a lame child in the village, that she too might have a holiday and make merry with her companions.

After dinner they sat round the table and sung innocent songs or told pleasant tales, thus enlivening the time till the little tea set was introduced, calling forth fresh admiration. Out of these they partook of tea and coffee, with small rounds of toast and diminutive slices of bread and butter, and plum cake. After tea, as the weather still continued stormy, they were content to abide at home, and each took her embroidery frame. The elder girls were working a pair of shoes for their Papa, in the then newly-revived worsted work, which is now so much the fashion. Little Annie occupied herself in working a flower stand (in a very easy stitch) for her Mamma. While they were thus employed, Miss Wilmot, at

their request, gave them a short account of a "Gentlewoman of the old school," whom the elder girls had often seen, and all had heard spoken of in terms of admiration and respect.

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#### PHILADELPHIA.

## VISCOUNTESS CREMORNE.

"Her ways were ways of pleasantness, and all her paths were peace."

PROVERBS OF SOLOMON.

This excellent lady, my dear children, to whose benevolence I am indebted, under Providence, for all the good that has befallen me in this life, was the grand-daughter of William Penn, the celebrated quaker, of whom I related to you some circumstances a short time since. Her maiden name was Freame, her mother Miss Penn having married Mr. Freame of Pennsylvania in America, where this excellent woman was born. She was the second wife of Lord Cremorne, an Irish nobleman, noble in heart as well as in station.

It is a great satisfaction to me, to dwell with affectionate gratitude upon the benefits so cheerfully bestowed upon me, by this exalted lady.

I will, as an example for your imitation, endea-

vour to describe her: her form and features can never be effaced from my recollection, till death shall have stilled all the emotions of my heart. She was the first and almost the only being who looked upon me with kindness, for a mother's love I have never known.

Her person was small, rather below the middle stature, and her face what is called plain; but her countenance possessed that sweetness of expression which stands in the stead of beauty; indeed, I remember, that I in my childhood, thought her beautiful, how could I think otherwise of the face which always smiled upon me?

She was generally dressed in a silver grey silk or an Irish poplin gown, with a white clear muslin handkerchief trimmed with a rich narrow lace crossed over her bosom, that bosom the seat of the most benevolent feelings. The sleeves of her dress were long and fitted tight to the arm, finished at the wrist by a ruffle of the same lace which ornamented her neck-handkerchief: her very small white hand was almost hidden by a pair of grey kid mittens: on two of the fingers of her left hand she wore several valuable rings, the only

#### PHILADELPHIA.

ornaments I ever saw her wear, except her watch, which was a large, old-fashioned enamelled one of great value. Her cap was of pure white muslin, sitting close to her pale face, with a narrow border, full plaited and edged with lace; there was such a peculiarity in the shape of this neat headgear, that King George the Third used playfully to call it the *Philadelphian* cap. Her hair was cut short, frizzed and powdered; over her cap she wore a very small black-lace veil, thrown back, but not reaching to her shoulders. This almost quaker-like attire was finished by a large black silk apron with pockets.

But how shall I describe to you, my dear children, the peculiar charm of this excellent woman? It was neither her rank nor her wealth that so exalted her, for independently of those advantages, she would have won all hearts by the sweetness of her smile, by the gentleness of her voice, by the elegance and cultivation of her mind, by the tenderness of her heart, by her charity towards her fellow-creatures, by her piety, patience and humility. Hers was pure faith and religious practice.

She was the esteemed friend of Mrs. Hannah More, Mrs. Talbot, Mrs. Carter, Mrs. Kennicott, and Dr. Beilby Porteus, then Bishop of London; and the family of George the Third delighted in her society.

Her charities were almost boundless, and latterly, I fear, pressed heavily on her personal comforts. Twice every week during the winter months, a respectable but indigent class of pensioners used to receive a small joint of meat, a mince pie, and some vegetables. To the poorer, cold meat, vegetables, and soup were distributed, with occasionally a bundle of warm clothing, and some coals. On Christmas eve, twenty-five old Irish chairmen, a race now extinct, received each a bushel of coals, a joint of meat, half-acrown, and a glass of whiskey, in which they drank the King's health, together with that of their benefactress.

These are a few of the charities I witnessed, and many more were made known after the death of this benevolent woman, by the gratitude of those she had benefited.

