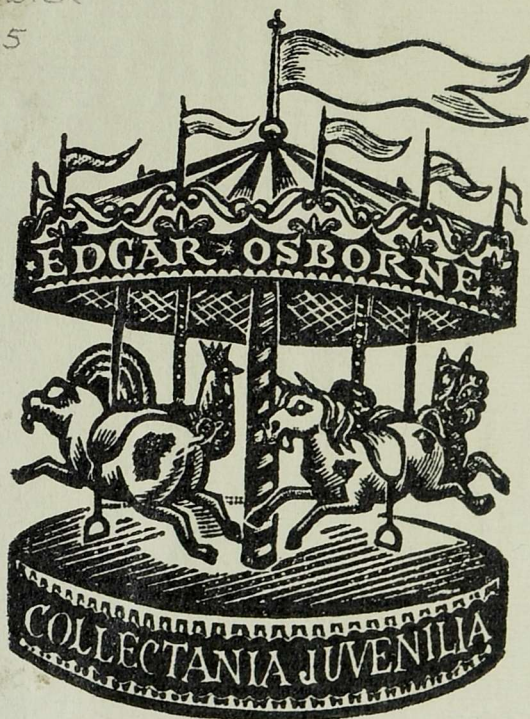


SB
FENWICK

1805

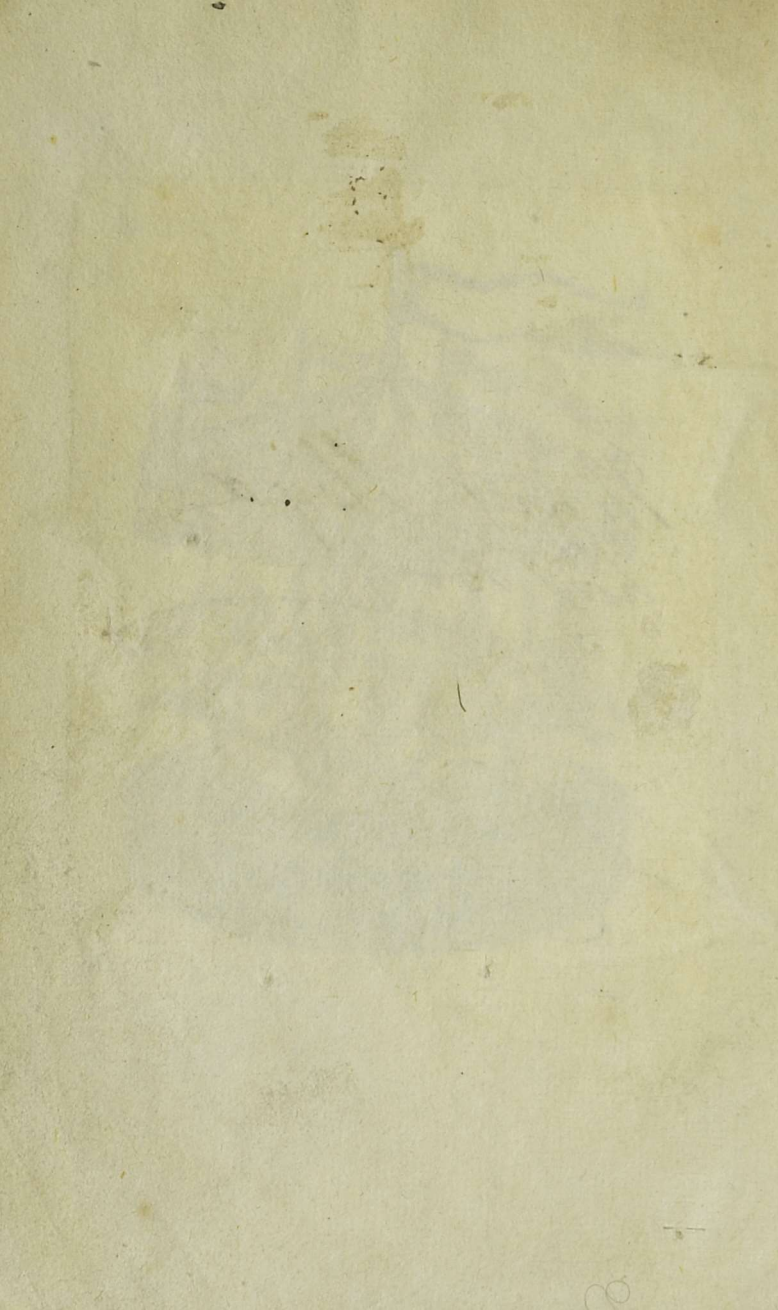


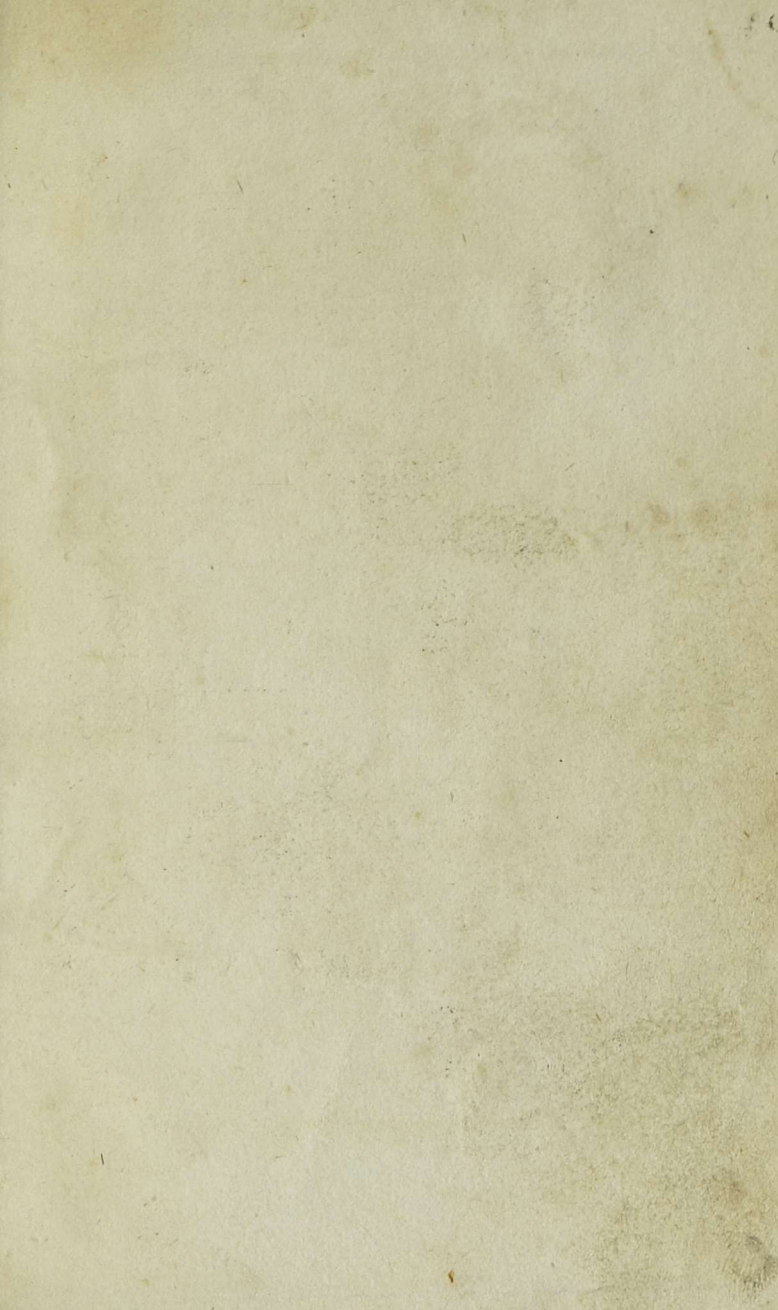
37131 639 927 959

II, 886

Mary Lloyd
her Book

M





THE SCHOOL & JUVENILE LIBRARY. TABART & CO. LA BIBLIOTHEQUE DE L'UCAL.

Wholesale & Retail

Wholesale & Retail

157 TABART & CO.

NEW BOSTON STREET

1870

N^o. 157, New Bond Street, London.

VISITS

TO THE

JUVENILE LIBRARY;

OR,

KNOWLEDGE PROVED TO BE THE SOURCE OF
HAPPINESS.

BY R. F.

AUTHOR OF THE LIFE OF CARLO.

LONDON:

Printed by Barnard and Sultzer, Water-Lane, Fleet-Street,
FOR TABART AND CO. AT THE JUVENILE AND SCHOOL
LIBRARY, NO. 157, NEW BOND-STREET, AND TO
BE HAD OF ALL BOOKSELLERS.

1805.

(Entered at Stationers' Hall.)

VISITS

to the

JUNEVILLE LIBRARY

or

KNOWLEDGE PROVED TO BE THE SOURCE OF
HAPPINESS.

BY R. T.

ACTRESS OF THE LIFE OF CAROL

LONDON:

Printed by George and John Vint, 10, Fleet Street, London.
T. BARNES and Co., 10, FLEET STREET, AND TO
BE HAD OF ALL BOOKSELLERS.

1868.

(Printed at Stationers' Hall.)

VISITS

TO

Tabart's Juvenile Library.

CHAP. I.

The Mistakes of Ignorance.

ARTHUR, Henry, and Richard Mortimer, with their two sisters, Caroline and Louisa, were five orphan children, who, within a few months after the death of their parents, were sent from the West Indies to England, for education, and placed under the care of Mrs. Clifford, a most excellent lady; whose merits were so well known, that her friends and acquaintances, when-

ever they spoke of her, called her *the good Mrs. Clifford*.

Mrs. Clifford received the little Mortimers with as much kindness as though she had been accustomed to love them from their infancy. She was much affected by their situation. She saw them dejected in spirits, when they were first presented to her; nor did she find that during the first few days after their arrival, they were enlivened by her various efforts to please and entertain them, or at all sensible of her kindness.

It seemed equally difficult to rouse the curiosity of these children, or to engage their affections. Every plan Mrs. Clifford formed for their amusement was pursued with reluctance, or
rejected

rejected with contempt; and every endearment from her, they received with cold indifference. In her presence they appeared to suffer an irksome restraint; yet when she left them to themselves, disputes and quarrels constantly ensued, and the house resounded with cries and lamentations, instead of the cheerful laugh of innocent and healthful mirth. Yet if Mrs. Clifford interposed to settle their disputes, they seemed to unite, to reject her interference, with an obstinate and rude pertinacity.

The good Mrs. Clifford could not observe this sullenness and reserve, on the part of the Mortimers towards her, without feeling great pain; but she made every possible allowance for
 A 3 them;

them; she reflected that it was little more than a twelvemonth since the death of their father and mother, whose loss they must still feel; she considered that they had been sent from their HOME at Jamaica, where every object was endeared to their minds by long familiarity, to a land of utter strangers, whose manners were perhaps totally different from the manners of those they had been accustomed to. She also considered that these children had been born and hitherto reared in another climate, where the extreme heat naturally inclines every one to habits of ease and indolence, and that it was highly probable the too indulgent parents of the young Mortimers had not excited them to activity

vity of either mind or body, and had never, perhaps, instructed them in the virtues of self-command and self-denial.

Thus reasoned the good Mrs. Clifford, while she proceeded in a uniform course of kind attention to their ease, comfort and pleasure.

One morning, when they had been with her rather more than a week, Mrs. Clifford entered the drawing-room with some books in her hand. The two elder boys were lolling upon the sofa, the third was pacing the floor backward and forward, taking great care to place his feet in succession upon every flower in the carpet. The eldest girl was pulling a window blind up and down; while Louisa, the younger,

younger, had drawn her stool close to the fender, and was foolishly employed in burning pieces of paper, to see, by the sparks, what is called *people going out of church*.

“ My young friends,” said Mrs. Clifford, “ I think you all want amusement.”

“ Very much, indeed,” replied Arthur, yawning impolitely as he spoke, and stretching himself at full length upon the sofa.

Henry was silent, but Richard eagerly exclaimed, “ Mrs. Clifford, I’ll lay sixpence you can’t tell how many roses there are upon your carpet.”

“ My dear,” said Mrs. Clifford, smiling, “ I never lay wagers, nor did I ever study the carpet.”

“ Then

“Then I’ll tell you how many there are, Mrs. Clifford,” answered Richard, “there are one hundred and thirty-five roses, and now I am going to count the buds.”

Mrs. Clifford replied, “You really take great pains, Richard, and I think that even counting the flowers of a carpet is better than sitting quite idle. But here, I have brought you each a book.”

“I don’t like books,” said Arthur.

“It is time enough to pore over dull books when we are sent to the school you talked of yesterday,” said the scornful Henry.

“I always grow low spirited when I am obliged to read,” said Richard.

“For my part,” said Miss Caroline,

“I had

“I had rather have another wax doll, for I am quite tired of mine already.”

And little Louisa rose from her stool, and said, with a half crying and very passionate face, “Now, Mrs. Clifford, you are going to be cross Mrs. Clifford? Nora said you would make us read, and write, and work until we should all be quite wretched.”

“Indeed!” replied Mrs. Clifford, with an accent of the utmost astonishment. “I am sorry Nora should think I would make you unhappy, or that reading, writing, and working, can make any one wretched. However, since you are all so decidedly of Nora’s opinion, and have such an aversion to books, it would be useless to invite you to accompany me this morning on
a visit

a visit to THE JUVENILE LIBRARY, where I am now going; therefore adieu till dinner time." And thus saying, Mrs. Clifford immediately quitted the room.

Now this Nora, of whom Louisa had spoken, was an ignorant Negro woman, that had been the nurse and attendant of all the little Mortimers. Nora loved the children with her whole heart, and that heart was capable of great kindness towards any human being; but her head was weak, and she had never learned to read. She was ignorant that knowledge and wisdom are the surest guides to happiness; and she thought she could not shew affection to the children in any other way, than by flattering their foibles,

bles, and indulging all their caprices : and also, as Nora could neither read nor write, she imagined that reading and writing were only to be acquired by excessive suffering.

The very little the elder Mortimers knew, had been acquired under a harsh tutor, from whose instruction they had been withdrawn by their parents, on account of his extreme severity.

This circumstance had unfortunately given them a distaste for learning and books, which Nora, who was constantly their companion, took the greatest pains to encourage, by telling them there was no occasion for rich people to be learned. Mrs. Mortimer, their mother, had long been in an infirm state of health, and un-
able

able to instruct or attend to the improvement of her children; and Mr. Mortimer, their father, was constantly engaged in the concerns of his large plantations.

After Mr. Mortimer's death, when the guardians to whose care and management he had left his children determined to send them to England for education, under the superintendence of Mrs. Clifford, Nora was allowed to accompany them; and during the whole of their voyage, Nora never ceased telling them that their guardians were very cruel to send them from the West Indies, where they might all have lived so happily, to dull disagreeable England, where they would have no slaves to wait on them,

and where cross Mrs. Clifford would send them to school to be flogged all day.

With these unfortunate prepossessions against England, and good Mrs. Clifford, the poor children arrived. Her sweet temper and kind manners might well have won even the prejudiced Nora to admire and love her ; but unfortunately on the very second day after their arrival, Nora opening by mistake a wrong door, entered the library, which was not only filled with those dreaded things called books, but where Mrs. Clifford was actually writing at a table, with three or four large volumes open before her.

This was enough to confirm Nora's worst fears ; and from that time she
daily

daily wept over her darlings, and lamented their hard fate in being entrusted to the care of such a woman as Mrs. Clifford. Such are the mistakes of ignorance.

By the frank avowal of little Loiusa, Mrs. Clifford now completely unveiled the mystery of the Mortimers' dislike to her. She found too, that she had a powerful enemy in Nora, whom it was equally difficult to convince or subdue; for Nora no sooner beheld Mrs. Clifford, than all the terrors of rods, canes, dark closets, and stocks, filled her imagination.

It was useless to reason with a poor ignorant prejudiced woman, who would not listen to reason. Mrs. Clifford saw no other way to remedy the evil, than by

deferring to send the children to school for some time, and to give them opportunities of convincing themselves, that she was their sincere friend, and that ignorance, and not learning, is the source of wretchedness.

CHAP. II.

A Conversation.

To all who own the pow'r of speech,
 This useful lesson I would teach :
 That nature's gifts if you employ
 The purest pleasures you'll enjoy ;
 Whilst ignorance, and sullen pride,
 Sense unexerted, misapply'd,
 Insure neglect, contempt, and hate,
 And the unpity'd blockhead's fate ;
 For ah, you'll find it to your cost,
 Age can't regain what youth has lost.

ON the same day that the Mortimers had expressed their aversion to books, a very respectable looking old gentleman dined with Mrs. Clifford ; and while they were at table, eating their desert, he said, “ I think, Ma-

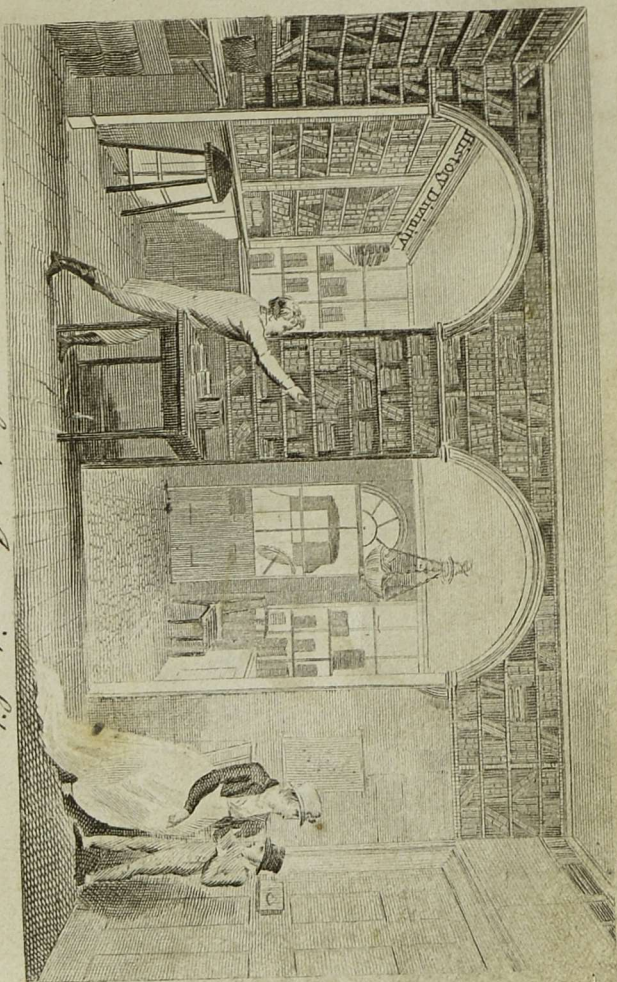
dam, I saw your carriage this morning at the door of Tabart's Juvenile Library; I suppose you were introducing your young friends here to that admirable repository of knowledge and amusement.

Mrs. Clifford.—"No, not these young friends, Mr. Benson. I was at Mr. Tabart's this morning, but my only companions were Frank and Mary Howard."

Caroline Mortimer.—"What is Tabart's Juvenile Library, Mrs. Clifford?"

Mrs. Clifford.—"A large bookseller's shop, my dear, entirely filled with books that are written purposely for the instruction or entertainment of children."

Richard.



Interior of the Juvenile Library.

Richard.—"Are there a great many books, Madam?"

Mrs. Clifford.—"Yes, more than
_____"

Richard.—"O don't tell me how many, I should like to go and count them."

Mr. Benson.—"You would find that no easy task, Sir, for, from the cieling to the floor the shelves are full; nay, the very counters are covered with books."

Richard.—"No matter for that Sir. I could leave off when I was tired, you know."

Louisa.—"Is it a pretty place, Mrs. Clifford?—May I go there too?"

Henry.—"Pretty, indeed!—How can a bookseller's shop be pretty—and
why

why should you want to go there, Louisa?"

Mr. Benson.—"Really, Master Henry, I think it is a very natural wish of your sister; all the young gentlemen and young ladies that I am acquainted with, think they cannot go there too often; and as to the prettiness of the place, be assured you are quite in an error on that head also, for the neat arrangement of an immense quantity of books, handsomely bound in red or green leather, and lettered on the back with gold letters, together with globes, maps, and little ornamented book-cases, of various sizes, finely painted and varnished, have a pleasing effect to the eye. Besides, the library is generally
full

full of well dressed ladies, accompanied with blooming boys and girls, who are eagerly hunting for books of knowledge, or looking at the pictures of entertaining stories ; so that I think this bookseller's shop may with strict propriety be called, *a very pretty place.*"

Mrs. Clifford.—"I am of your opinion, Mr. Benson, and here, Henry, is a picture of the Juvenile Library, which though by no means equal to the place itself, may give you some idea of it."