As a child, I was one of the many objects of her

kind care. When she arose in the morning I was called to repeat to her while she was dressing, the lessons she delighted to teach me, and which I had learnt almost wholly from her frequent repetition; first, the several Psalms which were her favourites, then the 5th, 6th, and 7th chapters of St. Matthew, and the 40th and 53rd chapters of Isaiah. When she dressed for dinner, or in the course of the morning, she would make me repeat to her some of La Fontaine's Fables in French, and there are some persons still living, I hope, early, but divided friends, who remember, "Maître Corbeau sur un arbre perché," the little fable that you my children all know so well. I used then to read French to her, or listen to her reading, and her accent was the purest I have ever yet heard.

These kind lessons were begun when I was so young that I could hardly look above her dressing table, and continued till I was more than fifteen. She never raised her voice to me when I was dull or careless, and an angry word or look from her I do not remember, but the more I needed reproof, the more gentle she became. I even then appreciated her character, and I now gratefully

venerate her memory. I trust I have not wearied you, my young friends, by dwelling so long on the merits of this gentle lady, but I feel a melancholy pleasure, in the endeavour to wrest from oblivion the memory of one so worthy of imitation.

Yet, after saying all this, I have still one remarkable trait to notice,—the endearing interest she took in all young persons, sympathizing in their sorrows, and promoting all their innocent amusements.

The habits and pursuits of the witty and the wise soon become known to the public, but the quiet and unobtrusive virtues of benevolence, charity and loving-kindness, are treasured in the hearts of the grateful, and the prayer of him who is ready to perish invokes a blessing on such as the lady I have described.

Our Saviour says, "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth." Lady Cremorne attained the advanced age of eighty-eight; her remains were interred in Stoke Church.

"May I die the death of the righteous, and may my last end be like hers."

# THE GOLDFINCH.

"I love to hear thy matin lay
And warbling wild notes die away."

SMYTH.

LITTLE Annie was sitting at the window one bright morning, watching the dairy-maid feed the poultry, and wishing her hooping cough would get well, that she might run on the lawn and help her; when she saw a poor man and woman enter the enclosure and advance towards the house. The man had some mats on his back, the woman carried a shabby-looking cage with a bird in it.

"It certainly must be my friend Mrs. Hedge," said Annie.

She was not mistaken, it was Mrs. Hedge, who ringing at the bell asked to see "the little Miss" who had given her a pat of butter.

"I am sorry you cannot see her," said the servant, "she is ill with the hooping cough, and is not allowed to come down stairs."

"I am very sorry to hear it, Sir," said the poor

woman; "will you be so kind as to give her this bird with my duty? It is a goldfinch which was forsaken by its parent, and I have taken care of it, and shall be very much pleased if the young lady will accept it."

Annie was allowed to keep the bird. Mrs. Hedge would accept of no recompence, but went away gratified that her little offering had not been rejected.

Annie considered it by no means a little offering, on the contrary, she thought that no child had ever been so rich or so happy. She promised to take the greatest care of it, and she kept her word. Every morning before she ate her own breakfast, she attended to her bird, cleaned its cage, and gave it food and water. Her father, seeing what care she took of it, promised to give her a handsome new cage, when they should be settled at Brighton, whither they were to go shortly, for change of air, and to carry off the ill effects of the hooping cough.

The little bird had been much petted by Mrs. Hedge, and was so tame that it would eat hemp seed out of Annie's mouth. A friend who was visiting in the family, gave her a nice large bird's bath, for her goldfinch to bathe in. Annie feared he would be tiresome at first, and not bathe willingly: but she was mistaken, the bird was delighted, and spent a great part of the morning splashing about in the water, while the children stood by laughing at the mess the little fellow was making. A lady who had been in the habit of keeping birds, told Annie it would hurt her bird to allow it to bathe in the winter.

"Oh very well then, I will put off its bathing till the warm weather, when it shall bathe in the sea with me."

"Foolish child," said the lady, laughing, "it must bathe in fresh water."

I am very sorry for that," said Annie, "it would have been such fun for us to bathe together, "but I will not do any thing to hurt the little fellow: besides, it was a present from Mrs. Hedge, and I shall keep it in remembrance of the happy days we have spent in this house. I shall be very sorry to leave the villa, and never see poor Mrs. Payne any more. I wonder if she will return to her idle, dirty habits when we are gone; I hope not."

Annie had a little play-room adjoining the nursery, in which there was no chimney: here she would give her bird its liberty, and after flying about for some time, it would perch on her finger, and suffer her to put it back into the cage. Sometimes it would perch on her head or shoulder; and as she always treated the poor little bird with kindness, it soon learnt to love her, and served to pass away many an hour which might otherwise have appeared tedious during her illness.

## THE FAREWELL.

"Gay hopes is theirs by fancy fed,
Less pleasing when possessed;
The tear forgot, as soon as shed,
The sun-shine of the breast."

GRAY.