The children looked at the picture in their turns, without making any particular remarks. In their hearts they wished to visit this Juvenile Library, but they were ashamed to say so. Shortly after the picture was laid aside,

aside, Mr. Benson again addressed Mrs. Clifford.—

Mr. Benson.—“ Frank Howard is a very charming boy ; pray, Madam, what new books did he go in search of to-day ? ”

Mrs. Clifford.—“ For his own use he purchased *The Wonders of the Microscope*, and *The Wonders of the Telescope*, but for a younger cousin of his, with whom he is going to pass some time in the country, he bought the new *Book of Games*, to teach the little boy how to play.”

The microscope and telescope are things with which all well instructed children are acquainted ; but the neglected Mortimers were utter strangers to their very names.

Caroline.—

Caroline.—"Are microscopes and telescopes playthings, Madam?"

Mrs. Clifford.—"No, my dear, not what you call playthings; but Master Howard will find more amusement and delight from their use, than he would from any plaything the toy shop could furnish."

Arthur.—"I cannot understand, Madam, what you mean by a *Book of Games*, to teach a little boy how to play. I never saw any books that did not hinder boys from playing."

Mr. Benson.—"Then you have been unfortunate, Sir, for it is your advantage to live in an age when a great number of wise persons employ themselves in composing books, which, while they shew young people how to
amend

amend their faults, give them the greatest amusement, and far from hindering them from play, make them more active, more lively, more good tempered, and of course more fit for innocent play."

Mrs. Clifford.—"For example, Arthur—the *Book of Games* I just now mentioned, contains a very amusing history of several boys, and at the same time describes a number of delightful plays, to which probably you, and your brothers, and sisters are entire strangers."

At this period of the conversation Mrs. Clifford was called out of the room to some person who had affairs of business to transact with her, and before her return, a lady came into the
apartment,

apartment, who entered into conversation with Mr. Benson, during which she frequently mentioned Mrs. Clifford, calling her *the good Mrs. Clifford*.

Caroline.—(In a low voice to Mr. Benson.)—"Pray, Sir, why do you always say *the good Mrs. Clifford*? Is she more good than other people?"

Mr. Benson.—"My dear Miss Caroline, there are many very excellent people in the world! and your friend, Mrs. Clifford, is one among the best. Her history ought to be written in letters of gold."

Little Louisa.—"But she is going to be a cross cruel woman to us."

Mr. Benson.—"Who told you so?"

Louisa.—"My nurse, Nora."

c

Henry.—

Henry.—"Hold your tongue, Louisa, you are a little fool."

Mr. Benson.—"No, not a fool, only a little girl who makes mistakes. Was Mrs. Clifford ever cross to you, Louisa?"

Louisa.—"No; but she will be cross; for she will send me to school, and make me read and work, and be unhappy all day."

Mr. Benson.—"My dear child, your Nora may be a good nurse, and know very well how to wash and dress you; but she forgets, and so do you, that you cannot be children always, and therefore must gain knowledge while you are children, that you may not be despised when you are men and women."

Louisa.—

Louisa.—"But we shall be very rich, Sir, and nobody will dare to despise us."

Mr. Benson.—"Yes, my love, every body dares despise that which is in itself contemptible. When you are a woman, although you wear the finest clothes, live in a magnificent palace, and have the most splendid equipage, yet if you are an awkward, and ignorant woman, your acquaintance will despise you; and your very servants will laugh at you, will mimic your gestures and follies, and turn you into ridicule. But whether you are poor or rich, if you are highly accomplished and well informed, your friends and acquaintance will say, I am going to visit Miss Mortimer. How amiable are her manners, and how instructive and delightful

ful is her conversation. And your servants, instead of making jests of your ignorance, will revere, obey, and almost worship you."

Louisa.—"Well I——"

Arthur.—"I wish you would not talk so much, Louisa, I want to ask Mr. Benson about Mrs. Clifford's history."

Mr. Benson.—"It is a very remarkable one, Sir, and worth your hearing. Mrs. Clifford has been at the height of human happiness, and has drank deeply of the bitterest cup of misfortune. In both situations she has done her duty; but her history is too long to be told now. If you ramble with me some morning into Kensington Gardens, I will relate it to you; and then, I think,
you

you will be more inclined to follow Mrs. Clifford's directions, than those of your nurse Nora."

At that instant Mrs. Clifford returned with an open letter in her hand. "I am suddenly called," she said, "by some urgent affairs into the country, and propose setting out early to-morrow morning with my little family here."

Mr. Benson.—"How long shall you be absent from town, Madam, for in your absence your friends miss you greatly?"

Mrs. Clifford.—"A fortnight, Sir, will be the utmost extent of my stay; and perhaps ten days will bring us back to town."

Mr. Benson.—"Then, as you doubt-

less have some preparations to make, I will bid you good evening, and wish you a pleasant and safe journey."

Arthur.—"But, Sir—Mr. Benson—the history, you know—How shall we hear that?"

Mr. Benson.—"The very day after your return, if you please. Let me whisper a word to you, Master Arthur, by all means ask Mrs. Clifford for a *Book of Games*; you could use it admirably in her park I assure you."

Mrs. Clifford was taking leave of her friend, the lady, and did not hear the question of Arthur, nor the answer and whisper of Mr. Benson. After her guests were gone, she retired to write some letters, and left the children by themselves.

They

They all continued silent, for they were all thinking of the past conversation. They began to have a persuasion that Nora was not always quite in the right when she talked of Mrs. Clifford and books; and Arthur and Henry particularly longed for the *Book of Games*, but were ashamed to say so to each other, or to ask it of Mrs. Clifford, to whom they had expressed in the morning such an aversion to books: and when they went to bed, each of them, except little Louisa, dreamt of being carried to *Tabart's Juvenile Library*.

CHAP. III.

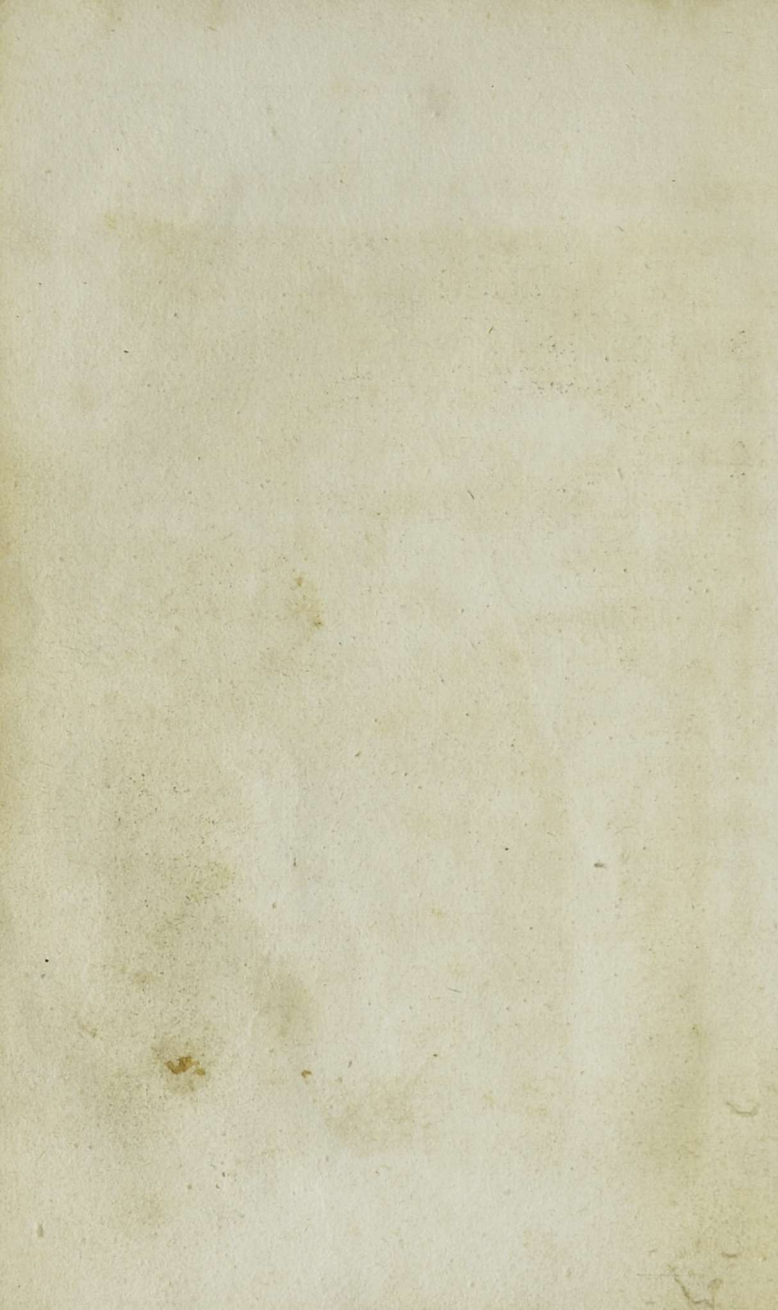
The use of Knowledge.

ON the following day, Mrs. Clifford and the Mortimers arrived, before noon, at Clifford Park. It was a beautiful place, about twenty miles distant from the metropolis. The young people were much pleased with their journey, and Mrs. Clifford noticed with great satisfaction that they were kinder to each other, and more unreserved with her, than they had ever before been since their arrival in London.

The same afternoon a Mrs. Soames, with her son Edward, and her nephew, came to pay Mrs. Clifford a visit. This nephew was the very Frank Howard
 who

Master Howard Reading to the Mortimer's.





who had bought the Wonders of the Microscope and Telescope, and the Book of Games at Tabart's Juvenile Library.

The Mortimers at first kept at a great distance from Frank Howard, yet by degrees they became more sociable with him. Every thing that he said or did, had such a captivating ease and grace of manner, that they could not fail to admire him. He knew they had lately come from the West Indies, and he questioned them concerning their native country, till he by degrees drew them into a familiar conversation with him.

The room in which they were sitting contained a great number of fine pictures. These the Mortimers had
looked

looked at, but not understanding the subject or story which the paintings represented, they were more perplexed than amused by them.

Edward Soames did not understand these subjects better than the Mortimers; but he was a little boy who was constantly in search of knowledge; he therefore desired his cousin Howard to explain to him the stories of the pictures.

Frank Howard willingly undertook the task, and the children eagerly gathered round him.

The first picture was the infant Hercules, in his cradle, strangling the two enormous serpents that came to devour him. Howard related the history of Hercules and his twelve labours; to
which

which his young audience were very attentive.

Master Soames.—"You say, Cousin, that Hercules was a Heathen deity; are there any other Heathen deities?"

Howard.—"O yes, a great many others."

Soames.—"How came you to know so much about them, cousin Frank? I should like to know it too."

Howard.—"That you may easily do if you ask your Mamma, the next time she goes to town, to buy you at Tabart's Juvenile Library, *The Dictionary of Polite Literature*; or, *Fabulous History of the Heathen Gods*."

Soames.—"That I will, and I dare say Mamma will take me with her to that delightful Library."

Frank

Frank Howard then went on describing the pictures. Some of them were subjects from the History of England; some from the History of Greece; others from the Roman History; and several of them were on subjects taken from the Scriptures.

The Mortimers began to look on Master Howard with a kind of astonishment, and Arthur at length said to him, "Pray, Sir, how came you to know so many things?"

Howard.—"By reading, Sir."

Arthur.—"And pray how old are you?"

Howard.—"Almost fourteen."

Arthur.—"Dear me, no more! I am twelve. And were you not very, very

very unhappy, while you were learning all these things?"

Howard.—"Unhappy! No, indeed; quite the reverse. I should have been very unhappy if I had not learnt to know them."

Arthur.—"Well; but if I tried I could never learn so much."

Howard.—"No! why not?"

Arthur.—"Why because—because when I think I have any thing to learn, it makes me stupid, and gives me a pain. I know I never could learn any thing without being unhappy."

Howard.—"You gave me a very distinct account just now, of the manner in which the slaves worked the plantations in Jamaica. Did it give you any pain to learn that?"

D

Arthur.—

Arthur.—"No; because I wanted to understand that; so I often followed the overseer when he gave directions; and looked at the slaves while they worked."

Howard.—"Very well; should you like, also, to know how the business of an English farm is conducted?"

Arthur.—"Yes, very much."

Howard.—"Then here is a book called *A Visit to a Farm House*; which, if you read it with attention, will amuse you exceedingly, and make you as well acquainted with English farming, as you already are with the cultivation of rice and sugar canes."

Richard.—"Have you any more books in your pocket, Master Howard?"

Howard.—

Howard.—"No, indeed, Sir, I have not; I am sorry for it."

Soames.—"But I have one which I will lend to Miss Caroline. It belongs to my sister. It is called *A Puzzle for a curious Girl*. I heard my Mamma say yesterday it was one of the best books that was ever written for children, and that even no grown person could read it without being improved by it."

Henry.—"Master Soames can you lend me the Book of Games?"

Edward Soames.—"Yes; I will bring it you to-morrow morning. We only live a quarter of a mile from Mrs. Clifford's park gate."

Howard.—"And I will ask Mrs. Clifford's leave to take you all into the park, that we may play together at

some of the games described in that charming book."

Mrs. Clifford not only gave her permission, but desired Frank and Edward would come to breakfast, and stay all the day; and the consent of Mrs. Soames being obtained to this arrangement, the young gentlemen soon after went away.

That evening was the first that the Mortimers had ever spent together without quarreling about some foolish thing or other; but now they had occupation for their thoughts, and began to find the pleasure that even a little knowledge can give.

They repeated many of the stories of the pictures, which Frank Howard had related; and when one had forgotten

ten

ten any circumstance of the story, another remembered it, so that they soon fixed the subjects of the pictures very firmly in their memories.

Arthur also read aloud several chapters of *A Visit to a Farm House*, with which they were all so well entertained, and greatly delighted, that they were quite sorry to leave it unfinished, when the hour came for them to go to bed, and the last thing that Henry said before he wished his brothers good night, was, "If they write such books as that for children, I don't wonder Master Howard is so clever; and I am glad we came to England."

Nora looked at him with some surprise, but she did not say one word, for she had been sitting in the house-

keeper's room, where she had heard such praises of the good Mrs. Clifford, that she began to be ashamed of her dislike to her.

CHAP. IV.

The Village School.

EARLY the next morning, Arthur rose before Nora came to call him, that he might finish reading his Visit to a Farm House.

Caroline got up also, that she might study her charming book; but the poor little girl had not the pleasure of understanding it, for though she was seven years old, she could scarcely read at all. She looked at the pictures, which made her still more eager to understand the story, but she tried in vain. When she had spelt a word, she knew not how to divide the syllables, and put them together, so that she made
utter

utter nonsense of every line. At length quite tired of her fruitless efforts, she burst into tears of disappointment and shame, and exclaimed, "Oh, how happy I should be if I could read."

Mrs. Clifford found her in the breakfast room, sobbing bitterly, and begged to know the cause. After some reluctance, Caroline confessed the reason of her tears. Mrs. Clifford kindly soothed her, and said, "My dear, you shall soon be able to read this or any other book. I have in my writing desk two little books; the title of one is *Presents for good Girls*; and the other is called *The Story of Mary and her Cat*; both of these I will give you, they are written purposely for children who cannot yet read well; and there
are

are no words in them of more than two syllables; and those of two syllables are divided in such a manner, that you will find no difficulty in understanding them.

Mrs. Clifford brought the books, and Caroline, to her great delight, found that she could read them straight forward, and before breakfast she had read a part of the pretty story of Mary and her cat to her sister Louisa, who was no less delighted with it than herself.

Frank Howard and Edward Soames were punctual to the appointed time. They had not forgot to bring with them the Book of Games, and after breakfast the young gentlemen went into the park, and played at trap-ball,

as

as it is described in that amusing book, till they were quite tired.

When they sat down to rest themselves, Master Howard took some books from his pocket, and read to them *Puss in Boots*, and *Valentine and Orson*, from the *Popular Stories*.

When he had finished reading, Richard Mortimer said, "Those are very diverting stories indeed, do they come from *Tabart's Juvenile Library*, too?"

Howard.—"Yes, I bought them there."

Henry.—"You lay out a great deal of money in books then."

Howard.—"No, Sir, I have not much money to lay out, but my friends are very kind, and give me many books; I find more pleasure in saving

saving my pocket-money to buy books with, than in spending it in fruit or cakes, because fruit and cakes can only amuse me a little while, but books give me a lasting pleasure. If I read a fine history, or amusing story to-day, the recollection of it to-morrow gives me the same pleasure, and so on the next day, and the next, and for ever; but the sweetmeats I eat to-day will give me no sensation of pleasure to-morrow, though I may remember I thought, while I was eating them, they were very nice indeed."

Henry.—"But, Master Howard, let me ask you one question. Were you happy when you were at school, and obliged to learn Latin, and those stupid disagreeable things?"

Howard.—

Howard.—"Disagreeable things" do you call them? "I assure you, Master Henry, I was never more desirous of any thing in my life, than I was of learning Latin, and now I am pretty well acquainted with Greek also. And as to being happy, I confess I am very glad to visit my friends when the holidays come, but I am always happy to return to school, for I well know that if I do not attend to my learning, now that I am a boy, I shall be despised for a blockhead, when I am a man, and never admitted into good company."

Arthur.—"Master Howard, ask Mrs. Clifford to let me go to school where you do. I think I should like to learn with you."

Henry.

Henry.—"But will not the master flog and beat us if we go to school?"

Master Howard.—"That will depend on yourselves entirely: school-masters and governesses do not love to punish their pupils; for they have far less difficulty and trouble in the management of the school, when the scholars are well behaved and attentive; but there will be idle children and unruly tempers in all schools, and those who will not be amended by reason and persuasion, must be brought to obedience and good order by punishment."

Henry.—"But we—we—Master Howard, do not know a great deal; and perhaps they would beat us for not knowing every thing at once."

Howard.—"No, that is quite impossible. Why your school-master would not expect you to come to school to be taught if you already knew every thing. He would teach you by degrees a little and a little every day. In a month you would be astonished at your own progress, and love yourself and every body about you better than you did before. Oh! you cannot imagine what joy it is after a morning well spent in useful application, to feel one's self so pleased with one's self, so good tempered, so active; and then away go forty or fifty of us together into the fields, so gay, so happy, that we bound about like a parcel of frolicsome young hinds.

Richard.—

Richard.—"I will go to school, I declare."

Arthur.—"So will I."

Henry.—"Indeed, I believe we have never been so happy as Master Howard is."

In their way back to the house Master Howard led the Mortimers through a little village. At one end of it was a neat white-washed building. "That," said Master Soames, "is Mrs. Clifford's village school."

Arthur.—"What! Does Mrs. Clifford keep a school?"

Howard.—"No, not as you mean. Mrs. Clifford built this school, and pays a school-master and a school-mistress, for teaching the children of

all the poor people in the village, reading, writing, and arithmetic. Come, let us go in; we may, I assure you."

The school was divided into two large rooms; one for girls and one for boys. The children, though poorly dressed, were all clean and neat, and a set of happier faces never appeared together.

In the boys' school, Arthur and Henry observed a tall lad sitting by himself, looking attentively at a book with pictures in it: they went up to him, and asked him what it was. "It is *The Book of Trades*, Sir," he replied, "Mrs. Clifford was here just now, and gave it to me."

"Yes, Gentlemen," said the school-master, "Thomas Gibson is the best scholar

scholar in my school, and, perhaps, the most dutiful son in the village, and Mrs. Clifford rewards his industry by giving him the choice of a trade. She has brought him that excellent book from London, that he may know something of the various honest and ingenious occupations by which industrious men gain a comfortable livelihood."

Arthur Mortimer had taken up one of the volumes of *The Book of Trades*, and had looked over it. "I should like to read this nice book," said he to Howard, "for I never before heard of a *Copper-plate Printer*, an *Iron Founder*, or a *Carrier*; where can I buy it?"

Howard.—"At Tabart's Juvenile Library."

Arthur.—"Oh, how much pleasure

I lost when I told Mrs. Clifford I hated books, for she was going to take us there that very day."

Howard.—"It was, indeed, a sad pity, but you are wiser now; tell Mrs. Clifford you are sorry for your foolishness, and I am sure she will take you to the Library the next time she goes there."

Arthur.—"I am ashamed to tell her so."

Howard.—"Fie, fie, never be ashamed of owning a fault."

Arthur.—"Well, I will speak to her. I am sure I ought, for I have used her very ill. Do you know I hated her?"

Edward.—"Hated Mrs. Clifford?"