The hooping cough was now quite gone, and Annie and her sisters began to walk about together as usual. As they were to leave their dear villa in a few days, the intermediate time was spent in paying farewell visits to their humble friends. Mrs. Payne's family was one of the first they called upon. In her they felt a peculiar interest, for they could not help acknowledging that they had been of use to her. They encouraged her by kind praise to persevere in her present habits, and entreated the children to be dutiful to their mother, and to be constant in their attendance at the Sunday School.

They visited the poor woman at the turnpikegate, and called in upon farmer Spriggs, to express a hope that he would soon lose his troublesome visitor the gout, from which he had suffered for so many weeks. They then proceeded to Stoke Park, and visited for the last time and with feelings of great regret, its pleasant woods and bowers, the magnificent house, the rural church, and the simple monument to the memory of the poet Gray. They did not fail to call on Mrs. Hudson, and recommend to her notice their friend Mrs. Hedge. Little Annie begged she would continue to allow these poor people a shelter in the barn for her sake, a wish with which Mrs. Hudson cheerfully complied.

Annie and Maria were very sorry to part with their pretty hens, and begged hard to be allowed to take them to Brighton, assuring their mother the fowls would travel very nicely in a basket on their knees: but this request could not be complied with, so they were left to a poor family in the neighbourhood, who promised to take great care of them, for the sake of Miss Annie and Miss Maria, whom they should always remember with gratitude.

These little girls had it not in their power to

do much good, but the kindness of their manner and their happy benevolent countenances made them always welcome visitors to the poor cottagers.

The pleasures of a country life had been very short, but they looked forward with hope to the time when they should be once more settled in the country, where they might again exercise their fingers in making clothes for the poor, and their limbs in running up and down the green hills: where they might again have a garden to cultivate, and poultry to feed and take care of. However, as they were a very united family, they were sure of happiness while together. They returned home rather sorrowful, yet gratified by the kind wishes of their poor neighbours, and the farewell once over, they began to enjoy the bustle of preparing for a removal: their play-boxes were packed and unpacked three or four times a day. At last the expected morning arrived, and they jumped into the carriage, delighted to be pressed closely together to make as much room as possible. They drove off amidst the blessings of all the good people whom they were leaving, and looked back with regret on their quiet little villa, and were expressing their hopes some day of revisiting it, when Annie called aloud to the postilion to stop. "We have left the dear little goldfinch, pray stop."

The servant was dispatched to fetch it, and met the gardener half way down the lane running as fast as he could with the cage in his hand. They set off once more, and were soon out of sight of the villa, and after a long day's journey arrived at the sea side. As they had never before beheld the sea, their astonishment was very great, and for some time they were almost as much delighted with their new residence, as they had been with their old one.

After a short sojourn on the sea coast their health was fully re-established, and they enjoyed many pleasant rides and walks on the beach. Annie frequently rode on a donkey, attended by a boy who ran after her beating the poor animal, and calling out "Come up;" but she often begged him to let it go as slowly as it would, rather than to beat it. Their father occasionally treated them with a sail in a boat, and as they were not sea-sick it was a great pleasure.

We conducted our little friends into the villa; we have conducted them out of it; and now we leave them, happy in the consciousness of doing their utmost to fulfil their duty towards every body.

## CONCLUSION

HERE ends this little history, for history it truly is: imagination has had no share in these simple annals, but the real sentiments and actions of my little group are related in their own words: and I trust, that what was so pleasant and profitable to my dear young pupils in the action, may prove in the relation, interesting and instructive to others. And may you, my dear nieces, learn from this little journal, how very pleasant a thing it is to be good. I am sure you will be glad to hear, that Mrs. Payne did not return to her old habits: she is now a widow, and receives assistance and comfort from her children, who have grown up good, and prosperous.

Mr. and Mrs. Hedge have been placed in a comfortable alms house, and are very happy. Goody Clack still lives and still talks, though grown so very old that she can scarcely recognize her former young benefactresses, in whose neighbourhood she lives, for they have been long settled in a country village within reach of their old friends.

My children, you know that I am no longer Miss Wilmot, no longer young: many years have passed over my head, and the grey hairs are beginning to predominate above the brown: but the recollection of these simple pleasures of my youth is very interesting to me. I enjoy a great many blessings, and among the rest, I rank not least, that you love to hear me talk (as old women are apt to do, and I feel that I am getting like Goody Clack) of my dear group, who are now grown up, but who have never forgotten or neglected their old governess, and your affectionate

AUNT ELLEN.

J. Mastens, Printer, 33, Aldersgate Street, London.

EAST EXAMINE

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