Arthur.—"Yes; all from ignorance."

We thought she would use us ill—and—but I see it is quite a mistake. Mrs. Clifford only wishes children to attend to learning, that they may become happy.”

Howard.—“That is exactly true, as you may see by the countenances of these good children here. Mrs. Clifford is one of the best women in the world, and the longer you are acquainted with her the better you will love her.”

Soon after they left the village school, they came into a lane in which were three ragged, dirty, miserable-looking boys, who were fighting and tearing one another almost to pieces. Howard separated them, and learned that the cause of their quarrel was,
that

that they each wanted to play at different things.

He gave them some good advice, but no sooner was he and his companion gone on a little way, than they began again to scratch and claw one another like three wild cats.

“Such,” said Master Howard, “is the effect of idleness. Those three boys belong to a foolish father and mother, who will not suffer them to go to the village school, for fear they should be obliged to learn more than they might like: the consequence is, that these boys are miserable, they have no employment, they saunter about, grow ill-tempered, quarrel, fight, and behave ill to every body.

The

The Mortimers looked at each other, while Frank Howard described the wretched condition of these ragged boys, conscious that they had led just such deplorable lives of quarrelling and fighting, because they had no occupation for their thoughts. They already found themselves sensible of the value of improvement, and were extremely glad to find, when they returned home, that Caroline and Louisa were listening with great attention to *A Puzzle for a curious Girl*, which good Mrs. Clifford was reading to them, after which they had a pleasant ride with her, and had also paid a visit to the village school.

The days now passed on gaily. Frank Howard saw them very often,
and

and they began to love Mrs. Clifford with all their hearts, who, on her part, both forgave and forgot their former rudeness, and caressed them as though she were their mother. She took them out with her every day, and often received them into her library, where she explained to them the use and nature of the microscope and telescope, and where they likewise found many books from the Juvenile Library, which Mrs. Clifford had purchased to give as rewards to the most industrious of her pupils in the village school.

Among these books, Arthur found that which he so much wanted to see, *The Book of Trades*. Henry found another called *A Visit to London*, and, when he had read it, was surprised to find

find what a number of things there were in London that he had neglected to take notice of when Mrs. Clifford would have called his attention to them.

Richard was delighted beyond description with the Popular Stories. He was never tired of reading *Hop o' my Thumb*, and *Jack the Giant Killer*. And in the course of the fortnight that they remained in the country, Caroline, by reading the books Mrs. Clifford had given her, and another of the same kind called *Presents for Good Boys*, many times over, had become so well acquainted with short and familiar words, and the manner of dividing syllables, that she began to read other books tolerably well.

Delightful

Delightful as the country was, they were not sorry when the fortnight ended, to return to town, because they had each a store of pocket-money, which they hoped to be permitted to lay out at the Juvenile Library. Exactly the day fortnight after they left London, the carriage was ordered, and in a few hours they were set down at Mrs. Clifford's house in Harley-street.

CHAP. V.

The Juvenile Library.

ARTHUR MORTIMER having completely overcome his reluctance to confess himself in the wrong, now petitioned Mrs. Clifford, in the name of himself, his brothers, and sisters, to take them immediately to Tabart's Juvenile Library.

Mrs. Clifford readily consented; the carriage was in readiness, and the children leaped into it with bounding hearts, and were whirled away to Bond-street.

Notwithstanding they had heard so much said in praise of the Juvenile Library, they found it far exceeded their

utmost expectations. *What, all these books written for children!* they were ready to exclaim, and Arthur began to be alarmed lest he was not sufficiently rich to purchase knowledge enough.

They were puzzled amidst the endless varieties that presented themselves. They took up first one book and then another, examined the globes, peeped into the boxes of dissected maps, and wished again and again, that they could carry the whole shop away with them.

At length Mrs. Clifford proposed that she should assist in making a selection for them. To this they readily consented, and Arthur whispered her that he wished to have some books of history; Mrs. Clifford, therefore, recommended

commended him to begin with Dr. Mavor's entertaining History of England, and also permitted him to take the Travels of Rolando round the World, with which, on looking at, he seemed much delighted.

Arthur would have added many others, but Mrs. Clifford advised him first to read those with strict attention, and afterwards to return to Mr. Tabart for a fresh supply.

Henry had selected for himself *Visits to the Menagerie and Botanical Gardens of Paris*, and *Jaufret's Tale of the Little Hermitage*. His choice was greatly approved by Mrs. Clifford, who said that the former was an admirable book to lay a foundation for the study of natural history, and that Jaufret's tale

would convince him of the pleasure that the knowledge of useful arts can give to children.

Richard was deeply engaged in admiration of the warlike exploits of *Richard Cœur de Lion*. He had also looked over the pictures of the wonderful Adventures of Robinson Crusoe, and Mrs. Clifford proposed to add to those stories, for their several amusement, *The Voyages of Sinbad the Sailor*, and *Ali-Baba; or, the Forty Thieves*.

To Caroline she gave the French and English Primmer, by which she might learn the French names of every article of common use; and as she was going to learn the French language, it would be particularly serviceable to her. She also selected for Caroline a
number

number of the Nursery Stories, and the volume of *Nursery Songs*, which being printed in large distinct type, she would find little difficulty in being able to read. For Louisa she chose a box containing an ivory alphabet, to teach her her letters, and a book of *First Lessons*, wherein she might soon begin to read.

After these purchases were made, the Mortimers, unwilling to leave a place with which they were so greatly delighted, begged Mrs. Clifford's permission to look about them yet a little longer, and Mrs. Clifford, always desirous to gratify their laudable wishes, took the chair which Mr. Tabart offered her, and sat down near the good fire

which, on cold days, is always burning in the Juvenile Library.

Just afterwards, a girl apparently about twelve or thirteen years of age, very plainly and even meanly dressed, but yet perfectly neat and clean, entered with a small box in her hand, which she opened, and making a very respectful curtesy to Mr. Tabart, laid upon the counter some pictures that he had employed her to colour.

Mr. Tabart looked at them, and observing that they were remarkably well done, he desired one of his young men to give her another hundred to colour.

While the little girl waited for the pictures, Mrs. Clifford approached and asked Mr. Tabart to whom the child belonged?

belonged? “To a poor woman in the neighbourhood, Madam,” said he, “and this good little girl helps to support her mother, who is in bad health, by her industry.”

A lady just then entering to enquire for some books, Mr. Tabart was called away, and, shortly after, Arthur happening to turn-round, saw Mrs. Clifford looking earnestly at the little girl, with her eyes full of tears.

Till this moment Arthur scarcely knew how much he loved Mrs. Clifford. The sight of her tears gave him extreme pain, and, in the same instant, he remembered what Mr. Benson had once said about her misfortunes.—Anxious to relieve Mrs. Clifford from her sorrow, though he knew not from whence

whence it proceeded, he called his brothers and sisters, and grasping Mrs. Clifford's hand with a most affectionate pressure, he begged they might immediately return home.

Mrs. Clifford understood his meaning. She kissed the hand that held her's, and then advancing to the little girl, said, "my dear child, your mother is a happy woman to possess a daughter who so well knows and practices her duty. If you or your mother should want the advice or assistance of a friend, here is my name and address; accept of this trifle for your mother, and call upon me; I may be of service to you, perhaps."

The little girl took the card and the guinea Mrs. Clifford presented to her, with

with extreme surprise. She gazed earnestly on Mrs. Clifford, and tried to thank her, but was too much affected to be able to articulate a word.

Mrs. Clifford appeared very thoughtful during their ride home. Arthur continued to hold her hand : he wished to know the cause of her dejection, and at night he ventured to say in a low voice, " Dear Mrs. Clifford, can I do any thing that would please you?"

" I thank you, my kind good boy," she replied, " you do give me great pleasure by this testimony of your affection : I am not unhappy, my dear Arthur, but the sight of that little girl very strangely brought to my remembrance one that I once loved and lost."

Mrs.

Mrs. Clifford could not say any more, for the carriage stopped, and the footman held the door open for them to alight.

Among the guests who that day visited Mrs. Clifford, was Mr. Benson. The Mortimers eagerly shewed him their books, and he made a number of delightful remarks on the improvement he already saw in their tempers and manners.

“Indeed, Mr. Benson,” said Arthur, “I find myself quite a different boy to what I was when I used to lie half the day upon the sopha, or was always quarrelling with my brothers and sisters, for want of something better to do. But when shall we go to Kensington Gardens,

Gardens, Sir, and hear the history you promised to tell us?"

Mr. Benson.—"To-morrow morning, if you please. Mrs. Clifford will trust you to my care for a few hours without scruple; so pray get your walking shoes on betimes, for I am an early man."

In the course of that very evening, Arthur and Henry happening to go up to their chamber, at an unusual hour, found Nora with an English Spelling-Book in her hand, busily employed in learning to spell the short easy words of *man, can, ran, &c.* The boys were very much surprised, and Nora was rather disconcerted.

At last she said in her broken language, "Well me tell all—you, Massa
Henry,

Henry, was cross boy, proud boy, sometimes cruel boy to poor Nora—you, Massa Arthur, use to call Nora here, send Nora there; never satisfied if Nora sat down a moment, and you sit still and scold all day. Since you come to England, you get books, you read books, you talk together, play together, read again, play again, be happy, be merry, fetch your own play-things, put them away; no call poor old Nora down stair, up stair, now to pick up a ball, now to tie your shoe—no scold and quarrel with Nora when you go to bed; all kind and good to Nora now. Nora think you learn it all out of books, so Nora learn books too.”

Nora's simplicity greatly affected the boys, who were conscious that they
had



Not endeavouring to Bend.

London. Pub.^d July 1805 by Tabart & Co

had, indeed, been sad tyrants to the poor Negro woman. They assured her she should not, in future, have any such cause to complain of them, and Arthur said, if Henry would undertake to teach her to read, he would teach her to write, that she might have the satisfaction of being able to send an account of her health and welfare to her sister whom she had left in the West Indies.

Nora was exceedingly delighted with the proposal, and she now as warmly rejoiced that the children had been sent to England for education, as she had bitterly lamented their leaving their native country before she was convinced, by the alteration of the dispositions of the young Mortimers', that knowledge, and not ignorance, is the source of happiness.

CHAP. VI.

Mrs. Clifford's History.

IT was on a delightful morning of the last week in April, that Mr. Benson led the four elder Mortimers' to a retired seat in one of the beautiful walks of Kensington Gardens, and commenced the history of Mrs. Clifford in the following words:

“ Mrs. Clifford, my young friends, like you, had the misfortune to lose her parents in her infancy; but she had not, like you, the advantage of being consigned to a protector who was willing and able to discharge the duties of a parent.

“ The wife of Mrs. Clifford's guardian

dian was a gay young woman, very fond of dissipation, and unable to endure the prattle of children; and who thought she did the utmost in her power for the orphan child, when she procured a servant to take the sole care of Mrs. Clifford, then, Ellen Sinclair.

“The little Ellen was a sickly child, and her attendant, whose name was Marguerite, had a great deal of trouble with her, both by night and by day. Yet she bore her fatigues with patience; and when the other servants of the house would sometimes endeavour to prevail on Marguerite to leave the nursery, and join in their amusements, she constantly refused to quit, even for half an hour, the child whose life seemed to depend on her attentions.

“ As Ellen grew older, she became sensible of the obligations she lay under to her maid Marguerite, and repaid them with the most grateful affection. It almost broke Ellen’s heart when she was about to be sent to school, to see Marguerite discharged as a useless incumbrance in the family ; she had, however, soon afterwards, the consolation to learn, that Marguerite had procured an advantageous situation in a distant part of the country ; and then, during many years, she had not the satisfaction of hearing any tidings of her faithful nurse.

“ By the time that Ellen Sinclair was grown up to be a young woman, poor Marguerite had become an old one, and not merely old, but very infirm
also,

also, she was afflicted with the palsy, and quite unable to earn her own subsistence; and having no relations to maintain her, she had been compelled to go to the workhouse.

“ Miss Sinclair knew nothing of Marguerite’s misfortunes, but thought she was still living comfortably in the country. Ellen now become her own mistress, had placed herself as a boarder in a plain but respectable family, for her fortune was very small, and she had the prudence to avoid appearances of show and expence, that were unsuitable to the smallness of her income.

“ One day she, and the lady of the house where she lived, were walking to a village near London, and met on the road two poor old women, one supporting

porting the other, who could scarcely totter on even with the aid of her companion's arm, and that of a stick besides.

“ This poor infirm and helpless creature was old Marguerite. Miss Sinclair knew her in an instant, flew to her, embraced her, and tenderly reproached her for not having, during so many years, given her any intelligence of her fate.

“ Marguerite, long unused to the caresses of affection, or to hear any voice express solicitude about her welfare, was quite overpowered with her emotions. She fainted in the arms of her young mistress, and was conveyed insensible to a neighbouring cottage. She was put to bed there, and did not
recover

recover the use of her faculties till late the next day.

“ Miss Sinclair watched beside her all night, and when she saw that Marguerite knew her oncemore, she pressed her hand, and said, “ Marguerite, you must live with me; we will never part again !”

“ Ah! dear young lady,” replied Marguerite, “ I am fit for no place now but the workhouse. See, I have lost the use of one arm—I can’t wait upon you now.”

“ But I can wait upon you Marguerite,” said Ellen, “ and I tell you we will never part again.”

“ Miss Sinclair had already formed her resolution, and abided by it. She hired a small cottage in a cheap county, whither

whither she removed Marguerite immediately. Her fortune was so small, that she could not afford to keep a servant to attend on old Marguerite, she therefore performed that office herself, and constantly denied herself every other gratification and indulgence, that she might bestow comforts on Marguerite, and make her latter days happy.

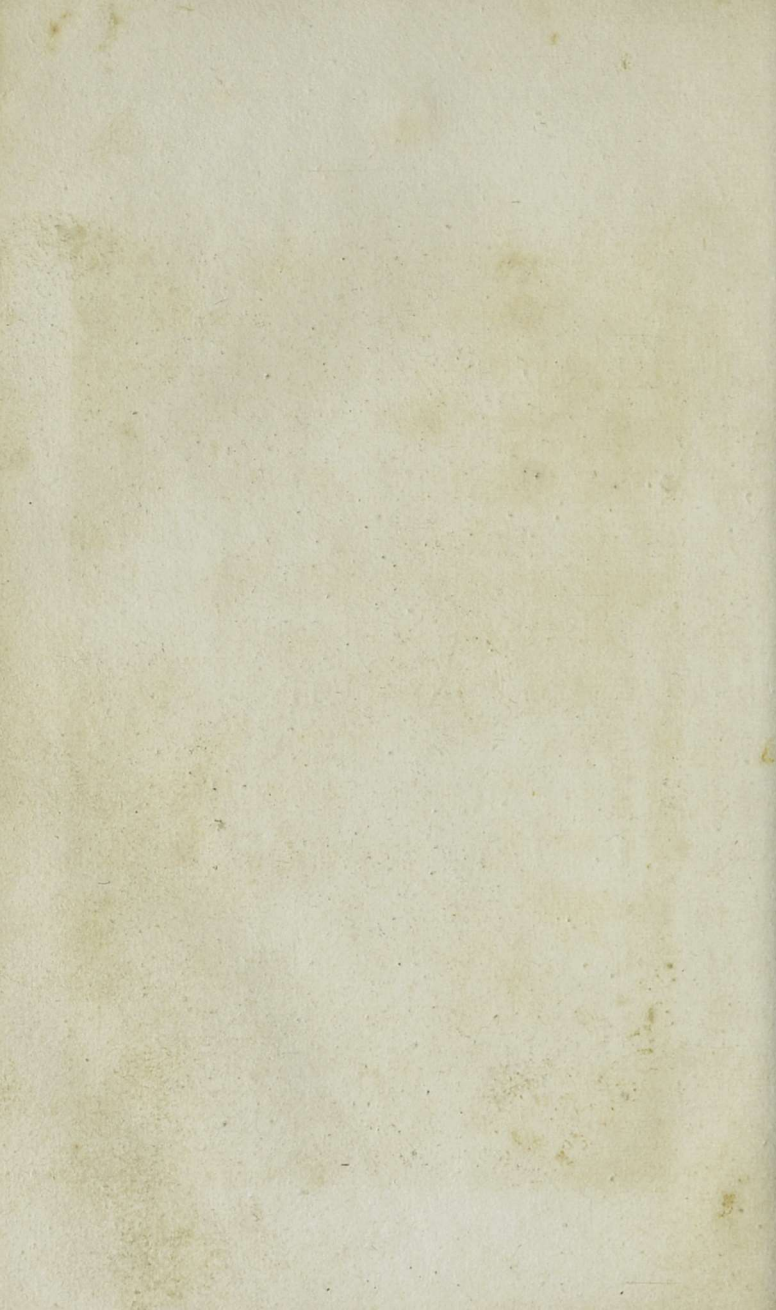
“ Many respectable persons in the neighbourhood sought the acquaintance of Miss Sinclair, although she lived in a poor cottage, for the fame of her virtues had spread through the country, but she declined receiving or making any visits, that helpless Marguerite might not be left a moment without her attendance.

“ A Mr. Clifford had greatly admired
Miss



Mr. Benson relating the History of Mr. Clifford.

London Pub.^d July 1805 by Tabart & Co.



Miss Sinclair, when he had met her once or twice at the house of a mutual friend in London; but he was dependent at that time on his family, and could not offer her his hand, for he was destitute of fortune. He therefore wisely forbore to increase their intimacy, or to frequent those houses where he was likely to see her.

“ But while Ellen Sinclair was devoting her youthful days to the care of poor, helpless Marguerite, in a rustic cottage of Hampshire, Mr. Clifford became possessed of a very large fortune, and immediately hastened to offer it to the acceptance of the admirable Miss Sinclair.

“ Touched with the generous proceeding of her amiable lover, Ellen did not

not scruple to avow, that she had long entertained a sincere affection for him, yet she declined his offer, declaring that she could not endure to abandon Marguerite, to whose unceasing cares in her infancy she had certainly owed her life.

“God forbid that you should ever abandon her,” said Mr. Clifford with warmth, “Marguerite shall have an apartment in my house. Every thing that that house affords she may command.”

“I do not doubt your generosity, Sir,” replied Miss Sinclair, “but this is a case of a peculiar nature. Marguerite has lost the use of all her limbs, and cannot rise from her bed. In your house she would have a handsome apartment,

apartment, in my cottage, she can only have a white washed chamber; but I smooth her pillow, and beguile her of many painful hours of suffering by my presence and conversation. As your wife, Sir, my time would belong to you, and to the cares of your household. I could only visit Marguerite now and then, and my absence must be supplied by strangers. Marguerite, now become as weak in mind as in body, from the increasing infirmities of old age, could not endure the change. She would pine for my accustomed attendance. Your servants, however kind their intentions, could not feel for Marguerite as I do. They would grow weary of the little petulancies of a bed-ridden old woman, and I should

should see her latter moments embittered by sorrow and neglect. While Marguerite lives, no selfish consideration of my own enjoyments shall ever induce me to leave her."

"Mr. Clifford's eloquence as a lover, could not turn the virtuous Miss Sinclair aside from the performance of a duty. She remained with Marguerite in the humble cottage, and Mr. Clifford returned to his magnificent town house without a bride; and severely as he felt his disappointment, he honoured and loved Miss Sinclair still the more for her superiority to all selfish considerations, and resolved to wait with patience till the death of Marguerite should enable him to renew his addresses

dresses with a better prospect of success.

“ He now engaged a very distant female relation to take charge of his house. This relation was exactly the opposite character to Miss Sinclair. She was the most selfish and hard hearted being in the universe. She saw the advantage she derived from superintending Mr. Clifford’s domestic concerns, and she determined, if possible, to make the advantage a lasting one.

“ Mr. Clifford often talked to her of Ellen Sinclair, and she strove to insinuate, that Ellen had acted from the influence of some other attachment, and, that if she had possessed any affection for him, she would not have hesitated about Marguerite’s removal.

“ Sometimes Mr. Clifford was ready to believe her, but generally his reliance on Ellen’s truth and honour remained unshaken.

“ When Mrs. Lawson (for that was the name of Mr. Clifford’s relation) began to flatter herself she had completely undermined Ellen Sinclair, Marguerite died, and Mr. Clifford flew down into Hampshire, and in a few weeks returned with Ellen Sinclair, who had become his wife.

“ Mr. Clifford had not been blind to the evil intentions of Mrs. Lawson, and he would have removed her from his house, but Mrs. Clifford, who was then, as she now is, capable of returning good for evil, forgave her
her

her treachery, and treated her with the greatest kindness.

“ Strange it is to tell, that such was the dreadful temper of this woman, that she only hated Mrs. Clifford the more for her kindness and forgiveness. The sight of Mrs. Clifford’s happiness was torture to her malicious, envious disposition. She invented the basest lies, and sought to make Mr. Clifford’s relations, and even the servants of the household, enemies to *the good* Mrs. Clifford; and on her being detected in some of these base artifices, Mr. Clifford insisted on her quitting his family.

“ That she might not, however, be destitute of support, he gave her a sum of money, which she returned with contempt, and vowed, in his pre-

sence, never to rest satisfied till she had destroyed the happiness of Mrs. Clifford. They learnt shortly afterwards, that she was gone to Ireland, and never heard of her more.

“ I now come to the dreadful event which Mrs. Clifford, pious and resigned as she is, never can contemplate without tears of anguish. She had a little girl, lovely as a cherub, and promising to be all that a mother’s fond hopes could desire. This sweet blossom was snatched away—not by death, for then her parents would have consoled themselves by the hope of meeting her in Heaven. Had she died in their arms, they had bowed in resignation; but the lovely babe was stolen from their protecting roof—it was supposed—by
a gang

a gang of gypsies; and the wretched parents were left without one ray of consolation, one hope of their darling possessing either happiness or virtue.

“Who but a parent can conceive the misery of such a loss! Every means were tried to discover the stolen child, but were tried in vain.

“Mr. Clifford himself travelled over the whole kingdom, searching every obscure village, as well as every populous town, and constantly advertising his child, offering immense rewards for her restoration. It was all useless; and the unfortunate father, worn out with fatigues, and overwhelmed by despair, returned to his home, sinking under the afflicting stroke.

“His excellent wife now exerted

all her fortitude, and subdued the violence of her own grief, in the endeavour to heal his broken heart. But his health gradually declined, and he shortly sunk into the grave.

“ From that time Mrs. Clifford has renounced the gaieties of the world, and lives only in intercourse with a few respectable friends, for the exercise of benevolence. Her large fortune enables her to be the friend of the poor wherever they are found. The children of the poor, in particular, interest her feeling heart. She gives them educations fit for their rank in life, and many a worthy member of society will hereafter bless Mrs. Clifford, for having had him taught, when a child, to exercise the talents and duties peculiar

liar to his station. And now, my dear Miss Caroline will no longer wonder to hear her friend called *the good Mrs. Clifford.*"

Caroline could only reply to this appeal by bowing her head. Her tears were flowing for good Mrs. Clifford's afflictions, and she was resolving in her own mind to render herself worthy of Mrs. Clifford's love and protection.

Nor were the brothers of Caroline at all less affected by the recital, or more backward in good resolutions; and if Mrs. Clifford could, in that moment, have read the hearts of the Mortimers', she would have felt the highest satisfaction in contemplating the prospect of their future worth by the generous

nerous feelings that now expanded their breasts, and taught them to wish they might emulate the virtues they so justly admired.

Mr. Benson conducted the children back to Mrs. Clifford's by the hour of dinner. It is not possible to describe the respect amounting to veneration, with which they looked at, or spoke to their protectress; and the daily improvement of their manners, their tempers and understandings, not only won the entire affections of Mrs. Clifford, but the esteem and approbation of all her friends.

CHAP. THE LAST.

Another Visit to Tabart's Juvenile Library.

—

ARTHUR, Henry, and Richard Mortimer, jointly petitioned Mrs. Clifford to suffer them to go to the same boarding-school where Frank Howard was educated, to which she most willingly consented.

Caroline had become so docile, and the little prattler Louisa was so engaging, now that she no longer thought Mrs. Clifford was *going to be a cross woman*, that Mrs. Clifford resolved to educate them under her own roof, and engaged an accomplished and amiable woman to be their governess.

Mrs.

Mrs. Clifford, since the loss of her child, had never gone to places of public diversion, but she requested one of her friends to take the Mortimers' to the theatres, previous to their going to school.

At Drury-lane theatre they saw the Caravan, or the Driver and his Dog, and were quite in raptures with the performance of the renowned dog Carlo. A young gentleman, who was of their party, mentioned to them, that there was a very entertaining history called the *Life of Carlo*, supposed to be written by himself, to be had at the Juvenile Library. The Mortimers', as may easily be supposed, were very eager to see the life of their favorite, and, on the following morning, Mrs. Clifford conducted

conducted them to the Juvenile Library.

There was a great deal to do on this very important visit; for, besides the *Life of Carlo*, the *Memoirs of Dick*, the *Little Poney*, *First going to School*, or the *History of Tom Brown and his Sisters*, all which they had permission to purchase, Arthur wanted the *Histories of Rome and Greece*, and an abridgment of the *Universal History*.

Henry also was anxious to possess the *Juvenile Plutarch*, or the *Lives of extraordinary Children*, together with a *Tour through England*, written in *Letters from a young Gentleman to his Sister*; while Richard, having chosen *Scripture Histories* for himself, begged he might give his sister Caroline *Miss Aikin's*

Aikin's Poetry for Children, and Dialogues for good Children to Louisa.

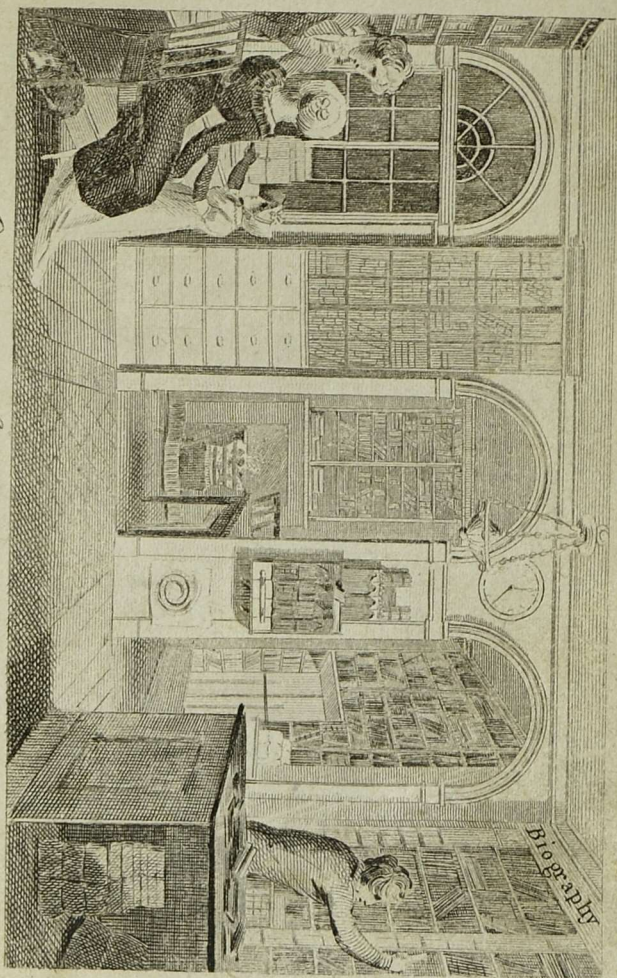
Mrs. Clifford had also a great variety of school-books to select for her pupils in the country, such as spelling-books, grammars, books of geography, dictionaries, writing-books, and cyphering-books.

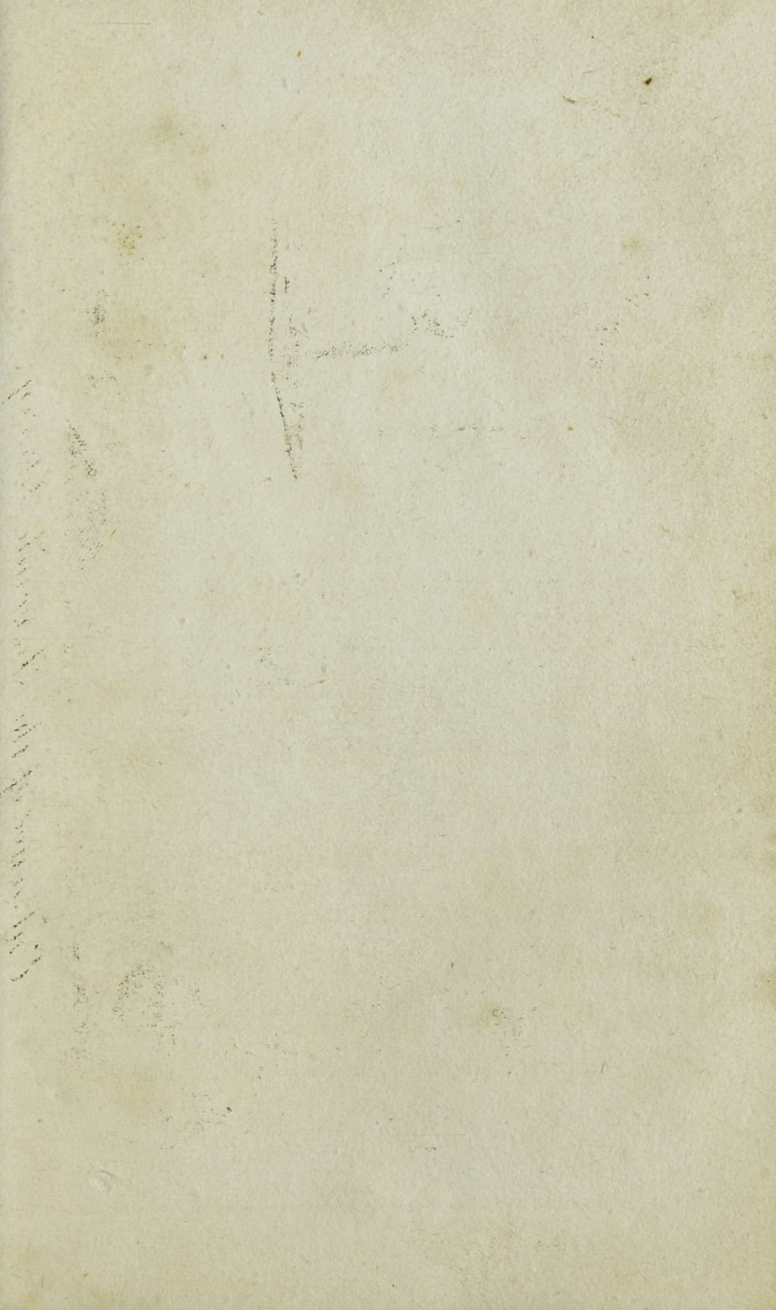
These numerous purchases being all completed, and the books conveyed to the carriage, they were bidding Mr. Tabart good morning, when the interesting little girl that colored pictures for her mother's support again presented herself at the door.

"Mrs. Clifford, Mrs. Clifford," exclaimed Arthur, "here is that dear little girl again."

Mrs.

Entrance of the Juvenile Library.





Mrs. Clifford turned round, and the child curtsied with downcast eyes.

“Why have you not called upon me yet, my dear?” asked Mrs. Clifford.

The little girl burst into tears.

“Is any thing the matter?” demanded Mrs. Clifford.

“My mother, Madam, has been ill, very ill, indeed, since I saw you; I prayed her to let me come to your house, Madam, but she will not hear of it.”

“Then I will go to her, my dear; come shew me the way to your habitation: you, my dear children, must return home without me, but I will soon follow you.”

“Oh! Pray let *me* go, and pray let *me* go,”

go," exclaimed all the children together; but Mrs. Clifford having explained to them how improper it would be for so many to crowd into the room of a sick person, they immediately submitted to go home without her. Mrs. Clifford, however, after a moment's thought, determined to take Arthur with her, as he might probably be useful.

The little girl conducted them through various streets, till they arrived at a mean house, in a narrow court. The street door stood open, and she led the way up two pair of stairs, to a back room.

Mrs. Clifford desired the little girl to go in first to apprise her mother of the appearance of a stranger. She did
so,

so, and the door being left ajar, Mrs. Clifford heard distinctly all that passed within.

“Dear mother,” said the little girl, in an accent so sweetly tender, that it thrilled to the heart of Mrs. Clifford, “Dear mother how are you now? Have you taken your broth yet? Oh! do speak to me—I cannot bear to see you look in that wild way—it almost breaks my heart.”

“Mine is broke already,” said a voice that made Mrs. Clifford start and turn pale.

“Dear mother,” returned the little girl, “here is the good lady come to see you.”

“What lady, child?” demanded the mother sternly.

“The lady who gave me the guinea, and a card with her name, you know, upon it.”

“Then hast thou killed me, girl! what hast thou done!”

“Nothing but her duty,” exclaimed Mrs. Clifford, rushing into the room; “Oh, Fanny Lawson, why will you persist to treat me like an enemy?”

Mrs. Lawson, (for the poor haggard, emaciated, dying object before her, was no other than the relation of Mr. Clifford, who had vowed inveterate hatred to his inestimable wife), threw herself from her chair upon the ground, and covering her face with her gown, refused for some time to answer to Mrs. Clifford’s earnest intreaties that she would suffer her to relieve her distress.

“For

“ For the sake of that dear child,” said Mrs. Clifford, “ to whom my heart already gives its affections.——”

“ Dost thou know who she is ?” asked Mrs. Lawson, in a frantic manner.

“ Is she not your daughter ?” replied Mrs. Clifford, “ is she not a dutiful, amiable, and affectionate child, and entitled to love and esteem ? And are you not poor and distressed, and therefore have a right to my services ?”

“ No,” cried Mrs. Lawson, rising, “ I am entitled to nothing from you but indignation and vengeance. Do you remember the hour when I departed from your roof, and instigated by my diabolical passions, I vowed eternal hatred against you ?”

Mrs. Clifford shuddered, but did not speak.

“ And I had my revenge — and how has that cruel revenge repaid me? Day and night have the torments of a guilty conscience pursued my footsteps, and banished sleep from my eye-lids. No, not one moment of peace has ever cheered this wretched bosom since the hour—the cruel hour, when I—— stole —your child.”

At this appalling confession, Mrs. Clifford sunk upon a chair, and uttered an involuntary shriek of horror. Arthur flew to support her, while the little girl stood motionless with terror.

Mrs. Lawson continued to speak :—
“ Days and weeks I watched in various disguises near your house in the country,

try, for an opportunity to seize your infant; but I had no sooner committed that dreadful crime against God and you, than it became my punishment; every tear, every look, every word of the innocent babe stabbed me to the heart. I soon began to doat on her with an outrageous fondness, and the more I loved her, the more wretched I became. I could neither endure to keep, or to restore her. I laboured hard to procure her bread. In spite of my own wickedness, I instilled virtuous principles into her mind; and may that plead for my pardon at the bar of God, whither I am now hastening. Reared in poverty and affliction, she yet became the gentlest, best of creatures.—Take her, Mrs. Clifford—take her to
your

your bosom—for there stands your long lost Ellen.”

It is not possible to describe the emotions of Mrs. Clifford on this discovery. Arthur, alarmed for her safety, flew in search of assistance, which he procured.

Convulsive sobs were for a long time the only sign of her existence, but, when her returning faculties enabled her to know that she was now supported in the arms of her daughter, when she felt her face wet with the tears of her long lost child, she threw herself on her knees, and poured forth her soul in grateful homage to the Supreme Disposer of events.

Arthur, when he beheld Mrs. Clifford's recovery, kissed her with wild delight.

delight. He then flew to Ellen, and embraced her rapturously, calling her his dear friend—his sister—his beloved Mrs. Clifford's darling child. While poor Ellen, confused by the extraordinary events which she as yet could not fully comprehend, shrunk back, and trembled with alarm and inquietude.

The guilty but repentant Mrs. Lawson appeared to have exhausted all her strength in the confession of her crimes. She remained in a stupor, nor did she evince any consciousness of where, or with whom she was, for near a week after she had been removed from her wretched abode, to an apartment in Mrs. Clifford's house, who still continued to return good for evil.

Ellen Clifford frequently visited the
couch

couch of the unfortunate woman, and repaid, by her cares and assiduities, the kindness with which she had ever treated her. But how great must be the joy of the good girl to find herself the daughter of a woman whose virtues gave lustre to her station, and not less the transport of the excellent mother, to find her long lost child endowed with all the qualities that promised future excellence.

Mrs. Lawson lived but a few months after she had restored Ellen to the bosom of her mother. She became a sincere penitent, and her latter moments were consoled by the forgiveness and prayers of the good Mrs. Clifford.

The happiness of the Mortimers' was
greatly

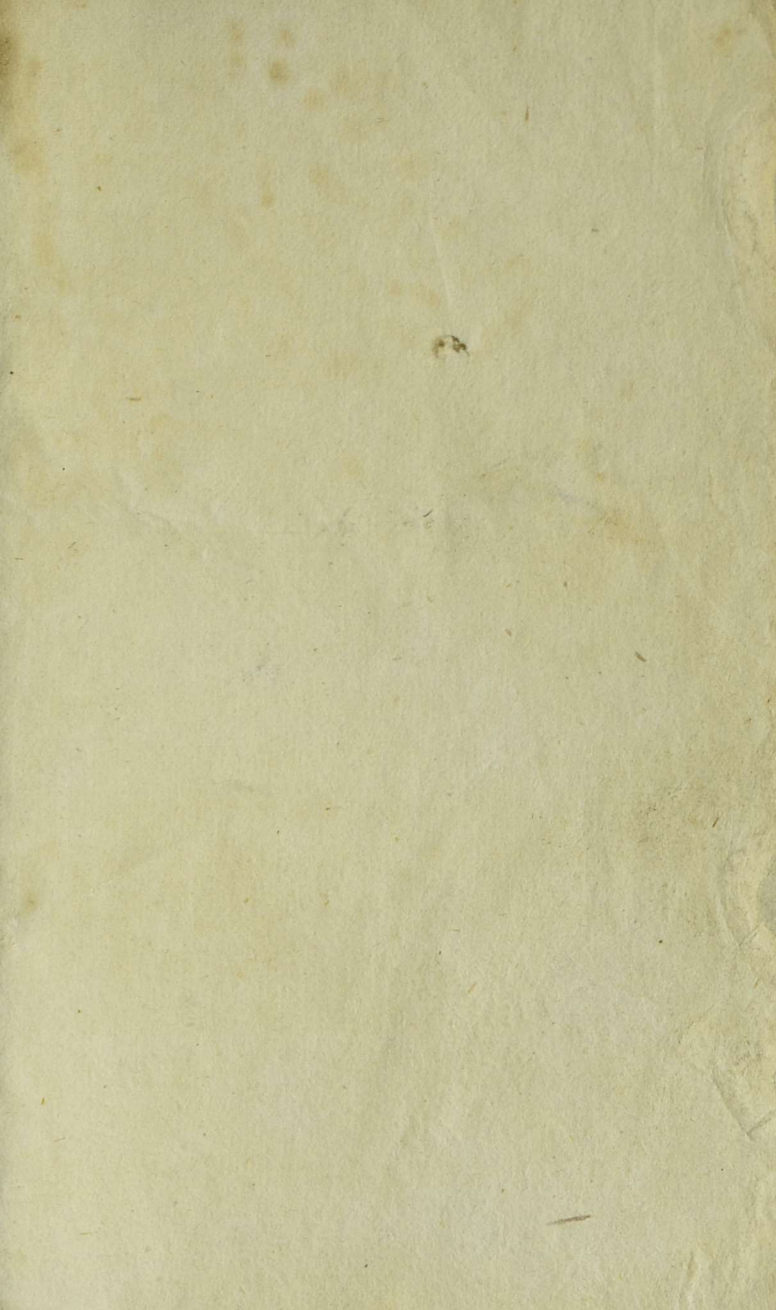
greatly increased by the discovery of Mrs. Clifford's child. Ellen commenced her studies under Caroline's governess. She could already read, write, work, and colour prints, but she had many accomplishments to learn, and her rapid progress in whatever she undertook, stimulated the Mortimers' to the greatest exertions.

Arthur, as being her oldest acquaintance, when he and his brothers went to school, claimed the privilege of corresponding with Ellen, and his letters constantly either began, or ended with, "Never, never, dear Ellen, shall I forget the happy day, when with good Mrs. Clifford we paid a second visit to Tabart's Juvenile Library."

THE END.

greatly increased by the discovery of
 Mrs. Clifford's child. Ellen commenced
 her studies under Clifford's governess.
 She could already read, write, work,
 and colour prints, but she had many
 accomplishments to learn, and her in-
 creased progress in a short time she under-
 took, stimulated the Mottemers to
 the greatest exertions.

Arthur, as being her oldest and most
 anxious, when he and his brothers went
 to school, claimed the privilege of
 corresponding with Ellen, and his let-
 ters constantly either began, or ended
 with, "I love, never, dear Ellen, shall
 I forget the happy days when with
 good Mrs. Clifford we paid a second
 visit to Treadwell's Juvenile Library."



Mary Boyd

